

**VICKY INNES**



**THE SCHOOLGIRL  
GENDER SWAP  
COLLECTION**

# **The Schoolgirl Gender Swap Collection (Sissy Feminization Humiliating Fantasies)**

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## Sneak Peek: Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Later..

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Later...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Sneak Peek: Tim Turned Into A Sexy Schoolgirl

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

supposed to be a girl!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Tim Turned Into A Sexy Schoolgirl

Tim relaxed in his recliner, holding in a giant toke from his bong. It was a Saturday night, and he loved nothing more than to sit back, smoke some pot, and jerk around on the internet. Well, he liked to do that every day, but especially Saturday. Some called him a lazy slob, but he didn't see that as a bad thing. He was living like a king! His ancestors had probably dreamed of being able to chill and stream movies while baked out of their mind like he did. He exhaled and closed his eyes. This was the good life.

Of course, his fiancée Kirsten didn't see it that way. She was out being busy, busting her ass in an office job while Tim sulked around the house all day. The man that'd she'd agreed to marry just a few short months ago seemed so distant now. Ever since he'd lost his job, Tim had been a real slob and had even started talking about being a house husband for his next career. He figured that Kirsten made a lot of money, what more would they need? He'd love to sit on his ass all day and "tend to the house." How hard could that be?

Tim hadn't noticed that Kirsten was late coming back from her hair appointment. He'd been too caught up watching funny cat videos online and wanking it to weird things. Unbeknownst to him, Kirsten was on the far side of town, consulting with a homeopathic medicine doctor about a supposed magical medication. The doctor assured her that the pills he provided would teach Tim a lesson, and he would be subservient to her in every way. Kirsten liked Tim, she really did, but she figured that if she could improve him then why wouldn't she? A man should listen to what his woman says, and it was time for him to get a job.

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"Hi Hun, I'm home," Kirsten said, entering their luxury condo and putting her coat in the closet.

"Hey," Tim said from the other room.

Kirsten joined him in the living room and kissed him on the cheek. She was very excited. She hoped that this new doctor could totally change their relationship.

"It's late," Kate said. "Have you eaten dinner?"

"Oh – Uh, no. I was gonna make something for the both of us, but then I got kinda caught up, you see," Tim said, holding up a video game controller. "Lost track of time," he added sheepishly.

"No problem sweetie. I'll fix something up," Kirsten said.

That was why Tim loved Kirsten. Even when he screwed up she was always there for him. She was just so easy to be in a relationship with because she was always going the extra mile. He could do whatever he wanted and she would still work so hard to make it work.

Kirsten tucked her straight black hair behind her ear in the kitchen, and set about to making a nice big steak dinner. She took out the pills that the doctor had given her and read the label. It said something about getting a man in touch with his feminine side. Kirsten could get on board with that. Tim definitely needed to get in touch with his feminine side and stop being such a grouchy shut in. She lamented what had become of him, but wasn't ready to give up on him yet. She hadn't had much luck with men in the past and Tim had proposed to her so she was determined to make it work. Come to think of it, she wished that Tim actually was a woman. She always got along with girls better. That would be one way to improve their relationship!

Laughing to herself, she mashed Tim's potatoes and stuck four pills in. The label only said to use two, but she *really* wanted this to work. She set the placemats and poured some wine for her and a beer for Tim. The label on the medicine said not to mix with alcohol, but she didn't really care. It was either this or call off the wedding, so whatever. And besides, there was no way she could convince Tim not to drink a beer on a Saturday night. Whatever happened from the pills happened, and she was okay with that. Tim could turn into a mythical creature and she wouldn't honestly care at this point.

"Tim, dinner's ready!" she hollered from the kitchen.

"Can you bring it in here?" I'm watching something. And my beer, thanks," Tim mumbled from the living room.

Kirsten obliged, like she always did. She was so sick of getting walked all over. But finally today was the day she stood up for herself. She put Tim's steak dinner in front of him. Normally she wouldn't stick around and watch whatever stupid vulgar cartoon he was watching now, but she wanted to watch him eat this medicine.

He finished his potatoes and Kirsten was still there smiling at him, waiting for some change to take place. But nothing happened instantly. Maybe it needed more time, or maybe they were just duds. She wasn't sure, but she left Tim in his zombie like TV watching state. He hadn't said a nice thing to her the entire meal. He could've at least asked how her day went. Well, whatever. Good riddance to him! Kirsten decided that if the pills didn't work then she would just break up with him. There was no way she could marry such a slob.

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Tim got up and slowly made his way to the bedroom. He had almost fallen asleep on the couch but decided that he ought to at least make it to the bedroom for once. He opened the door and saw that Kirsten was already in bed, and – oh! It looked like she was embarrassed about something.

"Did I interrupt you?" Tim asked, pulling the covers off of his fiancée.

"No, no," Kirsten said trying to grab the blankets back to cover her naked body.

"Awh please, come on hun. I know I can help you out... It's been a while since we've done it, y'know." Tim got in the bed and went in for a kiss.

Kirsten kissed him with her mouth closed. "You really think you can satisfy me, you pathetic loser?" her lip curled. "You're dick hasn't made me feel good in over a year. All you do is lounge around all day, drink, and do drugs. Do you really think that is at all attractive?" Kirsten spat. She wasn't sure where this was coming from. Yes, everything she'd said was true, and she'd told Tim many times to stop being such a loser, but she'd never been mean to him like that before. Maybe he deserved it now.

"Babe, don't be like that. You know I still got it," he winked and lowered his hand to Kirsten's bare loins.

But something happened inside of him and his hand never made it there. He looked at his fiancée and his eyes widened in shock. He could feel his body transforming, twisting and turning rapidly. He looked down at his chest and... it, it was growing! The rest of his body was shrinking, but his breasts were growing. No longer was he a two hundred pound masculine hunk of Cheetos and protein shakes. He looked up at Kirsten in horror, who could only grin back at him.

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new feminine voice with his hands on his hips, trying to be assertive.

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

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

*Smack!* Tim felt a lightning bolt across hit him across his face and he recoiled in horror. He stood aghast, mouth hanging open. He looked up at Kirsten, who looked content. Had she just hit him? Oh my god! His fiancée had just smacked him in the face. But what was worse than that was how much it fucking hurt! He held his cheek in pain! Holy shit! He couldn’t believe she had just done that to him. And he couldn’t believe how much it hurt. He’d been in fist fights before and been knocked around pretty hard in football, but this had hurt way more than any of that.

Then it sunk in. He was in a woman’s body. He was no longer able to impose his will on his fiancée simply by being so much bigger. In fact, she could really hurt him now. His pain tolerance as a woman was much less than it’d been before. Not only did he have the body of a girl, but he had feminine hormones, brain, muscles, and everything else. He was powerless to stop Kirsten from doing whatever she wanted.

“You have to change me back,” he sobbed.

Kirsten day dreamed for a little bit. She wasn’t even sure if or when Tim would turn back into a man, but she could have a lot of fun with him like this.

“I want you to go to school,” Kirsten said, twirling her hair. “You need to learn what it’s like to be a girl, a *real* girl, and you have to do it right. Make friends, maybe even get a boyfriend, you know, that kind of stuff. And then, maybe, I’ll think of turning you back into a man. Okay, how’s that sound?” She asked. Each word was like a dagger in Tim’s heart.

He sulked down onto the bed. Go to school as a girl? He didn’t want to do that. He just wanted to lounge around the house all day and smoke pot. He’d hated school as a guy. Why would it be any better as a woman? Ugh, he couldn’t believe that Kirsten was not going to help him change back into a man. She wanted to test him first or something? That as crazy! This wasn’t who he was.

“Maybe, if you are a good girl, I’ll change you back into a man one day,” Kirsten said seductively. “But you’ll have to do everything I tell you to do, because I’m the only one who can turn you back, understand?” she said confidently. She wasn’t even sure if that was true, but she didn’t care. She could go back to her doctor and get some reversal pills when she felt Tim had learned his lesson.

Tim looked up at his fiancée with his big doe eyes and nodded sadly. Yes, he would do it. He would do whatever it took to get his masculinity back, his normal life back. He didn’t like that Kirsten forced him into this situation, but he would be okay. How hard could going to school be as a girl? He was a smart guy, he was sure he could survive and convince Kirsten to turn him back. She usually wasn’t this strong willed. He figured she’d turn him back to a man within a couple of days.

“Let’s make sure everything everything’s working out down here,” Kirsten grinned.

Warmness spread through Tim’s upper body as Kirsten expertly rubbed down Tim’s lower

back. Tim let out a small whimper of appreciation; it was all he could muster. The touch of another woman on his smooth skin was an entirely new sensation.

Kirsten had reached around to his breasts and squeezed them hard. His heart almost exploded it was beating so fast. He wanted to protest; he wasn't supposed to have breasts! But then why did it feel so good? Kirsten's soft touch sent waves of pleasure through his whole body. The sensitivity of his tits had caught his off guard. He hadn't expected them to feel so positively alive and full.

Everything he felt was entirely new. Something stirred between his legs, a longing that he'd never felt before when he'd been a man. It was like he had a new itch to scratch, a desire that needed to be filled. Wait, holy shit! Was his cock gone? His heart nearly exploded out of his chest. He felt Kirsten slip her hand down into loins and his heart sunk. His reliable, dependable six and a half inch member was gone. In its place was a sleek nothingness, an empty, hairless void. No!

"Ka.. Kirsten." He managed to spit out.

"It's okay," replied his fiancée. She turned Tim around and brushed the shiny blonde hair out of the younger woman's eyes.

"Relax sweetie. Sometimes you just have to trust your fiancée," Kirsten kissed her way up Tim's tender, feminine neck. Tim felt butterflies in his stomach, something that never happened when he'd been a man. His new body was more on edge, and so much more emotional. Tim tried to respond, but couldn't. Before he knew it, Kirsten pushed her bright red lips against his, and the two engaged in an extraordinary kiss. Tim closed his eyes and all of his doubts and worries washed away. They'd never kissed like this before.

Tim could feel a wetness seeping down his legs. He had never been so turned on in his whole life. Kirsten stopped touching his pussy for a second, teasing her fiancée. Tim wanted to beg her not to stop, but he could barely form the words. For a split second, Tim forgot about the body he'd left behind. He was in the moment, and he needed attention between his legs right away.

His fiancée gave Tim what he wanted, starting with an excruciatingly long lick all the way up the front of his vulva. Tim shuddered with pleasure. He was getting his pussy licked for the first time, and it felt incredible. The long, slow licks from Kirsten sent pulses through his legs and lower stomach. It was so wrong. He wasn't supposed to be a woman! But then why hadn't he ever felt anything like this when he'd been a man? No, this was something amazingly different. Every flick of the Kirsten's tongue sent another jolt through his body.

"Yup, I think it all checks out," Kirsten said, pussy juice running down her chin. "You're good to go sweetie. The school bus will be here in an hour."

Tim lay on the bed, already exasperated from his first minor experience as a woman. He had to go to school? Like today? What the fuck...

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Kirsten brought in some clothes for him. Tim slipped on the silky pink panties and Kirsten helped him fasten his bra. It felt so wrong, but at the same time there was a sense of camaraderie with them both being women now. His fiancée showed him how to put on some mascara and lip gloss, and selected a bright pink nail polish for him to wear. He didn't have much time to get ready, but Tim knew he looked fantastic. He pulled up the skirt and blouse that Kirsten had for him and gave her a little bow. This was crazy; he truly looked like a

schoolgirl. He wondered what the students at school would think.

He watched in the mirror as Kirsten brushed his beautiful shiny blonde hair from behind him with a big smile on her face. He hadn't seen his fiancée that happy in years. He felt a pit in his stomach grow as the minutes went on. School! He was going to go to school! All he wanted to do was stay home and smoke his bong and chill. Just thinking about all the other stupid girls and boys at the school made him want to puke. He'd had a horrible time in school, and once was enough. Now this horrible, evil Kirsten was making him go back.

"Amazing!" Kirsten beamed. "Okay, school time! Here we go!"

Tim followed her out of the room. He couldn't believe he was actually doing this. There had to be some other option. Couldn't he, y'know, escape and fly to Mexico or something to get away from this psychotic witch? He remembered that he didn't have any ID that looked like he did. And there was no guarantee that he would ever be able to turn back to himself without Kirsten's help. He would have to appease her.

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Tim walked outside at the lunch break with two friends he'd made, Shelly and Daisy. Well, it was more like they just started talking to him and now he was their friend. He didn't actually like them too much. His mind drifted as they walked along the park outside. They were talking about some stupid girly TV show or music – he wasn't sure what the hell it was.

His eyes drifted over to the football field. Big, strong men hit each other over and over again. That's what he'd been doing when he was in school. Not gossiping about some lame bullshit.

"You okay?" Shelly asked, raising her eyebrow.

"What – yeah, yeah, I'm fine. You know, just a lot to take in and all. It is my first day," Tim replied.

"Haha, sure," Daisy joked. "I think you've got a little lost in that sea of hunky men over there sis."

"Rawr," Shelly giggled. "Oh Mr. Larson is so hot. I wish he would tackle *me*."

"No – uh," Tim's face grew red. He didn't know what to say so he just joined in on the giggling. Those guys did look really strong and manly. "Who's Mr. Larson?" Tim tried to ask innocently.

"Just the hottest stud on campus," Daisy rolled her eyes.

"The coach of the football team," Shelly said. "I think he's in his late twenties and he's an absolute gorgeous hunk... And – oh, I think he's coming over here," she said excitedly.

Mr. Larson approached the three ladies with a big white smile. For some reason Tim's heart was fluttering and his palms felt sweaty. He already felt lost in the coach's deep dark eyes.

"Hey girls, how are ya?" the coach said cheerfully.

"Gooood," they replied.

"Great, alright. Just wanted to come over and introduce myself to the new student here, nice to meet ya," he said, extending his hand to Tim.

The coach's hand fully engulfed Tim's. It felt so much bigger and powerful than his tiny feminine features. He didn't know what was happening to him but it felt so right. Mr. Larson was so hot.

"Nice to meet you too," he managed to squeak out, batting his eyelashes profusely. It felt like time had stopped for him.

“Yeah. Hey, have you done cheerleading before? You look like you’re in shape. You should come out for the tryouts anyways,” Mr. Larson said, flexing his broad muscular stature.

Tim felt like he was melting in the coach’s hands right there. “Okay.” was all he was able to say. He felt like he was going to faint.

“Cool. Yeah, I’m actually gonna be helping out to coach this year. We’re in between cheerleading coaches right now, so I offered to help. I figured I’ve seen them do their thing from the sidelines a million times, so how hard could it be, right? Okay then, see ya,” the coach said before trotting back to the football field.

Tim was still in awe and the other girls burst out in laughter.

“Damn girl, I think I know what you’re doing after school!” they said.

Tim didn’t know what was happening to him. He’d never felt that way when he’d seen a man before. He recovered his composure slowly. He didn’t know what he was doing. He wasn’t a real girl. Deep down, he knew that this was wrong, and he was supposed to be like one of those guys on the football team. But he also knew that he would definitely be at cheerleading practice after school.

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It was blistering hot in the afternoon, and Tim hadn’t exercised in years. And didn’t you have to be flexible to do cheerleading? He was not very confident that this would go well at all, but he would try. He jogged out to the practice field in his tight shorts, feeling exposed. He’d never shown this much skin outside before. But at least he looked good enough that he could probably pull it off now. There was no way Mr. Larson wouldn’t be able to pay attention to him when he looked this good.

During the warm up stretches, the coach leaned over to tie his shoes and his shirt rose up, leaving his back exposed. Tim had never noticed how muscular and hot men’s backs could be before. It must’ve been from all the hard workouts the football team did together. Tim sat crossed legged and tried to tease his shiny hair into a sexy ponytail before practice started but was struggling to get it right. He took a deep breath. What the hell had come over him? He couldn’t believe that he was actually here, dressed in a cheerleader’s outfit.

Tim was nervous to do a lift in practice, he had no idea what he was doing and didn’t trust himself to hold anyone up. For some reason everyone assumed he had cheerleading experience. But if the coach wanted him to do it, he would. On his coach’s command, Tim held another girl on the hips before she stepped up on his shoulders. The girl’s frilly skirt waved in the wind above Tim. He caught Mr. Larson’s eye and nearly had a heart attack. What about that man was so attractive to him? The whole team relied on Tim being the base of the pyramid, but he couldn’t help himself. The butterflies were fluttering like crazy in his stomach. He found himself getting so distracted by Mr. Larson’s huge muscular arms and sexy chest. He stumbled and lost his balance causing the pyramid to fall down! What had he done?

“Tim are you okay? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“Huh? Oh yeah Coach. I’m fine. Just a bit... distracted is all.”

“Maybe you need to go inside, take a couple minutes to recoup.”

Tim was still lying on the ground; that had been super embarrassing. Mr. Larson put his arm around Tim, helping him get up. The older man lifted him effortlessly to his feet and Tim swooned hard. He wasn’t sure if he’d lost his breath from the fall or from the coach being super sexy. That was enough cheerleading practice for him today. He needed a time out and

headed back into the locker room.

An itch burned inside of him and Tim wasted no time trying to scratch it. He sat on a Timch in the locker room and spread his legs. He could feel his sweetness getting wetter as he pulled down his tight cheerleading shorts. They were only down to his knees when he first rubbed his hand down the front of his vulva. He shuddered with pleasure.

He stuck a finger inside of himself, feeling his warm tight hole. It was too tight for two fingers, so he plunged deep with one. His legs jolted with electricity. Like most of the cheerleading girls, he had long nails. He stuck his finger in his mouth which he had never done before. Fuck, it tasted so good. He wondered how Mr. Larson's cock tasted. It was probably so big and hard.

Tim held back the hood of his clit and gave it a couple of flicks. He gasped like he had been shot. He didn't remember the last time he was this horny, this was crazy. He touched himself and thought of Mr. Larson's big brawn shoulders. He was a real man, the kind of guy that took charge of situations. He wished Mr. Larson had kissed his when he was had picked him up from the ground.. Ugh, that would've been so hot.

His clit felt like a lightning bolt it was so sensitive. He took sharp breaths as he rubbed it hard, back and forth. He was such a slut, doing this in the middle of the change room. His pussy had made a damp spot on the locker room Timch. It would probably stain his cheer uniform but he didn't care. His sex purred. It wanted any and all of them: that guy in his sociology class, Mr. Larson, the entire football team, any of them. They were all so fucking hot.

It felt so wrong. He wasn't a sexy little cheerleader – He was supposed to be a man! Yet here he found himself with his smooth legs spread out over the locker room Timch; his fresh pussy wet over the thought of a man using it. No! He was supposed to be a masculine, strong-willed man! Not some blonde schoolgirl who was eager to suck any cock around.

He threw his head back and let out a long feminine moan. He had fully caved. He let all of his inhibitions go as he imagined Mr. Larson grabbing his ponytail and pounding him from behind. He grabbed his breast through his cheer uniform with his free hand. He was incredibly sensitive all over his body. His hips spasmed up and down before shooting upwards to the sky. His back arched and he moaned effeminately. *Aaah!* He was cumming so hard.

Tim took a couple deep breaths. It looked like he had just run a marathon. Giddiness overcame his and he started laughing and giggling. He had never had an orgasm that big before. It was incredible. He sucked on his fingers again; he had to get more somehow. He basked in the warm afterglow, his mind hazy from the pleasure. He sat happily in a pool of his own wetness. He needed to get some cock.

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At home, he sheepishly hung out in the living room and watched TV with Kirsten. They were watching a cooking show, and Kirsten was making Tim take notes. He would try to re-create the vegetarian dish for the two of them. He told himself that he was just doing whatever it took to turn back into a man, but a part of him enjoyed spending some quality time with his fiancée, even if she was controlling everything.

She didn't let him smoke pot, or play his video games, but Kirsten managed to keep Tim busy enough that he didn't think about those things too much. If he could show her that he'd truly learned his lessons, then maybe she would turn him back into a man soon.

So together they sat and watched their shows, and Tim filed his toe nails. He then slowly started to paint those pink to match his fingernails at Kirsten's suggestion. He lamented the idea at first, but once he started doing it he found it actually quite soothing. He was pretty good at it and didn't get the polish in the wrong places. It was pretty relaxing just to paint his nails and hang out with Kirsten. And now they would match his fingernails too, which was pretty cute. He wondered if he could wear sandals at school tomorrow so everyone could see how they matched.

Tim looked up at his fiancée and hoped that he had impressed her. But instead he found that she had her face buried in her phone. He wondered who she was texting and giggling with. Had she been taking any picture of him while he was painting his nails? Well, it wasn't like anyone would believe that it was actually him. But still! He wanted to keep some sense of dignity.

"What're you looking at?" he asked Kirsten innocently.

"Oh, it's just Andrew. Work stuff," she replied before typing another long string of words into her phone and smiling. She seemed to be smiling a lot more these days.

Tim scowled and turned back to his nails. He didn't dare pry more into the issue, lest Kirsten got upset at him and delayed his transformation back to manhood. He felt a growing resentment for Andrew. He always seemed too friendly with Kirsten. And he was such a wannabe macho prick who thought he was better than everyone else. Tim hated that kind of cockiness. He really hoped that Kirsten wasn't seriously flirting with him.

He went up –stairs and took a bubble bath to try to relax. What was he worried about? He would complete this one short week as a girl and then Kirsten would turn him back into a man. They had their wedding in May for christsakes! She was just having a bit of fun. There was no way she could just leave him like this for too long. He just had to survive and make it through the next couple of days.

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Tim nearly fell asleep during his morning class. Math was so boring! And it was mostly stuff he'd known how to do, like trigonometry. He'd been good at math, or at least decent, when he'd been a man. But now his body felt younger than it had been, and he'd forgotten all that stuff. He could pay attention to what the teacher was saying anyways. He just kept losing focus and daydreaming about big, meaty cocks, full with cream spouting out of them into his mouth and hot nineteen year-old feminine body. His gaze didn't drift far from the studs on the football team that were sitting on the far side of the room. Their shoulders were so big and wide, it looked like he could just hang around their frame. He would give anything to get taken and pounded by those big dudes in his fresh, virgin holes. Or even better yet, by their coach, the dreamy Mr. Larson.

"You awake, sis?" Daisy whispered. "This mathy stuff is important."

"Huh" Tim's batted his eyelashes. "Oh, yeah. Whatever."

"You're a naughty girl, you know that?" Daisy laughed.

"How do you figure?" Tim replied.

Daisy raised her eyebrow and nodded her head toward Tim's smooth legs.

A wet, sticky substance was dripping down his creamy colored skin. Tim crossed his legs, embarrassed. Biting his lip, he turned back to Daisy. Fuck, he was so horny. He didn't want to be a schoolgirl, or a super sexy cheerleader at all, but he was and now that he was his

hormones were in overdrive. He wouldn't be able to ignore them forever. It felt wrong but at the same time he knew that he would eventually have to satisfy the craving that was ever present between his legs.

At that moment, Mr. Larson entered their math classroom and looked Tim right in the eyes. He thought he was going to cum right there.

"If you'll excuse the young miss at the back of the room, sir," Mr. Larson spoke to the math teacher, "Her and I have some plans to go over for this weekend's football game."

"Yes, of course sir," the math teacher replied, before sarcastically adding, "Extra-curriculars come first. It's not like math is important!"

Tim didn't care what the math class thought or if it was important at all. He was out of there in a second, trying to keep up behind Mr. Larson's big steps down the hallway to his office. Tim's heart rate was going a mile a minute the entire time, and his pussy was not far behind. Was he going to get kicked off the cheer team? What was this all about? He didn't care. Any time spent with this man-hunk was good enough for him.

"It's very simple," Mr. Larson said, sitting down at his desk opposite Tim. "We have video cameras in some areas of the locker rooms for theft prevention purposes – not the changing areas, but the entrances and exits. I'm sure you can imagine where I'm going with this."

Tim's face turned bright red. Oh god. Mr. Larson had caught him furiously masturbating on Camera. He'd been rubbing his pussy so vigorously all over the Timches in the locker room area. Jesus Christ. He couldn't let anyone else see that video or his reputation at the school would be ruined. There was no way Kirsten would turn him back into a man if he caused some pandemonium at the school.

"That's a public place," the coach continued. "Other girls had to come in after you and sit on that sticky, wet Timch. What do you have to say for yourself?" He asked in his deep demeanor. God, he sounded so manly and serious. Tim could never have been as intimidating when he'd been a man.

"I – I'm so sorry," Tim said, putting his hands up. His eyelashes batted as tears welled in his eyes, but they didn't come yet. He tried to not be too emotional, but it was difficult with his feminine hormones raging through his body.

"I don't know what to say. I'm a woman and I have needs. I just get so unbelievably horny sometimes, okay?" Tim said, exasperated. He figured he might as well tell the truth.

"Mhmm, I see," Mr. Larson said. "I'm going to recommend you go to our school psychologist. She's very nice."

Tim couldn't keep his eyes off Mr. Larson's pants. There was a thick, hard wood inside of it that was urging to get out. Tim couldn't help but lick his lips. He wanted this stud to take him so badly. He wanted to feel the coach's thick meaty cock inside of him. His loins stirred at just the thought of seeing the big man's weapon unsheathed. He wondered if he could take it all.

"Please, that's really unnecessary," Tim sat on Mr. Larson's throbbing member, straddling the jacked football coach.

Before he knew it the older man had ripped into Tim's luscious breasts with his mouth and was feeling around Tim's behind with his big manly hands. Tim threw his head back and moaned loudly. His tits were incredibly sensitive and Mr. Larson was going to town on them. He never knew that they could possibly contain so much pleasure as the coach bore into them with his mouth, sucking and biting them. All the while, Tim's fresh virgin cunt was riding hard

on the teacher's giant meaty cock. He could feel it pressing into his vulva it was so hard.

Tim was giddy with lust, anticipation, and a dripping desire to be taken hard in his tight holes. He dry-humped Mr. Larson and tossed his blonde hair backwards as Mr. Larson kissed up his slender neck. This was a man, a real man who knew how to please a woman, and Tim was about to experience what that meant first hand. As a man, he thought the notion that someone could be turned on by having someone bite their neck tenderly was ridiculous, but now it was making him more turned on than ever. He put his hands on the coach's strong chest, feeling up his big muscles, and kissed him squarely on the mouth.

Mr. Larson kissed back, intertwining their tongues and sending butterflies flying like crazy in Tim's stomach. The scruff of the coach's five o'clock shadow grazed the sexy cheerleader's supple cheek, but it didn't hurt. It was an odd sensation at first, kissing such a brawn, handsome man. He was so much more rugged than Kirsten, who Tim was used to kissing, and it turned him on so much. He could feel his loins gushing with wetness now. He was riding Mr. Larson's cock through his clothes so hard, like it was a part of him. He wished it was, or at least inside of him.

"You fucking little slut," Mr. Larson picked Tim up and turned him around.

Tim yelped. His face was driven into the coach's desk and his juicy cheerleader ass was sticking out, facing Mr. Larson. In a flash, the coach had torn off Tim's revealing schoolgirl miniskirt and was caressing his plump bare ass. Tim squealed, surprised, as the older man grabbed a fistful of his shiny blonde hair and pushed his face against the desk.

Tim was so turned on. He'd never imagined in his wildest dreams that he would be excited about taking a stud's big, meaty cock. But here was being absolutely dominated and humiliated by a real man, a stud with a giant cock. What was even crazier was that he *liked* it. He realized how hot he must've looked to the coach, who was an alpha male that was used to getting what he wanted. He wondered if he could tease the coach and make him want it even more.

"I'll be a good girl, I promise," he said, teasingly.

*Whack!* Mr. Larson's open palm came down hard on Tim's exposed bosom.

Tim yelped and would've jumped an inch if the coach hadn't been holding him down so strongly. His ass was bright red with a palm print, holy shit! The intense pain quickly gave way to a powerful longing and burning sensation. It felt so dirty; it felt so wrong. He was supposed to be a macho man. He wasn't supposed to get turned on when he got spanked hard in the ass. But it was so hot, he couldn't resist it.

The coach spanked him again, and again Tim got immensely turned on. Maybe it was because he couldn't do anything else except lie there, half on the desk, and take it. Mr. Larson was in total control.

"Now suck it," the coach said sternly.

Tim didn't need to be told twice. He dropped to his knees and undid the stud's belt carefully. Part of him wanted to tease the older man, but he was just so anxious. He wanted it in his mouth so badly; he was salivating just thinking about it.

But when he finally grabbed it in his feminine hands, he was shocked at just how big it actually was. Wow. He stroked it, playfully, and took the head of the big man's cock in his mouth. It felt so right. His loins were gushing with wetness below him. But he wasn't sure if he could even take half of this thing in his mouth, let alone his tight virgin pussy.

He licked it from the shaft upwards, smiling at the coach who shuddered with pleasure. He

could feel the giant cock pulsate in appreciation. Tim knew that he must've looked amazing when he did that.

"No more playing games," Mr. Larson grunted and grabbed Tim's hair from behind, shoving him forward.

The coach's giant cock slid forcefully down the cheerleader's throat. Tim gagged, but the older man held him in place. The cock reached deep back down into his throat. His first reaction was how gross cocks were, but his feminine instincts took over. In and out, Mr. Larson slid his big, meaty member to the back of Tim's throat. Tim thought that depththroating would've hurt, but the longer the coach throat fucked him, the more he realized how hot it was. Mr. Larson was in total control and Tim was loving it. He felt his pussy gushing with wetness; he'd never been more turned on in his life. Mr. Larson berated him and called him a filthy slut, but all it did was make Tim's tight pussy urge to be filled up even more. Oh god. Tim realized it was true. He really was a slutty, pathetic cheerleader sissy who was drunk on cock. The most humiliating part was that he wouldn't have it any other way.

The coach pulled Tim up by his hair and caressed his body. Every touch that Mr. Larson's hands made sent shockwaves throughout his entire body. But he needed more than that; he needed to be fulfilled in every way. Mr. Larson sat him up on the desk and got down between the dripping wet cheerleader's knees.

The first long lick up his vulva was like a firecracker had gone off inside of him. Tim's thin waist jolted, and he was only kept on the desk by Mr. Larson's grip around his hips. He eased his back into the desk in pleasure as Mr. Larson expertly licked his clit. Every flick of his clit was a better feeling than Tim had ever felt before. He hadn't known what it meant when woman said they could have full body orgasm, but he could imagine it now. Waves of pleasure poured over his whole body with each prickle of the older man's rough facial hair against his sweet pink pussy. Never before had anything in his body been as sensitive as his clit was now. He bucked his womanly hips and moaned out like only a girl could do. But still, he needed more.

"Please, stick it in me," Tim panted between baited breathes.

"What's that?" Mr. Larson smirked knowingly.

"Please...do it!" Tim could barely make coherent sentences.

"You need to tell me exactly what you want... you want my fingers inside of you?" Mr. Larson teased.

"Fuck me! I need you in my pussy right now!" Tim threw his hair back as his pussy gushed with wetness.

With a thrust, Mr. Larson entered deep into Tim's fresh pussy, taking his virginity. Tim cried out in surprise as he found himself expanding to accommodate Mr. Larson's massive cock. It felt so good to be penetrated; Tim was finally full. He grabbed onto the desk with both hands as Mr. Larson entered him forcefully again. Pleasure built up inside of him and he sunk his long nails into Mr. Larson's back. He hadn't wanted to become a girl. But this was the moment he knew that there was nothing better in life than being a glamorous cheerleader getting fucked by her stud of a coach.

Mr. Larson withdrew his burgeoning cock turned Tim around. Tim was eager to listen and quickly assumed the position. Mr. Larson rammed into him and it felt like the first thrust again. It was pleasurable, because he was so wet, but almost overwhelming. Mr. Larson smacked

Tim's plump ass and Tim moaned effeminately in pleasure. He was being overpowered and absolutely used up by a real man; Mr. Larson was someone who women actually respected. And it felt so fucking good.

The thrusts came quickly now, and a hard slap to his ass reminded Tim who was in charge. Suddenly, Tim's big hand came around in front of him, and grabbed his neck. Being choked instantly made Tim's pussy gush in response. Fuck, he was such a slut; a super feminine, sexy little slut who was being punished by a dominant older man. Tim moaned loudly as the hand came off his neck and behind his head, pulling his hair tightly. His head snapped back and he screamed in pleasure and surprise as his pussy was pounded vigorously from behind. He didn't care if everybody in the other room, or hell, the whole school knew how much of a slut he was. He was a saucy, slutty little cheerleader, and he needed to be filled up by Mr. Larson RR's strong cock.

Mr. Larson groaned and brought Tim back to the original position, but this time with Tim's long leg's draped over Mr. Larson's shoulders. The coach held Tim by his smooth, girly legs and pummeled his tight virgin pussy. Tim's eyes rolled back as he was taking the thick dick deeper than ever before. Warmness spread out in shockwaves through his whole body. He didn't know what exactly was happening, but the position was causing Mr. Larson's cock to hit up to his G-Spot.

The gorgeous cheerleader could barely hold on to the desk for she was being fucked too hard. Tim's legs started shaking and Mr. Larson pinned them against the desk with his strong hands. Tim arched his back as the pleasure continued to build, ripping through his body. Tim had never been outgoing or expressive during sex as a man, but now his body seemed to twist and shout on its own. Tim arched his back and the brawn older man choked him again. Being choked seemed to fulfill a primal instinct inside of Tim; it just felt so fucking good.

Tim's hips bucked and pointed towards the sky. He bit his lip as he came hard! Fuck! Something exploded from inside of him. Pleasure ripped throughout his whole body, and he experienced his first full body orgasm as a woman. His legs spasmed underneath him and Mr. Larson held him down. Tim moaned loudly and squirmed in pleasure as he watched Mr. Larson withdraw his monster cock and start to cum all over Tim's slim, feminine body.

Tim wanted to grab Mr. Larson's cock but he was just too incapacitated from his own orgasm. Instead, Mr. Larson's thick cum shot like a gun, landing on Tim's toned stomach, breasts, and even his cheek. Tim tasted cum for the first time, and it only served to prolong his orgasm. Fuck, he was such a little beautiful slut, covered in cum. Like a good cum slut, he gathered up the sticky white mess, and stuffed it in his mouth and around his face. The coach lowered his cock into Tim's face, and Tim sucked it for every last drop.

Lying on the desk, Tim's legs and hips were still vibrating. He looked up at Mr. Larson, but couldn't make a proper sentence with his words. He tried to speak, but all that came out was laughter. He was too giddy from having just received the fuck of a life time. He lay there recovering for some time. He was supposed to be a man, a macho man who was getting married in March, but he had been used up and fucked like a little whore. And he had loved it.

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When Tim returned home, Kirsten gave him a knowing look.

"Did you have a fun day sweetie?" she asked.

"Yes, it was good," Tim replied.

And that was the truth. His memories of being strong willed man were fading. He went to the living room and got started on his homework. He couldn't wait for the next cheerleading practice, and for Mr. Larson to pound his fresh pussy again. He wanted to do everything he could to impress the coach.

Deep down, he knew that he wanted to become a man again. But there was no rush. His priority was to fill up his sissy holes, which were just begging for cock. He wondered how many of the football players could fuck him all at once. Four? Five? He knew he could work his way up there.

"I'm glad," Kirsten smiled. "I'm going out for drinks," Kirsten paused, putting on some lipstick before adding, "With a man.,, Maybe when you turn twenty-one, you can come out with me."

"Yes, I'd like that," Tim said, thinking about how much cock he could get in a bar or club.

Tim didn't think about the fact that his fiancée was getting drinks with another man. He didn't think about the fact that he was supposed to be having a wedding with Kirsten in a couple of months. Instead, he wondered if he could get into bars with a fake ID. He certainly looked twenty-one. There had to be all sorts of hard cock for him in bars and clubs.

Tim's wedding plans are put on hold when his fiancée, Kirsten, consults a doctor for his bad behavior. Before he knows it, Tim is transformed into a beautiful blonde schoolgirl, and is told to join the cheerleading squad. He must abide with every suggestion that Kirsten makes if he ever wants to get the antidote and re-gain his masculinity. He quickly finds a place on the team with some new girlfriends, but also one in the eye of the muscular Mr. Larson. Will Tim fully submit to his new feminine tendencies? Or will he resist and make Kirsten punish him even more. Will Kirsten ever change her fiancé back into a man or will she be able to find love somewhere else?

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

“Woo!” the line of people standing at the bar erupted in a cheer before throwing a jagerbomb down their throats. Zack, The man who had bought the drinks, pumped his fist in the air. “Fucking right!” he screamed, “I love jager bombs!” The crowd high-fived each other and winced at the stiffness of their drink.

It was a riot of a night, and Zack loved it. Sure, maybe he should’ve been studying for his exams that were coming up, or hanging out with his girlfriend, Mel. But that wasn’t fun! He was living in the moment, and at nineteen years old, he wanted to tear up the big city. He looked around the club and smiled as he caught a beautiful woman’s eyes. It was hard not to, wherever he looked they were usually looking back at him.

Yes, he had been cheating on Mel for a couple of weeks now. He knew the relationship would end at some point because of it, but he didn’t care. Hell, Mel was super-hot! He figured he might as well take the easy sex when he could get it. And she was none the wiser. Mel still fawned over him, like most girls his age did. Zack had the feeling that he could walk all over her and she would never break up with him. Why would she? He was a stud, and being his girlfriend gave her status among all the other girls that he knew she valued.

But none of that mattered at the moment. Tonight, Zack was here to get some fresh pussy, and there were some beautiful sorority girls out tonight. He’d been talking to one, a blonde, but he’d forgotten her name by now. He could barely hear here over the music anyways. What was more interesting was the physical connection they were making.

“So do you always wear a bra that is too small for you?” Zack said laughing as he grazed her arm. She looked up at him, shocked at first. That would be something ridiculous for most guys to say, but Zack was able to pull it off. He learned a long time ago that if he was confident enough then he could say pretty much anything to pretty girls. Most guys were too scared to say something like that, and the girls loved it. Sure, there was the odd one that stood up to him and spat in his face or kneed his balls. But the overwhelming majority seemed to respect the confidence and swagger it took to say something like that.

“I, ummm...” the blonde twirled her hair, unsure of what to say. Her mouth hung open. “Are you saying they’re big?” she finally responded, with a mischievous look on her face.

That was when Zack knew that he was in, it had worked. “Well I didn’t say that *exactly*,” he teased.

It was almost too easy. The blonde girl readjusted her bra, now self-conscious about her fit and eager to impress Zack. She perked herself up and ran her fingernails up the back of Zack’s arm. “Never judge a book by its cover,” she purred.

It was official; Zack was rock hard in his pants. This girl was a knockout, and he couldn’t wait to see her face down on a bed as he thrust mercilessly behind her.

But everyone in the bar turned their heads when a stunning brunette walked through the door. Zack gaped openly. There was something about this girl that captured everyone’s attention. It wasn’t just her beauty, but some sort of aura. The blonde tried snapped her fingers, but it was too late for her. This new girl was not only the most stunning woman in the bar; but maybe one of the hottest Zack had ever seen.

He got up and sauntered over. He didn’t need to offer any explanation to the babe he’d just

left. She could easily find another guy if she wanted to. To most other guys in the bar he probably looked crazy. The blonde was a sure thing, and he was walking away from her! But this new girl was different. She seemed less stuck-up and obnoxious, but also infinitely more classy.

“Whatcha drinking baby doll?” he smirked and slid into a seat across from the fierce eyed brunette with long straight hair.

“Is that the way you talk to a woman?” she rolled her eyes at him.

Zack grinned. He loved a challenge. All sorority girls were the Zacke, even if this was seemed different. She just wanted to play hard to get. The brunette started to get up. She had a disgusted look on her face.

“C’mon, let me buy you a drink. You look thirsty.” He said.

The girl scrunched up her face. “Under one condition,” she said. “We’re both drinking strawberry daiquiris.”

“Haha, of course,” Zack laughed. “I love daiquiris. And your name is?”

“Victoria,” she replied and motioned to the bartender for two of the girliest drinks possible.

It was a test and Zack had passed it. Victoria had wanted to see if the most macho guy in the bar was comfortable enough with his masculinity to drink a bright pink drink in front of everyone, and he was. He would drink anything if it meant he had a shot with a babe like her. She was tall, thin, and well-proportioned in every way. Her voice seemed to rise above the crowd and the music, like an angel. And she would be Zack’s, he was sure of it.

“So tell me about yourself Zack?” she asked.

Ugh, she was so boring! “Well Victoria, I’m in my senior year of college, and I’ve already been accepted for law school starting next year. In my spare time I usually race cars or party the house down! When I’m not playing football, of course” he rolled his eyes.

He couldn’t tell if Victoria picked up his sarcasm or if she believed every word of what he’d said. It was all a lie, except for the partying part. It was his first year of college, and he was nowhere near a good enough of a student to be accepted to law school. The last time he had played football was nearly a decade ago, and despite his broad stature and muscular frame, he wasn’t the least bit athletic. Victoria didn’t know that though, and he didn’t care about intentionally misleading a woman. Part of him wanted to see what kind of ridiculous things he could say and still sleep with them. This time he was actually playing it rather safe. All of those statements were partially believable.

“Oh, I see. So accomplished,” Victoria batted her eyelashes “That’s quite the resume. It must keep you busy. How do you find time to cheat on your girlfriend?” she asked innocently.

Zack nearly spit out the fruity feminine drink from his mouth. What?! Was this bitch friends with Mel? No... It wasn’t possible. He would’ve remembered if his girlfriend was ever friends with someone as powerful and radiant as this.

“Well, I’ve cheated a couple of times in card games if that’s what you mean,” he recovered. “I’ll have you know I’m a bit of a poker shark, so watch out,” he said.

“Is that right?” Victoria cocked her head. “Well this isn’t poker, and I’m the only shark around here. Your time has come, and you can’t cheat your way out of this one,” she inched closer to him and rubbed his erect cock through his pants.

Woah, that was aggressive. Not that he was complaining; Victoria was a bombshell. Zack looked around the bar, wondering if anyone else would see. But his vision had started to get

swirly. Pink streaks were everywhere, like he was looking through his strawberry daiquiri. He looked back to Victoria, who had a determined, sexy look on her face. He tried to talk to her. He wanted to tell her that they should get out of this bar and go find a place a little more intimate. But no words came out of his mouth. He tried to move, to stand up, but it was all in vain..

He looked down at his pants, which Victoria was still rubbing vigorously. All of a sudden he broke out in a cold sweat. He couldn't feel his cock. Surely, it was still erect. It had to be with a girl this hot rubbing it. But the tent in his pants was gone. He looked back at Victoria, in desperation. What was happening? No! She had to help him. He wanted to beg her to stop, but he was transfixed by her body, and her words. Was she speaking in tongues? Or was he just not hearing her right? Why couldn't he make sense of anything?

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Zack rolled over. He'd had a terrible dream. He had been at a bar and his girlfriend had broken up with him, or something. He didn't remember exactly, but he remembered being really mad. And none of the other girls at the bar had liked him. Ugh, what a nightmare.

He fluttered open his eyes. Fuck, everything was so bright and his head was spinning. He just wanted to go back to bed. How much had he drunk last night? He usually had a huge tolerance, so it must've been a lot. Maybe it was those jagerbombs. Those can catch anyone off balance.

At least he had banged that blondie though, fuck she had been hot. He closed his eyes and thought about her. She had been there at the bar, looking so good, and mmm. He tried to remember past that, but couldn't. She must've been a great cocksucker with lips like those. Maybe she was down for some more morning action. He rolled over in bed, trying to find the warmth of his lover's body. With a thud, he fell to the floor. What the fuck! This wasn't his room! Ugh, he must've spent the night at her place, and clearly she was up already. Whatever, he would just wrap himself in the blankets and catch a snooze on the floor. Ah, there was nothing to do all day and he could just relax.

"Good morning sweetie," Zack heard the door open.

The voice didn't register for a second. Suddenly, the blankets were yanked off of him.

"What the fuck, yo?" he muttered.

"I said, good morning my little slut!" Victoria slapped him in the cheek, waking him up.

"Holy shit. Wait, you? What? What happened to my voice?" Zack yelped. His voice was now an entire octave higher than it had been. His deep, dark, attractive male voice was gone and replaced with a more tender and high-pitched alternative.

"Now I know this is going to be a lot to take in for you," Victoria said, straddling Zack and sitting on top of him. "So you need to listen very carefully. You were a bad man. You cheated on your girlfriend, and she's summoned me to get revenge on you. For now, you will be known as Natalie, a proper, polite nineteen year-old schoolgirl. Do you understand?"

Zack struggled to get up from underneath her. What? What was this girl talking about? She was crazy! This was crazy! Why couldn't he lift this girl off of him? She weighed like nearly nothing for fuck's sake.

Victoria held his arms down. "You're a woman now. And you will do exactly as I tell you to do if you ever want a chance to appease your girlfriend and change back into a man. Don't believe me? Come look." She helped Zack up and dragged him in front a mirror.

Zack's heart dropped. No. No, it wasn't possible! He held his tender, womanly hands up to his face. His skin was so smooth it was like nothing he'd ever felt before. Even the shape of his face had changed and become less angular, and more ladylike. His eyes were a deep, convincing blue. He batted his eyelashes, instinctively. "How, how was this possible?" He squeaked in his new girly voice?

"It doesn't matter how, or even why at this point," Victoria said. "What matters now is what you're going to do about it. You start school today and you're going to be in your senior year. You have to do everything possible to experience life as a woman, or else you'll be stuck this way forever. You need to really live it," Victoria smirked.

She carried on for some time, talking about teachers and courses and the school bus. But Zack didn't hear any of that. He was transfixed with the blonde in the mirror. He looked very similar to the one he remembered from last night, the kind of girl that he used to fuck, chuck, and abuse all the time. He was shorter than he'd been as a man, by a lot. He looked deliciously sexy, tart, and petite. He could feel something inside of him stir, similar to how hot girls used to make him feel. He smacked his thick lips together and turned to Victoria with an exasperated look.

"Oh, you're horny, are you? Yes, that's part of it," she said, reaching out and grabbing his breasts.

Zack nearly collapsed from the sensation. He didn't know if he was more shocked from the revelation that he had tits, or from the realization of how sensitive they were. His knees nearly buckled and he held on to Victoria's shoulder as she continued to squeeze his luscious nipples. It felt so fucking good. But it was so crazy. He moaned effeminately, to the delight of Victoria.

"Yes, I think that's working quite well," Victoria said, stepping away.

Zack panted rapidly and settled himself down. This was insane. There was no way this was real. Could it just have been a bad dream? It had to be. He didn't believe in witchcraft, or spells or any of that bullshit. There was no way he could've just turned into a girl; it had to be a trick of some sort.

"You have to turn me back. Now," he said, regaining his composure.

"Oh sweetie, I don't think you've been listening very closely. This is who you are now. There's no going back," Victoria turned Zack around, and started brushing his long blonde hair. "They are going to love you at school, you know," she said excitedly.

Zack pushed her away. "No!" he screamed in his high pitched voice. "I'm not a girl! This isn't fair! You have to turn me back, now!" he angrily approached Victoria, ready to tear her apart. Who did this bitch think she was?! She thought she could just go around, changing how people looked. No, he wouldn't have it. He was the big man on campus. He had a life as a man. He couldn't just start all over again as a sexy little bimbo!

"Stop," Victoria held up her hand.

Zack froze in place. He couldn't move a muscle. He had an angry expression etched on to his stunning, well-defined face.

"You are a girl now. Proper girls don't get mad and scream like that. You need to learn how to be classy my dear," Victoria said softly, before she moved around behind Zack and started brushing his hair again.

"Oh, I suppose you're waiting for my permission to move," she said as a statement of fact, while continuing on with the hair brushing. "You see, you've committed a great wrong, and I

have been granted all the power necessary to do whatever I want with you. That means you are obligated to follow my every command. You're gonna be my perfect little slut," she said, satisfied.

Holy shit! This bitch *was* crazy! He had to find a way to get out of here, out of her reach, and turn back into a man. Because clearly, she wasn't doing him any favors.

"Now lie down on the bed, I just want to run some final tests to make sure everything is working well," she grinned.

Zack didn't want to do anything this crazy angel or demon witch bitch said, but he felt compelled to. Without questioning, he lay down on the bed and spread his legs. That's when he realized that his dick was gone. With terror, he felt where he used to have his reliable, six and half inch monster. It had been there with him through everything, and now it was gone. In its place was a slick nothingness; a vacuum where before there'd been a piston. He wanted to cry. He wanted to hurt this Victoria person. He wanted to do anything except be there right then, be a woman, and submit to Victoria's wishes. But there was nothing he could do about it.

"I didn't even have to ask you to open your legs," Victoria chuckled. "I think you're gonna make a great sissy slut."

Victoria caressed his soft, tight abs. He was in great shape, for a woman. Each touch was like bliss to Zack as she slowly worked her way towards his loins, making him moan in anticipation. Zack grabbed onto the bedsheets, bracing for her to touch his womanhood. He felt a pool of wetness building. God, he was so turned on, he was more turned on than he'd ever been. He didn't remember ever feeling this good as a man. No, this was something else, something better. This was miraculous.

Victoria twirled over his clit with her fingers, and Zack released his built up energy. Victoria was so hot, and so was he. This was almost better than when he'd fucked girls before in the past, in a way, because now there were two beautiful women. Their sexy bodies slipped over each other. Everything about it was so slick and sexy.

Victoria flicked his clit, eliciting a big moan from her sissy fuck toy. .Fuck, it felt so good! But Victoria took her hand away, and instead came back up to his perky tits. No, he didn't want her to stop. He wanted to beg her to keep going at his clit, but he couldn't find the sounds to make the words come from his mouth. He opened his eyes in desperation, looking up at a very playful Victoria.

"Yup, I think you're good to go. And just so you know, you won't be able to orgasm with another woman. That's strictly forbidden. You'll need a cock in or around you if you ever want to come again. The bigger the better," Victoria smiled.

Zack lay on the bed, exasperated. What? What the fuck? That was it, it was over? How dare she tease him like that, after turning him into a woman in the first place. It wasn't right. His loins ached with a wanting that he'd never felt before. It was like he wanted to be filled up.

He saw Victoria leave the room, and slid his hand down the bare, smooth skin. As he felt his own wetness a rush of excitement washed over him. It felt so wrong. He wasn't a woman, this wasn't who he was. But his body made it feel so good. He plunged deep inside of himself with his finger, moaning as he did so. He felt at peace, like he was finally where he should be. It was crazy, and deep down he knew it wasn't right. But for one brief moment he felt at peace.

Zack brought his finger out and licked it clean. God, he must've looked so hot. Back when

he was a man, he would've done anything to have seen a babe like their finger like he just did. It tasted just like every other pussy he'd ever eaten, but for some reason it turned him on more. Pleasure gushed through him and he held on tightly to his oversized, sensitive breasts.

"No," Victoria said as she re-entered the room.

That was all she had to say, and Zack instantly sat up in his bed, attentive and ready to serve. All of the pleasurable sensations he'd just felt were a mile away.

"You are not allowed to touch yourself. Sissies like you only get big meaty cocks, okay?" She chided him.

Zack nodded in agreement. What the fuck, no! He didn't want to agree with her, but he did. Only big cocks for him? He wanted to barf right there. He wasn't attracted to guys! Hell, he was a guy! That's why Victoria touching him had been so hot – because she's a babe! He didn't want a sweaty, meaty man to touch him there. That was gross!

But there was nothing he could do about it. Victoria was in charge, and what she said went. Zack was going to have to listen to her for a while, before he could try to break this wretched curse and turn back into a man. He would have to appease her for now; he had no other choice.

"Here, put these on," Victoria threw a skimpy white top and a pair of short jean shorts at him. "Bras and panties are in the cabinet, pick your own."

Zack felt the tiny shorts and top in his hands. There was not a lot of fabric there. His heart dropped. He was going to be showing a lot of skin, and he didn't know if he was comfortable with that. He knew how guys approached and talked to girls and he didn't want to be in the opposite position.

Sensing his hesitation, Victoria clapped her hands.

Zack quickly got up and complied with her wishes. He didn't want to give Victoria any reason to keep him in this body for longer, or make even crazier things happened. He quickly grabbed a pair of pink frilly underwear and pulled them over his taunt ass. Goddamn, he had a nice ass. A white, flowery bra fit his full breasts perfectly. It felt so good to have them bundled up there now, for some reason. His body looked fantastic, and he knew it. He admired it in the mirror as he pulled on his shorts and the top with the revealing neckline.

"Beautiful," Victoria said. "Okay, you're almost ready for school. Watch carefully and tomorrow you can do this yourself," she said as she put Zack in front of the mirror and got the make-up out.

Zack was feeble and didn't want to piss her off. Besides, something about Victoria's voice was so inviting. He watched intently as she applied mascara and lip gloss, some blush, and even some eye-liner. For some reason it felt good to get dressed up. He couldn't help but be excited about how cute, and sexy, he looked. Yes, he wanted to be a man. Hell, he was a man. But Victoria's demeanor so was soothing and she reassured him that everything was going to be okay. He could go to school! He'd done it before as a guy and it'd been easy. How hard could it be now?

"Great!" Victoria clapped her hands together. "Okay, I'll drive you to school today, but there a couple of things you should know. Some instructions, you might say. Number one is that a friend of mine works there, Mr. Dawyer. I want you to listen to what he says and make him very comfortable okay? He's doing us a favor by letting you join his class in the middle of the year, and I want him to know that you are grateful for that." Victoria's eyes sparkled. She

was clearly enjoying her torturous rules.

Zack didn't know what to think. He didn't want to fuck some old teacher guy! Hell, he didn't want to fuck any guys!

"And the second thing is very important, so listen carefully," Victoria snapped her fingers and Zack stood attentively. "If you have sex with any of the students, then you will be stuck in this body *forever*. Is that clear?"

Zack nodded his head as felt some wetness drip down his leg. Oh god, he was still so horny. Class was going to be torturous.

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Living a nightmare, Zack walked into the classroom 1202. All the eyes in the room stared at him as he made his way through the class, trying to find an open seat. There was only one, and it was in the back row. Nervously, he sat down and closed his eyes. All the students behind him started whispering and gossiping thin sexy blonde who was joining their class. He took deep breathes and wished he was invisible – he could do this. He knew he could.

Mr. Dawyer introduced Zack as Natalie to the class and he meekly waved. He tried to start a conversation with the girl that sat beside him, but she was preoccupied on her phone. It seemed like everyone already had friends and he was late to the school year. He gulped. Life in school without friends would be tough.

He daydreamed throughout the first lecture in the morning. He mostly thought about Mr. Dawyer's bulky, manly body. How was he supposed to concentrate on math when this hunk was showing some of his muscular chest off by undoing one of the buttons on his dress shirt? Oh, and his arms were so large and mmmhmm. Zack closed his eyes. He thought about how good it would feel for Mr. Dawyer to hold him up in those arms like a princess.

Suddenly, Zack's attention was diverted to a noise coming from a male student on the other side of him. The two made eye contact and blushed immediately. Zack's heart was racing. He knew that he was super-hot and would be irresistible to all of the guys in the class, but he hadn't expected it to affect him so strongly. He felt a moistness promulgate in his panties. He could have any guy in the room right now, any single one of them, and that turned him on so much.

Zack looked back at the other student out of the corner of his eye. Oh my god! He was jacking off! Holy shit! This little pervert was jacking off in the middle of class and no-one else noticed! Zack felt a lump in his throat. This was crazy! On one hand, he was aroused as he could reach out and touch that guy's cock, like right now. But he also felt so objectified. Was this his life now? Everywhere he went, he was going to have guys jacking off at him? That's no way to live!

He was so embarrassed, but there was nothing he could do except feel turned on and pretend to pay attention to the math lesson. He didn't want to be turned on, but he was! Deep down he knew that he was still a man, and that this was so wrong. He didn't like cock! He didn't want to be filled up by thick meaty men in all of his holes! Ugh, that was so gross! He looked over to student beside him again, who had seemingly cum in his pants. Zack couldn't help himself, he licked his lips. He still couldn't believe that guy was jacking off to him. That was *so* hot.

At the end of class, two girls introduced themselves as Zack was packing up, "Hi, I'm Devon and this is Lisa," Devon said, throwing her black hair behind her shoulder.

“So, like, we know you’re new here, and if you have any questions you can just ask us. And we’ll chill and stuff. Wanna go out for a smoke?” Lisa said.

“I’m okay, uh. Actually, I would but, I’ve got to meet with Mr. Dawyer, I think,” Zack squealed.

“Yeah, whatever,” Lisa said. “Meet us by the front gates at 1, and we’ll go for lunch. See ya, new girl,” she winked and turned to leave.

Zack felt good. He had some friends! Yay! And they seemed like nice girls too, so that was good. He was hotter than both of them, he thought. He hoped they wouldn’t make him start smoking, he didn’t like the smell and the image wasn’t a good look for a hot blonde like him. He remembered that Mr. Dawyer wanted to give him a tour of the school or something, so he went to the older man’s office.

“Hey, Mr. D,” Zack said, clearing his throat. “You said you wanted to see me?”

“Yes, come on in sweetie,” Mr. Dawyer said from the comfort of the couch in his office.

“How are you finding your first day?” he asked, lifting his eyes up from the stack of papers he was reading.

“Oh, it’s okay. The girls are really nice, actually. I think I’ve made some new friends,” Zack blushed.

“Oh, that’s great,” the instructor stood up and moved to his desk where he took a sip of coffee. He towered over Zack, who gazed at the older man’s brawn shoulders. “Here, sit on the couch and fill this out. It’s the transfer papers that you need to fill out, just some administrative stuff” Mr. Dawyer said, as he sat down, his back to Zack.

“And how are the boys? Not giving you any trouble, are they?” Mr. Dawyer continued.

“Oh n-umm.. Well, there was this one...,” Zack started to say. He sat down on the couch and his legs started tickling him. He remembered how upset it made him that the guy was jacking off in the middle of the class room. But he had also become so horny. It made him wish he had that big juicy cock in his mouth. MMmm.. oh god, it had been quite large and veiny. He wondered what Mr. Dawyer’s member looked like. It was probably so big.

Zack couldn’t help himself. He hiked up his skirt to reveal his dripping wet panties and touched himself vigorously on the couch. It felt so good. His body was so feminine, and so sexy. The hormones that ran through it necessitated that he become familiar with his new form. Every touch on his clit was more pleasurable than any he’d ever felt as a man.

“Oh, so those transfer forms, you fill out your old sch-“ Mr. Dawyer’s jaw dropped as he turned back to Zack and saw the smoking hot blonde bombshell withering in ecstasy on his couch.

Zack looked up and saw a massive bulge forming in the older man’s pants. He salivated at the thought of having a thick meaty cock between his luscious feminine lips. It was so right; it was what he was meant to do.

Mr. Dawyer approached him, with a low growling sound emitting from his throat. “Victoria did say you were slutty, but this is something else,” he said below his breath as he ripped Zack’s top off. All of a sudden, Zack had a manly stud licking and biting his full breasts, and it felt amazing. Mr. Dawyer grabbed a firm tit with his hand and squeezed it. It felt so good to be in the arms of a real man, a rugged leader who knew what he was doing. Zack moaned in delight. His breasts were so sensitive and watching an older stud go to work on them was making him absolutely insatiable.

Deep down, there was a part of Zack that was hesitant. He had always been a man! He'd never imagined sucking a cock in his wildest dreams. He was supposed to be in college, fucking sorority sisters and chugging beers. He wanted to play Frisbee on the beach with his shirt off and tease sexy ladies in bars. That's what he was supposed to be doing! Not sucking cock in Mr. Dawyer's office! But for some reason, it felt so right. His new body craved cock, and he needed to give it to it. It wasn't worth holding on to whatever masculinity he had left; he needed to fill the crazy urge inside of him. He wanted Mr. Dawyer's cock so badly.

The older man fingered Zack through his panties, and Zack squirmed in delight. It felt even better than when he'd tried to do the Zacke thing. He threw his arms around the man's neck and kissed him passionately on the lips. The man's stubble razed against his creamy, perfect skin, but in a sexy way. It turned him on magnificently. And Mr. Dawyer knew what he was doing with his hands. Oh god, it felt great. Zack moaned as his instructor twirled his clit with his fingers. It felt so right, and his body agreed. He had practically soaked his panties by now, and was begging his hot teacher to take them off.

But Zack was not prepared for the intensity of pleasure that followed next. Moving downwards, Mr. Dawyer gripped Zack's pink panties with his teeth. He playfully pulled them to the side and gave a lick up Zack's vulva. Zack hadn't been expecting it, and gasped with surprise. Mr. Dawyer grabbed the wet spot on Zack's panties with his mouth and proceeded to drag them off Zack's womanly legs. Zack could barely stand being teased, his clit needed attention now! But all the while he couldn't keep his eyes off of Mr. Dawyer's massive erection. He wanted it so badly.

Zack breathed heavily as Mr. Dawyer massaged his pussy up and down with his tongue. Zack panted heavily, it was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. His legs rattled with anticipation. Mr. Dawyer stuck one of his manly hands inside of Zack, feeling the girl's tightness. His pussy expanded at first, and then tightened around Mr. Dawyer's finger. Zack's hips moved in motion with Mr. Dawyer's finger, as it curled upwards repeatedly inside of him. "AAAhhhh MMM" he moaned loudly. That felt so fucking good!

Mr. Dawyer teased him, licking Zack's pussy slowly and deliberately. Zack couldn't take it anymore. He held back his clitoris hood and shoved the older man's face right into it. He then grabbed his head from behind and pushed his tongue right up against his clit. Mr. Dawyer didn't waste any time and got to work on Zack's throbbing pink clit.

Zack's legs jolted against the side of Mr. Dawyer's head. He gripped Mr. Dawyer's hair with both hands and propelled his hips towards the sky. Zack was in so much pleasure that he was gasping for air. With an explosion of lust, Zack arched his back into a frenzy. Mr. Dawyer still had his finger inside of him, pumping away at the young girl's g-spot. Zack's moaned loudly. He didn't care if the whole world knew that he was fucking Mr. Dawyer.

There was a pressure building up inside of him that needed to be released. He grabbed his tits and squeezed, everything was so sensitive. Zack came hard against the older man's tongue, sending waves of joy through his entire body. He was practically screaming now as the pleasure reverberated throughout his sexy feminine body. That was incredible.

He closed his eyes, and took some deep breathes. He was recovering from a massive orgasm, his first as a woman, and his legs were still shaking in pleasure.

"No time for rest," Mr. Dawyer said, "You look like an amazing cocksucker."

Zack's eyes were sparkling as he looked up at Mr. Dawyer, who was unzipping his pants.

He wasn't sure how it was possible, but he was instantly becoming horny again, starting the second that he saw the older man's unsheathed monster-sized cock. It was incredible, and it was all his. He gulped. Was he going to be able to take that entire thing in his pretty little mouth? Something between his legs stirred. Oh god, he wanted that thick cock inside of him so badly.

But the truth was that Zack had never sucked a cock before, let alone one this big, and he was tentative to take it all at once. He licked it slowly, starting from the shaft, and Mr. Dawyer groaned deeply.

For a second, Zack thought about his masculinity. He almost had second thoughts about doing it, but it was so hard with this thick dick right in front of him. He knew, deep down, that he was a man and that he shouldn't be sucking cock. He licked his lips. How could he say no to a stud like Mr. Dawyer?

He slid his instructor's meaty member over his thick red lips and down into his mouth. MMmm, oh god. It was making him so wet. It was kind of fun too actually. He enjoyed making Mr. Dawyer's breaths go shorter and faster when he got a really good jerk of his hand in. It was like he was totally in control of him. The older man sighed or grunted with every sexy move he made. He stopped and looked up for a second, and smiling, he bit his lip. Zack felt totally sexy and powerful, like a real woman. Mr. Dawyer groaned. Goddamn, he must've looked so hot.

He wanted to see if she could take his cock deeper in his throat. Deep throating seemed like it would be totally impossible. He got halfway down and held it for a couple seconds. That wasn't so bad! And Mr. Dawyer loved it, so why not keep doing it? He tried again, a little farther. Woops, a little too far! His gag reflex kicked in and she spit the hard cock out. He went back to moving his hand and mouth at the Zacke time on Mr. Dawyer's girthy member. He mostly loved just sucking and being with the cock. Anything with the cock, really. And judging by the older man's reactions, he was a pretty good cocksucker!

Mr. Dawyer grabbed Zack's luscious blonde hair and brought him forward onto his cock. He pushed his cock deep into Zack's throat, who gagged. But Mr. Dawyer kept going, moving his cock in and out of Zack's sexy red lips. Zack's eyes bulged at first, and he started to drool. It was too much!

But then he felt another sensation between his legs. Taking Mr. Dawyer's cock deep in his throat like this was actually turning him on an incredible amount. Oh god, he was such a slut. Zack could barely breathe, and he wanted nothing more than to be filled up in his sweet pussy by this huge cock. The older man briefly took his cock out of Zack's sexy mouth, and the luscious blonde gasped for air. Just yesterday he'd been a full grown man partying at the craziest clubs in the city, but now he was a super-hot blonde babe who was choking on a huge dick. And he loved it. Mr. Dawyer entered Zack's throat again, fucking his mouth with some force. Nothing made Zack hornier than being used like a slut like this. His insides were stirring; he couldn't take it anymore. He needed that giant cock inside of him!

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

obliged.

He felt a pulsing building in his pussy. Waves of pleasurable sensation moved outwards from the giant cock inside of him. Just the imagery of him taking this giant cock was making him crazy. He could see himself in the mirror, a super-hot blonde in half a schoolgirl outfit, getting taken by a strong man. It was insane! Just yesterday he'd been a masculine, proper man's man, and an athlete. Now he was taking dicks like the slutty supermodel that he really was, in the office of his stud of a teacher.

Mr. Dawyer tossed Zack around like he was weightless, and pushed the blonde's head down into the cushions of the couch. The stud entered Zack's dripping wet pussy from behind with force, causing Zack to squeal in delight. He was being used like a stupid slutty schoolgirl, and it felt so good. Mr. Dawyer slapped his bare, round ass, and Zack gushed over the strong man's thick meaty cock. It felt so good to know who was in charge. All Zack had to do was lie there and take the dick like one of the valley girls he had fucked so many times.

The teacher grabbed Zack's hair from behind. His grip was so strong that Zack's entire back arched upwards. Zack felt powerless; Mr. Dawyer was in control. All Zack could do was take the pounding in his tight virgin pussy and do whatever Mr. Dawyer wanted, and he loved it. Pleasure jolted through Zack's feminine body as Mr. Dawyer shoved his head down again into the cushions. Zack could barely breathe but it was so fucking hot. His entire body trembled with ecstasy as the older man bore into him ruthlessly. It felt so fucking good.

The pleasure expanded from his pussy to his entire body, in rolling waves as he had a massive full body orgasm. He screamed in pleasure as his mind went blank from the sensation of being held down and fucked without mercy on the teacher's couch. It was incredible. He heard Mr. Dawyer grunt and the man's thick member exploded inside of the busty, hot blonde. The two came together as Zack's eyes rolled back and he withered in positive sensations. In that moment, he was not thinking of being a man again. The only thing that was going through his mind was how good Mr. Dawyer's oversized cock made him feel. It made him feel like a real woman. A true sexy, slutty schoolgirl and how good it felt to be taken that way.

His body was still spasming on and off as Mr. Dawyer got up and gave the blonde babe one last smack on the ass.

"Turn the lights off when you leave," the stud grunted.

Zack barely heard him. He had just received the fucking of a lifetime. He lay on the couch, with his eyes glazed over for some time. It was going to take a while for his body to stop trembling.

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"Welcome home sweetie!" Victoria smiled. "How was your first day at school?"

Zack entered his fancy bachelor pad condo, but barely recognized it. All of the furniture was different... the décor... His sixty inch TV! It was gone! His ratty old couch? Where did it go? In its place were tasteful, minimalist furniture, stainless steel appliances, and floral wall-paper. His jaw dropped.

"What... What did you do to my place?!" he demanded.

"Oh hun, I figured your place needed a bit of a re-modelling. This matches your new persona much better, don't you think?" she smirked. "We wouldn't want you to have to bring any guys back into a pig-sty, right?"

Something boiled inside of Zack. This was taking it too far. He had friends and family!

What if they came over to his place and saw what had happened! No-one would believe that he'd been transformed into a girl! This was insanity!

Zack marched up to Victoria and raised his feminine hand, pointing his finger at her. "Now you listen to me you stupid whore witch! Change me back right now!" It was cute, really. The neighbors must've thought that two women were having a cat-fight.

Victoria slapped him hard across his pretty face, and Zack recoiled. Holy shit that hurt! He held his hand to his cheek, and felt tears flow from his eyes. Nothing like that had ever hurt so much when he'd been a man! What had happened to him? It seemed like his pain tolerance was totally different in this body, he couldn't even take a slap!

"Look, I know you're emotional, but you are not allowed to talk to me that way." Victoria put her hands on her hips. "Well, you could talk to me like that, but not if you ever want a chance at turning back into a man. I'm in charge, understand?" Victoria said firmly.

Zack nodded meekly. He wasn't sure what had come over him. He was lucky that he'd only gotten a slap. He knew that Victoria's punishments could be a lot worse than that. His cheek still rang with pain, fuck. He gathered himself and got off the floor. It had been a long, hard first day as a schoolgirl, and his pussy ached from the pounding he received. He wanted nothing more than to curl up in bed with a scented candle and hot chocolate.

"Okay slut. I know you've had a long day, but your duties aren't over yet." Victoria seemed to always be smiling. She was clearly enjoying punishing the sexy blonde in front of her.

"I need you to make me dinner, and then clean the whole apartment. It's dusty and filthy in here. Now get to work. I'll be having a bubble bath until dinner is ready so do not disturb me."

Zack got up and started working on dinner. For some reason, he didn't feel too bad about the whole thing. He liked being told what to do. And when he got in the kitchen, he felt like he actually kind of knew how to cook food, so that was good. He found the work calming, and he hoped that he could impress Victoria enough that she would want to change him back into a man. Maybe if he obedient enough as a woman, she'd change him back!

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"So how did you like Mr. Dawyer's fat meaty cock?" Victoria asked at the dinner table.

Zack blushed. "Victoria, that's kind of inappropriate... We're trying to eat here!"

"Did you gargle his cum and choke on his dick?" Victoria twirled her pasta. "Oh did he make you lick his asshole?" she laughed.

Zack couldn't help but laugh too. "No, no I didn't do that." He thought about it. Maybe that wouldn't be too bad. That was what slutty schoolgirls like him were for, anyways. And Mr. Dawyer would probably love it.

"It did feel really good inside of me though," Zack said seductively as he remembered the pounding that he received. He was getting wet again just thinking about it. And Victoria obviously wanted the details. He didn't hate her, he decided. He would tell her whatever she wanted to hear if she turned him back into a man. Or, at least that's what Zack told himself.

"I don't know how anyone can take a cock like that all the way down their throat," Zack continued, his blonde hair bobbing up and down as he spoke enthusiastically. "I mean, it's just so big and wide. It's impossible unless he just shoves it down there," Zack laughed.

"Hahaha, I know, right?" Victoria agreed. "It's definitely a monster. I thought you would like it," she winked and took a ladylike sip of her white wine.

“So what are you doing this weekend?” Victoria asked. “It’s your first weekend as a woman... We can go to the salon if you want, go shopping at the mall? Something a little more mature than your schoolgirl outfit perhaps? I know you probably want to attract the older men and get some stud cock at the clubs.”

Zack licked his lips. Victoria was right, he could barely think about anything other than cocks. “Actually, some of the girls at school invited me to a party, so I guess I should go to that. You know, I’m trying to be a really good woman and do all the proper things so that you might turn me back one day,” Zack said politely. “One day, soon, I mean,” he added with a big fake smile.

“Oh of course you little slut! You already have friends? That’s great. Of course you should go to the party. But don’t think something like that is a simple ticket back to manhood. I need to see some real dedication to being a pathetic little sissy loser. And no more emotional outbursts, or you’ll add another month to your time as a woman,” Victoria finished her glass of wine, satisfied with Zack’s dinner efforts. “Now get to sleep. Sissies like you need their beauty sleep,” she smirked.

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Zack met Devon and Lisa at Devon’s house before the big party. They wanted to try on each other’s clothes and find a good look for all of them before going. As a man, Zack would’ve just worn whatever he had lying around. How he dressed really hadn’t mattered that much for picking up girls. But now, he was becoming increasingly fascinated with the girly process of getting ready. It was so fun, maybe even more fun than actually being at the party with all the awkward guys trying to hit on him.

“Oh my god, try on this!” Lisa said, shoving a pink miniskirt to Zack. It looked pretty skimpy. Zack wasn’t sure if he wanted to show that much skin! As a new girl in school, he wanted to gain the respect of not just the men, but the girls too. And girls were always especially judgy of hot babes like him. He didn’t want to give them an extra reason to attack him by dressing like a slut.

“I dunno,” Zack hummed. “It’s pretty showy,” he said. It looked even skimpier on him due to his long, sexy legs. He looked like a sex bomb, but he wasn’t sure if that was the look he wanted to go for. He was so hot that he didn’t need to dress like that to get attention from men.

“It’s super cute!” Devon chimed in. She was wearing a skirt herself, although it was black. His two friends seemed a little more edgy than Zack.

Something out of the corner of his eye caught Zack’s attention. “That dress! Oh my god, can I try it on??” Zack beamed.

“Sure,” Lisa replied. “I think it’ll look great on you actually. We have similar physiques actually, well, you might be a little bit taller and have more of an ass,” she laughed.

“Yay!” Zack squealed with delight. It was a black dress, but it was shimmery, and it would almost sparkle under the moonlight. It hung to Zack tightly, and showed off his feminine stature perfectly. Zack beamed. “I need to wear this, wow! Don’t worry Lisa, I won’t get it dirty, I promise!”

“Yay!” Lisa chimed back. “So glad you like it. It’s classy... the guys are definitely gonna like it,” she winked.

“Oh the guys, hey?” Devon asked from the other side of the room. “Mmmm... I’ve got my eye on Tyler. He’s so dreamy.”

“That’s one of the football players, right?” Zack asked.

“Yup. He’s a super-stud. Well, most of the dudes on the football team are,” Lisa said, her words drifting off.

Zack was felt a moistness seek through his panties. He wondered if Joe was going to be there. All of the football players were so manly and strong. Just thinking about being manhandled and taken by one of them gave him the butterflies. He admired himself in the mirror, fixing his straight, blonde hair. He put on some beautiful looking earrings that Devon had lent him. The girls were nice, and didn’t seem to care much why he didn’t have a lot of his own clothes and accessories. He settled down and took a couple of deep breathes. He’d never felt or looked so feminine in his life, and it was turning him on like crazy.

“What about you Lisa, gonna hop on any beefy men tonight?” Zack asked as he sat down for Lisa to apply some make-up to his face.”

“I dunno... ya never know hun,” Lisa responded, not taking her eyes away from the mascara brush.

“Oh come on you slut,” Devon laughed. “If I don’t see you gargling Joe’s nuts by midnight I’ll be surprised!”

“Watch it *Devon*” Lisa said vehemently. “Oh but Joe....mmm... I hope you’re right.”

“Another football player?” Zack asked. The two looked at him like he was crazy.

“Yeah, no shit doll-face. We pointed him out to you at lunch, remember?” Devon said sarcastically

Oh yeah, how could he have forgotten. Joe was built like a tank, and probably the most popular guy in school. He hadn’t been introduced, but the girls pointed out the stud to him at lunch. But it had been right after Zack had fucked Mr. Dawyer and he was still in a trance like state of ecstasy. He’d hadn’t remembered much about Joe, other than his muscular stature.

“Oh yeah, right, Joe. Sorry, I forgot his name,” Zack blushed.

The three friends posed for some pictures now that they were all done up and ready to go. They all looked magnificent, but Zack stood out as the classiest, most stunning beauty. Victoria would be happy to see those pictures, he thought. If he could prove that he had friends like this, that would be one step closer to turning him back into a man, he was sure of it.

“Okay, ladies, off we go,” Lisa said, holding the keys to her car. “Let’s have a fun time, and remember, we’re a team. Don’t worry about any asshole dudes out there. Tonight is about us.”

Zack smiled. It was nice to have good friends like this, looking out for him. As a man, he never would’ve respected stupid sluts like this, but now he was starting to care about them. He shook his head. No! That was all wrong! He was supposed to be a tough guy! Ugh. He had to change back into a man soon, or he would get way too used to being a girl!

His mind reeling, Zack got in the car and tried to get excited for the party. He would relax tonight, he deserved it after all the hardships he’d been through! He could worry about regaining his masculinity another day. Tonight was about him and his girls having a good time and getting proof for Victoria that he was being a good girl and playing along with her bullshit. Maybe they even had some daiquiris or other sweet girly drinks at the party!

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“Hey, I don’t recognize you. Are you new at school?”

Zack blushed. Holy shit, this guy was manly and hot.

“Uhh, No. I’ve been around for a while,” Zack replied. Fuck, why had he said that? Obviously none of the other girls would vouch for that story. He was so stupid.

“Really? I don’t think so. I definitely would’ve recognized someone *like you*,” the man said as his eyes went over every inch of Zack’s gorgeous body. “I’m the quarterback, Joe,” he said smiling, as if being the quarterback made him instantly likeable. Well he was the most popular guy on campus, but still, what a douche.

“Hey...,” said Zack, mesmerized by Joe’s manly forearms. “It’s nice to meet you, but I have to get back to the party now.” Zack wondered about fucking this football player. Maybe it would show even more legitimacy to Victoria and get him turned back into a man.

Zack stepped past Joe, but his arm caught the blonde on her waist. Zack inhaled sharply, surprised. Joe was an alpha male, just like he’d been, and was used to getting what he wanted. Zack glanced upwards at Joe’s broad shoulders and perfect teeth. His precious pink pussy throbbed in his panties. He was just here to make Victoria happy; so it looked like he was integrating well into life as a woman. Had Victoria mentioned something about being stuck as a woman forever if he had sex with one of the other students? Zack wasn’t sure. He could barely concentrate on anything other than the pulsing desire growing in his panties. He needed to be filled and Joe was so fucking manly and hot.

The gorgeous model-like blonde stood on her tiptoes in her stilettos, and Zack kissed the stud on his mouth. His heart fluttered like a school girl. Just yesterday he’d been a guy, and now he was an amazing young sex bomb making out with the quarterback! This was crazy! Joe’s scruff scratched his clear porcelain skin. It bothered him at first, but not too much. He kept his tongue intertwined with Joe’s and could feel the man’s big cock pressing against his dress.

Zack didn’t see any need to postpone the inevitable, so he grabbed Joe’s junk through his pants. The quarterback was taken aback with pleasure and surprise. Fuck, Zack really was being a slut, just like Victoria had said. Joe slipped one of Zack’s breasts out of his dress, and nibbled on it. Zack winced with pleasure and shock. He hadn’t expected to be so sensitive there. His tits sent energy back throughout his entire body. Now he knew what it was like to be truly horny as a woman.

Wetness started to drip down his inner thighs. His pussy felt like it was on fire. Determined, he grabbed Joe’s big, calloused hand and thrust it between his legs. (*Oooh Fuck*) It was such a relief. He never realized before how badly he’d needed a man’s hands on his clit. He held onto Joe’s wrist like it was his life preserver in the middle of an ocean. Being an experienced stud, Joe quickly found Zack’s clit and gave it a long run over with his middle finger. Zack moaned loudly throughout the summer night. He didn’t care if the entire party heard what the quarterback was doing to him right now, he needed the release. Never in his 20+ years as a man had he experienced anything as powerful as this. Pleasure rolled from this groin and through his entire body.

But Zack was on a mission, he needed Joe’s thick cock in his mouth. Reluctantly, he pushed Joe’s hand away from his throbbing pussy and whispered seductively in Joe’s ear. (*No, let me do you.*) Zack dropped to his knees and undid Joe’s belt buckle. He expected that the quarterback had a big cock, but seeing it made him salivate even harder.

He took the veiny member in his hands, stroking it. His perfect nails were the excellent juxtaposition to the thick manly cock he was holding. Nervously, he liked the head of Joe’s

cock and looked up at him. Joe moaned and threw his head back. “Don’t tease me like that! You’re way too hot,” he grunted. It was now or never. Zack couldn’t truly believe that he was here, a gorgeous blond on his knees and about to suck the quarterback’s cock.

He took the rock hard dick in between his luscious red lips and pushed forward. Joe was wide and his lips smacked tightly around the sides of his cock. He had missed cock so much; this was where he felt most at home. He picked up his pace and moved his hands along with his mouth. The quarterback’s cock was so big that his mouth was starting to ache. He slurped all over it like it was saving his life, it was his best friend in the whole world.

Could he take the whole cock? Mr. Dawyer had helped him take his cock, but this time he was going to try by himself. Inching closer and closer, Joe’s jumbo cock almost reached the back of Zack’s throat. It was hard to breathe through and there was no way he could take the last inch or two. His saliva pooling, he started to take the quarterback’s dick out of his mouth. Joe had other plans though, and grabbed a hold of Zack’s hair, pushing him down hard on the cock. Oh Fuck! Zack gagged and his eyes watered quickly.

A second later, Joe’s grip softened. As quickly as it had started, the blowjob was nearly over. Zack felt a pump in his throat and a full stream of semen went all the way back. No! This wasn’t supposed to happen; he needed it in his throbbing pussy. Mr. Dawyer had been more experienced, he wouldn’t have come so quickly like this. He pulled Joe’s cock out as fast as he could and jerked him off violently with his hand. With every stroke a stream of thick white cum soared down and coated his perfect face. It felt like he was jerking for minutes, pumping Joe’s cum all over his thick red lips and cheeks. Some had already found its way down to the black sparkling dress he was still wearing. Satisfied, he stood up with Joe’s cock still in his hands. None had gotten in his eyes and he still looked stunningly exquisite. He leaned in and spit some cum out of his mouth. It dribbled down his chin. He felt so *goddamn sexy*. He was the hottest girl at this party, and he had made a stud like Joe cum that quickly. He giggled and found a new appreciation for older men like Mr. Dawyer. They really knew how to treat a woman and wouldn’t come in the first minute. But he wasn’t here right now, and Zack needed to get filled up.

Zack lay with his back on the ground and with one hand started to pleasure himself. He was already exceedingly wet. Joe’s cum felt so good when he rubbed some on his fresh pussy. Within seconds, Joe was back with a group of mountainous football players.

Zack recognized some of them. One, Tyler, had been in his math class. What’s the matter, he couldn’t satisfy you?” The boys all chuckled and caught sight of the cum dribbling down Zack’s chin. “Oh my, you are a little slut, aren’t you,” one of them said. God, they were so right. He was the sluttiest, hottest girl in town. And he wanted them all to take him now.

Zack’s dress was hiked up, and one of the football players joined him on the ground with their dicks out. Zack must’ve looked super sexy lying on the ground, because all the men were already rock hard. Without any need for a pre work, the linebacker Dave slowly entered Zack’s fresh tight pussy. Zack screamed with pleasure. As much as he’d been anticipating it, having a cock in his pussy was always a shock. He felt himself expanding to accommodate the huge cock inside of him. It was like a hole he never knew existed before had been plugged, and he needed more of it.

Another player straddled Zack by his tits, and shoved a thick cock into his open mouth. Zack tried to do his best to suck it, but he couldn’t control his mouth between Dave’s hard

thrusts. It felt so good to be wanted by so many men at the same time. He still couldn't believe that all of these students were fucking him like crazy in the back of a party, but here he was.

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

Suddenly, something entered his asshole that was a little bit bigger than the finger that had been in there. Oh fuck, it was a cock! Zack screamed with a mixture of pain and pleasure. His tight, warm asshole was being taken over. Oh god, he was being ravaged by three football teammates, all huge men. The sensation in his ass burned, but it started to feel good, like he needed it there. It was another hole he'd be unaware of, but now he needed it filled.

The cock in his face exploded, sending streaks of cum in his eyes, hair and neck. There was no rhyme or reason to its eruption, it just flowed everywhere. Still the cocks in his dick and ass raged on. Zack knew he must've looked so hot, a slim blonde covered in white sticky cum and being destroyed by two huge men.

The imagery of how crazy his situation was made Zack wetter than ever before. His hips spasmed uncontrollably, and his back arched. His breasts rose pointedly to the sky and his legs shook up and down. He was cumming so hard, harder than he'd ever done as a man. It was hard not to when he was so wanted by everyone. His eyes wide and his face covered in cum, pleasure hit him like a lightning bolt as he had a full body orgasm.

In that moment, Zack was at home. He wasn't thinking about how he could become a man again, or what it even meant to be a man. He didn't care. All he wanted was to feel this good and this feminine for the rest of his life. With easy access to as many cocks as he wanted, he would be forever happy in this life. He didn't know what he would tell his friends, but it didn't matter. Being a woman was amazing.

The two jocks fucking him managed to hold his legs down but his upper body slim stomach still spasmed wildly. They pumped his ass and pussy full of thick cum. "Yes!" he screamed. It felt so fucking good. "I need more cocks inside of me!" His mind was totally blank as he came again when they emptied their seed into him.

A couple of more football players came and took their turns fucking the amazingly beautiful blonde that had appeared at their party. No one could say no a beautiful babe like Zack. After a while, Zack lost count. He truly had turned into the slut of the century. He was a true sissy slut.

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Zack returned to his condo apartment that night, still high on the amazing sex that he'd had. His pussy throbbed from pleasure as he collapsed into his bed. He was still wearing Lisa's sparkly dress. He laughed out loud. He'd told her that he wouldn't get it dirty, but it was covered, if not absolutely drenched in cum. He'd been used up like a real sissy slut and he'd loved it.

The dress would be fine; he'd take it to the dry cleaner if he had to. It was worth it for the experience, to be fucked senselessly in a gangbang like that, by almost the entire football team. He'd never felt more at home than when he'd had multiple huge cocks inside of him.

He sat up in bed, suddenly panicked. Where had Victoria gone? He wanted to show her the dress and the pictures of him and his girlfriends, and gossip all about the night. They could have a ball of a time staying up late and chatting about the different dudes that Zack fucked and how hot they were. But where did she go? Ever since his transformation, Victoria had remained close by, if not physically in Zack's apartment whenever he'd been there. It was just odd.

He got up, and listened. He didn't hear her anywhere in the house. He sauntered quietly in the kitchen. Where had she gone? That was when he saw a note on the kitchen table. His heart raced as he picked it up.

*Zack, I'm glad you've fully submitted to being a horny, pathetic little sissy. Hopefully your experiences have taught you some humility, if nothing else. I had planned to eventually turn you back into a man, but as the rules said, I must leave you as a woman forever now. You took on nearly half the football team! That was truly impressive. I simply enjoy watching you be a cock hungry whore way too much to give you the pleasure of turning back into a man. Xo – Victoria*

Zack nearly broke down crying. He was stuck in this body *forever*? No! That was crazy! He wasn't a girl! He was a man, with a life! With his own cock and the ability to get any girl he wanted! He'd been in college! It just wasn't fair. A tear rolled down his feminine cheek. He didn't care if he cried now –he was going to take off all of his make-up anyways. But then his phone vibrated in his purse. It was a message from Lisa.

*“Hey girl! Hope you had a good time tonight! I heard you got a little wild ;) Hope my dress is okay hahaha. Cya in school on Monday hun!*

Zack smiled. He had friends, great friends that he could trust in Lisa and Devon. And he had as many thick, meaty cocks as he could ever want. All he had to do was go outside and he would have guys lining up to give him cocks! He was stunningly beautiful, and could go to college again next year, this time as a woman. He smiled and wiped the tear off his cheek. He was going to be okay.



## Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl Part 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody loosened his tie as he stepped out of his car. His erection was already building as he walked towards the strip club. When he wasn't fucking younger woman, he still liked to watch

them do their thing. It was art, in his opinion. Nothing was better than a couple of cold beers and beautiful woman prancing around half naked. Lap dances were his salvation from a bitchy boss and a wife who was never satisfied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hungover in the morning, Brody slouched off the bed, but it seemed like the drop to the floor was a little bit higher than it usually was. He confusedly made his way to washroom and took his boxers off to start peeing. What happened next would've made Brody have a heart

attack if he hadn't been so groggy and hungover. He tried to grab his cock and start peeing, but there was nothing there! His reliable, meaty member was replaced by a sleek nothingness. His hand grazed over his new pussy as his mouth hung open in shock. No! It couldn't be! What the hell happened to him? This was impossible.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He took a deep breath as he pulled the dress over his femininely shaped figure. He looked absolutely stunning in the mirror. Ally was thrilled, but Brody less so. This was the kind of girl that he cat called and insulted when they rejected him. This was the kind of girl that had been

out of his league for so long until he'd gotten older and bought a convertible. Fuck. What if someone treated him like he had treated so many of those *sluts*?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

was going to be torture.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was all too much. Brody's emotions boiled over and he could feel himself getting teary-eyed again. It didn't matter; none of it mattered. He was a man, really, and shouldn't care about what those bitches thought about him. But his new body didn't listen to reason. He had to get out of there, out of that room and away from those horrible girls. He gathered his things

into his purse quickly, and hiding his face, made a beeline for the door. He could still hear their snickering as he ran out of the classroom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Trevor smirked. "Oh, well there would be no-one better, really," he said as he eyed Brody's long legs. Brody's gaze remained transfixed on Trevor's manly hands. They were so big and

strong. He was getting wet just thinking having Trevor's hands touching every inch of his tight eighteen year old body.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody caught his breath. Holy shit! That had been so hot. He'd never been picked up like that before. He couldn't believe Trevor was that strong. It seemed like he had moved him so

effortlessly. The tension in Brody's body build again as Trevor got on his knees and started kissing Brody's legs. Goddamnit, he wanted to be touched on his clit so badly. Moaning, Brody threw his head back like his wife used to do. Giving into his feminization felt dirty and incredibly hot. He breathed in sharply with each kiss as Trevor slowly worked his way upwards to Brody's naughty box.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dejected, Brody tiptoed out of the gym. To his surprise, he looked up and saw a window filled with mostly male faces. His jaw dropped. Oh my god, how many people had seen him and Trevor hooking up? Good thing they didn't actually have sex or he would've been known as the biggest slut in town! He saw Trevor up there, high fiving some friends. He knew he shouldn't care, but Brody was embarrassed. Trevor was probably boasting about how much of a ladies man he was, and how stupid Brody was. Goddamnit, he didn't want to be just another conquest for some asshole jock. He lowered his head and tried to get the hell out of there.

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

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

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

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

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

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

To top off his make-over, Brody enlisted his wife to straighten his blonde hair. He knew that he couldn't do it every day, because that would damage it, but he wanted to look hot

today. And he did. He nearly got wet just looking at himself in the mirror. He looked like he was older than eighteen – he could've easily passed as being in his early twenties. He joked to Ally that maybe he would go to a bar after school for some fun, but was met with a serious look. His mother explained that there was to be exactly no alcohol consumed by him until he was twenty-one. Brody laughed. A beautiful girl like him would find a way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody cringed. Why were girls so mean?

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

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

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

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

showing.

Brody wanted to cry again. It seemed like there was nothing he could do to avoid being ridiculed by these sassy bitches. Self-consciously, he pulled down his blouse to avoid showing so much of sexy toned mid-section. He fixed his hair. Ally had been teaching him how to do proper ponytails and braids. It was simple stuff, but it helped. Deep down, he knew he was beautiful. He didn't care what stupid Elaine and Maddy said. It was almost lunchtime; the day would be half over soon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody held back the hood of his clit and gave it a couple of flicks. He gasped like he had

been shot. He didn't remember the last time he was this horny, this was crazy. He touched himself and thought of Trevor's muscular shoulders and Mr. Daley's ridiculously toned forearms. Ugh. He wished he could see Mr. Daley fucking Trevor. That would be hot. He sucked on his fingers again, but he wished it was a cock. Where was Trevor when he needed him? He would do anything to devour that stud's meaty member right now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He got up and straightened his long blonde curls. Brody's appetite had mostly disappeared

since he'd become a girl. Ally said that was natural. It was normal for a pretty sexy thing like him to want to be as thin as possible. He didn't need to eat breakfast right away anymore. He smiled, admiring his natural beauty and perfect teeth. He didn't even need to make-up to look like a hot babe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes! Yes I do," Brody begged.

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

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

Ally insisted on him trying on a miniskirt, but she didn't have to. Brody had already taken numerous brands into the change room. They slipped over his tight buttocks and exposed his

long, sexy legs. He got wet just looking at how good his legs looked. The skirt was so short that the only thing hidden was his crotch.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But his newfound lust was so intrusive! Brody lay on his stomach and got wet while thinking about Mr. Daley taking him from behind. God, he was so strong. That man would fuck him ruthlessly and slam his head repeatedly into the sun chair. He could feel himself wetting his new bikini. He tried to move around on top of the chair, stimulating his clit. He was humping slowly like a truly pathetic sissy slut. He didn't know if it would work, but it did!

Fuck, it felt good. Brody had no doubt that he could come from his make-shift grinding. He was so sensitive and it didn't take a lot for him to cum.

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

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

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

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

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

"You want a cock? I'll give you a cock, you pathetic loser," his wife taunted him.

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

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

"Repeat after me," Ally started. "Proper young ladies don't touch themselves," she said.

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

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

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

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

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

Brody clenched the couch with both hands as Ally entered him from behind. His eyes rolled

back into his skull as she slowly entered him, expanding his tight asshole. When Brody thought it was all the way in, it kept going. He sucked in air when he remembered to breathe, surprised at how much cock his ass could take. Slowly, Ally withdrew from inside of him, before slamming it in hard again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He was getting better at putting make-up on. He knew now how not to apply too much. Or rather, he still applied the same amount, but it looked like he had less on. It was a valuable skill, and he was still learning. This morning, he even experimented with some eye-liner. It was

dazzling really, it made his eyes pop! To top it all off, he donned a white bow on his head. Ally had picked him out for him on their shopping trip, and it was super cute. The bow stayed on as he twirled in the bathroom, his long blonde hair flowing behind him. It really tied together his whole schoolgirl look. He flashed his perfect white teeth in the mirror, happy that his ability to accessorize himself was improving. He grabbed the new cell phone that Ally had bought for him and was ready for class.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Nothing could bring Brody down for the rest of the day. He felt like a million bucks. Sure, he missed the advantages that came with being an older man, but being a schoolgirl was incredibly fun, even though it was new and scary. He had just been asked out by the hottest stud in the school! Sure, he didn't have many girlfriends but life was still exciting and sexy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody wanted to rage and punch his wife. She couldn't do this to him! But they would see it as a schoolgirl's angst, and only punish him more. There were two of them, and they were so much stronger than him. He wanted to yell and scream, and tell Mr. Daley what was really

going on. He had to tell the truth! But nothing came out of his mouth. The girly part of his brain took over as he noticed Mr. Daley's growing bulge.

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

The two older adults beamed at him profusely.

"See, I told you she'd make friends," Mr. Daley said as he raised his glass again.

"Oh my god! That's great honey!" Ally's eyes twinkled.

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## Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl Part 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl Part 3

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"WHAT?" Ally almost spit out her coffee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Good,” Ally said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He sung in the shower, his feminine voice was so beautiful. He noticed his tits looked a little bit larger than usual, and then he glanced down at his usually firm, tight stomach. Oh my god! Was he pregnant? ---end---

## Bonus Story! Gender Swap: All Over His New Face

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

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

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

Sam eyed the gorgeous brunette, his girlfriend's best friend. "Uhh yeah, I suppose we did." "Well then, what do you want me to take off?"

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

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

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

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

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

Disoriented, he reached over to the table by his bed and grabbed his phone. Surely one of

his buddies would be able to tell him about all the awesome things they'd done the night prior. Maybe they'd gotten arrested again or something equally as hilarious.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Whoa, hi. Who are you?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He hadn't meant to get carried away, but the girl in the mirror just looked so fucking good. He rubbed his hand over his wetness. Fuck, his clit was so sensitive. He flicked it and his legs lifted up on their own accord. He knew girls loved their clits, but he hadn't expected it to be this powerful. Sitting, he watched the beautiful woman in the mirror rub away at her clit. Pleasure rolled through his legs and into his lower back. He felt amazing. How long had it been, 15 minutes? He didn't care, he just kept flicking away at his clit.

All of his efforts were in vain though, as he simply could not cum. He sat panting in the dressing room dripping wet, but he didn't know how to have an orgasm. Frustrated, he let out an audible, "AAH!" Oh shit, everyone must have heard that, he thought. Practice would make perfect, but he didn't have time to learn how to be a woman now.

Embarrassed, he got a hold of himself and returned to the shop floor to purchase the dress. A pair of dangling diamond earrings caught his eye, so he bought those too. Hell, why not? It would be weird for a woman as good looking as him not to have nice clothes and accessories like these. The clerk had given him a bit of a knowing look, but he didn't mind. He could do anything with this new body and people would just bow before his beauty.

As soon as he got on the crowded bus to leave the mall, he knew it was a mistake. He winced as a man grabbed his ass when he tried to make his way to the back of the bus. At first he thought it might've been a mistake, but he was so wrong. Three other college guys had taken a piece of him by the time he got to the very back of the bus. Sam sat, shocked and disgusted. Now he knew what it felt like to be a woman. One of them rubbed down his silky smooth legs with his greasy hands. Sam shuddered, it was so gross. He tried to take a deep breathe but he couldn't, he had been violated and there was nothing he could do about it.

Standing at the back of the bus, Sam tried to keep his distance from all of the college bros. But it seemed like whenever he took a step back, they all gravitated towards him. They made absolutely no effort to give him any personal space whatsoever. He could've sworn one guy behind him was just trying to smell him and take in deep breaths of his womanly fragrance. Oh god, this was no way to live. He shouldn't have worn the dress and heels on the bus. What was he thinking! He looked way to high class for public transportation.

Suddenly, he felt an icy cold hand on his buttocks. But this one didn't move after a couple

seconds like the others. Instead, it pinched his round, firm ass and then lingered there. That was the last straw. He turned, with fire in his baby blue eyes, and smacked the guy's hand away.

"Do you *mind*?" He said, in a tone of voice he didn't know he had.

The guy acted like nothing had happened and got off at the next bus stop. A man offered Sam his seat, and Sam accepted it. There was nothing else could do.

But he could still feel the stares on his chest and he could hear the commentary by some who had clearly enjoyed the show. (*She's even hotter when she's mad*), he heard one of them say. Fuck. It was only a couple of more stops until his. He tried to just ignore everyone and keep to himself but it wasn't mean to be.

"Hey, she's not wearing any panties!" exclaimed an excited young man.

Oh FUCK! He had forgotten to buy panties. And he'd forgotten to close his legs when he was sitting down. Almost every head near the back of the bus turned his way and he quickly crossed his lovely long legs. Sam's face was burning up with embarrassment; he'd never blushed this hard when he was a man. He was so stupid! How had he forgotten to buy panties?

When the bus stopped, Sam walked as quickly as he could in his new stilettos to get away from that hell hole. He averted his eyes to the ground but he knew everyone, even the bus driver, was looking at him as he left. That had truly been the worst experience of his life. Being constantly harassed was no way to live. With all the perks that came with being a gorgeous woman, it still wasn't worth it. Back in his old body, he never would've had to fear for his well-being on the streets. He wasn't prepared to live the rest of his life like this!

He entered his apartment, determined to find a way to turn back into his old self. Luckily none of his roommates were in the common area and he slipped unnoticed into his room. He wanted to be the one to mock and have sex with woman, not be harassed all the time. There was no way that he could lose all of the respect and privilege that came with being an alpha male jock. It was just horrible.

It must've been his girlfriend who did this to him, there was no other explanation. She was the only one on this planet who hated him, everyone else loved him! And it was odd that he hadn't received a text from her all day. Normally, she'd be bombarding his phone with demands to know who he was with the prior night and where he had slept. If anyone knew a way to turn him back into the dominant man that he used to be, it would be her.

He pulled out his phone to call her and demand an explanation, but something on his desk caught his attention out of the corner of his eye. It was a note, all pink and frilly. It was his girlfriend's handwriting and it read:

*"Good morning Samantha, my new girlfriend! I hope you're enjoying your new body, asshole. Sleeping with my best friend was the last straw and now it's time for you to walk a mile in my heels. If you ever want to have your party boy lifestyle back again, you need to sleep with 25 men before next Sunday. That's right babe, pucker up. I hope you enjoy being slammed into by all the disgusting douchebags on campus. And that's not all. Every single one of them has to cum on your beautiful new face, or else it doesn't count. Remember when you wouldn't kiss me after cumming in my mouth? Hehe :)*

*Sounds like you're gonna be a busy little slut. Love ya babe – Andrea xoxo*

Sam's heart sank. No, fuck no. This was very bad. He wasn't attracted to men! He couldn't take a dick, it was just disgusting! Fuck Andrea, she was so evil. That twisted little

cunt, how could she do something like this? There was no way this was happening! Rage filled Sam's tiny hands. He punched his pillow hard in anger. (*She's even hotter when she's mad*) the boys on the bus had said. Well, fuck them, and fuck Andrea, thought Sam.

He didn't deserve this; he wasn't that bad of a boyfriend. A lot of his friends on the football team cheated on their girlfriends too, it wasn't a big deal. But being a woman was, and he couldn't handle it. What would his parents and his grandparents say? He couldn't even imagine the remarks at Christmas. He was so hot that even his own father and brothers would try to fuck him. No, this wasn't acceptable. He needed to turn back into a man. A strong, athletic man like he'd always been! But how?

He touched up his face a bit by putting on some make-up. He'd always wanted to know what it was like to put on mascara anyways. Sam didn't want too much make up so the only other thing he put on was a sexy red lipstick. It hadn't been as hard as he expected it to be. He smacked his lips together, making a popping sound. Mmm, hot. Sam put on his diamond earrings and slung his new handbag around his shoulder. He looked remarkable, incredible even. His blonde straight hair was so shiny that it could've reflected light from a laser pointer on a plane.

Andrea wasn't returning his calls, so he figured the only way to sort this nonsense out was to go see her in person. And he knew exactly where she would be: at the football player's party. Being a cheerleader, she never missed a football party. It would be the perfect chance to corner her and get some answers.

The party was outside in a backyard, and when he walked through the gates nearly every head turned to witness the stunning new blonde at the party. His fancy black dress and high heels were perhaps a bit on the dressier side, but it was all he had. He still didn't have any panties, but he would at least remember to cross his legs when sitting down now. All of the girls turned towards each other and started gossiping about how fancily the new girl was dressed. But Sam didn't care. All he needed to do was find Andrea.

Sam was immediately approach by a throng of football players, but ignored their drink offerings and kept walking. He didn't see Andrea, maybe she was back towards the edge of the property, by the woods? He walked back there but still couldn't see her. Damn! Where the hell was that bitch?

Turning around, he was greeted by a familiar voice. It was Joe, one of his teammates on the football team and roommate.

"Hey, I don't recognize you. Are you new on the cheerleading team?"

Sam blushed. His roommate was hitting on him.

"Uhh, No. I've been on the team for a while," Sam replied. Fuck, why had he said that? Obviously none of the other cheerleaders would vouch for that story. He was so stupid.

"Really? I don't think so. I definitely would've recognized someone *like you*," Joe said as his eyes went over every inch of Sam's gorgeous body. "I'm the quarterback, Joe," he said smiling, as if being the quarterback made him instantly likeable. Well he was the most popular guy on campus, but still, what a douche.

"Ok," said Sam. "It's nice to meet you, but I have to get back to the party now."

Sam stepped past Joe, but his arm caught the blonde on her waist. Sam inhaled sharply, surprised. Joe was an alpha male, just like he'd been, and was used to getting what he wanted. Sam glanced upwards at Joe's broad shoulders and perfect teeth. Maybe having sex with a guy

wouldn't be as bad as he thought it would be? After all, he just had to get them to cum on his face, he didn't need them to fuck his precious pink pussy. If this was what he needed to do to get his old body back, then so be it.

The gorgeous model-like blonde stood on her tiptoes in her stilettos, and Sam kissed his first man squarely on the mouth. His heart fluttered like a school girl. Just yesterday he'd been a guy, and now he was an amazing young sex bomb making out with the quarterback! This was crazy! Joe's scruff scratched his clear porcelain skin. It bothered him at first, but not too much. He kept his tongue intertwined with Joe's and could feel the man's big cock pressing against his dress.

Sam didn't see any need to postpone the inevitable, so he grabbed Joe's junk through his pants. The quarterback was taken aback with pleasure and surprise. Fuck, Sam really was being a slut, just like Andrea had said. Joe slipped one of Sam's breasts out of his dress, and bit into it. Sam winced with pleasure and shock. He hadn't expected to be so sensitive there. His tits sent energy back throughout his entire body. Now he knew what it was like to be truly horny as a woman.

Wetness started to drip down his inner thighs. His pussy felt like it was on fire. Determined, he grabbed Joe's big, calloused hand and thrust it between his legs. (*Oooh Fuck*) It was such a relief. He never realized before how badly he'd needed a man's hands on his clit. He held onto Joe's wrist like it was his life preserver in the middle of an ocean. Being an experienced stud, Joe quickly found Sam's clit and gave it a long run over with his middle finger. Sam moaned loudly throughout the summer night. He didn't care if the entire party heard what the quarterback was doing to him right now, he needed the release. Never in his 20+ years as a man had he experienced anything as powerful as this. Pleasure rolled from this groin and through his entire body.

But Sam was on a mission, he needed Joe's thick cum on his face. Reluctantly, he pushed Joe's hand away from his throbbing pussy and whispered seductively in Joe's ear. (*No, let me do you.*) Sam dropped to his knees and undid Joe's belt buckle. He knew the quarterback had a big cock, but seeing it in person was another story.

He took the veiny member in his hands, stroking it. His perfect nails were the excellent juxtaposition to the thick manly cock he was holding. Nervously, he liked the head of Joe's cock and looked up at him. Joe moaned and threw his head back. (*Don't tease me like that! You're way too hot.*) It was now or never. Sam couldn't truly believe that he was here, a gorgeous blond on his knees and about to suck his first cock.

He took the rock hard dick in between his luscious red lips and pushed forward. Joe was wide and his lips smacked tightly around the sides of his cock. It wasn't as bad as he had imagined though. In fact, it was almost enjoyable. He loved watching Joe squirm in pleasure at the bombshell model's every move. He picked up his pace and moved his hands along with his mouth. Although he kind of enjoyed it, his mouth was starting to ache and he didn't want this to last all night.

Could he take the whole cock? He doubted it, but he was already down there. He'd always wanted to know how hard deep throating actually was. Inching closer and closer, Joe's jumbo cock almost reached the back of Sam's throat. It was hard to breathe through and there was no way he could take the last inch or two. His saliva pooling, he started to take the quarterback's dick out of his mouth. Joe had other plans though, and grabbed a hold of Sam's hair, pushing

him down hard on the cock. Oh Fuck! Sam gagged and his eyes watered quickly.

A second later, Joe's grip softened. As quickly as it had started Sam's first blowjob was almost over. He felt a pump in his throat and a full stream of semen went all the way back. No! This wasn't supposed to happen; he needed it on his face. He pulled Joe's cock out as fast as he could and jerked him off violently with his hand. With every stroke a stream of thick white cum soared down and coated his perfect face. It felt like he was jerking for minutes, pumping Joe's cum all over his thick red lips and cheeks. Some had already found its way down to the black sparkling dress he was still wearing. Satisfied, he stood up with Joe's cock still in his hands. None had gotten in his eyes and he still looked stunningly exquisite. He leaned in and spit some cum out of his mouth. It dribbled down his chin. (*Do your friends want to join?*)

Sam lay with his back on the ground and with one hand started to pleasure himself. He was already exceedingly wet. Joe's cum felt so good when he rubbed some on his fresh pussy. Within seconds, Joe was back with a group of mountainous football players. One of them was his roommate Tyler.

"Hey, you're the chick that Sam fucked! What's the matter, he couldn't satisfy you?" The boys all chuckled and caught sight of the cum dribbling down Sam's chin. "Oh my, you are a little slut, aren't you," one of them said. God, they were so right. He was the sluttiest, hottest girl on campus. And he wanted them all to take him now.

Sam's dress was hiked up, and one of the football players joined him on the ground with his dick out. Sam must've looked super sexy lying on the ground, because all the men were already rock hard. Without any need for a pre work, the linebacker Dave slowly entered Sam's fresh tight pussy. Sam screamed with pleasure. It was the first time anything had been stuck up his glorious tight hole. He felt himself expanding to accommodate the huge cock inside of him. It was like a hole he never knew existed before had been plugged, and he needed more of it.

Another player straddled Sam by his tits, and shoved a thick cock into his open mouth. Sam tried to do his best to suck it, but he couldn't control his mouth between Dave's hard thrusts. It felt so good to be wanted by so many men at the same time. He still couldn't believe that his best friends were fucking him like crazy in the back of a party, but here he was.

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

Suddenly, something entered his asshole that was a little bit bigger than the finger that had been in there. Oh fuck, it was a cock! Sam screamed with a mixture of pain and pleasure. His tight, warm asshole was being taken over. Oh god, he was being ravaged by three of his football teammates, all huge men. The sensation in his ass burned, but it started to feel good, like he needed it there. It was another hole he'd be unaware of, but now he needed it filled.

The cock in his face exploded, sending streaks of cum in his eyes, hair and neck. There was no rhyme or reason to its eruption, it just flowed everywhere. Still the cocks in his dick and ass raged on. Sam knew he must've looked so hot, a slim blonde covered in white sticky cum and being destroyed by two huge men.

The imagery of how crazy his situation was made Sam wetter than ever before. His hips spasmed uncontrollably, and his back arched. His breasts rose pointedly to the sky and his legs shook up and down. He was cumming so hard, harder than he'd ever done as a man. His eyes wide and his face covered in cum, pleasure hit him like a lightning bolt as he had a full body orgasm.

The two jocks fucking him managed to hold his legs down but his upper body slim stomach still spasmed wildly. They pumped his ass and pussy full of thick cum. Sam wanted to tell them no, that they had to cum on his face, but he couldn't find the words. His mind was totally blank as he came again when they emptied their seed into him.

A couple of more football players came and took their turns fucking the amazingly beautiful blonde that had appeared at their party. No one could say no a supermodel like Sam. After a while, Sam lost count. He truly had turned into the slut of the century.

How many had come on his face, he didn't know? All he knew that he was left in the woods, covered head to toe in semen and still wearing his expensive black dress and high heels. It had been the most sexual experience of his life, and he couldn't get enough. Somewhere along the way he had turned into the cum whore that he'd always been deep down inside.

He figured at least seven or eight of them had emptied their loads onto his spectacular, womanly face. He gathered his handbag and walked through the college town's streets, doused in semen. Maybe he would take the bus home. Only eighteen more to go until he became a man again.

- Will Sam ever confront Andrea and bitch her out?
- Will Sam's roommates ever realize who it was that they fucked at the party?
- Will Sam complete his quest to take 25 hot loads on his face before Sunday? Or will he be doomed to life as the perfect woman?

Looking for part two in this series!?! Look no further! Read it here: [Sam's Reluctant Transformation And Race To 25 Men Book Two](#)

## Vicky's Spotlight

### [Joel's New Life as His Wife's Little Girl](#)

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

### [Cam Walks A Mile In Her Shoes](#)

## **A Supermodel Ex-Girlfriend with a Plan...**

A college athlete turned investment banker, Cam's been spoiled his entire life, and has never faced any consequences for his deplorable actions. But when Lindsay finds out he's been cheating, everything changes. She flips his world upside down and turns him into a fashion model. He'll have to go shopping as a woman, walk the catwalk in high heels, and do everything Lindsay says if he ever wants to turn back into a man again. **Will Cam resist and find a way back to manhood? Or will he walk a mile in her heels... and *like it*? [Read now!](#)**

### [Gender Swap: The Cuckold Joins In](#)

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

### [Femdom: Grant Gets Feminized in Diapers](#)

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

TESS TURNED HER HUSBAND  
INTO A HIGH PRICED  
CALL GIRL



### [Tess Turned Her Husband Into A High Priced Call Girl](#)

George owes \$400K to the casino after a roulette game gone wrong. Enraged, his wife thinks twice about divorcing him and instead turns him into an amazingly sexy woman. George is going to have to earn his keep and pay back every cent that he gambled away. Will George learn to love his new body or will he be dominated ruthlessly in all of his fresh, new holes? He'll need to do everything his wife says if he ever wants a chance at regaining his masculinity... [Read Now!](#)

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

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

### [Amy Diapers And Feminizes The Man of the House!](#)

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

## **GENDER SWAPPED AND DOMINATED**



**VICKY INNES**

### **Gender Swapped And Dominated**

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

### **Turned Into His Wife's Little Princess**

Jason cheated on his wife with her gorgeous younger sister, taking her hard and unprotected. That was the last straw, and he woke up the next morning in the body of a little girl. Will the adorable new princess with blonde hair and rosy cheeks learn how to behave properly? Maybe Jason will enjoy being helpless and learning how to paint his cute little nails. Or will he act out and get punished by his mommy? [Read Now!](#)

### **Luke's Pink Pacifier**

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

### **Punished By Gender Swap**

Matt's newest secretary, Lisa, has plans to enact revenge on him for his systematic harassment of all the hot women in the office. Matt first shrinks between his legs and finds himself growing breasts. But he deserves much worse than that for what he's done. By the end of his slow transformation, he'll be a sex crazy slut with a need to be filled in all of his tight new

holes. Lisa will make sure that he gets absolutely dominated and degraded by a group of his former business executives. Reluctantly, Matt will have to come to terms with the fact that he's been humiliated and turned into a helpless, feminized little whore. [Read Now!](#)

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

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

### [Under His Spell](#)

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

## About The Author And New Releases!

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