

TURNED INTO HIS WIFE'S DAUGHTER

3 STORY BUNDLE



VICKY INNES

Turned Into His Wife's Daughter (3 Story Bundle)

License Notes

Copyright 2014 Vicky Innes
All Rights Reserved

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. It may not be re-sold or copied in any way. Thank you for respecting the work of this author. This story is a work of fiction and any resemblance to any person, place, or event is coincidental. All characters are eighteen years old.

About This Bundle

This series features dominant, masculine men who lose everything. Each book follows a different man and his embarrassing transformation into a little girl. **This bundle is not available for KU subscribers to borrow, although the individual stories inside may be.** Here are the links for KU subscribers:

- [Turned Into His Wife's Little Girl \(Book 1\)](#)
- [Turned Into His Wife's Daughter \(Book 2\)](#)
- [Turned Into His Wife's Little Princess \(Book 3\)](#)

Table of Contents

- [Turned Into His Wife's Little Girl \(Book 1\)](#)
- [Turned Into His Wife's Daughter \(Book 2\)](#)
- [Turned Into His Wife's Little Princess \(Book 3\)](#)
- [Bonus excerpt from Gender Swap: All Over His New Face](#)
- [Bonus excerpt from Changing Jen: Back to Prom \(MILF Regression\)](#)
- [About the author](#)

Turned Into His Wife's Little Girl (Book 1)

Sneak Peek!

Staring back at him was cute little girl with long blonde hair and big blue eyes. He ran his fingers through his curly hair, it was real. The girl in the mirror was making a pouty face with her small red lips. She looked like she was going to have a temper tantrum. Alex reached down. There was no way... Oh fuck. His reliable 6 inch cock was gone, replaced by a sleek nothingness. This was crazy! Maybe it was all just a bad dream.

“Claiiiiiire!”

Alex's voice caught him off guard. It was no longer deep and menacing. It was now high pitched and squealing. He yelled again, this time louder. It took a lot of effort to yell loudly with such weak vocal cords. He heard his wife coming. Good. His beautiful, loving wife, surely she would set all of this straight. She would be able to pinch him and wake him up from this nightmare. This was just a bad dream and soon he'd be back in his own body.

“Oh good morning sweetie! I'm so glad you woke up on time, it's going to be a wonderful day!”

“What? Claire what happened?” he squeaked.

“Now, now honey. Everything's fine. Listen, let's get you dressed.”

Alex wanted to say something but his mouth hung open. He was in shock. Claire walked over to the dresser and opened it. Inside Alex saw over a dozen outfits, all folded perfectly. They were in the guest room now but he didn't remember when they got all this new furniture. He had painted the walls pink himself, in case he and his wife were ever able to have the baby girl that she wanted.

“Do you want the pink bows today Lexi? I know that's your favorite. Or do you want the red dress?”

Alex wanted to tell her to shut up. He wanted to tell her that this was all some kind of mistake and it was really him, her husband. Had she done this to him? He opened his mouth but he couldn't find the swear words that he really wanted to say.

“I... I don’t want any of them!”

Claire folded her arms and frowned downwards at Alex.

“Now, I know this is going to be difficult for you because it’s your first day of school, but that doesn’t mean I am going to tolerate any bad behavior missy. You can’t go to school naked dear.”

Alex tried to process all of the feelings that were going through him. It was just too much to handle. His wife looked at him sternly and prodded him to make a decision. He wanted to tell her to go fuck herself, that this was crazy. He couldn’t believe this, she was such a bitch. He opened his mouth but nothing came out. He could hear his tiny little voice trembling and he started to cry. Tears streamed down his cute girly face.

The tears were big and wet. He put his hands up to cover his eyes and collapsed down on the ground. This was horrible, he was so emotional.

“Awwh. There, there sweetie. It’s okay, Mommy’s here.”

Chapter 1

Claire threw her latest pregnancy test in the washroom trash can. It was another failure. She couldn't believe how difficult it was to conceive a child. All those years on the pill and worry about pregnancy had come to this. She blamed her stupid husband, Alex. Well, more so the alcohol and cigarettes and god-knows-what-else that he was always ingesting. That useless excuse for a man couldn't even stop drinking for a month while they tried to conceive. She grabbed some of the empty beer bottles out of the shower and turned the water on hot. "Shower Beers," he called them. How lovely.

She didn't totally hate her husband. After all, he did come home with a nice chunk of change for the two to spend. He works hard, she'd give him that. But that was no excuse for him to be such an asshole. Just the other day Claire wanted to go out with some old friends from college, but Alex forbade it because there were men in the group. And then he has the balls to go out with his friends all the time. Fuck, he was probably at the strip club right now.

Maybe he was just a man and that's what all men are like after a couple years of marriage. They were married at 25, almost 9 years ago. If only she'd taken some more time to date other people for jumping into things with Alex. But Claire only blamed herself. She had been so stupid when she was younger! Ah, young and in love - and stupid, very stupid.

The warm water rushed over her womanly body. Showers were the only thing that kept her sane in times of high stress. They always just seemed to melt her anxieties away. She had dark brown hair that fell all the way down to her generous breasts. Her friends had always said that her breasts were her best physical quality. They were perfectly round and big, but not comically so. She was sure that if she ever got pregnant they would get all droopy and too big. But it didn't seem like that was ever going to be a problem.

She had very motherly qualities. She was starting to age a bit but people still sometimes guessed that she wasn't in her thirties yet. She needed to have a kid before it was too late. A little girl had always been her heart's desire. All the memories they could make and share together... it would be just like she'd been with her mother. A mother daughter bond is so sacred and powerful. It means having somewhere there for you that you can always trust. It means someone to tell you when you're showing too much skin on a first date, or not enough. It means pedicures and hair appointments and gossiping about boys. It means lipstick and bubblegum and dealing with periods. If only she had a daughter to share these things with.

When she got out of the shower all of her stress returned. She could hear the TV in the other room, Alex always kept it so damn loud.

“Hi Babe! How was your day?”

“Fine.”

Ugh. He hadn't even looked at her. She put so much effort into looking fantastic and he didn't even take a glance at her ass through her yoga pants. Alex just kept staring at the TV and ignoring her.

“What's for dinner? I'm hungry.”

Claire's mind reeled. She had forgotten about dinner. She would have to think of something quickly. It was so tiring to put a freshly cooked meal on the table every night. When she took a couple seconds to respond Alex said,

“I've been working hard y'know. Let's go.”

Claire sighed. She would have to think of something. All of the household chores were her responsibility. Sometimes she felt like she was a '50s stepford wife. If only there was some way that she could get some more control of her relationship with Alex. She thought deeply for a couple of minutes. If she was able to get pregnant then surely Alex would help around the house more. She needed to do something and fast. She couldn't take being subservient to him much longer.

Chapter 2

Alex's alarm clock went off loudly and interrupted his deep sleep. He had been enjoying it so much that it felt like he had been asleep forever. It was rare that he got a good night's sleep these days with his wife always rolling him over and kicking him. He put his head under his pillow and waited for Claire to turn off the alarm clock. Damnit, it didn't usually take her this long. He reached out his hand to swat the 'off' button, but he couldn't reach it. Still in a daze, he moved himself up on the bed to get closer and quickly turned it off. He made a mental note to tell Claire to get her act together with the alarm. Where was she anyways? And since when was the bed this big?

He looked down at his body and noticed that something was very, very wrong. His big manly chest has been replaced by that of a child. His legs were skinny and hairless, his feet so small and cute that they looked like doll's feet. His heart skipped a beat. There was no way this was happening. It wasn't even possible. It was a big leap down from the bed, but he made it and scurried over to the mirror.

Staring back at him was cute little girl with long blonde hair and big blue eyes. He ran his fingers through his curly hair, it was real. The girl in the mirror was making a pouty face with her small red lips. She looked like she was going to have a temper tantrum. Alex reached down. There was no way... Oh fuck. His reliable 6 inch cock was gone, replaced by a sleek nothingness. This was crazy! Maybe it was all just a bad dream.

"Claiiiiiiiire!"

Alex's voice caught him off guard. It was no longer deep and menacing. It was now high pitched and squealing. He yelled again, this time louder. It took a lot of effort to yell loudly with such weak vocal cords. He heard his wife coming. Good. His beautiful, loving wife, surely she would set all of this straight. She would be able to pinch him and wake him up from this nightmare. This was just a bad dream and soon he'd be back in his own body.

"Oh good morning sweetie! I'm so glad you woke up on time, it's going to be a wonderful day!"

"What? Claire what happened?"

"Now, now honey. Everything's fine. Listen, let's get you dressed."

Alex wanted to say something but his mouth hung open. He was in shock.

Claire walked over to the cupboard and opened it. Inside Alex saw over a dozen outfits, all folded perfectly. They were in the guest room now but he didn't remember when they got all this new furniture. He had painted the walls pink himself, in case he and his wife were ever able to have the baby girl that she wanted.

"Do you want the pink bows today Lexi? I know that's your favorite. Or do you want the red dress?"

Alex wanted to tell her to shut up. He wanted to tell her that this was all some kind of mistake and it was really him, her husband. Had she done this to him? He opened his mouth but he couldn't find the swear words that he really wanted to say.

"I... I don't want any of them!"

Claire folded her arms and frowned downwards at Alex.

"Now, I know this is going to be difficult for you because it's your first day of school, but that doesn't mean I am going to tolerate any bad behavior missy. You can't go to school naked dear."

Alex tried to process all of the feelings that were going through him. It was just too much to handle. His wife looked at him sternly and prodded him to make a decision. He wanted to tell her to go fuck herself, that this was crazy. He couldn't believe this, she was such a bitch. He opened his mouth but nothing came out. He could hear his tiny little voice trembling and he started to cry. Tears streamed down his cute girly face.

The tears were big and wet. He put his hands up to cover his eyes and collapsed down on the ground. This was horrible, he was so emotional.

"Awwh. There, there sweetie. It's okay, Mommy's here."

Claire's hands felt large on Alex's face as she brushed the wavy blonde hair out of his eyes. She picked him up off the ground and brought him close, hugging him. It was like Alex was hit with a force field. He wanted to turn away but she was so strong and there was nothing he could do. His wife held him in her arms and wiped away his tears.

Still sniffing, Alex looked up into his wife's eyes.

"Claire, what happened? Tell me what's going on."

"Well, it's quite simple Alexis. We have to put on your clothes so you can go to your first day of kindergarten. You're a big girl now and big girls have to go to school. Mommy won't be able to come with you but I'll see you after school when you're done."

“No... No. Claire. Please.”

“You’re my daughter now and your new name is Alexis. So you’d better get used to it and get ready for school. Also you should call me Mommy now, because that’s what little girls call their Mommies. And you want to make sure you call me properly and that you don’t misbehave. You know that it makes Mommy sad when she has to punish you.”

Alex coughed so hard he almost started choking. This fucking bitch! Fuck! She had done this too him. He couldn’t be a little girl! He was a man; a big muscular man with lots of friends and a hot wife. He was in charge of this household and what he said went. There was no way he could be a little girl. He didn’t even know how to be a little girl.

Alex started crying again, it was all so overwhelming. When Claire pulled him into a tighter embrace, he started wailing at her stomach with his tiny fists. He hated her so much. Claire grabbed his hands and looked at him menacingly straight in the eyes.

“That’s not very nice. We don’t punch.” Now come on, you’re getting dressed.”

Claire grabbed the red dress in one hand and slid it over Alex’s head with the other. It was so cute, perfect for his first day at school. Red, with black polka dots, it looked great on him. His long blonde hair hadn’t pulled through the neck hole so Claire pulled it through gently. She brought him over to the mirror and picked up a pink girly hairbrush.

It felt shamefully good when she brushed his hair. It was like he was getting a massage and each knot that was brushed out was a relaxing squeeze by a masseuse. Claire was really good at this. He always knew she’d make a good mother. It all came so naturally to her. Alex cleared his throat and wiped away the last tears on his rosy cheeks.

“Claire?... When can you change me back?”

A swift smack to his bottom made Alex wince with pain. He couldn’t believe that she hit him. She was the only person that he could trust and she just spanked him like that! It hadn’t been that hard of a slap, so why did it hurt so much? Maybe because he hadn’t been expecting it, it hurt more. He could feel the tears starting welling up again.

“You call me Mommy now, sweetheart. Like a proper little girl.”

Alex’s gaze drifted back to the mirror. His mommy was done combing his hair. It looked so good now, and his dress was super cute. He didn’t have much of a choice.

All he could do was hope that there was some way to eventually turn back to a man.
But for now he was going to have to accept being Alexis.

Chapter 3

Shoelaces were suddenly so difficult to tie. He just couldn't get them around his fingers properly; they always slipped away at the last second. Alexis called for his mommy to come help him with them. He still couldn't get used to his new voice. It sounded like he'd been inhaling helium. Claire came over quickly and did up Lexi's shoes.

"It's okay baby. I'm sure your just getting used to your new body. You'll be able to tie your shoelaces by yourself again soon."

Alexis had that pouty look on his face again. He couldn't believe her mommy was going to make him go to this stupid school. He didn't want to play with other kids – He should be a grown man for christsakes. There was no way that he was going to be able to make it through the day. All of the teachers and older classmates would have authority over him and tell him what to do. It sounded like hell.

In the car, Lexi sat in the back in a bumper seat. His blonde curls bounced with every bump in the road. Mommy took sips from her big mug and glanced in the mirror occasionally back at Lexi. She smiled her smug smile. Lexi fidgeted and tried to look out the window. His eyes barely came up to the window. It was so boring in the back seat, even though the school was only five minutes away. He kicked the front seat in front of him. He couldn't believe his attention span was shrinking this much.

When the car stopped, Lexi's heart dropped. Oh god, was he really going to do this? His Mummy opened the side door and undid her seatbelt. Claire had to pick her daughter up by the waist to bring her down from the car. Doing this brought Alexis' face right up to Claire's firm boobs. God, they still looked so spectacular. Alexis wished he could grab them and play with them like he used to. He just wanted to bite into them. He started to think about if he would ever grow tits as big as that one day, but cut his thoughts short. Of course he wouldn't. He would be back to being a man soon enough.

At the kindergarten sign up desk a tall man patted Lexi on the head. His pats felt heavy, she didn't like them. And they probably messed up her hair too. He leaned down and looked at him face to face.

"Hi Sweat heart! Welcome to Kindergarten!"

Why was everyone talking to Alex in such a high voice like that? It was so annoying. He knew that he was a little girl; he didn't need a reminder every time

someone opened their mouth. Mommy bent down as well and kissed her daughter on the cheek.

“Ok honey! Here you go. Have a fun day playing with all your new friends! Mommy will be back in four hours. It will go by quickly, I promise. You’ll forget I even left you!”

Alexis looked into the kindergarten room. He was the youngest age possible and older boys and girls were running around. They were probably going to pull his hair and tease him for not acting like a real little girl. There was no way that he could accurately pretend to be a little snot-nosed brat! And Claire was going to leave him there for four whole hours? Oh god, this was going to be torture.

Alexis felt the tears welling up again as his Mommy started to stand up. No! She couldn’t leave him here like this. His whole face scrunched up a couple of seconds later the waterworks started pouring down his face. Claire looked at her with a mixture of understanding and disappointment.

“Come on now Alexis. We talked about this. You’re a big girl now. Big girls have to go to school, okay?”

Alexis wanted to do anything in the world except walk through those kindergarten doors. Being a little girl was one thing, but don’t make her interact with all the other kids her age. He wanted to tell Claire how evil she was. That’s what this was, pure evil. Through her sobs all that came out was,

“Mommy... I’m not a big girl. I don’t want to go!” Alexis hugged his mommy hard, around the knees. “Pwease, don’t leave mummy!”

The teacher placed a hand on Claire’s shoulder.

“Sometimes it’s easier if you just leave. She’ll be fine.”

Claire nodded and the man took Alexis’ hand and pointed her to the classroom.

“Look Alexis, look how much fun they’re having. Don’t you want to go play?”

Alexis took a quick glance. Kids were building something with blocks. They were just stupid little kids, he couldn’t be there. By the time he turned back, her Mommy was gone.

Chapter 4

On her way out of the school, a man stopped Claire.

“Ooh your daughter was so cute, crying like that. You’re lucky you know, she didn’t have a real temper tantrum like my girl.”

Claire laughed. She supposed it did go well. Yesterday she didn’t even have a daughter, and today her little girl was learning how to interact socially with all the other kids.

“Yes, she’s my little angel. She can’t stay away from her Mommy for more than five minutes. I’m Claire.”

“Nice to meet you Claire. I’m Edward,” said the man as he extended his hand.

Claire bit her lip and gazed into Edward’s dark eyes. Fuck, he was hot. He must’ve been over 6 feet tall, probably 6’2” at least. His shoulders were so broad and thick... she just wanted to wrap her arms around his neck and start making out with him. And his hair! His skin was a creamy chocolate color, to die for. The fact that was a father just made him all that hotter. This was a man who could handle responsibility. This was a real man, and he was black too. Claire had never been with a black man before.

Claire caught her breath. Hopefully she hadn’t swooned that hard. She could feel her cheeks start to blush. It had been a while since Claire had flirted with anyone, but she did her best. She laughed at every one of his jokes and twirled her shiny black hair while she smiled at him. This man had charm and a good wit. He was just so fucking handsome. And apparently he lived in the same neighborhood as her. How had she never noticed him before? She could feel the lust in her pants as he was talking about his work or something. She couldn’t really concentrate on what exactly he was saying. All she knew was the she wanted this man.

She hadn’t even given a thought to the fact that she could start dating again. But now that she was rid of her smelly ex-husband she realized that she could do anything she wanted to. No one would be able to tell her not to go out with her guy friends. She could fuck anyone and anything she wanted to. Besides, she could use some help around the house now that she had Alexis. It was tiring caring for a little girl all the time.

Claire decided that she needed some more clothing for Alexis. The shopping mall was busy, and Claire was just one of what seemed like hundreds of new mothers shopping for their little ones. She purchased a few nice summer dresses. They would be perfect

for her, she needed to be able to roam around freely. Most of the items she bought were pink or red, but she did try to spice it up a little bit. She caught herself looking at other moms shopping for little boys. That would've been a nightmare, with the running around and breaking things. She was so lucky to have a cute little girl. Alexis was so cordial and easy going. Yes, girls were much better than boys.

After purchasing a few more hair accessories and earrings for her little sweetheart, it was time to go pick her up at Kindergarten. The days went by so quickly when you had little kids. She was grateful for the time off though, school offered a welcomed break from parenting.

She hopped in her Range Rover with her shopping goodies in the back. It was a recently purchased car; her ex-husband would never have allowed her to buy it. But now that she had a kiddy to keep safe, she could justify it. Alexis meant the world to her and sometimes you had to make sacrifices to protect the ones you love. There was nothing safer than a Range Rover and the peace of mind it provided was priceless.

Chapter 5

His first day of Kindergarten had been hell, but Alexis was glad that it was over. Now he could focus on trying to get turned back into a man instead of coloring and playing with blocks. All the boys had been so mean to him at school, too. They pulled his hair and called him names. The teacher said that it was because they like him, but he didn't think so. They were just bullies. There was no way he was going back there.

"How was school honey? Did you have a good first day?"

"Noo! I don't like it!"

"Oh come on now, don't be sour. The teacher says you made a friend, Sydney. Is that right?"

Well she got him there. She was partially right, he had been hanging out with a six year old named Sydney, but only to get away from the mean older boys.

When his mom picked him up he didn't recognize the car that she drove, but he knew better than to question her. She was calling the shots now and he didn't want to give her any reason to punish him. He sat in his bumper seat quietly, his blonde curls bouncing on his back.

At home he sat in his room. There were some dolls and other girly toys laid out on his floor, but he didn't dare touch them. He still hoped that someday he would be able to change back. He sat on his bed, staring at the teenage doll girl. Would it be so bad if he picked it up? If he was really going to have to blend in as a little girl then he would have to learn to play the part. And it was so cute, big blue eyes and blonde hair. It looked just like him, but older. He wondered if he would look that good when he grew up.

The doorbell rang and he could hear his mom spring up to get it. He slowly made his way down the stairs by sitting on each one and sliding down them. He sat on the third step and watched as a man came into the house and greeted Claire with a kiss on the cheek. Oh god, he was so big and manly. Alexis tried to hide herself behind the stair handrail but he couldn't stop himself from looking. Was this man fucking the woman that he called his wife? Fuck, had she been cheating on him? His body felt like it weighed 1000 pounds.

"Lexi, dear. Come down and meet our guest!" Claire had a big smile on her face and she was wearing a black transparent blouse. From up on the stairs, Alexis could see right down her cleavage and big firm tits. The look on her face was almost overly

sincere, like she knew how much pain she was about to put him through. She looked fantastic... Alexis didn't remember the last time she put that much make-up on.

Alexis warily waddled down the last few steps. He looked up to see big broad shoulders and a smile. A giant hand came to down pat him on the head, messing up his curls.

"Hi Alexis! I've heard so much about you! I'm Edward!"

Edward's tone was high pitched, like he was talking to a dog or a baby. Alexis stared up at him, wide eyed. He looked so cute and scared of the big new man at that moment. He wanted to tell Claire to go fuck herself, and that he wouldn't let her cheat on him. Was this new guy supposed to replace him? He was so young and... handsome. He couldn't let this stud come in here and fuck his wife! He wanted to swear at Claire, and ask her who the fuck this guy was. But he couldn't find the words. All that could come out was,

"Mister...Ah, Ah, - Are you gonna make me a sister?"

The adults howled with laughter. No! This wasn't supposed to happen. He was so embarrassed. It was so annoying that he couldn't remember the swear words that he used to know as an adult man. He would've used them all right now. He meant to tell Edward that there was no way he could fuck his beautiful wife, but the only words he knew were those of a five year old. Shame washed over him. He couldn't believe it had come to this. Was he going to be forced to hear his wife take it from this man while he was trying to sleep in his pink silk sheets? He vowed to try to stay awake past his bedtime and put a stop to Claire's evil plan.

Alexis hung his head in shame and ran away. He tried to distract himself by playing with his dolls or reading. It seemed he had almost forgotten how to read. All the words seem so much longer and complex now. He hoped he wasn't truly forgetting everything that he used to know. Losing his body was one thing, but it seemed like he was actually becoming a dumb little girl. He had to try to hold onto his mind as long as he could.

His Mommy called him down for dinner and he ran into the kitchen with a smile as cute as a button. That was until he remembered that they had a visitor. How had he forgotten! Oh my god. His Mommy took him and put him up in his special Big Girl chair at the table. He eyed down Edward. How dare he come into his house and sleep with his woman, right in front of him! The adults were talking, but it wasn't making much sense to him. As hard as he tried to pay attention he was confused by their big words. They never said exactly what they meant. He hated them. Except his Mommy, he loved her.

“Alexis, you haven’t touched your vegetables!”

“I don’t want them.” Vegetables tasted so bad these days. Nobody likes them, they are just so yucky.

“Alexis, you know you have to eat them.”

“I said I don’t want them!” Edward winced at the sound of his high pitched yell. But Claire knew exactly what to do. She gathered some greens on her fork and made a playful face at her daughter.

“Here comes the airplane hunny!”

Oh no, the airplane game! Alexis hated this. His mommy moved her fork around in the air, getting closer to his mouth. He held it firmly shut. There was no way he was going to let her in there. Vegetables were not happening today. He wanted to wipe the shit-eating grin off of his wife’s face.

Laughter exploded from Alexis. NO! She was tickling him! He couldn’t contain it. His little girl limbs were flying all over the place. He tried to squeeze his elbows against his body but his Mommy kept finding a way to tickle him. When he calmed down the airplane went straight into his mouth. A full forkful of Brussel sprouts.

She had tricked him! (*Eeeeeeeeeeeeh*) Alexis whined. He hated vegetables. Why was his mommy so mean. He shrieked loudly. He didn’t want any damn vegetables!

“Alexis, stop that. You’re a big girl and there’s no crying at the dinner table. No tempur tantrums.”

His Mommy looked at him sternly and Alexis stopped whining. Edward had a serious look on his face. Alexis gave up, they had won. He would have to eat his vegetables, for today. But he vowed to get back at his evil Mommy in the future. He saw a twinkle in his Mommy’s eye. Maybe it would be his new sister.

Turned Into His Wife's Daughter (Book 2)

Chapter One – Sara

The good placemats were a little bit dusty. Sara didn't remember the last time they'd been used. But today was a special occasion, for the love of her life was coming home from an overseas deployment. She carefully tightened up every nook and cranny in the house, trying to make it look exactly as it was before her husband, Jack, left.

Even though this was a stressful day, it wasn't near as stressful as the last eighteen months had been. Jack being gone had been torturous for their relationship. It started out great at first, sure. But as the weeks dragged on the couple found that they had less and less to talk about. Soon their skype sessions were spent staring at each other, trying to think of things to say. Their lives were just so different, and Jack didn't want to talk about anything he'd experienced on the ground. So he was mostly silent, nodding along to his wife's latest gossip about her office job and yoga girlfriends.

Deployment had been hard, but it had hopefully been worth it for her dear husband. He would soon find out if he was getting a promotion to a high ranking position, right here in D.C. It wasn't that they needed the money; Sara's job paid her quite well. The two had just always been career focused. It was their way of life. Sara just knew that all of his hard work would pay off, and they could go back to being a normal couple.

Sara fussed her long dark hair into some beautiful curls. Looking in the mirror, she made up her face. She was only twenty eight, but she felt like the last year and a half had aged her dramatically. Of course her friends all told her that was ridiculous; she was still drop dead gorgeous. Sara was still the same stunning girl who had won all those beauty pageants at eighteen, but she was just more womanly now. Her breasts and her ass were bigger, but her skin still shone brightly and her lips were the same: deliciously thick and red. She smiled her signature smile and her big pearly whites beamed back at her. That was what made Jack fall in love with her all those years ago back in high school.

Partly what had made the deployment so difficult was all the attention she got

around the city. Everywhere she went powerful politicians and wealthy bureaucrats made it obvious that they would take her in a heartbeat. Not having a man at home only made her more sexually frustrated and raised her stress levels. Sara never cheated on Jack, but she thought about it many times. In fact, that fantasy was one of the only things that had been able to get her off in recent months. It would have been easy and satisfying, but she resisted it for the benefit of her marriage.

To distract herself, Sara kept busy with yoga classes. Almost every day after work there was some sort of session that she was involved in. It kept her young and fit. In fact, she was the most flexible she'd been years. If you had told her seven years ago that she would be a stereotypical yoga mom at age twenty eight, she wouldn't have believed you. But yet here she was. The only thing she was missing was the 'mom' part.

Almost all of her classmates in the yoga studio were mothers. Hell, some of them were even doing yoga while pregnant. It was no secret to Sara that her prime child bearing years were slipping through her fingers. She turned twenty nine soon and she could almost feel her clock ticking. She had tried to have kids before he left, but it simply wasn't working. Jack's failures had only added to the tensions in their relationship. Sara didn't understand how a strong military man like Jack could be so useless in bed.

Every day she had to go in to yoga class and hear about all the other women's little girls and boys. She couldn't go a single week without people asking her if she was trying for a baby. It was torture, really. Every one of them was watching her belly, to see if she had gotten pregnant. And for what? They all knew her husband was away with the military!

Envy had quickly turned into resent and jealousy. Sara wanted what those other woman had so badly. She wanted to hold her little girl in her hands and show her the wonders of life. Her daughter's first make-up, first period, first kiss; she wanted to share all these things with a little girl and they were constantly on her mind.

That was why everything had to be just perfect for Jack's arrival. The two would quickly re-new their love for each other and enjoy a wonderful evening. They would consummate their reunion with a passionate love making session, and nine months later, Sara could have what she always wanted. Jack was often a condescending pick and Sara suspected he'd cheated on her before. But she'd forgive all of that if he could give her a beautiful little princess.

Chapter Two - Jack

The plane touched down on the tarmac and Jack jolted awake. Jack was home, he was finally stateside! It had been a hell of a trip. He had seen things, horrifying things that haunted his nightmares. But he also had some of the most pleasant and interesting experiences of his lifetime. He had walked through crowded supermarkets and had children hand him flowers. He had seen the sunset from the top of a mountain range and enjoyed foods that his taste buds still couldn't even comprehend.

And he had been fucking his gorgeous superior, the exotic Alina Li. Jack made no excuses for his infidelity, his relationship with Sara was over. There would be no way to reconcile with her after this latest fuck up. From his point of view, the two had been growing apart for some time. His recent problems in the bedroom had just been the spark of the latest fight.

Well, it was that, and that he couldn't say no to an amazing piece of pussy. Alina certainly was quite the catch. A stand out at military college, she had somehow already risen to the rank of Lieutenant. Alina was a Chinese-American with piercing black eyes and a killer body. Jack was getting hard just thinking of the dirty things they did to each other in foreign territory. With Sara, he had always been in control, dominating every decision except the sexual ones. It was a nice change that the lieutenant was more forceful and upfront. As his superior, he had to do everything she said.

A black SUV picked up Jack from the airport. Due to his new relationship with Alina, he was in line for a big promotion. That meant that he got preferential transportation service, so he figured he would give it a try. He had worked hard and deserved a chauffeur. Normally Jack would get his wife to pick him up, but he wanted some time to plan his break up with her.

He knew she wasn't going to take it well. Sara was always so goddamn emotional. Honestly, she was such a bitch sometimes, always nagging him about stupid shit. The good news is that he didn't have a lot of clothes or anything, so he'd be able to leave right away after their screaming match. Alina was coming back on the next plane, in twenty four hours. She would pick him up and they could start living together in America. It was an exciting time, but he was truly nervous. All of this change at once was stressful.

As the drive pulled into his driveway, he felt a pit in his stomach. This was going to absolutely crush his wife. It was too late to feel regret, but ... fuck. She hadn't

done anything wrong to him and now he was going to destroy her world. They had been together since high school, for christ'ssakes. He could just imagine her now, so excited that he was coming home, just in time for the holidays.

With a sigh he gathered his bags and readied himself for the world of hurt that was about to rain down. Jack didn't even take a step on the walkway before the door swung open and the beautiful Sara ran towards him. With a huge smile on her face, she threw her arms around his neck. Jack dropped his bags and hugged her back. What else could he do? He decided to make it swift. There was no use in waiting. He stepped back from his lovely wife's embrace and teary eyes.

"Honey... Um. I'm just here to get a few things." She looked up at him like a lost puppy, not comprehending what Jack had just said.

"Wha – What?"

"Yeah... I want a... We're getting a divorce." He tried to say it as deadpan as possible. The waterworks started flowing. Jack felt horrible. There was no worse feeling than making a woman cry. But the despair quickly turned into anger, and Sara started punching her husband in the chest. She shrieked at him in the driveway. Jack couldn't make any sense of it, it just sounded like random swear words in between the incessant sobs. Sara marched inside and slammed the door, rattling the foundation of the house. He could still hear her screaming.

That hadn't been too bad. Jack was done with this boring broad and was ready to move on with life. He would finally be free from all of her bullshit and annoyances. His guilt was only surface deep and would be gone soon. The pain of the breakup would leave when he was with his wonderful new lover. Her smooth Asian skin and soft touches would wash any regrets he had away.

Sara had been through a lot. He owed it to her to at least make sure she was okay, and wasn't going to hang herself or something. Besides, he still had stuff in the house he had to pick up and he didn't have a place to stay.

Tiptoeing into the house, he surveyed the life that they used to have together. The living room was spotless of course, but he had never appreciated his wife's cleaning. That was what she was good at, anyways – woman's work. She was just so irritating and uptight. The house was almost too clean and he couldn't wait to get out of there.

Sara had locked herself in the master bedroom and wasn't coming out. Well, she probably needed some space anyways. He started to say how sorry he was through the bedroom door, but stopped talking when she didn't respond. Fuck her, anyways. He receded to the couch in the living room. If she didn't want to talk the divorce through

like adults, that was her fault.

Jack yawned and lay out on the couch. All of the travelling was catching up with him. He had 24 hours until Alina was picking him up here. A little nap wouldn't hurt, he figured. He didn't have to worry about Sara hurting him or anything, it wasn't in her nature. Besides, she was so frail and weak anyways. That was the last thing Jack remembered thinking about as a man.

Chapter Three - Jackie

Jack pulled the covers up over his body. He was finally home from his tour of duty and deserved a nice sleep in. But he had gone to sleep on the couch, where did this blanket come from? Grudgingly, he opened his eyes. The first thing he noticed was that the bed covers were all pink and frilly. That wasn't right. What the fuck had happened?

In a disoriented state, he jumped out of the bed and landed on his butt. *Wham!* Ow, that had hurt! Since when was it such a big jump to get down from the bed? Slowly, his eyes registered what he was seeing. Less than 30 cm away from him were tiny toes attached to two cute feet. He held his arms out in front of him. Oh god, his big military trained muscles were gone, replaced with twig like little arms.

Jack panicked. This couldn't be! He felt so many emotions at once. Anger and confusion washed over him. This had to be some sort of dream, it was impossible! Why the fuck was he in the body of a little girl? Suddenly, everything was too much to handle. Big tears streamed down his tiny heart shaped face. A voice wailed but it wasn't his. He sounded like a high pitched baby, that wasn't right!

He felt down between his legs. Oh god, no. Fuck no. His reliable six inch cock was gone, replaced with a sleek, hairless nothing. He had gone from military husband to four year old girl overnight, and there was nothing he could do except have a temper tantrum naked on the floor. This wasn't so wrong! There had to be some sort of mistake. Usually his nightmares focused on dangerous foreign operatives, but this was something else. This was a special kind of hell.

The door swung open and Sara rushed in. She kissed him on his cute plump cheeks.

"What's wrong darling? I heard you crying, are you okay?"

Jack was shocked. Had she done this to him? What a fucking bitch! He wanted to tell her off. He wanted to punch her in the face. But he couldn't find the words. All that came out was a high pitched girly voice,

"What happened mommy?" he said, in between sobs. No! He had called her mommy. What the fuck! This was crazy. This wasn't supposed to happen. How did his annoying wife turn him into a little girl?

Sara brushed the long blonde hair out of her daughter's eyes. It was so long and curly like a cute little princess.

“Well Jack, you were a bad boy and you had to be punished. So now you’re going to be Jackie, my baby girl. Isn’t that great?”

Jackie caught his breathe and stopped the tears for a minute. No, that fucking was not all right. He wasn’t just going to roll over and accept whatever twisted fantasy this woman had planned. He crossed his arms and looked at Sara with his new big blue eyes.

“No! I don’t want to!” His new voice was going to take some getting used to. It was so ridiculous that it sounded like he had just inhaled a bunch of helium.

Sara hugged her little girl, bringing her close. “There, there. It’s going to be okay. Now, let’s get you dressed.”

She opened the drawers, displaying a dozen outfits properly folded and all ready for a little princess to look fabulous in. Jackie realized that she must’ve been planning this for some time. He looked around the room and noted that it was the old guest room. She must’ve painted the walls pink while he was gone overseas. She was a devious psychopath, this wife of his. Fuck, he was in a bad position.

Jackie had two options, the cute pink dress with the bows or the black tights and skirt. There was no way he was actually going to wear these little kids clothes. This was all just some sort of sick fantasy and he refused to let it go on any longer.

“Which one do you want today sweetie? I know the pink dress is your favorite.” Her tone was patronizing. Did she have to actually talk to him like he was an idiot? This was it, he was going to tell her to take those clothes and shove them up her ass! But his new mouth couldn’t form the swear words that he wanted to say.

The precious little blonde girl nervously looked at the ground. “I... I don’t want any of them! I hate them!” Jackie had defied his mommy. She gave him a look of disapproval and pushed the dress towards him. Jackie pushed it away and started to flail his tiny little fists at his mommy.

Sara calmly held Jackie’s hands. “No, we don’t punch. That’s being naughty, and you’re gonna be a good little girl, aren’t you?”

There was nothing Jackie could do. She was just so much stronger than him. He couldn’t move his little girly fists under her iron grip, it was useless. Exhausted, he fell down towards his wife. She promptly picked him up and held him close. Before he even knew what was happening, the frilly pink dress was over his head and on his new body. Fuck!

“Now let’s comb that beautiful hair of yours, honey bun.” She picked up her

daughter with one hand and plopped her in front of the mirror. Sara grabbed a pink hair brush with pictures of cartoon princesses on it.

Jackie's little heart jumped when he saw himself in the mirror. Looking back at him was an adorable toddler, no more than four or five years old. He had big pouty lips and wide blue eyes. A frown developed on his cute plump face as his mommy teased his gorgeous blonde hair. Every brush of his hair was a new, pulling sensation and it hurt a lot. His tiny little body had very sensitive pain reception. Jackie pulled his head away from his mommy. "That hurts Sara!"

"Now, now sweetie. I am your mommy and that's what you are to call me now, understand?" His beautiful ex-wife crossed her arms. "We have to brush the knots out of your hair or it will stay all tangled. Be a good little girl now, come on."

No way, thought Jackie. This was ridiculous. He simply wouldn't stand for it, this was beyond torture. He couldn't believe how twisted Sara was being. This wasn't the doting, loving wife that he remembered! No, this was pure evil and psychopathic. She should be incarcerated for this madness!

He did the only thing he could do, and bolted for the door. But his little feet could only carry him so fast. And when he got to the door, he realized that he couldn't reach up to the door handle. Damnit! She had trapped him!

Before he knew it, his mommy scooped him up in her arms and sat with her little girl on the bed. Jackie struggled to get free but she was too strong. She turned him over and held his precious body down. There was nothing he could do as she lifted up his pink girly dress and exposed his bare baby bottom. With force, his ex-wife's firm hand came down and slapped him on the butt. Jackie's high pitched screamed pierced the air. Pain railed through his tiny little body. He couldn't believe she was actually doing this to him. His cute little bottom was left raw and red. His brain's neurons were firing so fast that he couldn't process all the pain he was in.

Jackie squirmed in his mommy's lap. He was in too much agony to cry and he had to get away from this crazy, dastardly woman. Again, Sara held him in place and raised her hand. "We're going to learn how to be a proper little princess, aren't we?" the inflection in her voice was like she was talking to a puppy. She spanked him again, hard, causing Jackie to wince. He had been through military training and seen live combat as a full grown man. But nothing had hurt him as much as Sara spanking him squarely on his bare girl bottom. "We're going to call our mommy by the right name, and we're going to get dressed and brush our hair like a big girl. Isn't that right?"

Her hand came down for a third time and there was nothing Jackie could do

about it. He lay on his mommy's lap, resigned to take his spanking. Tears rained down his little girly face. It was just so cruel and evil. Defeated, he slowly realized that he was going to have to learn how to be a four year old girl. He was going to have to behave properly, for now. Jackie simply couldn't risk upsetting his mommy like that again. The pain was just too much for his little body to take.

His ass still battered red from his spanking, Sara held him up against her generous breasts. Mother and daughter embraced, and she kissed him tenderly on his rosy cheeks. Jackie immediately started to feel a little better.

"There, there sweetie. It's all going to be okay."

Without missing a beat, Sara continued where she left off with her daughter's hair. She labored over it, and made sure to get every single knot out. After all, a beautiful little girl needed to have well-kept hair. Jackie sat silently as she attended to him. Every stroke of the brush pulled his thick blonde hair, but he could deal with the discomfort. It was much better than the alternative.

Chapter Four – Jackie

Since when had coloring between the lines been so difficult, Jackie asked himself. His little hands found it difficult to grip the crayons properly for any period of time. As a result, his princess drawing looked like a distracted little boy had done it, not a proper little girl. He put his hands to his face and took a deep breath. This was his reality now; he was a toddler and had to learn how to do girly things.

He could hear Sara preparing dinner in the kitchen. He resented her so much for what he did. Just because he hadn't been able to give her a kid, he didn't deserve this. It was cruel and unusual punishment. And it was all so strange and different from what he was used to. He couldn't tie his shoes. He couldn't open doors. It was really going to take some time for him to be comfortable with his new found femininity and role in the house.

Sara's heels clicked her way into the living room. "Aww, well that's a really good try sweet heart. Listen, I'm sure you just have to get used to being a little girl and then everything will get easier for you. Here are some more coloring pages, I know you love them!" Her smile beamed like a true proud mother.

Jackie stood and continued his coloring. It still hurt to sit. He thought about his life's goals and dreams. This wasn't anywhere near where he expected himself to be. There had to be a way to turn back into the macho man that he used to be. Whether it was magic or some sort of scientific discovery, he didn't care. If he had been able to turn into a little girl, there had to be a way to turn back.

He could call the cops, but what good would that do? No one would believe an innocent little girl saying that she used to be a 200 pound man. It was ridiculous. His only hope was to recruit his love, Alina. Jackie needed an adult on his side to help him wage war against his mommy.

Chapter 4 – Sara and Jackie

Sara set the dinner table grinning ear to ear. She was the most satisfied she'd been in years! She finally had a darling little girl in this world to teach and share new experiences with. Truth be told, she expected that her husband had been cheating on her for some time. But even her suspicions hadn't helped to soften the blow when he finally told her. Jack had a lot of flaws, but she had been the perfect wife. She wasn't going to roll over and take that abuse lying down. For 18 months she had stayed at home, not talking to any other men. Fuck that bullshit, and fuck his sorry cheating ass. That was why she decided to turn him into a little girl. It was a lesson he would never forget and now he would know what it felt like to lose everything.

The adorable little girl she'd acquired had just been a bonus. Now she was a true mother like all the other yoga women, and she could just tell them that Jack was away with the military again. Originally, she had planned to turn Jack back into a man the next day, but he was being too naughty. And besides, she really enjoyed his company as an adorable toddler. He was much more agreeable now than when he'd been a man.

The doorbell rang, and Sara's heart rate went up. She hadn't shown off her new little girl to anyone yet! She rushed from the kitchen to answer it. A stunning Asian woman answered the door.

"Hi there. I'm here for Jack." She flipped her shiny black hair to the side

Sara stared with her mouth open. Oh my god, this was the slut that her husband had been fucking! She was so classy and her hot. Her facial features were so well defined. Was she younger than Sara? It was so hard to tell. This fucking bitch!

"Oh, Jack's not here right now," she said with a fake smile. "You must be...?"

"Alina. His supervisor." The sass in her tone was evident. She wasn't here to play games.

The two women had a staring contest in the doorway. They were interrupted by a tiny high pitched voice.

"Allee nah!" said the delightful little blonde girl by her mother's knees.

The tension in the wonderful Asian woman's eyes disappeared as she looked down to Jackie. "Oh my god, she's so cute!" She leaned down and patted Jackie on his blonde curls.

The implications of what she was seeing quickly returned shock to her face. "But, he

never told me had a daughter! How is this possible?”

“Well I bet there were a lot of things that he never told you. Do you really think you’re the first one?” Sara laughed. It wasn’t true, but a genius idea had come to her mind.

Alina’s shoulders dropped. She was obviously devastated. This confident young lieutenant looked like she was going to lose her composure.

Again a tiny voice pierced through the awkwardness. “I know Alee naah! Me am Jack!”

The two laughed at Jackie’s outburst. “Well, I guess he’s already told my daughter about you!” Sara could feel how upset Alina was. After all, she’d just been through something similar. “Hey, do you want to come inside for some dinner?” The warm smile returned to her face, this could be fun.

Alina followed Sara inside and took off her leather jacket. Her toned figure was truly impressive. It looked like she could whip a few military men into shape. She was wearing a deep neck, black blouse. It really showed off her firm tits.

“Dinner is almost ready. We were just playing dress up before you got here. Want to join?”

“Sure,” sighed Alina. It wasn’t like she had anything better to do. She was absolutely going to ream out Jack when he got back from wherever he was.

“Jackie here was playing with my make-up. I know she’s a little young, but it’s just mascara. She’s getting really interested in beauty and a woman hood. She loves her dolls.”

It dawned on Jackie what they were about to do to him. Oh god, no! He hated make-up. He had worn some for a musical production in grade school, when he was a boy, and it was so gross. But what other choice did he have? No one would take anything he did seriously. He had to find some way to talk to Alina privately, or write her a note on the computer or something. Reluctantly, he climbed up to the big girl chair.

The two gorgeous women beamed at him. “Open your eyes wide sweetie!” He wished he could just close them instead and this would all go away. Jackie did as they asked and the make-up applicator swooped down and brushed up his thick girly eyelashes. He wanted to yell and cause a scene. But he didn’t dare have a temper tantrum with Alina in the house. Mommy would spank him for sure!

He batted his eyelashes. Wow, they had really grown! He was like a real little girl now, so feminine in his pink dress and make-up. He wondered how they would torture

him next.

“You look like one of your pretty dollies now sweetie!” It was like Sara was mocking him.

“You’re going to be a heartbreaker when you’re older, you know that?” said Alina.

The three sat for dinner, Jackie in the toddler chair. He wasn’t quite tall enough to sit in the big girl seat yet. The two adults droned on about men and how stupid they were. Jackie almost caught himself being thankful that he wasn’t a boy. For some reason the women’s conversation was getting harder to follow for him. They were using a lot of big words and they didn’t always make sense to him.

He hoped he wasn’t losing his mind too, his body had been enough. But why was everything so complicated and difficult? He could barely string two sentences together. At the dinner table, he tried to tell Alina that this was all a big mistake, that he really was her new lover. But the words just wouldn’t come out. Jackie’s vocabulary was limited to one or two syllable words, how the hell could he communicate like this? His wife wasn’t just evil, she was sick.

The peas in his spoon wouldn’t cooperate, he kept dropping them on the floor. Why did everything have to be a struggle? And they didn’t taste like the used to, either. He didn’t like them. Little girls shouldn’t have to eat vegetables, he decided.

He watched the adults laugh over a glass of wine. It looked like they were really getting along. Alina was supposed to be his, but his rotten mommy had stolen that too! There was nothing left he had in this world. Anything that he wanted now had to be approved by his mommy. And she could be so mean sometimes. Jackie spit some peas out and made a disgusted face, but neither of the adults noticed. And why was he so tired all of a sudden? It was barely seven p.m., for crying out loud.

Closing his eyes for a second, he drifted to sleep. But he jerked awake again when his little head hit the placement. He opened his eyes to see two sexy women, his mommy and Alina, with their lips locked in a passionate kiss. Jackie shrieked with horror! No, no, no! This was all wrong. He was supposed to be the one kissing Alina. He was supposed to be the one with a new lover and a life to start over. She couldn’t steal her from him too!

Jackie’s screams filled the house. He shook his legs and arms in a full blown temper tantrum.

“Oh, it’s okay honey. It’s late, let’s get you to bed.”

His mommy picked him up and carried him, wailing, to his room. She took off his

make-up and got him ready for bed.

“Now Jackie, I know it’s hard for you. But that’s not how a proper little girl behaves, understand?”

Exhausted, Jackie nodded. He would do anything she asked as long as she didn’t spank him again. She wouldn’t really do that with a guest waiting in the house, would she?

Sara tucked him in, pulling up his pink bed sheets. It had been a long day for a new little girl and Jackie needed some rest. Sara kissed him goodnight and told him she loved him. Jackie watched as his mom left him and tip-toed out of his room.

He tried to fight the tiredness and stay awake, but it was so difficult. He drifted off to girly dreams for a couple of hours, but was awoken by a strange sound. Scared, he sat up in his bed. Did he have to call his mommy for some protection? But as he listened closely, he realized that the noise he was hearing was coming from his mommy. In fact, she was moaning with pleasure as Alina licked her between the knees. Humiliation washed over him. Sara had taken everything: his body, his mind, and now his lover. Jackie lay in bed as he heard his mistress bring his ex-wife to orgasm, something he hadn’t been able to do in a long time. The two stunning women’s bodies rubbed smoothly over each other. With each feminine groan he heard, Jackie felt his manhood disappearing in his past. Being a little girl was going to be hard.

Turned Into His Wife's Little Princess (Book 3)

Chapter 1

Any feelings of remorse had left Jason a long time ago. The familiar scent of sex hit him in the face as he pulled out of his sister-in-law's pussy. Cassidy was younger, much younger, than his wife Olivia, and her fresh pink pussy was incredibly tight. The 20 year old co-ed moaned loudly as Jason entered her deeply again. She threw her head back and grabbed on to the bed sheets with both hands. His rock hard cock took her over and over again, without protection.

It wasn't the first time that Jason had cheated on his wife, and it wouldn't be the last. The sex life in his marriage had fizzled out slowly ever since the wedding. Admittedly, that was partially due to his infidelity. So many times he had come home, reeking of another girl's perfume. And each time his wife had threatened to kick him out, but never had. Jason was just stronger than her, both emotionally and physically. Olivia held the sanctity of marriage close to her heart, and a divorce this early would have devastated her family.

It was a self-perpetuating cycle: He would cheat because his wife wouldn't have sex with him and she wouldn't have sex with him because he cheated. A couple of times he had tried to force himself on his wife, but it was much easier to just go find another random piece of ass. When he first started, he never imagined paying for sex. He soon came to realize that it was all the same, and now he wasn't below paying some hottie for a good bang session.

But he certainly hadn't needed to pay Cassidy. The sexy young sorority girl had been teasing him since the day she turned eighteen. She would casually wear revealing clothing over to their house, and made sure to giggle at all of Jason's jokes. He had been caught staring up Cassidy's skirt with a big boner in his pants on more than one occasion. Olivia had noticed, because anybody who wasn't an idiot could sense his infatuation with the younger sister. For two years it seemed like he could never get alone with Cassidy, his wife was always walking into the room just things were starting to heat up

Now he was balls deep in Cassidy's tight pussy. He pulled her long brown hair from behind, causing her to gasp. He moved his grip around to the front of her

neck. For so long she had eluded him, teasing him like the little cock slut that she was. Now Jason was in total control, dictating her body's convulsions with each thrust of his thick cock.

Cassidy was so incredibly sexy, and dominating her was going to make Jason cum quicker than he usually did. He smacked her ass hard, causing her to yelp. Jason knew he was going to cum soon, so he tried to pull out. But her pussy was so incredibly tight, and he could feel it grip his cock as he tried to withdraw. He slapped her ass again, trying to get her to loosen up, but it had the opposite effect. *Yesss! Don't stop!* He lost all the feeling in his legs as the gorgeous co-ed begged for his cock. Jason tried to stop himself from cumming, but he couldn't. He froze in place, and with a grunt he blew a massive load inside of Cassidy.

Jason collapsed onto the bed, his mind reeling from the best sex he'd had in years. He felt Cassidy's smooth skin rub over him as he lay, panting. College girls are crazy he thought; what an amazing fuck. It barely registered in his mind that he had just fucked his wife's sister without protection, and had cum deep inside of her. He blissfully dozed off to sleep, still covered in Cassidy's wetness. What a night.

Chapter 2

Jason lifted his head from on top of a pink pillow. It took him a couple of seconds to remember where he was. Last night had been amazing. Cassidy invited him out for some drinks, and he eagerly accepted. He stood out as the only guy over thirty in the college bar, but he didn't mind. He was there with the hottest girl on campus, so his slightly balding hair didn't bother him one bit. It mattered to him even less so when he went back to his sister-in-law's apartment, and fucked her senseless. Jason didn't stop for one second to ask himself why she would have chosen him over the dozens of hotter guys in the bar. He didn't care about that sort of thing, as he was ecstatic to get a chance with the young, model-like woman.

He stretched his arms, yawning contently. But his arms barely reached the bed's headrest. What the fuck? Something was very wrong. He lay on his back and held his arms up straight in the air. Attached to his feeble arms were tiny little hands, they looked like they belonged to a young child. No, no, no! He must've been dreaming. He was supposed to be a big man, an oil rig worker with a hot wife; not a pathetic little girl.

Reaching down his body, Jason found a small torso. His strong chest muscles were gone, replaced with a flat, hairless board. This was all wrong. Just yesterday he had fucked a hot young co-ed with his monster cock. Oh god, his cock. He reached down further, but his hand passed over air where it normally grabbed his thick, manly member. His heart dropped as he felt a sleek nothingness between his legs. He was as hairless as the day he was born. Gone was his reliable six inch cock, and in its place was a void emptiness.

Turning over in bed, long blonde hair fell in front of his eyes. He screamed loudly. But the voice that came out wasn't his; it was that of a four year old girl! His high pitched yell pierced the air, waking up his sister-in-law, Cassidy, who he had passionately fucked the night before. That was back when he was a man, a real man who brought home the money and cheated on his wife.

The gorgeous brunette rolled over, and sleepily opened her eyes. The sexy young college girl and the precious little toddler stared at each other for a couple of seconds, and a wide smile crept over Cassidy's face.

"Aren't we *sooo* cute!" Cassidy inflected her voice like she was talking to a baby.

Jason wanted to scream. What was she talking about! He wasn't cute! He was

handsome, rugged, and intimidating. Cute was the last thing he wanted to be!

“Wha – What?” He said timidly. His new voice was going to take some getting used to.

“Oh I guess you haven’t seen yourself yet. Come on, get in front of the mirror sweetheart,” Cassidy got out of bed. Her lean figure still looked amazing in the morning light.

Jason’s head was spinning. Sweetheart? He wasn’t no goddamn sweetheart. He took the bed covers off, and tried to get off the bed. But it was such a high drop! He landed awkwardly and fell on his butt. Pain jolted through his lower body. Why the hell did that hurt so much? He hadn’t meant to start crying, but it happened all by itself. The little blonde girl sat on the floor, bawling her eyes out.

Cassidy rushed over. “Are you okay darling? You’re fine, it was a short fall. It’s gonna take you a while to get used to your new body. You won’t be able to do some of the manly things that you used to do before. You’ll have to be much more careful.”

The tears didn’t stop. It was all so confusing. It wasn’t even possible. He couldn’t be a little girl, because that was against the laws of physics. All of his emotions overwhelmed him. Cassidy should be helping him to wake up from this nightmare, not demeaning him further. He tried to wipe the big wet tears out of his eyes, but it was hopeless.

His sister-in-law brushed the long blonde hair out of his face. She picked him up effortlessly and placed him in her lap. Jason was light and weak, so he couldn’t have stopped her if he wanted to. Cassidy wiped the tears from his eyes and held him close against her generously sized breasts. It felt good to be held by her. Jason could feel his anxieties easing away, although he still had so many questions. The tears slowly stopped, and Cassidy continued to hug him. Jason took some deep breaths. He would get through this and get turned back into a man soon, he was sure of it.

“There, there sweetie. You’re okay.” Cassidy patted the top of his head. “I know it’s been a long stay away from your mommy, but she’ll be here soon. And you had lots of fun at Auntie Cass’ house, didn’t you?” She raised her eyebrows, knowingly.

Oh god, she was mocking him, thought Jason. This fucking bitch! She had turned him into a little girl! Jason wasn’t going to take this. This was abuse! It was horrible and cruel! What had this bewitched, evil woman done to him? Jason heard the doorbell ring. He was going to absolutely ream his wife out. Olivia was surely in on this little plan. In fact, she was probably the mastermind. Jason wanted to strangle her,

to yell at her and punch her. Fuck that cunt! He wanted to be back into his old body, and now!

Jason started to run his little feet towards the front door, eager to tell his wife how much he hated her for this. But the mirror caught his attention out of the corner of his eye. He had to see if it was real. What exactly had he been turned into?

Two big blue eyes widened in surprise. His lips were big and red. They were making a pouty face. He looked like a toddler who had just gotten told it was bed time. It didn't feel real. He refused to believe those were his pouty lips and curly golden locks. But they were. When he batted his big eyelashes, the girl in the mirror batted hers. He took a couple of deep breaths. This was crazy! He looked exactly like his wife, only twenty five years younger. There must be some sort of explanation. He pinched himself, but didn't wake up from a dream. Oh god, this was going to be bad.

A woman towered into the room. She was so tall! It was his wife, Olivia. Before he had been half a foot taller than her, and now he barely came up to her knees. What kind of hell on earth was this? Olivia kneeled down, smiling.

“Hey sweetie! Come give mommy a hug!” She extended her arms.

Jason wanted to yell at her. He wanted to tell her that she should be locked up in prison for the rest of his life. But his little girly body didn't cooperate with those adult thoughts. Instead, he found his tiny little feet running towards his mommy, and leaping into her outstretched arms. She kissed him on the cheek and held him close. Mother and daughter embraced, and the two women couldn't hide their big grins.

“Did you two girls have a great time together or what?” Olivia stood up and looked down at Jason.

“Oh, we sure did,” said Cassidy.

“Come on, let's get you dressed honey. You can't leave the house naked like that,” Olivia took control of the situation. She picked up her daughter and plopped her down on a stool in front of the mirror.

Jason was dumbfounded. His words and actions weren't what he wanted them to be. He couldn't properly express himself in this body. It was bullshit! He sat, dazed, as the two older women discussed outfits for their little princess.

He stared at the mirror as Cassidy brushed his long blonde hair. It was so unruly and tangled. He had never had long hair like this before in his life. It was a strange feeling, the whole experience was. Every little pull of the hairbrush stung, like his nerves were super sensitive.

“Okay Jay, Mommy picked out a nice outfit for you. It’s one of your favorites, the pink and white dress!”

Jason suddenly felt lifted in the air, and fabric being pulled over him. He didn’t even have time to protest, as before he knew it the dress was on him. He looked at the cute little girl wearing a pink and white dress in the mirror, and had a moment of clarity. Clenching his little fists, Jason turned to his wife and scrunched up his cute little face.

“No! I don’t want it!”

Olivia crossed her arm and burrowed her brow, “Now, now. Use your big girl words. What is it you don’t want, your pink dress? You love your pink dress sweetie.”

Jason found the words he’d been looking for. “Olivia! What did you do to me!” he yelled in his high pitched voice. He was very angry for a little girl.

“Now sweetie, look. I’m your mommy now, and that’s what you are to call me. Do you understand? You’re my daughter now, and that means you have to behave like a proper little princess. Good little girls say ‘mommy’, ok dear?”

Jason’s fists unclenched. He was so emotionally and physically exhausted. Little girls didn’t have much energy it seemed. He wanted to keep fighting his wife, but her outburst had scared him. It was so much easier to accept his mommy’s word for what it was.

“Okay mommy”

Olivia beamed with joy, the two women were so happy. It looked like they had solved their problem with Jason. Less than twenty four hours ago, Olivia had an asshole husband who couldn’t leave the house without cheating on her. Now she had an adorable little princess that she could train into a proper young girl. They could have tea parties together, and play with dolls. She couldn’t wait until Jay grew up and got a boyfriend! The two of them would gossip about boys and catty girls, just like a real mother and daughter.

She had given him a couple of chances to get her pregnant, but he had never been successful. Olivia was now thirty one, and could see the end of her child bearing years. With her new little girl, she didn’t have to worry about that stuff anymore.

The possibilities continued to rattle around Olivia’s mind as Cassidy brought Jason some tiny shoes and helped him into them. With her controlling husband out of the picture, maybe she could even re-enter the dating pool. She was a gorgeous blonde with big breasts and an hourglass figure. She had high cheekbones and an amazing ass,

just like her sister. Jason's infidelity had hurt her self-confidence for the past couple of years, but the two sisters were both bombshells. Olivia knew she could have any guy in town if she really wanted to.

Jason struggled with his sneakers, even though they were Velcro. He had to sit on all fours and try to get them done up properly. Cassidy got down on the ground to help him, and she smirked the whole time. It served Jason right for being such a douche, she thought. Now he couldn't even do up his own shoes. To humiliate him even further, she watched him struggle, and then gave him a kiss on the cheeks after she did them up super quickly.

Chapter 3

Back at the house that Jason's money had bought, he continued to find life difficult as a little girl. Eating anything was time consuming and unpleasant. Everything tasted so yucky now. He couldn't enjoy any of the meats or cheeses he used to like. And his mommy refused to give him some of her morning coffee! He used to love his dark roast coffee, but now he was suckling on juice boxes and eating plain white buns.

Olivia had to help him to use the restroom, and teach him how to brush his teeth again. Holding a tooth brush was so awkward with his tiny little hands and he looked so silly trying to open his mouth so wide. Jason had to use a step to get up to the toilet now, he wasn't tall enough. He sat there reading a nursery book while waiting to relieve himself. He could barely make out complete sentences and he forgot a couple of the letters in the alphabet. Why did everything have to be so hard? His mommy checked in on him often though, he was never left alone for too long. He always needed Olivia to help him reach a toy or even open a door for him.

Around three p.m. Jason started to get sleepy on the couch. He was trying to focus on some kiddy cartoon, but his eyes kept closing. Being a little girl was so tiring, there was so much running around and having fun to do. Deep down, he knew he would have to find a way to turn back into a man. But for the moment, there was nothing he could do about it. Jason was going to wait until the right opportunity to confront his wife about it, and get his life back. Perhaps if he played along nicely, she would be more willing to give him a second chance as her husband.

When Jay woke up from his nap, he was in the guest room. His mommy must've moved him there after he fell asleep. Except it was different than he remembered, it had been recently painted. A pink and bright green pattern lined the walls. His toys were all neatly in his toy chest, and there were a lot of clothes all folded up properly and put away in his drawers. Wow, maybe Olivia was serious about this, Jason thought. She had was never controlling in the ten years he had known her, so why would she start now? Surely she would break soon, apologize, and turn him back. That's what she always did when he cheated on her, and she would do it again. She blamed herself and promised to work hard to make the relationship work.

Jason grabbed the pink, glittery brush and tried to draw some of the knots out of his curly blonde hair. He wasn't too worried about turning back into man. He figured it would happen automatically; there was that his chance could be permanent.

"I thought I heard someone awake in here!" Cassidy opened the door and turned on the

light.

“Did you have a good nappy time, baby?” she said, condescendingly.

“I’m not a baby!” Jason raised his girly little voice. It was the only thing he could think of to say. His new body was still having difficulty with complex sentence structures.

“Oh of course you’re not sweetie. You’re a big girl now! Cassidy leaned down to face Jason eye to eye. Jason had almost forgotten how good the hot young co-ed looked. Here make-up was spectacular and she didn’t have a single fault.

“Do you wanna paint our nails?!” Cassidy said, excitedly.

Before he knew what he was saying, Jason had replied with an enthusiastic yes. It was like his mind was a little girl’s and sometimes just took over and made him do girly things. He supposed it wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world though, as he would get to spend some time admiring Cassidy’s beauty. And if it made his wife happy, that would be good. Anything that would make her more likely to turn him back into a man, he would gladly do. And when he did turn back into a man, he was going to ruthlessly fuck both his wife and her slutty sister for making him go through this. He was going to rail them harder than they’d ever had before.

But for now, he had to play nice. When Cassidy got out the nail polish bottles, his hands grabbed the pink one right away. He didn’t mean to be so excited, but his little body needed to feel very girly. Cassidy helped him open up the bottle, she was much stronger than him. As a little girl, he could barely lift or open anything. He was going to have to get used to relying on other people.

Cassidy said something about him needing to get matching pink socks if the rest of his outfit was all pink, and he giggled. She was always so nice to him and funny. She was way more fun to hang out with than his mommy! He knew that she was just messing around with him, and trying to screw with his mind. But he couldn’t stop reacting to everything like the little girl that he was.

The bright pink polish was super cute on his tiny hands. But it wasn’t as pretty as when Cassidy did hers. How did she make it so straight and professional? Jason’s was uneven and some had gotten on to his hands. Stupid uncoordinated little girl hands! He looked up at Cassidy and made an adorable pouty face. His big cheeks were rosy and he stuttered adorably as he asked the older girl the big question, “Cc –can you help with mine?” he said, sounding doubtful that she would help him.

“Oh, of course sweetie,” Cassidy tossed her hair back. “Wow, you did a really good job! Just let me fix a couple of nails and you’ll be super cute!”

Cassidy held his hand out and touched up some of the fingers that Jason had messed up. Wow, she had such long, perfect nails. They must've been fake, though Jason.

“When can I have big nails like yours Auntie Cass?” The adorable little princess asked.

Cassidy laughed. “Not now, sweetie. When you're older, like me.”

Jason lost himself in her deep green eyes. Would he be allowed to wear pretty eye make-up like her? He wished he would one day be as stunning as Cassidy. She was a fully formed woman compared to him, and was drop dead gorgeous. Jason no longer wanted to wear bubblegum pink nail polish like a little toddler. He wanted to be grown up, confident and sexy, like his sister-in-law.

He stopped those thoughts short as Cassidy caught him admiring her womanly figure. No, that was all wrong! He was supposed to be a man, a strong force and the decider of the house. He had already fucked the beautiful and slutty Cassidy, why would he want to be like her? That was ridiculous! The girly mannerisms and toddler vocabulary were replacing his masculine behaviors. He had to find a way to turn back into the man he was, and fast, before all of his thoughts became those of a little princess.

Chapter 4

As the days progressed, Jason got better at being a little girl. He always called Olivia mommy, and he even ate the vegetables at dinner. He wasn't sure how long it had been since he'd become a little girl: all the days seem to blend together between nap times. It could've been a week, or maybe even a month or two. It was just so hard for his young brain to comprehend the passage of time.

He certainly was getting better and more comfortable in his new body. Now he was able to tie his own shoes, even normal ones without Velcro! His mommy had been very patient with him, and very forgiving. Whenever he made a mistake and did something that was from his old way of life, she gave him a chance to re-do it in the proper little girl way. Yesterday, she taught him how to fold his clothes. She wouldn't be doing it for him anymore, like she did when he was a man. He was a princess now, and princesses answered the phone politely, and closed their mouths when they chewed.

With each day that passed, he pleased his wife. There was no better feeling to him now than seeing Olivia's face light up with joy when he did something right for the first time, or did something wrong in an adorably cute way. She had caught him in her make-up drawer, trying on some lip gloss. She had scolded him, but not before taking some pictures and showing them to Cassidy. His baby blue eyes and pouty face made it so hard to reprimand him.

Auntie Cassidy was coming over for dinner and Jay was wearing his pajamas already. It had been a long day at the park and he was already tired. But he loved spending time with Cassidy, she was so much more open and funny than his mommy! And she would always let him eat as much candy as he wanted. He loved candy, especially the hard candies that Cassidy always brought.

He was on the potty when Cassidy arrived. He heard a big commotion, and then his mommy was screaming. It scared him a little bit, but it sounded like she was happily yelling, not angry yelling. What was going on? He finished his business dutifully in the restroom. He was fully potty trained now and never made a mess. Jason exited the bathroom and rushed to give his auntie a big hug. Cassidy picked him up with ease and kissed him on the cheek. Jason was so happy she was here! Yay! He loved visitors.

"Jay, baby. Guess what?" his mommy looked at him like she was looking at a little puppy dog.

“Auntie Cass is going to have a baby! You’re going to have a cousin! Isn’t that great?”

Jason’s heart dropped. Something clicked in him and for a moment he remembered his old life, as the man of the family. He had slept with Cassidy; His mind flashed back to their sex session. He had held her down, and fucked her senseless from behind. They had finally gotten alone, and he made her cum hard, as she spasmed uncontrollably all over his hard member. But there had been something else, what was it that he was forgetting?

A look of pure shock came over the blonde toddler’s face as he remembered what had happened with Cassidy. She had gripped him, causing him to cum inside of her. She was pregnant with his child! He raged inside. This was crazy! These women were pure psychopaths! They should go to jail for a long time, he mused. He turned to confront Cassidy, and tell her that there was no way she was keeping the child. But he couldn’t find the words,

“Is it a girl or a boy?” was the only thing he could say.

Cassidy had a huge smile on her face. She looked at Olivia. “It’s a boy!” she exclaimed.

Cassidy put Jayson down and the two women hugged excitedly. They were so loud and riled up. Jason couldn’t believe this. She was going to have his baby and there was nothing he could do about it. They were monsters, truly. His face scrunched up and he could feel big wet tears starting to roll down his cheeks. Through the sobs he punched Cassidy with his tiny little girly hands.

“But I wanted a girl!!!” he screamed madly. It was a miracle the women could understand what he was saying through all of the tears.

Olivia took his hands and held them firmly. She was so strong, and there was nothing he could do. He wanted to punch and curse them both, like he did when he was a man. But now, they just held his fists like he was some sort of doll. They had done something to his vocabulary; he couldn’t swear if he wanted to.

“Now, now sweetie. That’s not very nice. Let’s be happy for Aunt Cassidy, okay? It’s great that she’s going to have a baby.”

That was enough for Jason. He wasn’t going to take this abuse any longer. What would happen next if he let this go on, would his wife get a new boyfriend? The circus had to stop.

Olivia thought the matter was settled, and started to stand up. When she let go

of his wrists, he sneakily punched her in the chest, catching her off guard. With a high pitched howl, he let the whole house know how he felt, “NOOOO! I hate you mommy!!!”

The words were barely out of his mouth before he was scooped up by Olivia. Suddenly, he had been turned upside down and was being taken hastily up the stairs to his bedroom. He continued to cry out as his mommy closed the door behind her and turned him over on her lap. Olivia sat on the bed and she held Jason’s body down. His bare bottom was exposed. He tried to squirm away, but she was too strong. She wouldn’t really do it, would she? For all of her faults, his wife had been exceptionally kind hearted. She didn’t even have the guts to kill a spider for christsakes.

With a heavy smack, Jason’s world came crashing down. *AHHHHH!* He screamed out in pain. She hadn’t even spanked him that hard, but his bottom was so sensitive to pain. It rang through his whole body, hurting him to the core. No! This was his mommy, the only person he could trust in the world; the person he depended on for everything. She had betrayed his trust. This was horrible.

His brain couldn’t even process all of the pain he was in. He lay, withering and crying in his mommy’s lap. He held on to his legs tightly with his girly colored nails.

“We are going to learn to be a proper little princess, aren’t we darling?”

Olivia raised her hand again, and paused. Jason was too shocked to do anything other than cry and whimper. Sure, he had cheated on his wife, but he had still loved her. He would’ve given it another chance, without the infidelity. He just didn’t understand why it had to be like this, it wasn’t fair.

Olivia’s hand came down again, sending shockwaves through his tiny body. It was the worst pain he’d ever experienced, and he’d been in his fair share of bar fights. Why was his mommy doing this to him? She was so mean! All he wanted to do was please her so that she would turn him back, and this was what he got in return.

“And proper little girls don’t hit or punch people, do they sweetie?”

“No,” Jason spurted out, in between sobs. “No, they don’t”

“That’s right, no they don’t. Good princesses don’t misbehave. They call their mommy ‘mommy’, and they fold all their clothes and eat all of their vegetables. And that’s what you’re going to do now, or else you’ll be punished again. Do you understand?” She was dead serious.

“Yes mommy” Jason would’ve said anything to make it stop. She had won. The cold hearted, evil manipulating bitch had won. She was his little girl now, and he was

going to have to fully commit to learning how to behave like a proper little princess. All of his mannerisms were going to have to be approved by her, and he had better not mess it up.

Pouting, he looked down at his girly shoes with pink laces. He had learned so much, but he still had so much more to learn. Jason truly wanted to please his mommy now. He would go downstairs and apologize to Cassidy for being so rude. He hoped that the two could still laugh and be silly together. He loved the time he spent with his auntie.

BONUS EXCERPT From “Gender Swap: All Over His New Face”

Looking in the mirror, Sam almost had a heart attack. He hadn't been turned into just another girl; 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 perfect. 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. Sam wasn't just sexy now. He was sophisticated, classy even. This was the type of high class girl that dated CEOs and professional athletes. He turned in the mirror and admired his incredible firm ass. Maybe being a woman wouldn't be so bad after all.

A pink note on his desk caught his eye. It was his girlfriend's handwriting:

Good morning Samantha, my new girlfriend! I hope you're enjoying your new body, asshole. Sleeping with my best friend was the last straw and now it's time for you to walk a mile in my heels. If you ever want to have your party boy lifestyle back again, you need to fuck 25 men before next Sunday. That's right darling, pucker up. I hope you enjoy being slammed into by the hordes of disgusting douchebags on campus. And that's not all. Every single one of them has to cum on your beautiful new face, or else it doesn't count. Remember when you wouldn't kiss me after cumming in my mouth? Hehe :)

Sounds like you're gonna be a busy little slut. Love ya babe – Andrea xoxo

Sam's heart sank. No, fuck no. This was very bad. He wasn't attracted to men!

“Gender Swap: All Over His New Face” Is Available Now!

Read it here!

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00QVEEIFM>

GENDER SWAP

ALL OVER HIS NEW FACE



VICKY INNES

BONUS EXCERPT from *Changing Jen: Back to Prom*



- *Changing Jen* is the embarrassing story of an uptight MILF who has her age regressed back to eighteen years old. Fully convinced that she is back to being in

school, Jen loses her virginity all over again and worries about if the hot neighbor boy will ask her to prom. Will she be prom queen?

- *Changing Jen* is available now! Read it here:
<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00PYKTXV8>

Amanda was really starting to piss Jennifer off. “I want you out of here. I’m trying to have a relaxing day after a long week and I need you gone now!”

“Young Jen”

Jennifer stood still for a couple seconds, trying to process what’d happened. Amanda sat there in awe. She didn’t believe this was actually going to work until young Jen opened her mouth.

“Oh. My. God. What the hell am I wearing?! Amanda, how did you let me put on these granny clothes? Ewww... I have got to get out of these!

Amanda laughed, this was hilarious. “Yeah, you’d better get out of those. Especially before Ryan gets here.”

“What? He’s coming here, to my uncle’s house?” Jen panicked, this was a disaster. Ryan was the guy she was trying to woo for Prom. She couldn’t let him see her in this old person sweater, and without any make-up on.

“Well, yeah. You’ve got some time though. I brought those clothes we talked about. I still think we should go to the mall though, I know you don’t have much since you just moved in here.”

“Thanks Amanda, you are seriously a life saver! Okay, let’s go to the mall. Just let me get ready quickly.”

Jen went into the bathroom and examined the clothes Amanda had brought. A hot pink mini skirt, wow that was super cute. The bra Amanda had brought was a little too small, but that was okay. Jen’s young breasts weren’t fully developed anyways. She buttoned up the blouse, it was a translucent off-white. It wasn’t a long shirt, so her toned stomach laid bare for all to see. Jen decided she needed some more makeup, so Amanda helped her put on some mascara. Then eye-liner, and some blush for good measure. There, now she looked fantastic. She was sure to get Ryan’s attention dressed like this.

Changing Jen is available now! Read it here:

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00PYKTXV8>

About The Author And New Releases!

- Vicky Innes has many more hot sizzling stories available for purchase today! Visit her author page: <http://www.amazon.com/Vicky-Innes/e/B00PKZCPIA>
- If you enjoyed Vicky's story, and have the time to do, please consider leaving an honest review on Amazon! As a new author, it would mean the world to her :)
- Want to be notified of each release by Vicky Innes?
- Join the mailing list at: <http://eepurl.com/8zdcr> No spam, ever. Only pure, sexy stories.