

TREVOR: Female AND Fertile



GENDER SWAPPING THE FRAT

LILAH VIXEN

Trevor: Female and Fertile

By Lilah Vixen

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Excerpt

“Morgana says you played a little trick, and now you need to learn just what you are.” Chloe smiled, cruel and cunning. I’d never seen her look like that before. “And Dante here is just the man to do that. Why, he’s the manliest man I’ve ever met.” She placed a hand on her abdomen and grinned. “He gives me exactly what I want, even when I don’t know that I want it.”

“That’s my job, babe. Chicks like you need to be filled and bred. It’s what you’re made for.” Dante spoke and I knew I should have been disgusted. But I could feel that betraying wetness at my core.

“That’s not...I mean...I’m not...” I sputtered, unable to form a proper thought.

My mouth dropped open as Dante rubbed against the growing erection in his jeans, the evidence of his desire visible in a huge bulge. I gulped. This was wrong. I was straight, I didn’t like guys.

But you’re a girl right now, some treacherous part of my mind whispered, that means you’re still straight.

It didn’t make any sense, but a growing part of me wanted it to be true.

“You’re not what?” Dante asked, advancing on me.

I scrambled back but rubbing against the bed made my shirt ride up and my pants start to fall down.

“You’re not some slut just waiting to be filled with cum?” He crawled on the bed, grabbing my ankle with one of his massive hands. “Why don’t you prove it?”

“Huh?” My brain was fuzzy and he wasn’t helping by touching me.

Dante circled his thumb against my ankle bone. “You want to prove you’re not some slut desperate for cock, I’ll let you try.”

I thought I heard Chloe laugh, but I had almost forgotten that she was in the room with us.

“And after I prove it?” I asked. I didn’t know what I was going to prove, but I didn’t think Dante was going to let me leave.

From his smirk, he didn’t think I could do it. “If you’re not begging for my cock and my cum in ten minutes we’ll let you go on your merry way. But for the next ten minutes, you let me do whatever I want to you. You do what I say, you say what I tell you to, if I tell you to think something, you think it. And then after ten minutes, you can decide whether I plug up your cunt with my cock, or whether you walk out of this room.”

It shouldn’t have turned me on, I shouldn’t have wanted to agree. I knew that I should force him to let me go, he had no right to keep me there. But just him thumb felt wicked against me and I couldn’t help myself.

“That sounds fair,” I said. “Do your worst.”

Trevor: Female and Fertile

Chapter One

I was a legacy member of Gamma Alpha. Twenty-five years ago my father had been a member, and before that, my grandfather. The Munroe family had been represented in this fraternity for the better part of a century and I had no intention of letting my family down.

And if it wasn't for this damned prank war I might have even been able to raise the fraternity above the idea of drunken debauchery and make it into something spectacular. I had plans for next year when I would, no doubt, be elected president.

But as a junior, I was relegated to the role of event coordinator. And the events were mostly stupid pranks in retaliation to whatever the girls of Gamma Theta threw at us.

I really thought that I'd hit it out of the park with the last one. It was vaguely sexual, vaguely gross, and public enough that they should have learned not to mess with us.

Frankly put, I thought that I had won.

Until one fateful morning when I woke up to find all the doors to the outside of the frat painted pink. Bright, glossy, girly pink.

How dare they? I didn't get angry, anger had no place in my job. It was my job to protect the reputation of our fraternity. And I had to show those girls exactly what it meant to mess with Gamma Alpha.

I pulled out my phone and sent out a text to the four other juniors who lived in the house with me. We were going to have a team meeting. But first, I needed my white board.

It took seventeen minutes for everyone to gather. Hugh, the newest member of the fraternity and the one who didn't quite understand the rules walked in late after Felix, Mike, and Will were already seated on the couch. I had drawn up my map of the Gamma Theta house and was just waiting on him.

"Now that we're all here, we can finally go over the plan." I said after Hugh took a seat and offered his perfunctory apology. That kid needed to learn

the rules of this frat. You showed up on time and did your job or you were worthless to me.

I couldn't wait until next year. I was going places.

I outlined my plan, going over each step in detail. It was fairly simple, but more than adequate retribution for the bullshit those girls pulled this morning. After assigning each of the guys to go pick up supplies, I instructed them to meet back at midnight to head over to the Gamma Theta house across the street.

We were going to show that bitch Morgana how it was done.

Chapter Two

I met Mike and Will as they were coming down the stairs. Hugh had learned his lesson and was waiting with Felix in the living room. We headed out, Will breaking off from our group when we reached the Gamma Theta property.

Most of the girls were busy at another party that night, but Will would run distraction for the few that were still at the house.

We entered and quickly made it up to Morgana's room. I hadn't told the guys how I knew the layout. But in my freshman year I'd been in a study group with Morgana. She'd already been living at the sorority and we held several of our meetings there. I'd been over plenty of times and memorized the layout.

We made it up to Morgana's room in minutes and were getting ready to get to work. The place was a little weird, but nothing too bad.

"At least none of it is Justin Bieber," said Mike. "What's this?" He picked up a book from her bedside table. "Ha! Magic Spells for the Modern Witch. Classic."

He tossed the book at me and I set it down gently. "I knew she was a fucking freak." Morgana always liked to make little comments, insulting my manhood, saying I was only in the frat because of my dad. Learning that she believed in fucking magic showed me just how delusional she was.

Mike grabbed one of Felix's tubes and fished out the posters from inside. "I think she'll appreciate the new décor. Who doesn't love a hot chick?"

Most of her room wasn't that strange. She didn't have a cauldron boiling eye of newt or whatever, but there was this really freaky, old mirror against the wall. I looked at it for several seconds before finally tearing my eyes away from it.

Felix broke in, "Trevor, this is really too far."

I looked at Felix, "I'm not forcing you to do anything," I said. "The door's right there." If Felix was going to be a fucking pussy, let him. I had shit to do and he didn't get to waste my goddamn time.

Felix grabbed a brush and a poster. “Then let’s be quick about this.”

With Felix finally with the program, we all got to work. Each of the guys had their own poster to plaster to the wall with wallpaper glue. It would take forever to get off and while she worked, Morgana would be forced to look at the seductive images of several lovely ladies.

They weren’t just chicks in bikinis. Nope, I’d wanted posters that ran the gamut from sexy to sexy and a bit freaky. My poster, however, was mostly on the normal side. A banging hot chick was sandwiched by two buff guys. Her tits and ass were visible even though she wore a tiny bikini, and the men were preparing to enter her from both ends.

As a guy, the concept of sharing a single chick hadn’t ever appealed to me, I wanted to be the only one she was thinking of. I wanted to be the one to give her pleasure. But the chick in the poster seemed really into it, her lips parted in a moan of pleasure.

And, sure, seeing her like it that much was getting to me. Just a little. I worked quickly, hanging up the poster before it became apparent just how much I liked it. The other guys finished just as quickly and we got out, running back for our own house across the street.

We made it back to the Gamma Alpha house without any issue. Mike was already waiting for us, three bottles of cheap hard liquor open and waiting.

He poured out the shots and gave the toast. “To Trevor, you’re a crazy son of a bitch, but damn if that wasn’t great!” He laughed and poured the whiskey back.

Finally, at least the guys were starting to see that I wasn’t completely crazy. I knew how to do my job and get back at those girls for whatever they gave us. We all gave a “Here, here!” And took our shots.

The booze flowed freely and for so long that I couldn’t remember my own name by the time I was done. I crawled up the stairs and fell into my bed with my pants hanging around my knees.

I’d never gone to bed that drunk before which must have explained my incredibly fucked up dream.

I heard the seconds ticking on the clock. Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock. But I couldn't remember where I was or what I was supposed to be doing. I looked around, trying to get my bearings. It became immediately clear that I was in a brightly lit classroom, though it looked like the classrooms I'd sat in during high school.

I wasn't at one of those preassembled desks. Instead, I sat on a small bench with a table in front of me. The table had a glossy black top.

Science class. That's where this had to be.

I looked down and noticed the small stack of papers on the table. In big, black letters, it said BIOLOGY TEST.

Test? What test? I hadn't studied. I didn't even remember taking a biology class. But I couldn't afford to fail any of my tests. My father would crucify me if I didn't get into an excellent MBA program. Failure was not an option.

I completely forgot that I was dreaming and hunched over the table to read the instructions.

Except something strange happened.

When I leaned forward, something connected to me brushed against the table and it felt fucking amazing. I tried to look down, but long blonde hair obscured my vision. I pushed it back, letting it gather behind my shoulders.

Were those...boobs?

My sweater was pulled tight to my chest and I could see the hard points of huge nipples sticking out under the black fabric. I sat up straighter and the extra flesh came with me, bouncing just a little as I moved. My hand crept forward slowly, itching to touch.

But a bell sounded and my head shot up.

There was writing on the board. "Follow all instructions on your exam. The bell will ring in thirty minutes. At that the time the exam will be over. If you fail to complete any section, you will fail this class."

Crap. Fuck. God damn it. I was so screwed.

But I couldn't let that derail me. Munroe men didn't fail. Even when they had boobs for some strange reason. I pulled the paper closer to me and took a look at the instructions. I had to read them twice for them to make any sense.

Unbutton your top.

Seriously? But the clock was ticking and I only had thirty minutes. If these were the kind of instructions I was going to be given, so be it. I reached down and unbuttoned each of the buttons on my sweater and let it hang open. I was surprised to find that I wasn't wearing anything under it.

My boobs hung freely, dusky nipples dark and hard against the soft flesh.

I tried to turn my eyes back to the paper, but every time I did, I kept glancing back down. Why did I have breasts? Why did I have huge, beautiful, sensitive tits that begged to be touched? To be licked?

Oooh.

I felt a strange tingle and something almost damp answer that thought. It started at the juncture of my thighs, I pressed them tightly together and the feeling only intensified. But then I realized something strange.

My dick was gone.

I should have been able to feel it, from this strange arousal I should have been getting hard. But now there was only this strange, wet feeling begging to be filled.

But I couldn't focus on that. Not yet. I had a test to finish. I looked back down at the paper. Strangely enough, there weren't any questions, just another line of instructions.

Touch your tits.

Just what I wanted to do. I didn't even question the instruction this time, instead, sliding my sweater completely off and letting it fall down to the floor. I took one breast in hand, feeling the heavy weight of it. In my hand it felt good, soft but solid. But it wasn't what I truly wanted.

I let my thumb stroke over my nipple, biting my lip at the pleasure. Damn, that felt good. As a dude my nipples weren't nearly as sensitive. I felt like

I could burst from pleasure if only I played with my titties for a few more minutes.

I explored, rolling both nipples in my hands, pinching and crying out and the burst of pleasure/pain. My pants were nearly wet from the arousal building between my legs and I couldn't help but keep rubbing my thighs tightly together. If only I had something to put in between them. I needed something hard, something hot.

I needed to be fucked.

The thought hit me out of nowhere, but I knew it was absolutely true. I needed a thick, hard cock in my new pussy.

I looked back down at the instructions, eager for what they would give me next.

Touch your pussy.

I undid the button in my pants and let my hands dive in. I couldn't suppress my moan when my fingers brushed against that sensitive mound of flesh at my core. *Was this what it felt like for girls?* I couldn't believe what I had been missing out on. They never seemed that way when I fucked them. If this was what it felt like, why would they ever need to fake it?

I pulled my hand out of my pants. My fingers were covered in the thick evidence of my arousal. Without a second thought I stuck them in my mouth, sucking the sweet evidence off.

Desperately I looked for my next instructions.

Open the drawer. Fuck your pussy. Cum before the test ends.

I pulled open a drawer on the table and revealed a massive realistic looking dildo. It was tan, and probably ten inches long. I couldn't even get my fist around the girth of that thing. But I didn't care, I needed it inside me.

I realized that I couldn't do it sitting on the stool. I shed my pants and climbed onto the table, spreading my legs wide. I held the dildo against me, rubbing it against my clit and down towards the drenched opening of my cunt. My breaths came in labored gasps as the pleasure mounted and mounted.

It wasn't even inside me yet and I was desperate for cock.

I angled it just right, letting the firm tip perch at the opening to my pussy. And for a moment I paused. I felt like if I let this thing inside of me, something would change within me forever. Did I want to risk staying a girl? Even if it felt this good?

God damn it, I did.

I plunged the dildo inside of me, my legs kicking as I met the most token resistance. I pushed past it, not feeling any pain, only a little tightness. I was slow at first, unsure of what I was doing. But I hit just the right spot and cried out, a tear escaping my eye.

It felt so damned good I couldn't help but increase my strokes. I let it plunge into me quickly, my own pace almost painfully fast. But I didn't want to stop. My hips bucked against the table, rocking it so hard that I saw my biology test flutter off the side. I didn't care anymore.

I didn't care about my future, about passing classes, about who I was. All that mattered was the fake cock inside me and getting off.

Pleasure swelled and swelled. Sweat beaded on my forehead and I let out mewling little gasps, my nipples tight and breasts heavy. I could feel myself getting closer and closer, almost over the edge but never quite there.

I circled the cock within me, changing my rhythm just the tiniest bit.

Pleasure exploded through me. Orgasm rippling and triggering a second. I felt liquid drench my hand and I couldn't stop even as I was surrounded by a pool of my own juices. It felt so good that I kept pushing and pulling that thing inside of me, orgasming one after another until the intensity of it caused me to fall off the table.

I woke up on the floor of my bedroom, my cock spurting cum into my sheets. Thank God I had a cock and even as I came down from the high of the orgasm I promised never to tell anyone about that fucked up dream.

Chapter Three

I felt almost loopy after coming. My hand was sticky with my cum and thoughts flitted in and out of my head, never sticking around long enough for me to latch on. I'd never had a dream that intense before. I mean, while I was dreaming it was just like real life, except that I had tits and was fucking my own cunt.

I shivered at the thought and couldn't help but grin. It had felt so fucking amazing that I wasn't even creeped out by it. And just minutes after coming, my dick was already starting to harden once more. Yeah, I was only twenty, but even I needed more than three minutes to be ready to go for a second round.

Usually.

I casually stroked my shaft and let my thoughts drift. But I thought again of having a pussy and of just how much I would like to let some other cock fuck me stupid. I stroked harder and harder before I realized what I was thinking and yanked my hand away.

What the fuck? This wasn't some dream anymore. I was a dude. A very straight dude who had a banging hot girlfriend.

Chloe and I had been going out for months now. She came from a good family, my father approved, and her tits were nearly the size of melons. What more could a guy want?

I thought of her instead, of taking her tit into my mouth and sucking until she was damn near humping my leg. I loved playing with her pussy, tasting it. She got so wet that I could always tell just when she needed me to plug her up.

But the thoughts shifted again and I thought of Chloe sucking on *my* tits, of letting her eat *my* pussy. I came once more before I could force myself to think anything normal.

That was it. I got up and stomped over to my bathroom. It was time for a very cold shower while I marshalled my thoughts and didn't ponder anything about being a girl.

Even the shower wasn't as helpful as I'd hoped. I couldn't ever

remember being this horny before. *Everything* made me want to fuck, to be fucked. I imagined plunging my fingers into my dripping cunt and tasting the juice as I walked down the stairs. I wanted Felix, who I saw walking out of the house, to bend me over and slap my ass before shoving his dick into me.

I had no idea where all of this was coming from. And I threw on a hoodie to hide my embarrassingly large boner.

That was it. I needed to get fucked.

I set off across campus towards Chloe's house. She was in class for another hour or so, but I knew where she kept her spare key and she never turned me down when I was this hot for sex.

Chloe lived in a little house on the south side of campus that her parents had purchased for her. She'd never given me a key, but she had one of those fake rocks hidden next to one of the bushes. I popped the rock open and grabbed her spare key, letting myself inside.

My breath started coming in faint gasps and I had no idea why. I closed the door behind me and had to lean against it for support for a moment. Pain lanced my chest and I bit my tongue to keep from making a sound.

What the hell was going on? Was I having a heart attack? I was way too young, it couldn't be that. I tried to calm down, taking deep breaths and holding still. The pounding of my heart subsided, but I still felt the pain in my chest. I decided to make my way into Chloe's living room and rest on her couch for a bit. Maybe then I would feel better.

But what I saw when I stepped through the kitchen and into the living room shocked me to the core. Chloe was buck naked and had her lips around some dude's cock.

Some dude's impressively huge cock.

The noise that came out of my mouth wasn't anything close to a word. But it was enough to startle Chloe. She stumbled back from that dude and spun around, shooting up from her knees and pulling her bra strap up over her shoulder so that her bra covered her naked tits.

How could she? My heart pounded and the blood rushed in my ears. I

couldn't think, everything hurt. I put a hand to my temple to try and quell the pain in my head. But nothing I did seemed to work.

"God, what are you doing here?" Chloe demanded, no remorse in her voice. She scowled, the expression only accentuating the smeared lipstick around her mouth.

I couldn't help myself, I looked down at that huge cock and could clearly see the red stain from where she'd been kissing him.

My mouth watered and I had no idea why it was so hard to look away from that magnificent cock. "What the fuck, Chloe?" I finally forced out, looking back at my girlfriend. "Who the fuck are you?" I asked the man with the huge dick.

She looked as hot as ever, tall and stacked, her lips red and eyes blue. But images of that monster between the strange man's legs kept flashing through my mind. I wasn't gay. I loved chicks, had banged more than a dozen in my time at college. But my fingers itched to wrap around that man's turgid member and stroke and stroke and stroke until he spurted his hot cream all over me.

God, I was getting hard just thinking about it.

My chest hurt again, pain striking right in the center. It felt like my heart, or something right there, was trying to burst out. I clutched at my chest and my shirt bunched up all weird, right in lumps against my chest. Chloe's face paled and I stumbled out of the room.

In her bathroom I splashed some water over my face. But when I looked at myself in the mirror I knew why Chloe had looked at me so strangely. Something was wrong with my face.

My lips were huge and red, my jaw had lost some of its hard line, and there was no stubble on my face. None at all. The only hair was in my eyebrows which were thinning by the second and my eyelashes which grew longer. Right along with them, my hair spouted in long blonde waves, falling down past my shoulders.

I tried to take in more, but an exhausting wave of euphoria hit me and I crashed to the ground, body jerking and spasming through unbelievable orgasms. As the last one crashed through me, everything went black and I lost

consciousness right there on Chloe's bathroom floor.

It might have been minutes or hours later when I finally came to. And boy oh boy did I feel different. My hair hung nearly down my back. I ran my fingers through the thick strands, transfixed by the soft texture. I'd always kept my hair short, but I loved it when my girlfriends let me play with their hair.

Girlfriends.

Girl.

I was a girl.

I ran my hands down my body, around my sensitive breasts and over the crotch of my pants. I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning at the amazing sensation. Was this what it felt like for girls? I couldn't think of anything more amazing. For the first time I felt alive, like my entire body was a matchstick just waiting to be lit up.

If I let my hand down my pants I knew that I would start that fire.

No.

I had to resist. Why was this happening? How could I turn back?

My mind flashed to the night before, in Morgana's room. She had that book, that witch book. Was that what happened? Was it just me?

I reached in my pocket for my phone and punched in the first number I saw: Felix. It rang three times until a panting woman answered. "Hello?" she asked.

"Felix, I'm at Chloe's! And something crazy has happened!" It all came out in a panicked whirl.

The phone was jostled around and I heard another woman laugh, "Felicia's busy being stuffed at the moment. You'll have to call back." She cackled and hung up. I tried Mike and again reached a woman, Will didn't answer.

My last hope was that Hugh was alright. Maybe he knew what was going on. I dialed his number and spoke as soon as he answered.

“Hugh, is that you?” I asked my voice was even more high pitched and feminine from all the panic.

“Who is this?” It was a girl again. No, crap. We were all screwed.

“Oh God! It’s Trevor!” I was near tears.

“Did it happen to you too?” She didn’t sound upset, if anything, she was satisfied. What the hell was wrong with her?

I barked out a nearly hysterical laugh, “It’s all five of us. We’re girls. We’re all girls!” But the girl who used to be Hugh wasn’t interested in talking any longer and hung up after saying I should come with her to find some hunks.

Find some hunks? She wanted guys to fuck her? Who did she think she was? Some slutty girl?

The thought sent heat coiling through me. Slutty girls did have more fun.

No, I couldn’t. I had to figure out how to get out of this, had to figure out how to get us all changed back into the men we were supposed to be. My father had sent a son to college and he was getting a son back, not some bimbo slut.

No matter how much I craved a hot cock shoved up my cunt.

What?

The thought stopped me in my tracks. I didn’t want that, I was a man, no matter that I had tits at the moment. And men didn’t crave cock. Not straight men, anyway. But I could feel a strange dampness between my legs and my nipples showed under the fabric of my polo shirt.

Chloe banged on the door, her shouts interrupting my internal crisis. “What the fuck are you doing in there, Trevor?” She sounded pissed, as if I she had walked in on me sucking some guy’s cock instead of the other way around.

I felt that strange tingling again at the thought of sucking cock.

No, I had to ignore it.

And I had to get out of Chloe’s house. If I saw that dude’s dick again I didn’t know if I could stop myself from feeling it, from sucking it, from letting

him fuck me senseless.

I tried to pitch my voice low, to sound more like the man that I knew was hiding inside of me. “Uh, just a minute!”

“Are you okay?” she asked. “You sound weird.”

I didn’t answer. I looked around for any way to escape, but the window was too small to climb out of and there was no other exit except for the door that Chloe was pounding on. I had no idea why I was a girl and I knew she would freak.

I heard Chloe’s phone ring and the other man yelled for her after a moment. “It’s some chick named Morgana. She wants to talk to you!” His voice sent a shiver down my spine and I found myself massaging my tit before I could think better. I yanked my hand away and gripped the edge of the counter.

Chloe walked away from the door and I could faintly hear her talking on the phone.

Now was my chance.

I took a deep breath and yanked the door open. I tried to sprint for the front door, but Chloe’s other boyfriend stopped me, clutching both of my arms and holding me in place. I tried to struggle, but my strength seemed to have disappeared with everything else.

“What do we have here?” He leered. He held me far enough away so that he could get an eyeful of my bouncing tits and wide hips. I blushed as my nipples hardened.

“That’s Trevor,” Chloe entered the room, setting her phone on the table. “It seems he’s been very, very naughty. Bring him over here, Dante.” Of course her other boyfriend was named Dante. That was exactly the kind of name a cheater would have.

Dante forced me into Chloe’s bedroom, tossing me onto the bed without ceremony.

“Morgana says you played a little trick, and now you need to learn just what you are.” Chloe smiled, cruel and cunning. I’d never seen her look like that before. “And Dante here is just the man to do that. Why, he’s the manliest man

I've ever met." She placed a hand on her abdomen and grinned. "He gives me exactly what I want, even when I don't know that I want it."

"That's my job, babe. Chicks like you need to be filled and bred. It's what you're made for." Dante spoke and I knew I should have been disgusted. But I could feel that betraying wetness at my core.

"That's not...I mean...I'm not..." I sputtered, unable to form a proper thought.

My mouth dropped open as Dante rubbed against the growing erection in his jeans, the evidence of his desire visible in a huge bulge. I gulped. This was wrong. I was straight, I didn't like guys.

But you're a girl right now, some treacherous part of my mind whispered, that means you're still straight.

It didn't make any sense, but a growing part of me wanted it to be true.

"You're not what?" Dante asked, advancing on me.

I scrambled back but rubbing against the bed made my shirt ride up and my pants start to fall down.

"You're not some slut just waiting to be filled with cum?" He crawled on the bed, grabbing my ankle with one of his massive hands. "Why don't you prove it?"

"Huh?" My brain was fuzzy and he wasn't helping by touching me.

Dante circled his thumb against my ankle bone. "You want to prove you're not some slut desperate for cock, I'll let you try."

I thought I heard Chloe laugh, but I had almost forgotten that she was in the room with us.

"And after I prove it?" I asked. I didn't know what I was going to prove, but I didn't think Dante was going to let me leave.

From his smirk, he didn't think I could do it. "If you're not begging for my cock and my cum in ten minutes we'll let you go on your merry way. But for the next ten minutes, you let me do whatever I want to you. You do what I say,

you say what I tell you to, if I tell you to think something, you think it. And then after ten minutes, you can decide whether I plug up your cunt with my cock, or whether you walk out of this room.”

It shouldn't have turned me on, I shouldn't have wanted to agree. I knew that I should force him to let me go, he had no right to keep me there. But just his thumb felt wicked against me and I couldn't help myself.

“That sounds fair,” I said. “Do your worst.”

He pulled a phone out of his back pocket and set the timer. He flashed it towards me before setting it down on the bedside table.

Dante looked down at me and I felt ridiculous. I was still wearing the polo shirt and jeans that I'd been wearing when I came over here. But as a girl, they fit me all wrong. The jeans were practically falling off and the polo was fit to burst at the seams from my breasts. I must have looked all out of proportion, but Dante licked his lips and a fire lit his eyes.

Why was this turning me on? It was so wrong.

“Tell me you want to get naked,” he commanded.

“What?” Why would I do that? I didn't want to get naked. My clothes were there to keep me safe.

“You promised you would do anything I commanded. I'm adding on another minute for every time you disobey after this one.” He would give no quarter, I could tell.

But I had agreed. I licked my lips and said the words. “I want to be naked.” Even though they were a lie, they sent a little thrill through me.

Dante smiled. “Now give me the answers I want to my questions.” He held up a hand to my lips before I could tell him that I didn't know what he wanted to hear.

“What do you want to do with your clothes?” He asked.

I wanted to keep them on! I almost told him that, but then remembered his command. I was supposed to answer what he wanted to hear. And he wanted me to say that I wanted to be naked. Even though I didn't want to be naked.

Right?

“I want to take them off?” I thought that was the right answer, but my thoughts were beginning to jumble.

Dante smiled. “That’s right. And that’s because you’re a slut who needs to be fucked. Repeat that.”

“I’m...” it stuck in my throat and Dante reached back for the timer. But I stopped him by getting the words out. “I’m a slut who needs to be fucked!” It came out in one breath, but it was what Dante wanted.

He turned back and spoke, “Chloe, reward this slut. But leave her clothes on.”

Didn’t I want my clothes off? No, I wanted them to stay on. But if Dante was saying that I should leave them on, didn’t that mean I wanted to take them off? I couldn’t keep my thoughts straight.

Chloe climbed on top of me, straddling my thin waist and digging her hands into my hair. She brought my face up close and captured my lips, devouring my mouth. I gasped out and her tongue shot in, exploring my mouth. She overpowered me, commanding me to do as she wanted.

I could feel one of her hands let go of my hair and grasp my breast through my shirt. I nearly jumped when she brushed against my nipple and moaned against her lips. Nothing had ever felt this good before in my life.

I felt a strange emptiness between my thighs that only seemed greater and greater as she kissed me.

Almost as soon as she’d climbed on, she was pulled back. Dante pulled her off of me and close to himself. He kissed her with as much force as she’d kissed me before pushing her away. She lost her balance and fell off the bed and to the floor.

“What are you?” Dante asked me.

I...what was I supposed to be? I was a boy, no I was a girl. No, I was supposed to be a man but I was a girl. Temporarily.

But that wasn’t what Dante wanted to hear.

What was I supposed to be?

“I want to be naked!” I remembered that. I pulled at my shirt, trying to get it over my head. Now that I remembered that I wanted my clothes off, it felt like they weighed a hundred pounds and I needed to get out of them.

“That’s not all, slut. What are you?” Dante demanded.

Slut? Was that what I was? Or what he wanted me to say I was. I couldn’t keep my thoughts straight anymore. I just needed to get this top off. With a final struggled, I pulled it over my head and tossed it aside, baring my breasts to the room. That felt so much better, but my pants were still on.

I tried to undo them, but Dante’s hand landed on my own. He pushed me back into the bed, completely dominating my space. “What are you?” He spoke right in my face. “Tell me, slut.”

“I’m a slut who needs to be fucked!” It came back in a rush. That was who I was! I needed a cock inside of me. “And I want to be naked!” When I said it out loud, it all made sense. Of course, that was why I was in this bed, with this magnificent man standing over me. I was a slut who needed to be fucked.

“And what do you want from me?” Dante asked.

What did I want? I could feel the stiff rod of his cock between us and I was soaking with arousal. I knew exactly what I needed. “Your cock! I need you to fuck me.”

He tweaked one of my nipples and I squealed, nearly convulsing in pleasure. “What else do you need from me?”

What else was there? I needed his cock, I needed to come. That was it! “I need your cum inside of me!” For a second, Dante turned away and fumbled with something behind him, but he turned right back to me and I dived for his pants, undoing the buckle and sliding them down to reveal the thick, beautiful cock between his legs.

Had I been angry when I walked in on Chloe with her lips around this thing? No, I had been jealous. I leaned forward, trying to take it into my own mouth. I was desperate for a taste of him, for any part of him inside of me.

But Dante didn’t want my lips around him. He had a different object in

mind. He pulled down my pants, leaving me completely exposed. "I'm going to fuck you, baby," he said. "Going to cum in you so hard you get knocked up and know you're a real girl."

Wasn't I already a real girl? But I couldn't think anymore. Dante's hands were on me, feeling up my tits and pushing into my hot cunt. He pushed in one finger and then two. He stretched me out, making me ready for him to come inside the slick folds of my molten core.

"Please," I begged. "I need it." I'd never been filled up before, but I would have sold my soul in that moment to have him inside of me. I had never needed anything so much in my life.

"Yeah? You want me to fuck you?" He demanded. "You want me to fill you full of cum?"

"God yes!" I jerked as his fingers brushed against something so sensitive I had to dig my fingers into his shoulders to keep from falling off the bed. "Ooooh, do that again." It felt so good.

He rubbed that spot, circling faster and faster while I panted and moaned, crying out his name, begging him to bury himself deep inside of me.

Finally, Dante thought I was ready enough and he settled between my legs, the tip of his cock brushing against my entrance. For one fragile moment we were absolutely still.

I knew that I would be changed in the next moment, but I didn't care. I couldn't imagine living another minute without him inside of me.

And Dante must have sensed my urgency, he sunk himself in quickly, all the way to the hilt.

I cried out, feeling a small orgasm which was only a precursor of those to come.

Dante showed no mercy, pounding into me with a brutal force on the edge between pleasure and pain. I could feel myself tearing up, but I didn't want him to stop. I never wanted him to stop. We could stay in this bed until the sun exploded and it would still not be long enough.

He kept going, reaching down between us to flick and that bud of

pleasure at my center. I came apart under him, shuddering around him and screaming his name.

But still, Dante didn't relent, slowing his pace for a moment to let me recover from the destructive orgasm. I could almost feel my thoughts slipping away as I became just another dumb slut hungry for his cock. And I welcomed it. I needed his cum inside of me so badly.

His pace quickened and he thrust faster and faster until with a grunt he burst inside of me, his cum splashing my cunt and making me cum all over again. And this time, the pleasure was so great that my mind went completely white and I fell back to the sheets in unconsciousness.

I woke up sometime later. Chloe was laying with both me and Dante, her arm wrapped around my bare breasts and her other hand idly playing with my cunt. I adjusted my leg to give her better access and moaned as she stroked me quickly, working me over until I came, this orgasm less earthshaking, but still pleasurable.

"You're our slut now," she breathed in my ear. "How does that feel?"

I came again, just from her words. I truly was a slut. There was nothing I wanted more. "It feels like I need to be fucked some more." And both Dante and Chloe were happy to oblige.

A few weeks later we found out that Dante had made true on his promise to knock me up. We celebrated with several of his friends and I ended the night covered in more cum than I'd ever seen in my life. This was the life, and I couldn't imagine anything better.

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