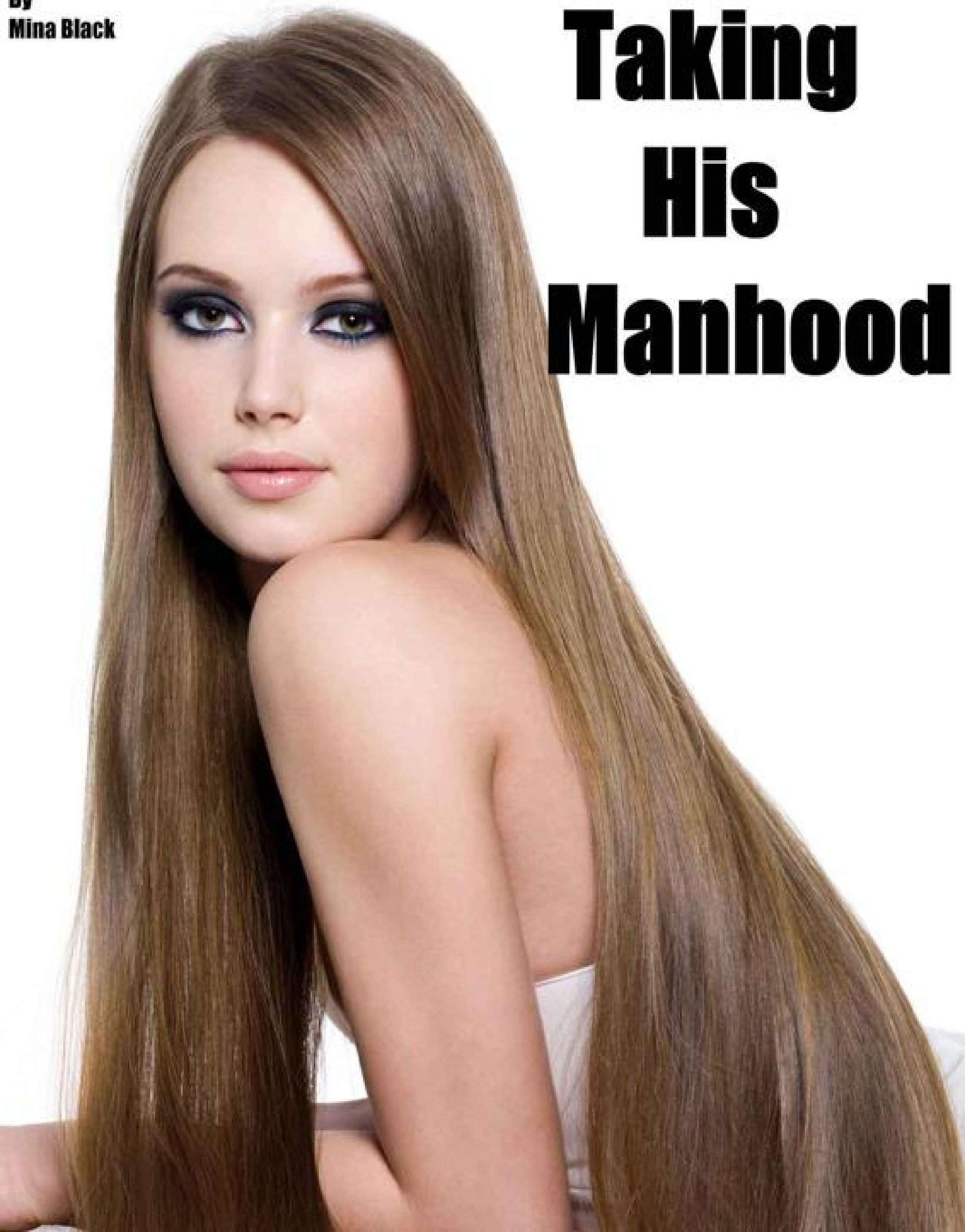


**By  
Mina Black**

# **Taking His Manhood**



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**Mina Black**

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Strutting back to his seat, Cory felt like the king of the world. Perhaps it was a cliché, especially for a guy like him, but he got the promotion. Nothing else had the matter. With the stroke of the pen, his employers doubled his salary, and he was ready to celebrate.

Several of his friends bobbed their heads to the music. They grabbed their drinks and held them up, the music blaring through the entire chamber. The guys grinned at one another for a few seconds before they returned their attention to the girls up on stage.

Cory grinned like a victorious warrior, wondering if he should try to hit on one of them. Normally, strippers would not have been his thing, except tonight was special.

His eyes drifted to the first one, a blonde bombshell with giant tits. She spun around the pole, showing off her every curve as the staccato rhythm pounded through the entire room. She smiled at Cory, probably because he had already given her several generous tips. She had to be on stage. Her manager said so, but she couldn't wait to get back to his lap.

Of course, there was also the brunette in the middle. The brown haired girl had beautiful, if somewhat smaller, breasts. She giggled them for the appreciative audience, the guys hooting and howling whenever she flashed them smile.

Then there was the redhead off to the side. She didn't get nearly as much attention, but she probably had the most attractive dances. Moving like someone who had taken ballet, she stretched across her little stage. She lifted her hands over her head, showing off her naked chest. Then she twisted around, bending forward so the men could appreciate her tight little ass.

All the while, Cory leaned back, thinking he could definitely buy the attention of at least one girl tonight. Sure, they all protested, but Cory understood how dollars opened doors.

That song came to an end, and another techno beat quickly took its place. The blonde hopped off of her stage, and she walked toward Cory. She strutted straight for him, knowing full well that he was flush and eager to part with some of his money.

She dropped down onto his lap without even asking. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pressed her breasts up

against his chest. Immediately, she could feel his erection pressed up against her.

"What are you doing after work?" he asked, whispering into her ear.

Despite the blaring music, she pulled back. For a moment, Cory wondered if you made a mistake. After all, the patrons weren't supposed to connect with the strippers, not like that. She would have been well within her rights to go to her manager and get him kicked out.

She flashed a crooked grin, "Nothing. Not unless you have some ideas."

He smiled, flushing all of his teeth.

The stripper went back to her job, grinding against him. It felt so good, especially because he knew that he was going to get to have her later. All of his friends threw jealous glances at Cory, but this was his night. He was the king, and they were little more than his vassals tonight.

She kept up the seconds for several more seconds, and Corey relaxed, enjoying this moment of heaven.

Only then she stopped, and he glanced up, ready to demand she continue. Then he realized that her eyes were on something else, and he twisted around, spotting the petite redhead standing just a few feet back. She had her arms crossed over her chest, and she looked past.

"Dude! Isn't that your ex?" Robert, one of Cory's friends, asked from the next seat over. "She looks pissed."

Whether or not she looked upset shouldn't have had any bearing on Cory. After all, they had been broken up for more than a month. As far as he was concerned, Jessika was just some girl he used to know.

"You're married, or something, are you?" the stripper demanded. Considering the Cory came off like a clean-cut guy, she probably didn't appreciate the idea that he had been about to cheat.

"No," he told the blonde, determined not to let his ex ruin this. To win him some goodwill, he pulled out his wallet and handed the stripper a hundred. Grinning, he said, "I'm going to expect you to earn that later on."

He handed her the bill, and she scampered backstage. Robert and Cory's other friends watched, eagerly eavesdropping.

Swallowing, Cory got out of his seat and walked right over to his ex. With every step, he wondered how he could avoid seeing. A petite redhead who stood at 5'5, Jessika had youthful features, a bright smile, perfect teeth, and a pert pair of little breasts. At the moment, she wore black slacks and a tight blouse that buttoned up her chest.

For a moment, Cory almost forgot why they had broken up. But then her eyes narrowed, and he remembered them look. She was about to try something that they were both going to regret.

"Would you doing here?" Up close, Cory couldn't help but admire the way her dark red hair framed to features. She really does look good, but that didn't make up for the amount of crazy she had hiding behind her eyes.

"I figured it out," she said, placing her hands on her hips.

With another woman, Jessika might have actually managed to be intimidating. But with Cory, she just looked diminutive and silly. After all, he towered over her by a good five or six inches.

"Figured what out?" he asked, touching two fingers to the ridge of his nose. He didn't want to look exasperated already. Chances were good that dealing with Jessika would require some diplomacy, but he didn't have the patience for this. He wanted to get back to his stripper. He wanted to get back to his friends.

"I figured out how to make it work,"

Truly exasperated now, Cory glanced around, wondering if he could just ask security to escort her away. Realizing that it probably wouldn't work, he turned his attention back to his ex. "Look, I don't know what you're trying to accomplish here, but you need to leave. I'm having a really good night, and I don't want to see you. If there is something we really have to talk about, we can do it later."

He grabbed her by the shoulder and started to walk toward the exit. Cory just needed his ex gone.

At first, Jessika allowed him to lead her away, but then she said, "Cory, I know you think that I'm nuts because I believe in magic and the arcane, but I figured it out. You didn't think I could, but I

really did it. I now have control over several very significant elemental forces, not the least of which is sound.”

“That’s nice,” he said, wondering briefly what that hundred dollar bill would get him from the blonde stripper. Maybe some time in the VIP room? Oh yes, that would be very nice.

Jessika quickly shrugged off his hand, and she stood in front of him. Cory opened his mouth, inhaling, ready to remind her that they were broken up, so she didn’t get to tell him where he could be. In fact, she didn’t have any right to be there at all. It was a strip club, after all, but Jessika had never appreciated the objectification of women.

While they’ve been dating, he’d been forced to pretend to be interested to several of her feminist lectures. She loved the idea of sisterhood, which probably explains some of her fascination with the occult and witchcraft.

Of course, he didn’t have to do with any of her crazy, not anymore.

Before he could tell her to get lost, she opened her mouth and she spoke. “I am good with light too.” The music from the speaker situated all around the room suddenly went silent, at least for Cory. The world seemed to move in slow motion as Jessika with her hand into the air. She extended her palm, and light started to sparkle there.

It was beautiful, like something Cory had never experienced before. He believed several times, trying to clear his head, but he couldn’t move.

“That’s right,” she said to him. “You are now in my power. You will now obey every order I give you.”

Cory blinked again, and this time the world went back to normal. The music pounded down on him, the light disappeared, and Jessika was standing in front of him. Shrugging off whatever just happened that some momentary glitch, he reached out to grab her.

Cory’s patience came to an end, and he wasn’t going to put up with her anymore.

“Don’t touch me,” commanded the petite redhead.

Cory stopped. His hand froze in the air, and he couldn’t move any further. It wasn’t like he stopped trying. In fact, he tried mightily

to disregard her command, yet he couldn't move his arm.

"Hold both of your hands behind your back," Jessika said.

Cory was never going to do it. Really, he had no idea what she was playing it. It wasn't like she could do some parlor trick and then he would be obedient to her every command. Maybe something that could happen in a movie or something, but this was reality and...

He slid his hands behind his back, holding them tightly.

"How, how are you doing this?" He demanded, struggling against his own grip as though he'd been physically restrained.

Jessika reached up and looped her arm through the crook of his elbow. Then she tugged on him, but Cory refused to move. He was going to get an explanation, only Jessika cut them off, "Come with me right now. Oh, and don't say work your friends. I don't think they'll need to worry about you anymore."

Cory shut his mouth, and he let her guide him out of the strip club. Before he knew it, the cold of the night air washed down against his skin.

"Where is your car?"

"Like I'm going to tell you," he sneered, still scrambling to retake control of his body.

"Cory, tell me where your car is. In fact, give me your keys as well," Jessika said, grinning like a little girl who just found a new favorite toy.

"Over there," he said, pointing just after he took out his keys and handed them to her. With every movement, Cory tried to stop himself, yet something compelled him, something impossible to ignore. Obviously, she had done something to him. Maybe she drugged him. Maybe she used some kind of weird mind mumbo-jumbo.

The exact cause didn't matter. He just had to figure out how to undo it.

Jessika tugged on his arm, walking across the parking lot. She opened the driver side door and got in. Frozen in place, Cory didn't know what to do. He didn't want to admit that his ex-girlfriend has been able to simply steal his ride.

But then Jessika rolled down the window. "Get in. I have big plans for you."

She drove hard and fast in his car, laying rubber like they were fleeing the cops. Cory braced his hands against the dashboard as she zoomed through a yellow light. "Look, Jessika, just let me know right now. You don't need to do this. Just let me go."

She glanced over at him, smirking, her expression filled with nothing but condescension. "What? Is the little girl scared?"

Cory glared at her with everything he had. He wanted her to be intimidated, but the redhead simply threw her head back and laughed at him. "Sweetheart, you don't know how this is going to work quite yet. But you will very soon. I promise."

He was ready to argue with her, but she shrugged like it didn't make any difference to her one way or the other. But then the corner of her mouth rose up, "Cory, shut up."

Instantly, he closed his mouth, and then opened it again, but he couldn't make a sound, no matter how hard he tried. He could mumble at her, except those sounds only made his ex-girlfriend giggle.

Within a matter of minutes, she pulled up in front of her house; she got out, slamming the door. Cory jumped out as well, and he tried to shout for help.

When he realized that Jessika was headed up the stairs to the front door, he decided to take a run for it. He didn't care what she tried to do. If he could get out of earshot, then she obviously would be able to use this newfound power on him.

Running as hard as he could, he made it about ten feet before his ex called out, "Cory, come here. Now." She sounded like a petulant wife, but he stopped nonetheless.

Then he turned around, he started walking toward her. "Hurry up," she commanded, and he did that too, speeding up along the mostly empty street.

He climbed up the steps, and Jessika was waiting for him.

Cory tried to speak again, to demand some sort of explanation. Instead, Jessika took his hand and pulled the house.

"Take one last look," she said. "This is going to be the last time you got to look at that street as a man."

Obviously, he didn't understand. None of this made any sense to him.

Inside the house, she took him by the hand again, pulling him down a long corridor to the stairs. Then she walked him up the steps. "You're going to be very happy here," she said. "I think it might take some time for you to settle, but once you yield, you'll feel a lot better. Don't you think?"

Since she asked him a question, he could respond. "Yield?" Cory snapped. "What the hell are you talking about? Why can't I control my body? How are you doing this?"

"I already told you. It's magic."

"There is no such thing as magic," Cory insisted even as his ex-girlfriend dragged him down the hallway, opening the door at the end for him. He had been in her bedroom many times, only he had never expected to return.

"Really? There is no such thing as magic? So be impossible for me to force you to come back to my house? Is it possible for me to get you down on your knees so you can eat me out?"

"Go to hell," he snarled, fighting with every ounce of his willpower. Cory kept expecting his body to return to his control. It only had to be a matter of time, he told himself. Whatever drug or effect she used on him had to fade with time. If you could only be strong enough, that he could resist.

"Bad boy," she said, frowning. "Bend yourself over the bed and pulled your pants."

"What, what you talking about?" There was no way he was going to do that, Cory told himself. He was a strong man, a man who wasn't going to listen to this petite young woman.

But then he found himself following her commands, unbuckling his belt and dropping his pants. Then he bent over the bed, his ass exposed. Yes, there was a thin layer of his boxers, but he still felt painfully exposed.

"Remember when you would come up here, and we would pretend to wrestle?" Jessika asked. Bent over the bed, he couldn't really see her as she headed to the bathroom. Cory had no idea

what she was about to retrieve. "You always thought it was so funny that you could pin me. It never took any effort at all for you."

Jessika came back and smiled down at him. She pinched his nose, and he tried to swat her hand away, but she withdrew it too quickly. Then, she held up her other hand and what it clasped.

It was her old hairbrush. Made from a hardwood, this brush it belonged to Jessika ever since they met. And there had been one night when he had taken it and use it to spank her. That moment must've been the most humiliating of her entire life. After that, she hadn't spoken to him for several days.

Now she held it and she grinned.

"What do you think you're doing?" Corey demanded, doing his best to keep his voice even and level. He tried to hide that little shiver of panic creeping through his tone, yet she picked up on it easily. After all, a big, manly man like Cory could possibly imagine getting spanked by his ex-girlfriend. She disappeared from his line of sight, circling around. "Jessika! Jessika, stop! Just wait! Wait, okay?"

"No. I don't think I can," she told him coquettishly.

Cory summoned up all of his willpower to regain control of his body, but he didn't do it fast enough because his ex-girlfriend brought a flat side of that hairbrush down with a mighty thwack!

The hot sting burned through his skin, and he tried to move. He could flail his arms, but that was all. Of course, that left vulnerable to his ex.

Smiling brightly, Jessika brought the hairbrush down again and again. She gave him fifteen hard spankings with that piece of wood. And when she was done, his eyes were watering and he couldn't think straight.

"When you spank me, you made me feel helpless, but guess what? It's your turn now," Jessika said to him. "As long as we're together, you mocked my beliefs. You told me that magic could be real, but you're about to learn the truth. Yes, you are. You are, and I don't think you're going to like it, at least not at first."

Cory didn't know what to say or how he could possibly respond. So, for once, he didn't say anything. That seemed a lot smarter.

From behind him, he could make out the sound of rustling clothing. Jessika kicked off her shoes before pulling off her socks and pants. Only then did she tell him, "Okay, Cory, you can turn around now. But be sure to stay down on your hands and knees."

Again, he didn't want to move. He tried to resist her power with everything he had, but his will was insufficient. Whether he wanted to admit it or not, Jessika had a power he couldn't claim or circumvent.

So he fell down onto his hands and knees, his ass still bright red from the spanking. He turned around and looked up at his ex-girlfriend. She only had on her top and panties. Her long legs stretched downward, and he felt especially small there on the floor.

"Pull my panties down with your teeth," she commanded.

"Why, why are you doing this?" He hated that stutter in his voice, but he couldn't make it go away. Maybe he wants to say something else as well, but the compulsion forced him to sit up and grab onto her panties with his teeth.

Right away, he caught the aroma of her arousal. Jessika was enjoying this in more ways than one. He pulled down her panties, exposing her strawberry-blonde pubic hairs. Embarrassment burned through his body, but there was nothing he could do to stop her.

"I'm doing this because you deserve it. I'm doing this because you are a very bad boyfriend, and you deserve punishment, especially for the way you broke up with me. You don't get hacked pick a jackass without consequence."

Then she reached her hands into his hair and she pulled hair, yanking his face up against her crotch. "Eat me out," she commanded.

Normally, a girl like Jessika didn't use such vulgar language, but he deserved nothing less. "Remember how you would never go down on me while we were dating? Well, I guess things certainly change, don't they?"

Even as she teased him, the compulsion took a hold of his mind and body, forcing Cory to stick his tongue into her slit. The taste of her excitement filled his senses. Disgust also simmered at his core because he never wanted to do this. He never wanted to be

the guy who had to go down his girlfriend, only this was worse because he and Jessika weren't together!

"Good boy," she said, patting his hair. But when he tried to pull away, she yanked, sending a painful jolt down his spine. Cory kept licking and sucking, nuzzling his nose as well as his lips against her slit and inner thighs. "Good boy! So good!"

He hated the way she was complimenting him, making the semi company wanted to do. He couldn't speak, not with his mouth full of her pussy.

"This is where you belong. You need to be down on your knees, servicing me. You need to be on your hands and knees, crawling like a dog. You need to do as you're told. Always. But don't worry. I'm going to train you. I'm going to make sure you learn how to serve me like a perfect little slave girl."

Slave girl?

Cory told himself that he heard her wrong. She must have said something else. Yes, that was it...

He kept licking, running the tip of his tongue along her clit, down and up, down and up, down and up, over and over again. All the while, Jessika looked down at her ex-boyfriend, degraded and humiliated and turns into little more than a sex toy. She used his mouth like he belonged to her.

Because he did.

Cory couldn't stop himself, and she was having so much fun. Jessika kept at it until the orgasm couldn't be resisted. It crashed over her, a cascading series of waves that seemed to pulse from her very core. Her whole body tangled with excitement and heat as it felt like the pleasure centers throughout her body overloaded. Yes, she wanted this. Yes, she wanted so much more.

And next time, he was going to be even better.

Finally, she let go of his hair, and she stumbled back. By the time she reorganized her thoughts, Jessika looked at her ex-boyfriend, only he had his face down. Obviously, he didn't want to look at her. He was too ashamed.

"What? Did you think that you were too strong for me? Did you think that I would be able to take you?" She walked over to him,

touching her fingertips to his chin and forcing his head up. She made him look into her eyes.

"I'm going to get you for this," he insisted.

Jessika replied with just one word, "Sleep."

His eyelids drooped.

He was so sleepy...

He couldn't stay awake...

...And he remembered fighting her last command.

As he almost dreamed, Cory swam and paddled through the same images. He was at the club with that beautiful blonde. That girl knew the score. She wanted him. No, that stripper *needed* him. And yeah, he was going to have so much fun with her.

"Sleep," Jessika said again.

He dropped off, mostly. It seemed like he was asleep, only he remembered climbing into bed. Maybe that was another effect of Jessika's power. Could she really make him do things while he slept?

No. It couldn't be.

That simply wasn't possible!

He tried to get angry, and he managed to open his eyes. Jessika wasn't in the room. He was in a bed, the walls were pink, and sunlight streamed through the window. But then he remembered, "Sleep." He disappeared back into the dark of rest.

Each time he focused, he almost awoke. But no, he had to be dreaming because things started to feel different. For one, he spotted a few blonde strands from the corner of his vision. That couldn't be right.

Cory had dark brown hair, and none of it was long enough for him to see without a mirror. But there were other things too, like when he tried to sit up and his whole torso seemed unbalanced somehow.

And what about when he lifted his hand? He managed to lift it into the air, and it seemed small and dainty.

Feminine.

Those dreams seemed persistently real, not that Cory could contemplate those images one way or the other. Whenever he got

close to really waking up, he recalled that one word, "Sleep."

It kept happening until Jessika's voice reverberated through his body again, "Wake up, Corina."

Cory opened his eyes slowly. They fluttered a few times. Bright sunlight cut across the room and washed over him. Slowly, he sat up, but something was wrong. Everything felt different.

His eyes focused on Jessika, only she seemed...bigger. Taller. That didn't make any sense. Jessika had always been smaller than Cory. And why did she call him Corina? No, no none of this fit together.

"Sit up," Jessika commanded. Immediately, he moved to obey.

Once he was sitting up, he looked around, and everything struck him as bigger. Not only that, his balance was wrong somehow. Jessika was smiling at him, and she pointed downward.

Confused, his brows tightened, but he glanced down, expecting to see nothing but sheets. Instead, he found breast. Cory stared for several seconds, thinking this had to be some kind of trick, a practical joke or something. The longer he looked, the more real they seem. There were two breasts on his chest.

They were on the smallish side, but still, they were breasts! Horror shot through him because she must have put him through some kind of surgery or something. There really could be no other explanation, but then his hand moved up. He didn't want to touch them. He didn't want to feel if they were real.

"Go ahead. Fondle yourself," Jessika said.

Cory didn't want to do it. "No! I won't!" he insisted, only his hands moved to their own volition. He cupped his new tits, and he started to massage the soft globes, working them over in his palms.

Immediately, his nipples hardened under the sensations. Not only that, he felt something else, a twinge between his legs. But it wasn't an erection.

Jessika grinned again, and this time she yanked back the sheets, throwing them onto the floor. For the first time, Cory got to see his new body. First, disbelief reached through his brain. No, no, no, no, this couldn't be happening! It couldn't be real. It has to be some kind of delusion, some kind of mistake.

His mouth went dry, his lungs froze in his chest, and he couldn't move a thought through his head. Everything came to a halt.

Jessika clambered onto the bed, straddling him easily. She showed him down onto the bed, pinning him. Immediately, Cory tried to shove her off, and it should have been easy. After all, he was so much bigger than her. He had always been stronger and faster. It always seemed so easy to move her around because she was smaller than him.

But this time, he tenses his muscles, and he strained with everything he had, but he couldn't move her. And there Jessika was, smiling down at him, her bangs hanging down like a curtain over her forehead. "Sorry. I think I'm bigger now. And guess what?" Jessika dropped her voice to a whisper, "I think that means I'm in charge. Yes, I'm certain it means I'm in charge now."

Cory didn't know how to process this. None of it felt right or real, yet he couldn't deny the truth of the sensations running through his body. "What did you do to me? What did you do to me, you crazy bitch?"

"Cory, I thought you needed some perspective, so I decided to change you a little bit." She nodded her head, almost like she was running a calculation. "Yes, I think this is going to be very good for you. This is going to make sure you learn how to behave."

"You can't do this to me!" He tried to shove her away again, but Jessika held Cory down with ease. She may have only been 5'5, but her transformed ex-boyfriend was obviously smaller. Cory had girlishly petite limbs. His well muscled physique disappeared, replaced by the body of a young woman, a sorority girl who had to rely on the strength of others.

"But I can," Jessika said. "I can do whatever I want. For example..." She let her voice drift off as she lowered her lips. Cory shook his head from side to side, his blonde bangs getting in his eyes as he shook his head from side to side. He fought as hard as he could, but Jessika had no problem keeping him on his back.

Then she clamped her lips around one of his newly sensitized nipples. Instantly, his eyes bugged wide, and he struggled twice as hard, bucking from side to side. Cory tried to throw his diminutive weight around, but Jessika kept firmly locked in place.

Meanwhile, she looked at his nipple, teasing him with the tip of her tongue. She swirled her tongue around his pleasure bud, tracing little circles all while he struggled helplessly. But not only that, he felt desire start to build between his legs, damp this gathering somewhere he didn't want to consider. But then Jessika sat up again, and she asked, "Cory, are you aroused?"

"No! Of course not!" He didn't want his ex-girlfriend to realize what she could do to him how she could start a fire at his core.

Unfortunately for him, Jessika didn't believe a word he said. So she reached back and stroked her fingertips along his knee and up his naked thigh. Frozen by disbelief, Cory didn't know what to do. He kept hoping that he would feel his erection, that he would get to sense the stiffness of his cock.

But Jessika's fingertips lightly grazed his inner thighs, continuing on to the soft opening of his pussy. His slit was already wet with excitement, and nothing he did or said could change that physical reality.

"My oh my," Jessika taunted. "Someone is definitely a horny girl."

"No!" he shouted back. "I'm not! I'm not a girl!"

"You don't think so?" Jessika teased, raising one eyebrow. Although she sounded detached and neutral, Cory had no problem picking up on the sadistic glee in his ex-girlfriend's voice and features.

Jessika could pretend all she wanted, but she was enjoying this in densely. This was fantastic. She got to take her macho ex-boyfriend and turn it into her little plaything. Oh yes, she was going to have some fun with Corina.

"No, of course not! I'm not a damned woman! Now undo this! Undo it right now! I'm not a woman! I'm not!" Even though Cory had already spoken quite a bit, it was just at this moment that he froze, catching the tone of his voice. He didn't sound like some big, macho man, not anymore.

His voice came out high pitched and girly. He sounded like some college chick complaining about homework. So...he couldn't believe it.

"It's okay, sweetheart. If you need me to really show you how things are going to be, I can do that," Jessika said. At the same time, she reached down and grabbed Cory by his slim wrists. She pulled him up, dragging him across the room.

Cory tried to struggle; he tried to break her hold, but Jessika was just too strong for him. And then, before he knew it, he was standing in front of a fully mirror.

Only it wasn't him.

He didn't want to believe it was him anyway.

"Yes, you look just adorable, don't you think?" Jessika's words dripped with sarcasm and disdain in equal measure. "You're just so pretty!"

Cory barely heard her. Pursing his lips, he let his eyes drift from his now-blonde hair down to his shaped shoulders, his rounded breasts, his girlish hips, and his slight legs. Nothing about this new physique seemed masculine or manly at all. He barely had any muscle development, and he didn't want to move.

"This is you now," Jessika said.

"Change me back," he said, quiet this time.

"No."

Corey looked up at his ex-girlfriend, hoping to see even a flicker of reluctance on her face. But no, Jessika was grinning from ear to ear, eager to play with him. Then she pounced, grabbing Cory by his wrist. "Do a little spin for me. I want to see you."

By this point, he hoped that whatever effect she had on him would have worn off, but her voice traveled across the year, and she was helpless to resist it.

Holding his hands over his chest, Cory tried to protect some kind of modesty. At the same time though, he did a little spin, turning about, taking dainty little steps.

"Very nice," Jessika said, laughing and clapping. "This is going to be fantastic!"

"This can't be real. This just can't," he said, shutting his eyes like this was simply a bad dream he would be able to force himself to wake up.

"You don't think this is real?" Jessika demanded, and Cory recognized that tone in her voice. She sounded petulant and

annoyed. While they had dated, he made her use that voice what it did. Now though, it filled with a sense of dread.

"It can't," he said again.

Manhandling him with ease, Jessika grabbed Cory and forced him across the room and back on the bed. All the while, Cory tried to take and shake his way free. But it didn't work. He simply wasn't used to working with such a small body, and he didn't know how to struggle without relying on sheer muscle mass.

Just got shut down onto the bed, and she smiled for a moment. "I'm going to show you that you really are a girl now. I'm going to show you what it means to be a woman." Her voice became a little bit more serious. "Cory, spread your arms and legs. Don't move."

Always compliance to her commands, Cory did exactly what she wanted. Of course, he kept trying to resist. He tried to fight back, to regain control of his limbs, but he couldn't do it, no matter how hard he tried.

Within a matter of seconds, his arms and legs were spread, his nubile body exposed and vulnerable.

"You really don't think your girl now? Well, let me show you exactly what you are," Jessika teased. She straddled her ex-boyfriend, looking down at the pretty girl.

Jessika really had done a number on him. With just a few words of magic, she had turned this macho man into a pretty girl. Cory looked so small now. He seemed so helpless and vulnerable, especially as he struggled against the invisible bonds holding him in place.

For a moment, Jessika almost felt some sense of mercy or pity. But then she remembered how badly he behaved well they gone out. On more than one occasion, he mocked her beliefs and magic, said she was going to make him pay for it.

An evil grin spread across her lips.

"Let me up. Let me up right now," he demanded, making it sound like she might start listening to him now. That just made Jessika giggle. Really, her ex could be very amusing when he tried so hard.

"I don't think so," she said. "But I do have some other ideas. Maybe this will shut you up," Jessika said, and she reached back, sliding her fingers along Cory's slit. He struggled, wiggling his pelvis from side to side, but it wasn't like to get away. Oh no, Jessika started to play with him, working her digits along his entrance. She started to press further, and he stifled every sound. At least at first.

After several seconds of play, he couldn't fight it anymore. Pleasure and desire mixed together, his whole body lighting up. As a man, he's been around, but it never felt anything like this. This was so much more powerful, so much more intense!

Powerful jolts of yearning beat against his psyche. He kept struggling against the invisible bonds that held them in place, but Jessika was free to play with him as much as she wished. She stroked his pussy, watching as he became wetter and more aroused.

"I'm sorry; you were saying something about how this can't be real? Tell me, do you think I'm not touching you right now? You think you're not getting turned on?"

Cory didn't bother to respond at this time. At least, he tried to stay quiet, but she framed her question as a command, and he found himself helpless to resist all over again. "Yes, you're touching me! You're touching me!" He howled those words, his voice high-pitched and girly.

"Yes, I'm touching you, but is that the only thing I'm doing?" Her eyes glittered and sparkled with amusement as she watched the battle play out along his pretty features. While he'd been unconscious, Jessika had made sure to reshape his eyebrows. They looked so dainty and feminine now. Yes, Cory really did make a very pretty girl.

Opening his eyes, he glared at her even as she continued to stroke him. "You can't do this," he insisted despite the obvious.

"I can't? I can't make you come like a girl?"

A new shade of fear spread across his features, probably because he never considered that possibility. Pursing his pretty mouth, he said, "Jessika, don't do it. Don't you dare!"

Of course, those were the magic words. He didn't realize it, but each time he told her what she could do, that made just got want to play with him all the more.

She dipped her fingers back into his pussy, making it wet with excitement. He tried to resist it, but his nipples hardened, his pulse quickened, and his whole body responded, his muscles tightening. Arousal pumped through his body like a drug, one he was hopeless to resist.

Just before he could come, Jessika giggled again, "Tell me the truth. Are you turned on right now?"

Wispy and meek, he answered with a quiet, "Yes."

"And do you want to come?"

He opened his mouth, clearly uncertain how to respond. "No, please don't do it. Please, I really don't want to orgasm, not like this."

Jessika leaned down, and Corey started to think that maybe, just maybe she would show him some mercy. It was such a lovely idea, but then she whispered, "Too bad."

She stroked his pucker as some more, teasing and massaging that gentle bundle of nerves. Arching his back, Cory felt orgasm pump through his body. It was so much more intense than coming as a man! His eyes bugged big and wide as he yelped, crying out through the storm of sensation wracking his petite form.

But Jessika was done with them.

Even when he collapsed back down against the bed, she pulled her fingers up. They shined with Cory's excitement. "Oh. Look at that. Someone got my fingers all wet. That's no good at all, is it?"

Cory couldn't even open his eyes. His eyelids felt like weights, and his heart was still pounding, slowing down at a very gradual pace.

"Open your mouth and suck on my fingers. Get them nice and clean."

Cory obeyed. He didn't have any other choice.

Jessika put her fingers against his soft lips, and he started to lick her digits, leading them off. The flavor of his own arousal pounded against his taste buds, yet Cory couldn't stop himself. Jessika had given him an order, and he was powerless to rebel or stop himself.

"That tickles!" She giggled as he kept licking her fingertips. Finally, she pulled her hand away, looking down at the blink of his body. "Do you still think this isn't real?"

Cory stared up at his ex-girlfriend, uncertain how he wanted to respond. Eventually, he decided to be petulant and naughty. He didn't care about the fact that this was obviously real. "I don't either doing it, but I will stop you. I'm going to make sure you pay for this. I'm going to—"

Growing bored of his threats, she reached down and pinched his nipples. Jessika giggled again and as he howled. Obviously, he wasn't used to this kind of treatment. He wasn't used to this kind of sensitivity.

"Corina, you belong to me now. You will do whatever I say. I can do whatever I want with you. Like for example I can make you service me whenever I want."

Jessika had proven the point just before she started this transformation. But right then, teasing her little doll had turned Jessika on, and now she decided that she wanted to play with him some more.

Still restrained by the power of her language, Cory couldn't move as he watched Jessika strip. She pulled off her pants and her panties. Then she crawled back under the bed, moving toward the head board.

At first, Cory didn't understand what she was going to do, not until Jessika was right on top of him. She lowered her pussy against his mouth. "You know, I've never been eaten out by a girl before, but I think this is going to be a good experience."

"Please, please Jessika, don't make me do it. Please, I repeated it once. I don't want to do it again!"

She ignored his desperation.

"It's a good thing you don't have a choice then," she said, tilting her head so that she could look down at the haplessly transformed male. Jessika shook her head a little bit, just before she blew him a kiss. "Lick me. Lick your owner."

Instantly, he opened his mouth, he started to eat her out all over again. He plunged his tongue upward, thrusting it into her slip. He teased her clitoris, working, around that sensitive bundle of nerves. Jessika immediately started to moan, savoring the feel of her ex-boyfriend as he degraded himself for her pleasure.

Yes, this was how things were supposed to be. It didn't matter that were larger. They should be put in their place. They should be humiliated and teased like pets. Jessika smirked down at Cory. He had his eyes shut at first, but then maybe he sensed her watching him because he looked up at her.

She flashed him a little wave evenness continue to lick and nuzzle her pussy. "There's a good girl. There's a good girl. Yes, you like this, don't you? You know you that you belong on your back, don't you? You know that I'm going to get to use you however I want, and there's nothing you can do about it."

He moaned and grimaced, struggling against the invisible barriers that forced him into compliance. Jessika didn't care. No, that wasn't direly true, she decided. On some level, Jessika really enjoyed having struggle. It was more fun when he tried to fight back, especially because he didn't have a chance.

Whether he realized it or not, Cory was always going to lose.

The first orgasm ripped through her, quiet and soft. So she lowered herself down a little bit more, forcing Cory to continue licking. He had such a deft little tongue, after all. Yes, you did need for this, whether he realized it or not. Yes, this was where he belonged, and this was what he deserved.

Another orgasm shot through her, this one much more intense. Jessika braced herself against her knees, and she lowered her head, moaning until she threw back her hair. She cried out and rolled off of her former boyfriend.

It took her a few seconds to put herself back together, but then she smirked at him. She wiped the coy grin off of her face or saying, "Cory, we're going to have to do that a lot. But right now, I think we should get you dressed."

Her captive did not like the sound of that.

Jessika hopped off the bed and went back to the bathroom. She took a long, luxurious shower, savoring the feel of those heartbeats of water and they spilled down her toned body. Gathering up the soap, she ran it over her skin, and when she finished, Jessika felt like a new person. Of course, Cory could probably sympathize, not that he enjoyed his transformation.

Towelng off, she took her time and slowly went back into the master bedroom. There was Cory, naked and girly just as Jessika had left him.

"I'm going to get dressed, and then you're going to do the same."

He had his eyes on her, but he didn't respond. That was fine with Jessika. She wanted him nervous and squirming.

She walked over to her dresser, and she pulled out a pair of panties. Holding them up, she taunted him, "What do you think? Too girly?" They were bright pink and had white cats painted on the back.

"Jessika, how long are you going to keep me like this?"

"A little while," she said.

Cory didn't like the sound of that, yet he couldn't take his eyes off of her either as she pulled on the panties. From there, she donned a pleated skirt and a white blouse. Taken together, she looked really good.

Jessika then snapped her fingers and said, "Corina, come here."

For the first time in what felt like hours, Cory could move his limbs. He scrambled off the bed, savoring the feel of motion, not that lasted very long. Once he got to that spot she indicated, he couldn't move anymore.

"We need to get you dressed," Jessika announced.

"Please, can't I just put on my real clothes?"

"No, sorry," she said, shaking her head. "I may have accidentally destroyed those while you were asleep."

Cory balled his fingers into fists, not that he had any chance of winning against Jessika. Now that he was finally standing, he realized exactly how short he was. In fact, his ex-girlfriend practically towered over him, and she already demonstrated her superior strength.

"And I know you're thinking about how you can get out of this," Jessika taunted. "You wouldn't want to run around naked, not with that tight little body. What if something happened?"

Cory grimaced, though he had to acknowledge the fact that she was right. If he hoped to get out of her clutches, then he needed

clothing. "Fine," he growled. He expected Jessika to let him step past her immediately.

She didn't.

"Say thank you."

He blinked, "You have to be kidding me."

"I'm really not. Say it." This time, the power of her magic slipped into her voice.

"Thank you," he said automatically.

"Good girl!" Jessika patted him on the head. "Now, stand still while I pick out an outfit for you."

It was a command. Woven into those words, the essence of power forced Cory to remain in place. Meanwhile, Jessika started to rifle through the different outfits. "So, you're a bit smaller than me," Jessika paused on those last words, just to let them sink in. "But I think I can find something good for you. How about this?"

Jessika pulled out a pair of tiny shorts and a pink tank top.

"No! No way!"

"But this top is so cute! And look, it has a flower and everything! Oh, and I didn't even realize. The shorts, they have these little pink ruffles around the legs. This will just look fantastic on you!"

"I don't want to wear that. Please, isn't there something else I can put on?"

"No. I want you in this. Get dressed." She shoved the hanger against his chest, and Cory took it. He spared another second to stare down at the girly getup.

"What about panties?"

"Oh? You want panties?" Jessika mocked. "My oh my, aren't we acting like a fine young lady. I bet you'll want a bra too."

He didn't. He really didn't, except Cory didn't want to draw this out any longer than necessary. Jessika went over to her panty drawer and fished out a pair for her dolly girl. Then she ran through her bras and found a little blue number. "Try this on."

He did his best, but he didn't know how to hook the clasps between his shoulder blades. Watching with amusement, Jessika held her knuckle over her mouth, like she didn't want him to notice her laughter.

“Here, let me do that for you. But eventually, I’m going to have to show you how to dress yourself,” she clasped the hooks together behind his back. There. She had done it. “Don’t you feel better now?”

“No. I don’t like this. At all.”

“I think you do,” she said. “Only it doesn’t matter what you say. Finish getting dressed. I’ll be back in a minute.” She left the room, and Cory bit into his lower lip. He walked over to the window.

They were on the second floor, so he didn’t think he could try to jump out the window. Sneaking out the door might have worked, only he didn’t know where Jessika went, which meant she could have been waiting for him right outside.

No, it was better to wait there.

Besides, this outfit wasn’t so awful. Was it?

He lifted his arms and felt his breasts rise a little bit. His nipples rubbed against the inside of my bra. His nipples started to harden. A little flare of desire sparked between his legs, but he managed to ignore it at first.

“Damn it,” he growled at no one in particular, and he slid on the top. After that, he pulled the panties up the length of his legs. He did have nice legs, he thought. Toned and tanned, they would probably get a lot of attention.

From men.

His nostrils flared with disgust. He wasn’t gay, and he loathed the idea of some dude on the street checking him out. Yeah, he couldn’t let that happen. If Jessika wished to take him out, he had to escape before that happened.

Just as Cory was about to pull the shorts on, he stopped. His pussy ached for some attention. It didn’t have to be a lot. In fact, he could do it really fast, probably before Jessika came back.

Nibbling on his lower lip, he tossed a glance at the door. Yeah, he had time.

Closing his eyes, Cory reached down for his slit. He expected to feel his cock, but it wasn’t there. She had replaced it with a pussy. His heart started to pound, and warmth spread through his skin. He wasn’t really going to do this, was he? Only he really, really wanted to touch himself. He wanted to feel his fingers penetrate his opening.

Swallowing back his reluctance and second thoughts, he lightly stroked his pussy. His whole body shook, and Cory nearly dropped. It felt like his knees might buckle at any second.

Daring to be brave, Cory pushed his fingers all the way in. A shiver of delight penetrated him all the way to the core. Damn, he had no idea women could be so sensitive! Opening his mouth, he started to pant, gasping as he found his clitoris. He kept his knees wide as he touched himself, savoring every impulse.

“What are you doing?”

Jessika’s voice cut across the room. “Did I say you could touch yourself?” she demanded, crossing the room. She shoved Cory over the bed and started to spank him hard with the flat of her hand. Every blow made him shake and flinch.

“No!” he cried out as her hand came down again. Pain exploded through his pert ass. His eyes watered, and he worried he might start to bawl like some pathetic girl.

He tried to tell himself that he only whimpered and yelped because he had a girl’s body. It didn’t really have anything to do with his endurance.

“Are you ready to apologize?”

“I didn’t do anything wrong!”

“Well, seeing as that’s your attitude, I guess I’m just going to have to take some special measures.” Jessika skipped back and went to the closet.

Standing up again, Cory touched his ass, only to feel the hot sting redouble when he tried to touch himself. Those welts would hurt for hours. Sitting down would be a painful experience as well.

When Jessika came back, she held a belt of some kind.

“What is that?” Cory demanded in his squeaky voice.

“Just something to make sure you don’t misbehave,” Jessika replied, her eyes sparkling with cruel anticipation. “Now put these on and I’ll get you locked in.”

“Locked in?” Cory repeated.

“That’s right, pretty girl,” Jessika smirked. “Now put it on. Right now.” She held out the belt. Even as he took it from her, Cory kept staring down at the getup. He pulled up over his torso, and

Jessika came up behind him, securing the locks quickly. Each click made him feel helpless and small.

More than anything, he wanted to try to back her hands away, but her command wouldn't allow it.

Once she was done, Jessika crossed her arms over her chest, and she let her eyes wander his body. "There. Now there won't be any problems with you trying to touch yourself again. If you want to feel good, you're going to have to ask. You're going to have to beg." She sounded excited at the prospect.

Right then, Cory promised himself that he wouldn't do it. At the same time, he ran his fingers along the metal clasps. Slowly, it dawned on him exactly what she had made him wear. It was a medieval device. It was a chastity belt.

"Now put on your shorts," Jessika ordered.

He pulled up the denim shorts, and they fit snugly over his pert ass. Seething, he also put on a pair of pink socks with frills. It was only then that Jessika had him stand in front of the mirror. But she didn't stop there. Rather, she forced him to do another little turn.

"Fantastic. Now let's go work on your makeup."

Cory shook his head furiously from side to side. In fact, he shook so vigorously that his blond hair from side to side. It looked adorable, and Jessika made sure to point that out.

Then she dragged him over to her vanity, where she ordered him to sit down. After that, it was just a matter of figuring out what blushes and powders would work best for him. Cory hated every second of it, and he felt like a little kid who'd been captured by a big sister.

Jessika was merciless, teasing him and cooing over him, knowing full well that he hated every degrading moment.

But when she finished with her doll, Cory looked back at his reflection, and he couldn't help but shudder.

"Please, you can't keep me like this. Jessika, you've proven your point. I swear, I'm sorry I ever doubted your powers. Please, just let me go. You can't keep me like this. You can't keep me in this outfit."

Jessika kept her eyes on him for several moments, and he dared think that she was genuinely considering whether or not to

release him from her power. She placed one finger against the corner of her mouth.

"You know, I think you're right," she said.

Hope bloomed inside of his chest, and Cory made sure to keep his eyes downcast. He didn't want to make her change her mind with a display of aggression or rebellion. Licking his lips, he waited patiently until she said, "Yes! You are absolutely right. I can't just keep you in one outfit. We're going to have to go shopping!"

An hour later, they were at the mall.

"I don't want to get out of this car," Cory said. He was huddled up in the passenger seat, staring out at the big buildings straight ahead. Inside, there would be a multitude of people, women and men, and they would all see him as a girl. They would look at him and short shorts and smile.

Some of the girls might be jealous, but the guys would check out, admiring his waist and his ass, his gorgeous breasts.

"I'm not getting out of this car," he said, affirming his resolve. Ultimately, he didn't even care about what's Jessika did to him.

"You're going to do it or I'm going to punish you," she said.

"No. Look, can't we just go home? I swear, I will do anything. Wouldn't you like to see me clean your floors or something?" He offered up that sliver of his dignity, but Jessika shook her head.

"Not yet." She grinned at him, making it clear she already had that idea in mind. She just hadn't gotten around to humiliating him as a servant and a maid quite yet. "Right now, I want to make sure you're properly dressed. Besides, I can't just keep you in shorts and a tank top forever. What about when it gets cold? What about when we go clubbing?"

"You wouldn't dare," he snapped.

With a sigh on her lips, Jessika tilted her head to the side. "You know, Corina, I'm getting pretty sick of your attitude. Unless you get out of this car right now, I'm going to have to discipline you."

He wasn't going to cooperate. He told himself that it didn't matter what she did. He wasn't going to play along with this game anymore. He was better than everything she had, and he was about to prove it.

Jessika shrugged like she really didn't care about his behavior, and then she started to speak. The sound didn't make any sense to Cory. It didn't sound like any language you ever heard. Hell, he didn't think you'd even be able to reproduce those words even if he tried.

She stopped and grinned. He looked around, expecting something to happen. Maybe he anticipated some sharp pains in his body. Maybe he expected her to turn him into a frog or something.

Instead, the world seemed normal.

"Look down," she said, nodding at his breasts.

With obvious trepidation, he followed her command, only he realized that his breasts were getting bigger. They looked enormous now, like they could barely fit beneath the findings of his tank top.

Before, he would've just been a pretty girl walking around the mall. But now, everyone would notice him. His heart started to beat wildly in his chest, and he looked around, desperate for a solution. But there wasn't any. Jessika had made her decision, and Cory had to live with it.

She got out of the car, placed her hands on her hips, and she waited for him.

Already, he knew that time wasn't on his side. Simply put, Jessika was not a patient girl. If he waited much longer, he would have to face another punishment. Considering what she had just done to him, he didn't know what more he could take.

So Cory got out of the car, and he allowed his ex to take him by the hand and lead him into the mall like they were two girlfriends out for a day of shopping.

The doors at the entrance slid open automatically, and Cory looked around. At first, he didn't see anyone. But then a couple of guys came out of a shoe store, and they did a double take when they saw Cory.

With their eyes on him, Cory aimed his gaze down at the floor. Even so, he heard their barely muffled comments.

"Damn, look at that girl."

"Oh yeah, I could totally motorboat that."

As his face turned a bright shade of hot red, Jessika leaned over and whispered in his ear, "I think they like you. Maybe you

should go over there and talk to them."

"No!" Cory hissed, horrified at the idea.

"An idea for later?" she teased.

This time, Cory didn't answer. Getting into an argument with her would be a bad idea. So instead, he tried to stay quiet as she took him through the mall.

Besides, it seemed like Jessika was more interested in shopping. "Okay, so we need to figure out your style. What kind of girl are you going to be?"

"I'm not a girl," he mumbled.

Jessika sighed and pulled them both to a stop. Then she leveled her eyes on Cory. All of a sudden, he felt his confidence shrivel. Having the red haired girl stare right at him made him nervous, especially because she had so many powers to wield.

"This is how it is going to work. Every time you disobey me or displease me, I'm going to punish you. Now, I could do something as simple as a public spanking, but I enjoy magic, so a few spells here and there would probably be an even better idea." She flashed him a feral grin, and her lips started to move, but it wasn't English this time. Immediately, Cory throughout his hands, and he tried to stop her, but it was too late.

Once she finished, Jessika stepped back and admired her handiwork.

"What, what did you do?" Cory needed to know.

"Why don't we take a look?" Jessika stepped over the side, looking in her reflected image in the front window of a candle store.

Hesitant, Cory stepped next to his ex. He looked at his feminized body, and he froze, unable to truly process when he was seeing. On some level, he wanted to say that this was a trick, that had to be some kind of joke or gain, but as he looked, he knew this was the truth. It was what everyone else would see too.

With just a few words of magic, she had turned his hair platinum blonde. His lips puckered. There are even fuller now. He looked like a bimbo, like some slight trolling the mall, hoping to meet guys.

Of course, on the inside, he hated the idea of any man admiring this new physique.

"Are you going to be a good girl?"

Cory turned to his acts, knowing full well that she probably had other tricks up her sleeve. Hoping you would never have to find out what they were, he quickly popped his pretty head up and down.

"Good." She grinned, "Now let's have a girls' day!"

First, Jessika took into a salon. The stylists did their hair. Jessika simply got a wash and trim, but she told the stylist that her friend wanted something more elaborate. In the end, they washed, trimmed, and braided her hair. Once she was done, she had two long pigtails that stretched down to her shoulder blades.

But of course, Jessika wanted to truly humiliate Cory, so she forced him to get his nails done as well. He was forced to sit there while the stylists gave Cory the prettiest manicure and pedicure ever!

Oh, and Jessika also made sure that they trimmed his eyebrows a little bit more. She wanted Cory to look especially feminine and girly.

Once they were done, Jessika dragged him to a makeup shop. She made him try on different foundations, powders, eyeliners, and lipsticks. But after about an hour, she was satisfied. Cory checked his reflection; he looked like some easy skank.

He tried to argue with her, but Jessika just smiled and said, "I think you look perfect."

Then she went to pay, and Cory spotted the absurdly high bill. He didn't really care one way or another. Originally, he assumed that she was paying with some form of magic. It made about as much sense as her ability to change him into a woman, he told himself. But then he spotted the credit card she was using, and it was his!

When they left the store, he grabbed her arm and said, "Jessika, you can't make me pay for this stuff!"

His ex simply arched an eyebrow, "Can't I?"

Changing into a woman had one thing, but making them pay for this humiliation was another. Locking teeth together, he knew that his patients had frayed. It was too thin to deal with this, so he shoved her up against the window.

Jessika just grinned at him. She could've stopped them at any moment, but her lips started to move, and Cory realized his mistake. This time she wasn't going to warn him. She said something, another

incantation, and he could feel the flickers of energy start dart through his skin.

Careful to keep his eyes on his reflection, Cory waited for something to happen. Maybe his clothes would rip and drop off of them, letting everyone see his new, female body. But nothing seemed to happen, nothing visual at least.

"It didn't work," he said, hoping that Jessika had finally made a mistake. Maybe she had run out of magic or something. But then he turned to her, and she was grinning, and that he felt it.

He had to close his eyes as he stumbled back for a moment. Hot arousal burned through him, and he knew what he needed. He needed to touch himself. He needed slight fingers into his pussy.

But he couldn't because he had that stupid chastity belt on! It wasn't fair!

Jessika was grinning at him still, and he started to shake his head. "No, you can't do this to me! You can't make me horny!" He sounded adorable, especially with his high-pitched voice. He sounded like some sorority girl.

And of course, that just made Jessika burst out into laughter. Her eyes started to water and she wiped away a few of those enjoyable tears.

All the while, Cory had to stand there, shifting his weight from one side to the other because he needed to touch herself. He needed to feel the excitement of an orgasm. He needed it so badly; he couldn't even guess what he would do to get it.

"Come on," she said, grabbing his hand again.

Jessika forced him into one clothing shop after another. She made Cory try on skinny jeans, little black dresses, white skirts, and anything else that caught her attention. All the while, there were guys out in the main promenade, and the unnoticed Cory. Most of them were polite enough not to whistle, but he could always feel their eyes on him, checking him out like a piece of meat.

Really, Cory didn't know how much more of this he could take.

He started to think about sneaking away.

It might be his only chance.

After all, Cory didn't know when he was going to get outside again. What is Jessika decided to order him to stay at her house? As

long as she had this influence over him, he would never be certain he get another chance.

When they finished at a store filled with skintight dresses, Jessika said something about wanting to check on something. Cory immediately volunteered that he would wait right by the entrance.

After a day of shopping, Jessika was probably tired, so she didn't realize the opportunity she was giving him. She nodded quickly, probably anointed herself for needing to go back inside.

But then she did it, and Cory glanced around, realizing that this was his chance. Walking on a pair of high heels that Jessika had forced him to buy with his own money, he headed for the nearest exit. If he could get out in the parking lot, maybe he could find some of the phone. Maybe he could call a friend or something.

He needed about a hundred feet before he heard footsteps from behind.

He didn't want to turn around. If Jessika had already come back out onto the promenade, then she would be searching for him. He couldn't do anything that would attract her attention.

"Where do you think you're going, sweetheart?" Jessika asked.

All of his hopes deflated because she had tracked him down with ease.

"I just, I—" he stammered to come up with a lie, but his ex-cut him off.

"I know what you are doing. You wanted to go to the sex shop, didn't you?" Her eyes glittered, mostly because they both knew that this was a game to her. She didn't really mean it, and she knew what he had tried to do. Only now, she was going to make him pay for it.

Cory turned around; he realized that they were in front of Joker's. Technically, this store sold adult gifts, which usually meant stupid prank mugs and a few dirty joke books. But in the back of the shop, they also sold adult toys and costumes.

Shaking his head furiously, Cory tried to convince her not to take him inside. Jessika would not be deterred. She dragged him inside, all the way to the back of the shop.

Cory found himself facing a wall of sex toys. There were dildos, handcuffs, love tape, whips, crops, and costumes. There were so many costumes. There were sexy nurse outfits. He spotted different kinds of lingerie, some styled like schoolgirl uniforms. Others were even less dignified, like the French maid costume he spotted off to the side.

"Corina, put this on," Jessika said to him. She lifted up a bunny uniform. Really, it was just a white leotard with a pink tail and ears.

Corey looked at it, his breath caught in his chest. "Please, do I have to wear it?"

Already, he modeled slinky dresses and short skirts. Jessika had treated him like a private doll, and he was sick of it. But this time, she simply smiled at him, "Considering how eager you were to come here, I'm surprised you would want to model for me."

He could argue with that. He could have said something about how he didn't want to come to the shop, but he simply wanted to escape her clutches, but then I would have invited punishment, something they both knew.

So he took the costume, he walked back to the dressing room. He stripped off everything except for the chastity belt. He couldn't get that off, not even if he tried. He put on leotard, the tail, and the ears. Then he stepped out into the shop again.

"Corina, this is Andrew. He works here and offered to help."

Cory didn't know what to say. Andrew had his eyes on the transformed female, and he clearly appreciated everything he saw. Staring downward, Cory wanted to hide his gaze, but something made him look up at Andrew. This guy had a nice build, strong shoulders, and a ready smile. Taken together, Cory couldn't help but feel a twinge of desire between his legs.

"Hi there," Andrew said. "You look really good in that costume."

"And that's what I think she wants to buy," Jessika said, handing Andrew one of Cory's credit cards. "Actually, I think she will get one of every cost you have."

Turning back to the various price tags, Cory quickly calculated how much this would all cost. Jessika was going to wipe out. She

was going to take away all of his money, so he would be dependent on her. After all, he wouldn't be able to go back to work, not this body.

Shoving those thoughts aside, he felt his attention drift to Andrew and Jessika. Without trying, he found his thoughts slipping into more sexual matters. His pussy ached for attention, and Cory found himself touching his breasts, massaging his nipples through the leotard's tight material.

Andrew stopped a few feet away. "You know, we could probably come to another sort of arrangement."

"What sort of arrangement?" Jessika asked. "I know my friend here likes you."

Cory felt his pretty mouth dropped open. He couldn't believe that she just said those words, but then Andrew smiled and said, "If your friend is up for it, maybe we could have a little private negotiation in the back room."

He was about to open his mouth and say no. He was about to make it very clear that this was never going to happen, but Jessika leaned over and whispered, "Don't say a word." So he shut his mouth, and Jessika continued negotiation, "I think you too can have a lot of fun."

Andrew walked over to Cory, and he took the pretty girl's small hand. Cory imagined himself fighting back, or maybe even trying enlist Andrew's help. But then Jessika whispered one more thing, "Do whatever he wants."

Cory shook his head desperately, but the command was already there, he could feel the magic tingle through his skin.

They went into the back room, storage area filled with various boxes and crates. Without another word, Andrew put his hands on Cory's shoulders, and he pushed the pretty girl down onto her knees.

"I think you've really nice now. Would you like to put it on me?" He sounded a little bit nervous, but Cory could've sworn he heard something coming from you. Maybe it was more magic, because his whole body lit up, and he knew what he had to do.

Nodding his pretty head quickly, Cory watched as Andrew pulled out his cock.

Humiliation world through Cory, but there was nothing he could do but open his mouth and take Andrew's member between his lips. Immediately, Cory started to suck and lick, working his small tongue along the guy's shaft.

Cory couldn't believe that he was doing this, yet some impulse took control. It had to be magic, he told himself. It had to be Jessika's fault.

Whether she caused this or not, it doesn't change the fact that he was bobbing his head forward and back, sucking on a guy's cock and enjoying it. Pleasure coursed through Cory's body, and he couldn't deny the heat building between his legs.

"I'm going to come in your mouth," Andrew said. It was little more than a grunt, yet coordinated out easily enough. At the same time, he could try to slow down. But his body wouldn't obey, and then Andrew put his hands on Cory's head, guiding the pretty girl as she serviced him.

His cock started to shake and shiver as he blew his load, and Cory found himself swallowing back every drop, horrified to find he enjoyed this. He couldn't help himself, and he wanted more even as Andrew pulled himself back and zipped up his pants.

"Good girl," he said, patting her on the head. Then he walked back out into the shop. Cory followed a few seconds later, and there was Jessika, beaming at him. "You know, I think I just found you a new job."

His eyes widened, but he couldn't do anything. She was too powerful.

"Now, let's go home so I can give you your reward."

They didn't have to pay for the costumes, though if Cory wanted orgasm, he was going to have to earn it. He was going to have to sacrifice everything it can, and accept his fate as Corina.

Considering Jessika's power, it would not take long. After all, she was going to make him love every second.

**The End**

**(Want more gender transformation domination? Check out *Taming Her Teacher*, another ebook by Mina Black, now**

**available on Amazon.)**

## **Taming Her Teacher**

### **Mina Black**

Seraphim Academy held a number of special distinctions. Chief among them, the school had already graduated secretaries of state, powerful executives, and even a prime minister. It helped that the students who attended the academy all shared one distinction: ambition. The young women who went to this school intended to be great.

Yes, their disciplines and specific ambitions varied, yet these girls all wished to excel. Rather than complete their senior years of high school at another place of learning, they transferred over to this place. Technically, it could be described as a finishing school, but the curriculum was as intense as it was specialized.

I was the only male teacher, and there have been quite a bit of controversy when the decision to hire me at first been announced. The Head Mistress insisted that I was qualified, but more importantly, the academy's students needed to learn to deal with both genders.

Besides, she said that no one else could bring quite the level of cynical analysis and discussion that I had gained a reputation for.

At first, I might've been a bit reluctant to teach at an all girls' school, especially one based out in the wilderness. Yes, the facilities had all the modern amenities one would expect from a high-end campus, but it was almost a hundred miles to the nearest town. Eventually, the promise of incredible pay was enough to draw me in.

Of course, if I had realized what was going to happen, I would have taken an entirely different position. I never imagined that I would go up against someone like Sasha.

I can remember the exact moment when I first saw her. I walked into my classroom, and there were twenty young women seated in their desks. They all watched me warily, clearly uncertain about having a male teacher.

Some of the girls were cute and some of them are less than attractive, but I put those thoughts out of my mind. Frankly, my paycheck was more important than any dalliance or fantasy.

Besides, the girls would only be here for a year, and then they'll go off to their universities.

I scanned across the roll sheet, and I started coughing aims. One by one, the girls acknowledged when I called them. I would glance up and smile politely. But then I came to Sasha's name, and I paused.

There was something about her.

Honestly, I couldn't name it. If I'd been given ten hours to try, I wouldn't come up with any reasonable solution or explanation. There was just something about her, some kind of charisma or energy that seemed to radiate off of her.

She had dark brown hair which framed her face. It shined under the light, and she had a headband to hold it in place. Other than that, she wore the same white blouse and dark blue vest as the other girls. Then she had on knee-high socks and a dark blue, plaid, miniskirt. Technically, the girls were supposed to wear slightly more modest attire, yet they collectively decided to assert their independence with their clothing.

Since none of the other teachers complained, I didn't feel like I should either.

Sasha had her eyes on me, and I didn't know what to think. She held my attention for a moment or two, only slightly longer than any of the other girls. But in that span of time, my heart jumped three beats, and I seemed to freeze up. No student has ever done that to me before. Even when I taught at some of the world's most prestigious universities, no girl had ever been able to make me feel tongue-tied.

It really didn't help that she was so much younger. All the girls in that room were legal adults, but just barely.

Sasha acknowledged me when I called her name, and I moved down the list. I really hoped that no one noticed that little pause, but after that, I couldn't forget her. This was especially true because she insisted on debating every point. And unlike so many of her classmates, she was advanced. Sasha clearly knew a great deal about the world, both academically and somehow, she had the confidence of a woman who had been around the world many times over.

Occasionally, I encountered a student who simply understood the universe of people. These girls knew the calculations and mathematics that went into how humans behaved, and Sasha was probably one of them. Ultimately though, she was more interested in physics and biology than my field, so I didn't worry about her.

But then we got into a discussion of epistemology and metaphysics.

"I do believe that the essential nature of things can be altered," she said. Most students, when seated at their desks, automatically became subordinate and almost servile. After all, they could wreck nice that the teacher was in control of the class.

Only Sasha carried herself differently. When she spoke, she straightened her back, she lifted her chin, and she wielded the force of pure confidence. Although I might have been at the front of the class and standing, she could project her personality out across the entire room.

"How so?" I asked. Of course, it was simply a rhetorical question, a question designed to get her to think and speak a little bit more. Technically, that wasn't a problem for her, but I still needed to fill a few more minutes before my class came to an end.

"Considering how quickly science is advancing, I don't think it's a stretch to assume that very quickly we will be changing the very nature of things, humans in particular. Whether we are using physical hardware like cybernetic implants or genetic manipulation, people will be entirely different."

"What about human nature?"

"No such thing," she said, the corner of her mouth rising with a knowing smirk.

"There are people out there, Sasha, who would disagree with you fervently. For example, if you're someone who holds to some kind of religious faith, that person probably wouldn't look too kindly on the idea that you could just rewrite them."

"Not yet, but soon," she said with easy certainty.

"You're wrong," I said. "Even if you can change physical dimensions, a person will still be the fundamental same. There is a foundation to what a person is, psychologically speaking. Although the research indicates that there is a baseline like personalities."

Her eyes narrowed, and I could tell that she was frustrated. I started to wonder how often teachers questioned her. "You think I'm wrong?"

I smiled at her, hoping to defuse her annoyance.

No matter where I taught, I never wanted to aggravate a student at the point where she might go to my superiors. Granted, I was very certain that the Head Mistress would take my side, but there was no reason to provoke a confrontation.

"I think you're getting ahead of yourself," I told her gently. "Sasha, you are still very young, and you have quite a few years ahead of you before you really get to be an adult. Give yourself some time, and I'm sure you'll come to some very well reasoned conclusions."

She gripped the sides of her desk, her knuckles were white. Right there, I knew I had to stir off, but she thought we needed it. A girl like her couldn't be allowed to get too arrogant, after all.

Later that evening, I was in my apartment. The students had their dormitory on one side of the campus, while the teachers had another residence hall on the opposite side. It sounded small and cramped, but it really wasn't. I had a full living room, two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a well-stocked kitchen.

It also helped that the school paid for a cleaning service to come in and take care of my place. In some ways, this felt a lot like living in a hotel.

Perhaps the only downside was the fact that students could come and go as they pleased, so they frequently stopped by to talk to their teachers. When I heard the knock on the door, I figured it would be some girls interested in hearing about her grade or asking for extra credit.

Of course, there were downsides to having such ambitious group.

I went to the door, still dressed in my dark slacks and collared shirt. This time around, I didn't have my time on, but I was off the clock. Opening the door, I blinked a couple times, surprised to see Sasha there. She had never visited me before, so I didn't know what to expect.

"I'd like to continue our debate," Sasha said. She held her hands behind her back, and with any other girl, that posture would have made her look sweet or innocent. With Sasha, she came off like some kind of predator, a feline waiting to pounce.

"By all means," I said, motioning for her to come inside.

My pupil sauntered in as though she owned the place. That girl really had no problem with making yourself comfortable. For a moment, I wondered what, if anything, could throw her off her game.

Just as in class, she wore her plaid skirt, knee-high socks, and her white blouse. Now that we were alone, I realized that her shirt was a bit tighter than I would have expected. It hugged her breasts, and I could feel an inkling of desire the back of my mind.

There was no way I would ever pursue any of those instincts, yet they remained nonetheless. I walked over the dining room table, and I pulled out a chair for her. "Would you care to have a seat?"

"Thank you," she said, crossing her legs. Despite wearing her school uniform, she somehow came off more mature than I could have possibly imagined. There is nothing especially unique about her facial features. She was pretty, with an almost vulpine expression, but there is just something about her.

Like any good host, I went back to the kitchen and I got the two of us some water. I set her glass down in front of her. "Have you come up with some kind of rebuttal?" I sat across from her.

"Absolutely," she said. "I don't know if you're aware, but I'm studying both biology and cybernetics. Nanotechnology in particular."

"Interesting," I said, nodding along. Like any well-educated member of the staff, had to stay apprised of the basic developments in pretty much every field, but it surprised me that a student at our school have the kind of resources.

But really, I shouldn't have been shocked. So many of the girls came from money, and even those that didn't were still quite brilliant. It wasn't unheard of to have one, two, three or even four of these girls when prestigious grants on a monthly basis.

"So, how do you respond to the idea that a person can change when drugged?"

"Drugs are a temporary concern," I told her.

"What about drugs that do irreversible harm?"

"I acknowledge that the hardware for person psychology might change, but that individual would still be the same person. That core essence doesn't change." I spoke with the finality of the teacher who wanted to get a student out of the room. After all, we were almost upon the weekend, and I was ready to relax for a few days. Having a girl like Sasha in my apartment wasn't terribly restful.

"You're wrong," Sasha said. Her eyes crinkled, and I could tell it she was hiding something. Even so, I found myself just getting annoyed with her.

Rubbing the ridge of my nose between my fingertips, I tried not to sigh. "Do you have some piece of evidence in particular that you would like to share?"

"This," she said as she placed a capsule on the tabletop. It looked like a gelatin pill, nothing terribly special or unusual about it. "This is something I've designed to alter the way people act. In particular, it has been designed to affect an individual's conception of gender."

"You can't change gender, not with hormones or chemicals." Like any well-educated individual, had read about the hormone treatments forced on people in previous decades. None of them worked.

"Are you so sure?"

"I am, but Sasha, it's getting late, and I think we can continue this discussion on Monday." I stood up, expecting her to do the same, but she didn't. She didn't move a muscle.

"If you're so sure, take my pill, let's see what happens."

I smiled at her, do my best not to insult the poor girl. Perhaps my original estimations of her had been too high. After all, I would have to be insane to take some untested compound, especially one designed by a student.

"Look, I appreciate your zeal, but I'm not taking that pill."

The beautiful brunette pouted her lower lip for a second, and I want to laugh her face, but that would've been rude, so I sighed and asked if there's anything else she needed.

"Do you think I could take the water with me?"

It was an odd request, but if it would get her out of there more quickly, I was happy to lend her a glass. I glanced over at her cup,

and I realized that it was actually one of my more expensive tumblers. "Sure thing," I said indulgently. "Just let me get you a different glass."

I got up and went back into the kitchen, and I found her a far cheaper cup. Honestly, I didn't know why she cared about some simple water, but maybe the faculty building's tasted better or something. In any case, I just wanted to get on my weekend.

I set the cup in front of Sasha and she smiled at me. It was a big, happy grin, and I wasn't quite sure what I'd done to earn it. "There you go," I said to her.

"Thank you for letting me stop by. I'm sure that will have a lot more to discuss very soon," she said to me. With that, she got up and left.

It took me a minute to realize that she didn't take her glass of water with her. Shrugging, I decided that teen girls were crazy, and that I really shouldn't bother trying to understand them. With that, I picked up my glass of water, I took a long swig, and I went back into my bedroom to watch TV.

It was strange. After that first sip of water, I started to get really thirsty. I found myself gulping more and more until my glass was empty. Once the glass was finished, actually felt pretty good, so I kept watching TV. It was nice to relax, to simply let myself go and not worry about teaching or philosophy.

Sure, there were papers to be graded and homework assignments to be entered into the campus portal, but my students could wait a few more days before learning about their scores. I grinned, thinking that patience was an important virtue these girls needed to learn as well.

After a while, I took a shower and I went to bed. Everything seemed normal.

But when I woke up, everything had changed.

I could feel it almost from the first second when I opened my eyes. There was something different about the room. It seemed oddly bigger. The dimensions were only slightly off, but it was enough for me to notice.

Blinking, I rubbed my eyes. When I pulled my hands back from my face, I noticed the first signs of a change. My hands were small and delicate. Petite would've been a good description to even as I balled my fists, thinking that this had to be some kind of weird dream.

Hoping to wake up completely, I sat up, and I could feel extra weight on my chest. My heart started to pound, and I figured this had to be some kind of joke. Maybe some of the girls snuck in here last night and did something to the furniture. Maybe they taped something to my chest.

It was a nice thought, only it was a wrong.

Thinking that I could just wash my face and that I would be less figured this all out, I walked across my bedroom and into the adjacent bathroom. With every step, my sense of dread continued to grow. This seemed too weird.

I paused for a moment and looked around, and it was definitely true. Everything was bigger. That couldn't have been possible, I thought. After all, all of my possessions were still the same spot. I noticed my wallet, just where I left it. There was my comb, just where I left it. Every single detail was the exact same, only bigger.

I got it the bathroom, and when I saw my reflection, I froze. It wasn't me.

Looking back at me, there was a pretty girl with strawberry blonde hair, sharp features, and a pair of small breasts pressed up against my T-shirt. It was the same shirt I went to bed in, only now it looked huge on my frame.

What happened?

Hoping that I would find makeup or statics or something, I stripped off my top, and I started to feel the breasts attached my chest. With the light on, I looked straight ahead at my reflection. This couldn't be real.

Without taking myself off the mirror, I palmed my chest, touching these breasts. Honestly, I couldn't think of them as mine. I gave them a gentle tug, surprised to *feel* them. I couldn't explain it, yet when I ran my fingers along the skin, my whole body tingled.

"What's, what's going on?" I whispered to no one in particular.

Swallowing, I tried to touch the nipples, and the second fingertips make contact, a shiver of pleasure and raw delight streamed through my body. I stumbled back, shocked at how sensitive that flesh could be.

This was impossible.

But then something else occurred to me, and my hand down to the spot between my legs, but I was surprisingly and teasing my trousers. My pants were looser, and I pulled them down along with my boxers.

I didn't find my cock.

Instead, there was a woman's pubic hair and a vagina.

My mouth tightened up, and I looked back at my facial features, and I was just a young girl. I actually looked younger, maybe an older teenager. I started to laugh for a moment, thinking that I could probably pass for one of my own students.

My students...

...Sasha...

It all started to click, and I had to wonder if she could do this to me. Last night, we talked about the essential nature of things, and she practically dared me to take her pill. It wasn't possible, was it?

I had no idea what to think, but I couldn't just go to the hospital. What could I say to the doctors? I woke up as a woman one day? This was insane.

Determined to make sure that this wasn't some kind of prank, some absurd the elaborate prank, I let my hand trailed down to the spot between my legs. Gently, I barely touched the opening to my pussy.

The sensations nearly knocked me down.

As a guy, I was thought that the penis was most sensitive thing I could imagine, but this opening was so much more powerful. In fact, some kind of instinct overtook me. Before I knew it, my fingers were lightly caressing my opening, working them from the bottom to the top and down again. Over and over, I crossed myself with two fingers.

Panting now, I moved from the bathroom and I fell back down on my bed. Wearing nothing but my socks, I started to stroke myself. Deep down, I thought this had to be a joke. I didn't think this could

really be happening, but then my nipples hardened, my pink lips were parted, and I could feel the moisture coat my fingertips.

I was becoming aroused, horny, so very, very horny.

New yearnings, hot and irresistible, coursed through me, and I couldn't control it. Maybe I should stop trying terror, but this was too intense, too powerful for me to ignore. I kept at it, caressing my body, pressing down on my clitoris.

Pleasure exploded through me. I cried out, and I heard my voice for the first time. It didn't belong to me. It was high-pitched, more the squeal, and I might even sounded like some kind of silly cartoon character.

The orgasm faded, but my heart was still pounding. I stayed there in my bed, staring up at the ceiling, trying to contemplate exactly what happened. I ran my fingers through my hair, and I realized that it was longer than when I went to sleep. The strawberry blond tresses now reached down to my shoulder blades.

What was going on? As the player started to fade from my nervous system, I tried to breathe. I tried to simply relax, but only one possibility came to mind. Sasha. This had to be her work.

Pursing my lips, I thought about what I could do. Ultimately, I came to one conclusion. If Sasha was genuinely responsible for this, I would need her help. After all, I didn't know how long this transformation would last.

I rolled off the bed, and I almost fell on my butt. Getting used to this new body was going to take some time. Eventually, I made it back to the living room, and I turned on my computer. I quickly pulled up the students' information and found her cell phone number. Wrapping my phone, I typed in the digits, and I hit send.

The phone started to ring, and I wondered exactly what I was going to say. Honestly, nothing occurred to me, and my heart was pounding. What if she wasn't responsible? What if she said she didn't know what I was talking about?

What would I do then? It wasn't like I could leave my apartment, not like this. For one, I didn't have any clothes. Second, no one would recognize me, so I would have to answer a bunch of different questions about what I was doing on campus.

Maybe I could think back to my car and...

"Hello?" Sasha's voice rang against my eardrum.

What was I going to tell her? From moment, I wanted to grab my phone and shut it off without speaking a word.

My hesitation must've been enough of the declaration though because she asked, "Brandon, is that you?" She used my first name.

"Yes, it's me," I said before I remembered how my voice sounded.

On the other end of the line, Sasha giggled at me. I could hear her laughing, and she didn't bother trying to hide her chortles. As far as she was concerned, this was hilarious. "It worked. Didn't it?" Technically, she asked a question, though I could hear the certainty in her voice.

"So it was you," I said, gripping the phone more tightly in my hand. I wanted to spank that girl for this. I wanted to hold her up in front of all her friends and humiliate her. Whatever she had done, Sasha had gone way too far. She was going to pay for this.

"Yes, it was me."

"Change me back here change me back right now," I demanded. I was practically snarling every word, and when I finished, my petite chest rose and fell with dramatic energy. I could feel my emotions getting out of hand.

Normally, I could always be levelheaded and rational. What was happening to me? Why was I getting so upset so quickly? After all, she was going to change me back. I knew it.

Sasha didn't jump to my demanded no. Instead, she waited an extra second or two and finally asked, "Do you really want me to come over there?" In fact, she even sounded bored, like she wasn't sure what she was going to do.

"Yes, get over here right now."

"Really? You can't ask any more nicely?"

"Ask nicely?" I repeated, utterly dumbfounded. She couldn't be serious, but when I didn't hear another giggle on the other line, I knew that she meant it. "Sasha," I did my best to sound like an intimidating teacher. Unfortunately, it didn't work, not when my voice sounded more akin to some Disney princess.

"That's right," she confirmed, making me sound like an idiot for even asking. "I want to hear you ask nicely."

"Sasha, get over here right now. If you don't, I will make sure you—"

My student interrupted me with ease, "You'll what? Brandon, I'm not sure if you realize this, but you are in the body of a young woman. No one is going to believe a single thing you say, so if you want my help, you have to ask for it."

I blinked again, uncertain how to proceed. I really couldn't believe that she would have the gall to address me like this. Once I got back to my body, I swore that I was going to fail her. I was going to make sure that she was kicked out of the school. I would make sure that no college ever accepted her.

Her life was over, I swore to myself. Those thoughts were nice, but they weren't enough, they could feel my eyes start to water. What if she didn't help me? Damn it, I realized that my emotions were out of whack. It had to be a part of the transformation, I thought, grimacing.

"Well, are you going to ask nicely?"

Sasha sounded so utterly smug.

Realizing that I didn't have any other cards to play, I exhaled through my tightened lips. "Sasha, would you please come to my apartment to help me?" With every syllable, I came off as aggravated and annoyed. Obviously, I wasn't terribly patient.

But I did what she wanted, so she had to say yes. She had to get her little butt over to my apartment to change me back. Instead, she giggled a little bit and said, "I think you can do better than that. In fact, since I don't believe you really want me over there, I think you should *beg*."

Utterly dumbfounded, I opened my mouth to tell her that she was crazy, only I stopped myself last second. Really, I couldn't antagonize this girl. But begging? She was my student, for crying out loud. She couldn't really expect me to beg.

She did. As I thought about Sasha and everything I knew of her, this made perfect sense. And if I didn't do it, she would hang up, and I would be stuck like that until I figured out some other strategy.

Biting down, I locked my teeth together as I forced out the words, "I'm begging you. Please, Sasha please come over here to

change me back. Please, I really don't want to be like this any longer."

"Like what? Say it. Say it all."

There was no sympathy in her voice, no trace of pity. Hating myself for getting into a teenage girl, I spat out the words, "I don't want to be a girl."

"All right, I'll be over in a few minutes," she said.

She didn't come over within a few minutes. In fact, I was left there in my apartment, feeling trapped. I started to pace in the middle of my living room, walking back and forth. By this point, I just had on a pair of sweatpants that barely fits. In fact, they kept falling down the link of my hips.

The T-shirt I wore looked up served on me, but it was better than nothing. I kept glancing at the door, waiting for it to open. Come on, come on, I thought, aggravated beyond belief. Sasha had always been on time for my class, which made me think that she was doing this on purpose.

At the same time, I had to wonder what would happen if she didn't show up at all. Maybe she decided that she didn't like my attitude. It would be much trouble for her to simply ignore my call.

No, she was going to show up, I tried to tell myself.

Finally, there was a knock on the door, and I practically rushed over. I swung it open, and there was Sasha. She had her camera phone out, and she held it up, clicking a picture before I could even react.

"Beautiful," she said, smirking at me. But then she lowered the phone and still stowed it back in her jeans pocket. For once, she wasn't in her uniform. Instead, she had on a tank top and a tight pair of jeans with a flower embroidered down her right shin. Maybe she looked a little bit more like the girl next door, but I could still read the predatory gleam of her eyes.

"Get in here," I said, reaching out and grabbing her arm. I yanked with all my strength, but she barely moved. In fact, Sasha had no trouble bracing her feet against the ground and holding her position.

"Oh no," she said. "You're going to invite me in and you're going to be polite about it."

I poked my head out the door and glanced from side to side, worried that there might be a colleague nearby. Luckily, we seemed to be alone.

This time, I wasn't going to argue with her. If she wants to be a precocious little brat, then I could play along, if only for the moment. "Sasha, please come inside."

"I'd love to," she said and strolled inside. I shut the door after her, and Sasha took a moment to let her eyes wander up and down the length of my body. Strangely, had the instinct to cover my chest, as though I had something to hide. Resist the urge, determined to act like a man.

"How, how did you do this to me?" I hated that little starter in my voice, yet it was the best I could do.

"Remember when you got me that glass of water? Well, while you are in the kitchen, I slipped another pill into your drink." Sasha explains how it all worked and she walked over to me, letting her gaze move along my body. I felt like a science experiment, like a lab rat on display for this girl.

She was younger than me, less experienced, and I should have had every advantage, yet I felt small and weak in front of her. This didn't make any sense, but then she grabbed my shirt and yanked it over my shoulders.

"Oh my gosh, you even have adorable little breasts!" She giggled again, holding her hand over her mouth. My features turned bright pink if I blushed, and no matter how hard I tried to get a handle on my body, it just didn't work.

My palms immediately jumped up, covering my nipples. "Look, you had your fun. Please, Sasha, just tell me how to undo this."

"Maybe," she said, walking around me. She reached up and touched my skin. She noted the way I shivered from her lightest caress.

"Maybe?" I squeaked.

"Maybe," she said. "After all, you've been so rude to me in class. I mean, you really brought this on yourself. If you don't want

girls dosing you, then maybe you shouldn't be so standoffish in class. Have some humility." Her eyes sparkled, and I sputtered unable to really respond with something coherent. She wanted me to be polite? She was just a snotty brat!

"Look, I'm sorry. Please, please just help me," I begged, desperation bleeding into every sound I made.

"Well, I need to get a better understanding of how this happened. So if you want my help, I'll need to see you naked."

I glanced down at my body, and it felt so alien, knowing that this form didn't really belong to me. I was supposed to be a strong, virile man. I was supposed to be bigger and stronger than Sasha, only right there, I felt like some hapless schoolgirl. She somehow seemed larger and more intimidating now.

It didn't help that she looked at me with little more than disdain, as though it was my fault for allowing this to happen in the first place.

Hating myself for giving her what she demanded, I pulled off my T-shirt and sweatpants. They fell off, practically of their own accord. And there I was, naked and extremely vulnerable in front of her.

"It worked pretty perfectly," Sasha said. She walked right up to me, touching me, poking me, and prodding me so I didn't have any rights at all. She treated me like I was little more than a science experiment. In her eyes, that was probably right.

Sasha lifted my arms, running her fingertips down the length of my biceps. From there, she reached out and cupped my breasts. My body responded immediately, my nipples hardening, and there was a sharp intake of breath.

"Do you like that?"

I didn't respond.

Sasha glared at me, "When I ask you a question, you have to tell me the truth. Do you like that? Is it turning you on?"

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