



YOGA SWAPPED
FEMINIZATION TRANSFORMATION

GAL HORNE

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Gal Horne

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CHAPTER ONE

Okay, don't judge me, but I recently signed up to a yoga class.

I know, I know. I'm a guy in my early thirties, with absolutely zero experience of attending group workouts, and even less muscle flexibility. It's going to be a disaster.

The thing is, I probably didn't join the class for the right reasons.

It's not some kind of mid-life crisis. Some attempt to get fit and lean before I hit forty. I've literally signed up to the class in an attempt to hit on women.

Like I say: I know. I'm aware of how pathetic this is.

But listen: I'm a single dad, with two young kids, and there's just no way I can meet women these days. I never thought I'd be looking for love at this age, in this situation, but there you go. It's damn hard. Especially with a four-year-old and a six-year-old in tow. It's not like I have the time or the freedom to go on endless Internet dates to find Miss Right. So, when my good friend Jenny suggested it to me last week, I gave it some serious consideration.

'Honestly, Ray,' she told me as we met up for coffee at Starbucks. 'It's a great way to meet women, and the fact that you're a *man* will probably get you loads of attention too.'

'I don't know,' I said, sipping my white chocolate mocha. 'It's a bit creepy, isn't it? Going to a yoga class specifically to hit on women. Isn't it kind of... predatory?'

Jenny laughed. 'You've got to work for a relationship, Ray,' she told me. 'Plus, I think the yoga'll do you good, anyway. You've been kind of... ground down lately, if you don't mind me saying, honey. It's time you did something just for *you*.'

Jenny was right. Ever since my wife passed away, two years ago, I've been trying to be everything to those kids. Dad, mom, best friend. I've been giving them everything I've got, but that's left very little time for *me*.

‘I suppose it’s worth a try,’ I told Jenny. ‘At the very least, even if I don’t meet anyone, I guess I’ll have a decent downward-facing dog if I stick at it.’

‘Exactly,’ Jenny said, grinning.

It’s a shame Jenny and I would never work as a couple. Jenny’s into ridiculously beefy men. Like, seriously, she once dated a weightlifter, and then broke up with him because he stopped training as hard and lost a little muscle mass. I suppose you could say she’s shallow, but I’ve always admired the fact that she knows exactly what she wants.

My wife always liked that about Jenny too. The two of them used to be best friends, and that’s how Jenny came into my life. That’s another reason I’d never get together with Jenny. It wouldn’t feel right. In all honesty, the idea of getting together with *anyone* that’s not my wife feels weird.

But hell, it’s been two years now, and I think I deserve the chance to move on.

So, after meeting up with Jenny last week, I took a look online and found a yoga class in my area. I picked the one closest to my house, so that I’d be able to get back to the babysitter easily after the session. I decided not to read up on the class too much beforehand, because a) yoga-speak is all gobbledygook to me anyway, and b) I didn’t want to scare myself off.

I think if I hadn’t paid a deposit in advance, I might have freaked out by now and changed my mind. But the fact is, I’ve already paid for my first session, and that’s why I’m on my way there now, my legs trembling with every step. Saying goodbye to the kids was hard enough. I can’t remember the last time I left it to someone else to feed them and put them to bed. Oh no, wait, I can remember, because it’s literally never happened. And the funny thing is, the kids were fine when I left them. It’s *me* who’s got separation anxiety.

As I walk down the street, I feel like a total fraud. I decided that since I have ulterior motives for signing up to this class — namely, meeting the woman of my dreams and running off into the sunset with her — I had to at the very least buy some decent clothes. So, I’m wearing specialist blue yoga pants and a green tank top. What’s that phrase I’ve heard before? ‘All the gear and no idea.’ That sounds about right.

I tried watching some YouTube videos at home last night. Practiced my downward-facing dog (my heels are about six inches off the floor), my lizard pose (grotesque) and my corpse pose (this one’s just lying down, which I’m very good at). Overall, I’d say that my chances of making a fool of myself are

at around one hundred percent. Maybe some kind woman will take pity on me and offer to buy me a drink to make me feel better. That's how dating works, right? It blossoms out of a deep sense of pity?!

I almost walk right past the yoga studio when I get there. The sign is only small, and it's wedged between a coffee shop and a drugstore. At least I know where I'll buy my pain meds when I inevitably tear a ligament during the session.

I head into the building, walking down a narrow corridor, and I start to feel crazily self-conscious. I work from home — computer stuff — so I rarely mix with other people, except for Jenny. Suddenly, I become aware of all the bits of myself that I don't like. My lips, which I've always felt were a little too pouty for a man — kind of feminine. My nose, which is smaller and thinner than I'd like. And then my hair. Why on earth didn't I get my hair cut before coming here today? It's so shaggy, growing down past my ears, and looks such a mess.

I guess I really didn't think this through.

I think about all the attractive, flexible women that no doubt attend this class, and how grossed out they'll be by a man like me entering their sacred space. Perhaps I should just turn around right now and head home...

'You must be Ray.'

A voice right behind me makes me jump. I turn around to see a man of around my age. He's slim and toned, with piercing blue eyes and long blond hair, and he's wearing a tie-dye t-shirt and harem pants. He looks like a sort of surfer-dude yoga version of Kurt Cobain, if that's possible.

'I'm Forest,' he tells me.

I blink at him.

'I'm the yoga instructor for the class you signed up for.'

Oh, Jesus. I *had* seen that name, Forest, but I'd assumed it was going to be a woman. I'd pictured some kind of Earth goddess taking the class, someone so impossibly beautiful that she'd be completely out of my league, but I was going to enjoy watching her show me all the poses in any cases.

For some reason, I just hadn't anticipated the class being run by a man.

Immediately, I feel disappointment. The women in this class are probably all obsessed with Forest. I'll bet they fantasize about stroking his long blond hair and gazing into those piercing blue eyes in the moments before a kiss...

Ugh.

I *really* should have turned around when I had the chance. I look such a

mess compared to this guy.

‘Er, hi,’ I say to Forest. ‘I’m... kinda new to yoga, so... sorry if I start doing everything wrong.’

Forest looks at me deeply, sincerely, and says: ‘We all have to start our journey somewhere...’ Then he smiles, and two perfect dimples appear in his cheeks. ‘Don’t worry, I’ll be gentle with you.’

There’s something about the way Forest looks at me, like he’s staring right into my soul. It’s unsettling. I feel as though he can read my mind, or sense my emotions, or something. I feel weirdly naked. And also, I feel very, very stupid in this expensive new yoga gear. Why didn’t I just wear my sweatpants and be true to myself?

We reach a small door at the end of the corridor, and I’m relieved to discover that behind the door is a large, light room, looking out onto a yard full of lush plants and flowers. I was beginning to feel quite claustrophobic.

Forest strides to the front of the room and lays out his fancy-looking yoga mat, then sits on it in what I believe is called a lotus position, while scanning the room and smiling beatifically. Seriously, who is this guy? I feel like he’s really trying hard to project a certain image of himself to us all. But maybe I’m just an old cynic.

There are eight or nine other people in here. Some are sitting on their mats and others are stretching, as though warming up for a marathon. They are all women, they all look very toned and fit, and they all seem completely uninterested in me.

I find a mat from a box in the corner and unroll it in a space right at the back of the room. At least none of them will be able to see how awful I am at this if I hide at the back.

‘Welcome, sisters,’ says Forest, once I’m settled. Of course, this makes me feel even more self-conscious. Have I just become, with that one utterance, a *sister*? Am I basically in the friend zone with these women before I’ve even managed to talk to any of them? I’m a red-blooded man, goddammit! I’ve got a penis and testicles! I’m no sister!

Forest doesn’t seem to mind. He instructs us to all pay attention to our breathing, and to get to our feet, and the class begins.

I hate to admit it, but there is actually something very calming about Forest’s teaching style. The way he makes us breathe creates a sound like the ocean in the room. And his voice lulls us calmly from one position to the next. Okay, so my posture is terrible and I feel like a bit of a buffoon, but

there is a certain pleasure to be had in the flow of the movements.

Forest has this way, too, of making you feel like you're the only person in the class. I swear, it's like he's staring at me the entire time. I even wonder, at one point, if he's gay and checking me out, but there's no way someone like Forest would check *me* out, even if he was homosexual. He'd go for someone way cooler.

At the end of the class, I hear the women arranging to head off to the cafe outside for a peppermint tea together. I'm hoping to interject, to try and join them, but just as I'm psyching myself up to talk to them, Forest approaches me.

'Ray,' he says. 'I'd like to offer you some private tutorials for the next few weeks. To try and loosen you up a bit.'

'Private tutorials?' I ask, feeling weird. 'How much do they cost?'

'Nothing,' Forest replies. 'I'd do it for free. I'm currently experimenting with taking on absolute beginners, seeing how much I can change them in a matter of weeks, and well— you'd be a prime candidate. In fact, you'd be my first candidate.'

The thought of a private lesson with Forest makes me feel kinda freaked out. But also, it's weirdly exciting at the same time...

'OK, I'll do it,' I tell him.

After all, if it works, maybe I'll suddenly become visible to the other ladies in my class. Hell, maybe *I'll* be the one organizing the outings for peppermint tea.

CHAPTER TWO

I stare at the piece of paper I'm holding, wondering if this can really be the right address. If so, Forest basically lives in a mansion.

It's Wednesday morning, and I'm still a little achy from last night's yoga class, so not sure how much I'll be able to do today, but Forest seemed keen to get me to come along to his private tutorials as soon as possible, so... here I am.

One of the perks of being self-employed is that I'm in charge of my own hours, and, since the girls are at school right now, I decided what the heck? I'll have to work late tonight, once I've put the girls to bed, but hey, sometimes it's worth stepping out of your comfort zone and trying something new, right?

I walk up to the three-story white building, and reach out for the door-knocker. The thing looks so heavy it's like it's made of solid gold. I grab onto it and knock three times, wondering what I'm about to let myself in for.

'Ray,' says Forest, smiling, when he opens the door for me. I'm relieved to see him standing there, actually. Part of me wondered, with a house like this, if it might be a maid or a servant coming to greet me.

'Nice, er, place you got here,' I say awkwardly, as I enter the building. I'm stunned by the decor. The floors and walls and ceilings are all white, but there's modern art *everywhere*. Splashes of color and strange figurines and sculptures that kind of resemble people, but I wouldn't like to hazard a guess as to what they are for fear of making a fool of myself. As Forest leads me through the house, though, I start to become aware that there's a regular pattern emerging among the artworks. And, honestly, it looks kinda... sexual. Maybe I just haven't had a woman for so long that my mind's playing tricks on me, but I swear a lot of the artwork in here is meant to represent... ladies' parts.

'I see you're enjoying the artwork,' says Forest, looking at me with a wide

grin. He leads me into a large, open kitchen, and pours out two tall glasses of ice water with cucumber slices in it. 'It's a little erotic for some people to handle,' says Ray, handing me a glass, 'but personally, I think the female genitalia are wildly underrated, don't you?'

Cautiously, I nod. I don't want to offend my host, but I'm not really sure what he means.

'All you have to do is look around at the world we live in,' continues Forest, 'and there are phallic symbols everywhere. From skyscrapers to sausages; swords to pepper grinders; telephones to tombstones. It's easy to see the influence of men in the world around us. Yonic symbols, on the other hand, representing the female organs, are more subtle, appearing more in nature than in man-made structures.'

I nod some more, but I'm not sure I entirely agree. I mean, surely not everything that's long and thin is *meant* to represent a penis. I mean: a pepper grinder? A telephone? They're just the shape they are because that's what's practical, right?

I take a drink of water, pleased at how cool and refreshing it is, and try to calm my breathing. I know I don't need to feel nervous about what's about to happen. It's just... a one-on-one session with this guy? In his mansion full of erotic art? While he lectures me about the beauty of the vulva and vagina? At least now I know he's probably not gay, so I don't need to worry that he's trying to seduce me while I'm here.

'So,' I say, trying to sound as casual as possible. 'What's the plan for today? Do we just repeat the same moves as we did last night. I'm hoping I'm not too achy...'

'No, no,' says Forest, after draining his entire glass of water and setting it down on the counter-top. 'There are just three moves we will focus on today. We are going to perfect them, and lodge them in your brain, your essence, your very being.'

'Oh, okay,' I say, feeling kind of relieved. Three moves doesn't sound too tough. Perhaps I'll be in and out of here in half an hour, and can get back to my work.

'Follow me,' says Forest, leading me out of the kitchen, through an enormous set of folding glass patio doors, and leading me out onto a spectacular terrace. There's an incredible view, looking out over the city — and also the mountains and trees beyond it. On the terrace is a large, blue infinity pool, and I wish for a second I was about to get in there for a quick

swim instead of practicing yoga.

‘Wow,’ I say. ‘This really is some place.’

‘Thanks,’ says Forest, nodding. ‘I used to work in finance. Before I retrained as a yoga instructor. I guess I just woke up one morning and had a bit of an epiphany. I realized it was time to change my life around, so here I am.’

Still living in the mansion that your job in finance bought for you, though, I think jealously.

‘I’ve just got back from a three-week retreat in India as it happens,’ says Forest. ‘That’s one of the things that inspired me to start my private sessions.’

‘You had another epiphany?’ I ask, a little impishly.

Forest smiles at me. ‘Something like that.’

He leads me to an area of his terrace that’s already been set up with yoga mats, and I take off my sweater, revealing that I’m wearing exactly the same outfit as last night. I only bought one outfit, so I didn’t have time to wash it today, but never mind. I’m here to sweat, so why bother putting on something brand new for the occasion, right?

Incidentally, Forest is not wearing the outfit he wore last night. He’s wearing a skintight black tank top now, with even tighter black shorts, that hug his butt — and dare I say, his *privates* — leaving little to the imagination. Not that I’m looking, obviously, but... with that outfit, you sort of can’t help it.

‘Now, before we begin, I’d like us to start with some meditation,’ says Forest, inviting me to sit on a mat. ‘Ideally, you’d sit in the Lotus position for this, but if you can’t manage that, then cross-legged will do.’

I’m now feeling *way* out of my comfort zone. ‘I’ve never meditated before,’ I say. ‘I’m not sure I’ll be very good at it.’

The idea with meditation is that you’re supposed to empty your mind of all things, isn’t it? I’m far too neurotic and self-analytical for something like that. Am I going to have to sit here in silence pretending to be having a spiritual experience, when really I’m wondering if my breathing is too loud, my hair is a mess, or what I’m going to make the girls for dinner?

‘There’s no such thing as being good or bad at meditation,’ Forest tells me with a shrug. ‘You can only engage in it, or not engage in it.’

‘But there’s no way I can empty my mind,’ I protest.

‘You don’t have to,’ says Forest. ‘Just take my lead.’

For the next ten minutes, Forest guides me through a bizarre process of

breathing, progressive muscle relaxation, and every time a thought comes into my head, simply thinking, 'Here I am' and letting the thought go.

Here I am.

It's weird, but by the time the meditation finishes, I genuinely do feel different. Calmer, more grounded, more ready to start the yoga session.

'Beautiful,' says Forest, as he gazes into my eyes, though I'm not sure what he's calling beautiful, exactly. Our meditative experience, maybe?

Forest now tells me to stand at the front of my mat, and leads me through a basic set of movements that essentially lead to me standing with my legs wide apart, crouching, with my arms raised in the air. I feel kinda... silly.

'This is *Utkata Konasana*,' says Forest. 'Also known as the Goddess Pose. Good for strengthening the lower body.'

I can feel my legs wobbling as I try to hold the pose.

'This position can be very challenging,' Forest says, presumably seeing how much I'm struggling. 'But, by breathing through the discomfort, and not giving up, you'll soon discover your inner goddess.'

My inner goddess? Is this guy for real?

'Can you feel it?' Forest asks, with such optimism that I almost don't want to let him down by telling him that no, I can't feel my inner goddess. All I can feel is aching thigh muscles and a healthy dose of embarrassment.

'Try visualizing your deepest anxieties while in this pose, and, with each exhale, simply breathe them out and let them go.'

Okay, I think. Well, right now, doing yoga with you is my deepest anxiety.

Plus there's the fact I signed up to do yoga to get a girlfriend, and all I've managed so far is a one-on-one session in your erotic mansion.

And then of course I miss my wife terribly.

And I'm worried I'll never be good enough for my children, never be able to give them what my wife once gave them.

I breathe out. And out. And out. And, sure enough, soon, I'm, starting to feel a little better.

'Good,' says Forest gently. 'You're looking a little lighter.'

Next, Forest guides me into a different pose. A kind of low lunge, again with my arms raised up.

'This is *Anjaneyasana*,' he tells me. 'Also known as the Crescent Moon. This pose grounds you, while at the same time elevating you to a place of wonder and worship. Soften your eyes as you do it. Smile. That's it. Gorgeous.'

Every now and then, Forest puts his hands on me to correct my posture. Right now, he places one hand on my back and another on my chest, lifting me a couple inches higher than I was reaching before. He doesn't seem shy about leaving his hands on me for a few seconds longer than he needs to. It's as though he's trying to transfer some of his spiritual energy to me, or taking some of mine. Either way, it makes me feel slightly light-headed and strange.

'This pose increases the blood flow to the reproductive organs,' Forest says, as though that's a normal thing to say.

Is he really trying to tell me that this pose is about to give me an erection? In these yoga pants, I certainly hope not.

'It awakens the cosmic energy in your spine,' Forest says. 'In women, it can help treat infertility.'

There's something about the emphasis that Forest places upon the female body that I find deeply confusing. I mean, he's a man. I'm a man. Why can't we work on some more masculine poses? Poses to make me strong and confident and manly? It's almost like he's trying to emasculate me on purpose.

'Finally, I want you to lie on your back with your arms out wide and your legs like this.' He helps me to push the soles of my feet together, and bend my legs out like frogs' legs. 'This is *Supta Baddha Konasana*, or Reclined Butterfly Pose,' says Forest. 'A deeply nurturing posture that opens the hips, allowing your heart to open and your pelvis to welcome new life.'

I'm welcoming new life in my pelvis? Is he talking about pregnancy? I'm so confused.

'Perfect, perfect,' says Forest, as I inhale deeply.

I must say, in a vulnerable pose like this, as well as feeling silly and embarrassed and everything else, I do feel kind of nice. As though I'm melting down into the floor, stretching out all the parts of me that have been tense for so long.

'It will take time,' says Forest, as he begins to walk softly around me in circles, 'for these poses to become second nature. But I want you to practice this basic flow every morning and every night from now on.'

I'm about to speak, but Forest instructs me to close my eyes and straighten my legs for a quick Savasana. Corpse Pose. 'Everything you've done in the session comes together in Corpse Pose,' he tells me. 'This is the time that matters most.'

He leaves me to lie there, still and relaxed, as he goes away to make us

some tea. When I finally open my eyes and join him on the sofa, I'm shocked by the scent of delicious spices wafting up at me from my mug of tea. Cardamom, cloves, cinnamon, black pepper, chili.

'It's Masala Chai,' Forest tells me. 'To invigorate the senses and awaken every cell within you.'

The tea is actually very delicious, although I can't help noticing that Forest isn't drinking any.

'You're going to feel a little different when you go home today,' he tells me, his hands forming a prayer position. 'Just remember, keep practicing your poses and work through any discomfort you might feel, and soon, you'll find your life is transformed.'

There's something a little offensive about a stranger assuming that I want to transform my life, but never mind. I leave Forest in something of a daze, not sure whether it was the meditation or the yoga or the spiced tea, and by the time I get home, I *do* feel different. I feel more... flexible. But not just physically. Mentally, too. As if something in me has cracked open, and is ready to be refilled, in a slightly different mold to before.

I find myself breathing a little more deeply, feeling a little more strongly, and, when my girls get home from school, I hold them more tightly than ever before.

After I put them to bed, I try to practice the flow that Forest taught me, but even though there were only three poses, I feel like I'm getting it all wrong. My goddess is ugly, my moon is waning, my butterfly has broken wings. I guess my life might not be transformed *that much*, after all.

CHAPTER THREE

It's been almost a week since my private session at Forest's house, and tonight I'm due to attend the yoga class again.

I'm feeling nervous, so last night I decided to arrange a meet-up with Jenny for a bit of a pep-talk. Now, we're back at Starbucks (obviously) but instead of ordering my usual white chocolate mocha, I went for a chai latte. It tastes... nothing like the one I had at Forest's house, truth be told. Much more syrupy, and less spicy.

'So, how'd last week's class go?' Jenny asks me. 'Any contenders?'

'If by contenders you mean were there any hot ladies there, then... yes,' I say, blushing. 'Like, all of them. But I don't think a single one even noticed I was there.'

Jenny laughs, taking a sip of her cappuccino. 'These things take time, honey. Step One was simply showing up. You did that. Tonight, you can put Step Two into practice.'

'Step Two?' I ask warily.

'Exactly. Initiate conversation. You want my advice, Ray? Be a lion. Don't wait for life to happen to you. Go out there and grab it with those razor-sharp lion teeth.'

'Let me get this straight,' I say. 'I just walk up to one of the women, and... roar at her?'

Jenny laughs again. 'You might want to start by asking her out for coffee.'

The very thought of this makes me feel anxious. I can't just walk right up to a perfect stranger and invite her to drink a hot beverage with me, can I? Doesn't that seem... creepy?

'Look at it this way,' Jenny says. 'If they're not into it, they'll just say no. But they'll be flattered. If they're into it, then you got yourself a date. Or at least a shot at a date. You can't lose with this method. Honestly.'

'I'll think about it,' I say, nodding. 'Maybe see how much I embarrass

myself at tonight's class first.'

'You find the poses difficult?'

'I find the poses practically *impossible*,' I say. For some reason, I feel unable to tell Jenny about the private session I did at Forest's house, and the fact that I've been attempting to do those three poses he taught me every morning and night since. Okay, okay, I confess I haven't done them *every* morning and night. But I get tired, and distracted, and besides, I can't remember them properly. No point doing them over and over again if I'm doing them wrong, is there?

'Well, you look a little different to me already,' Jenny says, putting down her mug and fixing me with an intense stare. 'Hard to put my finger on it exactly, but I'd say you're looking... rosier. Kind of like you're glowing from the inside.'

Now it's my turn to laugh. 'I guess I do feel a little different,' I say. 'But I wouldn't go that far.'

'Whatever it is you're doing, keep doing it, buddy,' Jenny says. 'And then do it a little more, okay?'

As I finish my chai, we talk about other things: Jenny's hectic love life (she's seeing two wrestlers at once at the moment), my work (boring as ever) and the kids (hard work but lovable). By the end of our meet-up, I feel as though my batteries have been recharged a little, and I'm ready to face whatever tonight's class brings.

But by the time that evening comes around, I'm starting to feel jittery again. I say goodbye to the girls, which is a little easier this time, thankfully, and I head down to the class in my freshly-laundered yoga gear, wondering if there's any way I can do what Jenny advised me to do: be a lion.

Somehow, I'm the last person to turn up to the class again, which is lucky, because it means I get to hide away at the back like last week. It's not exactly 'lion' behavior, hiding away meekly hoping nobody sees me, but screw it, this is only my second session, and I'm *definitely* about to make a fool of myself.

As the class progresses, I notice that Forest seems to be watching me very closely again. Today, he walks around the room, and keeps coming over to my mat to check my poses, putting his hand on my lower back, my neck, even, at one point, my butt. As the class is starting to draw to a close, and we move to our more sedate poses, on the floor, he bends down and whispers something into my ear.

‘You haven’t been practicing your poses every day,’ he tells me under his breath. And then he walks back to the front of the class.

Well, that’s weird. For one thing, how would he know if I’ve been practicing the poses or not? For another, I’ve tried my best! Well, maybe not my best, but I’ve tried.

I feel so aggravated by Forest’s accusation that I can barely focus on the end of the class. I certainly don’t relax when we lie down to do Savasana at the end. The adrenaline is pumping around my body, and I feel almost irrationally angry.

How dare this guy treat me this way? I’m a paying customer. Okay, he’s giving me private sessions for free, supposedly, but that’s because he wants to. Because it’s doing *him* a favor.

When I get up off the mat at the end, I don’t even look Forest in the eye. Instead, pumped up on adrenaline, I approach one of the women from the row in front of me.

‘Hey,’ I say.

She turns to look at me. She’s in her late twenties, I’d say, with dark hair and dark skin, and a seriousness about her that I like. ‘Are you new?’ she asks.

‘Yeah,’ I reply. ‘This was my second session. I’m... kinda lost with it all, to tell the truth.’

She smiles. It’s a pretty smile. ‘I was like that to begin with. But you soon get used to it.’

‘Perhaps we could go for a coffee? And you could give me some pointers?’ I say this before I have a chance to un-say it. My heart is racing.

The woman shrugs. ‘Sure,’ she says. ‘There’s a group of us heading up to the cafe for peppermint tea now if you’d like to join us.’

I swallow. This wasn’t exactly what I meant. I was trying to ask her out on a date. But... it’s something, right? And besides, a social gathering with a whole group of women is even better, right? More chance that one of them will take a liking to me.

We head up to the cafe and, not wanting to be the odd one out, I order a peppermint tea. It tastes like liquid toothpaste and it’s really not my thing, but I force myself to drink it.

‘So, what brings you to yoga?’ asks the woman, whose name I’ve now learned is Selma.

I try out a few responses in my head.

I'm here to meet the love of my life.

I'm hoping, at the very least, to get a fuck out of it.

My life has been one long slog since my wife died. I'm doing something to try and break the cycle.

'I hoped it would be good for me,' I say at last.

Selma nods, and I'm relieved I didn't just say something insane. 'What do you think of Forest?' she asks me.

'Forest? Er, he seems... pretty committed to the whole yoga lifestyle,' I say. I'm trying to give a neutral answer right now, the kind of thing a politician might say, but I can see Selma smirking.

'He's definitely that,' she says. 'We all think he's... kind of *a lot*. But our yoga has improved so much since we started coming to his classes.'

'A lot?' I ask. 'In what way?'

Selma shares a knowing look with the other women. 'He's just... a big personality, you know? Kind of intense.'

'I thought maybe it was just me that was thinking that,' I say. 'I assumed maybe all the women in the group were attracted to him.'

Suddenly, the entire circle of women around me start laughing. 'We're pretty sure he's gay,' one of them says. 'He's not really our type. He seemed kind of interested in *you* today, though.' She raises an eyebrow at me.

'Huh,' I laugh, but without smiling. Just then, I feel a vibration in my pocket, and take out my cell phone. I have a text message. It's from Forest.

Come to my place tomorrow afternoon, 3pm. Bring an overnight bag.

I blink at the message in disbelief for a few moments, then slip my phone back in my pocket, hoping nobody else saw it.

'Everything okay?' Selma asks. 'You've turned a little pale.'

'Yes,' I say. 'Absolutely. Everything's fine.'

But I barely say another word after that, and I certainly don't feel like a lion as I walk back home. I feel like a mouse.

Am I really going to stay over at Forest's mansion tomorrow? Why would I do that?

CHAPTER FOUR

I've come to the conclusion that either Forest is insane, or I am insane, or, more likely, we're *both* insane.

Because when I got home after the yoga class last night, I practiced the three special poses Forest taught me. And then I practiced them against this morning. And now, I'm standing outside Forest's door with a rucksack containing a change of clothes and a toothbrush, and I have a sitter booked until the morning.

I knock at the door three times, barely able to believe I'm doing this.

It's not like I owe Forest anything. I'm not gay, obviously, so it's not like I'm attracted to him. I guess, if I had to put my finger on it, I'd say that I'm... curious. Not about my sexuality — god, no. I'm very comfortably straight, no doubt about that. But I'm curious about who this guy is. About why he's so intense. About why he's fixated on helping me.

I think my life has been so predictable for so long that maybe I'm just craving something a little different. Throwing some unpredictability, some wildness, into the mix. Doing something that's nothing to do with my kids. And not even anything to do with Jenny. I'm having my own weird little adventure.

And yes, that's probably insane.

When Forest answers the door, he looks slightly surprised to see me.

'You came,' he says, ushering me in. 'And you look...'

Oh fuck, what is it? I've been in such a rush to get my work done and sort a babysitter and everything else that I can't even remember when I last looked in a mirror. Have I got the kids' breakfast smeared on my face or something?

'You look like you've been practicing your poses,' says Forest, giving me a wide grin. 'You look great.'

'Oh,' I say, relieved. 'Yeah. I do feel a bit different, actually. Seems like

those poses are pretty powerful.’

I don’t feel as different as I’m making out, but I definitely do feel like *something* has changed. As though my muscles are more... connected than they were before. And I feel more lithe, more fluid, more flexible.

‘They’re more powerful than you know,’ says Forest, turning to look at me with great sincerity. He ushers me through to the kitchen, and offers me a cucumber water, just like last time, which I gratefully accept.

‘Thanks,’ I say. ‘It’s another hot one today.’

‘I’m going to be honest with you,’ Forest says, leaning over the kitchen counter and fixing his blue eyes on me. ‘This process is going to transform you entirely. If you do as I say, you’ll be a different person, even by the morning.’

My eyes widen. ‘By the morning? You think you can change me that quickly?’

Forest nods. ‘Oh yes. For sure. But... is that something you want, Ray? Do you want to change?’

Without even a moment’s hesitation, I find myself saying yes. ‘Yes, I do,’ I say. ‘I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t.’

‘The changes I’m talking about... they’re pretty radical,’ says Forest. ‘I think you’ll like them... but you need to know, there’s no going back.’

‘I don’t want to go back,’ I reply. ‘The past is... the past. It’s too painful to go back there. I want to move on. Look forward.’ I’m talking about what happened with my wife, really, but I don’t want to get into all that with Forest. Not right now.

‘I understand,’ says Forest, nodding. ‘We all have pain in our pasts. Some more than others.’

I finish my water and then Forest leads me out onto the terrace.

We engage in a slightly longer meditation today, and I’m pleased to discover that I find it easier to relax than the last time we did it.

‘Remember, it’s natural to have thoughts while you meditate. Just let them come, and let them go.’

Here I am, I think.

After the meditation, I feel deeply focused. Today, when we work through the poses, I don’t feel any embarrassment or silliness. I simply listen, learn, and follow instructions. When I get the poses just right, I can feel them working, too. My whole body starts to tremble and it’s like there’s this beautiful cosmic energy running through me, as though I’m somehow

becoming aligned with the universe.

‘Good... good,’ Forest whispers to me as I move. ‘You’re doing an amazing job.’

A tiny voice somewhere deep, deep inside my head asks me whether I *might* be attracted to Forest. Maybe not sexually, but there’s definitely some kind of magnetic force pulling the two of us together. Perhaps it’s just the intimacy of our situation. I haven’t been intimate with anyone in so long, and it feels good.

As I lie down in Savasana at the end of our session, I feel utterly spent. As though all the electricity that was just crackling inside of me has dissipated, leaving me with a feeling of deep peace.

I become unaware of the passing of time, and I’m not sure how long I’ve been lying like this.

When I eventually open my eyes, Forest is standing before me with a pot of chai tea. After the lousy imitation at Starbucks, and that disgusting peppermint tea I drank yesterday, I’m excited to finally have a beverage worth drinking.

Forest and I sit out on the terrace, and this time, Forest drinks a mug of tea along with me.

‘How do you feel?’ he asks me.

‘Truthfully, I feel... exhausted,’ I reply, sipping my tea. ‘Completely drained. Like I have nothing left to give.’

‘Something tells me you’re not just talking about how you feel right now, but you’re talking about where you are in your life in general.’

‘You’re right,’ I say. ‘I’ve just been on this treadmill for so long... It’s like I’ve just stepped off of it, and realized that I need a big, long sleep.’

‘That’s good,’ Forest says. ‘I want you to sleep. What you’re going through now, it’s... huge. You need to rest. I want you to have enough energy to perform this ritual again tonight.’

‘Ritual?’ I ask, chuckling. ‘Is that what this is? Some kind of ancient yogic ritual that’s going to make it rain later or something?’

‘Oh, it’s going to do far more than make it rain,’ Forest replies with a glint in his eye. Then, he looks perfectly serious. ‘Now listen. Tonight there’s going to be a full moon. I asked you to bring an overnight bag because you’re going to perform the poses again. At midnight.’

‘At midnight?’ I ask sceptically. ‘Won’t we be a bit tired for that?’ As if to prove a point, I yawn.

‘Not if you rest now.’ Forest reaches under his chair and procures a pink and gold blanket. ‘I want you to take this blanket, and go sleep.’

I yawn again. ‘Where should I go? Do you have a guest room ready for me?’

‘I want you to choose where you sleep,’ Forest tells me. ‘Just go to wherever in his house feels right.’

I nod, my eyelids feeling heavier by the minute. I take the blanket from Forest and walk through his house in a daze. I think I’m even too tired to walk up the stairs. There’s a large stone statue of a naked woman with what can only be described, I think, as its privates proudly on display. But I’m too tired to think about that, either.

I curl up at the base of the statue, wrapping myself in the blanket, and close my eyes.

*

When I wake, it is already dark. Forest is looking down at me, smiling. How long has he been watching me?

‘You look wonderful,’ he says, his gaze moving over my curled up form. ‘And I’m so pleased you chose to sleep beside my Sheila Na Gig.’

‘Sheila what?’ I ask sleepily.

‘It’s a type of European carving,’ he tells me softly. ‘Of a naked woman displaying an exaggerated vulva. Said to ward off evil spirits. I find it quite beautiful, don’t you?’

I look up at the statue, a little shocked by how explicit it is. I’d been too exhausted to notice quite how crude it was before I fell asleep.

‘Er, yes,’ I say, rubbing my eyes. ‘It’s, um, lovely.’

I feel like I should be creeped out by Forest. But no matter what he says or does, I can’t seem to be. I feel a deep interest in him. No, definitely *more* than an interest.

‘It’s time to work through the poses again,’ Forest tells me, in a quiet but firm voice. ‘Under the light of the full moon. This time — naked.’

CHAPTER FIVE

Clearly, this is *definitely* the point where I should become so creeped-out by Forest that I push the eject button and leave the building.

But, like I keep saying, I just can't feel that way. Forest seems so sure of the process he wants us to go through. So confident that this transformation, whatever it is, is going to be good for me. And I can't help but feel like I'd be a fool for not giving it a try.

So, here I am now, standing on his terrace, taking off my t-shirt under the light of the full moon.

'Good,' says Forest, looking at my bare chest.

'I feel a little exposed,' I say shyly. 'Maybe you should get naked too? Level the playing field?' I genuinely can't believe that I just suggested this, but somehow, I did. And I mean it too. If I'm going to get naked, I think it's only right that Forest does too.

Perhaps... I *want* to see him naked.

Forest considers this for a while, and then nods. 'Alright,' he says. 'Fair's fair.' He removes his t-shirt in one swift movement, without even a hint of shyness, and then, before I've even had a chance to remove my *own* pants, he takes off his.

When I see him standing there in front of me, I gulp.

He's not wearing any underwear.

And I can't take my eyes off the thick cock hanging between his legs. It's so much longer than mine, so much manlier than you'd expect such a lean, lithe man to have. And it looks so smooth and pale in the moonlight, I almost want to reach out and touch it.

'Your turn,' he says.

Slowly, I remove my pants and boxers, stepping out of them, my bare feet on the cool stone.

'Here I am,' I say quietly.

Forest looks between my legs now.

‘You’re on your way,’ he utters. I’m not quite sure what he means, but I smile.

‘So, what now?’ I ask. ‘Do we meditate like this?’

‘We will meditate at the end of our session today. I think you’ll find it more helpful. Plus, I’m keen to get you into those poses while your body is... ready for it.’

Again, I’m not really sure what Forest is talking about, but for whatever foolish reason, I’ve grown to trust him lately. So, I stand on my yoga mat, and I await instruction.

Forest closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and then looks at me so intently I feel like I’m about to melt under his stare.

‘First up, the Goddess Pose,’ he says.

I squat down, raising my arms up into the air, and begin to breathe like the ocean.

‘Good,’ says Forest. ‘With every breath, you will feel your body begin to change.’

At first, I’m not really sure what Forest is talking about, but when I am just three or four breaths in, I *do* feel something. A kind of... lengthening. It is as though my arms and legs are stretching outward from my core, becoming more slender and elongated.

‘Incredible,’ marvels Forest as he watches me.

By the time we are done with this pose, my arms and legs feel so light and long that it’s almost like I’m inhabiting someone else’s body. It feels surprisingly good.

We move into the next pose, the Crescent Moon. This is the pose that Forest told me increases the blood flow to my reproductive organs, and sure enough, as I stare to inhale and exhale, I feel a deep, tingling sensation in my groin.

‘Oh wow,’ Forest says under his breath, as he stares down between my legs.

It’s entirely possible that I have a hard-on right now — I’m certainly feeling a lot of warmth and pressure between my legs — but I don’t want to spoil the pose and look down, and besides, Forest doesn’t seem to mind. Whatever’s happening to me down there, Forest seems into it.

‘It’s beautiful,’ Forest says, as if to reassure me. ‘*You’re* beautiful.’

By the time we’re done with the pose, the pressure has begun to dissipate.

It's more like a gentle throb, a soft ache, a feeling of tenderness that is both wonderful and strange all at once.

'Let's move on to Butterfly Pose,' says Forest, guiding me down so that my back is on the mat, and I'm looking up at the stars and full moon, my mind reeling with an unusual sense of pleasure.

I lie with my arms by my side and my legs bent, and Forest reminds me that this position is good for the heart. As soon as he says that word, 'heart', I feel my heart beating wildly in my chest, fluttering like a butterfly emerging from a cocoon. I feel myself begin to unravel, as if parts of me are emerging that have never been free before. I'm like a flower opening — or one of those magician's handkerchiefs, the ones tied together in a seemingly never-ending cascade of silky colors, bursting out, upward toward the sky, into infinity. I feel, in the most perfect way possible, as if my heart really *is* opening up, my chest is expanding, my lungs are breathing in a way they've never breathed before. I'm filled with a vibrant new energy, crackling and alive, and I suddenly want to say something out loud to celebrate this feeling.

'I...' I look up at Forest. 'I... love you,' I say. I don't know where the words came from, or why, but in this moment, they feel right.

'Close your eyes,' Forest whispers, kneeling before me as he looks down at me.

I do as I'm told, and suddenly, I feel Forest's breath on my belly, as he plants a trail of kisses moving down from my navel to my pubic bone. Only... something feels different. *Everything* feels different. My skin feels so taut, so sensitive, and so soft. And my pubic bone feels smooth and rounded.

Wait, where's my penis?

Forest's lips move farther south, down to my inner thighs. His lips feel strong and masculine, and they make my soft flesh shiver and pucker with pleasure.

But I still don't feel my cock.

It's almost impossible to put into words what a hard-on feels like. But you can definitely feel the muscle straining, the engorgement, the aching anticipation. And there's none of that. If anything, I feel... wet down there. And open.

Forest's mouth licks me between my legs now, and I feel such a sudden jolt of realization that it's like I've just woken up after a long, dark sleep.

I'm a woman!

Of course I am. How the hell didn't I notice that before? I can feel it now,

in every inch of myself. Forest's mouth is on my pussy. His hands are creeping up toward my breasts. And when I say breasts, I'm talking about the real thing. I can feel their weight, so round and heavy, plump and pert, moving up and down with my every breath. My body feels sculpted and feminine — that's why my limbs were feeling so slender all of a sudden. And even my face feels different. It sounds impossible, but I can literally feel my bone structure has changed. Even my hair — it's grown!

I don't know whether it's the yoga poses, the full moon, the chai tea or what — but what I *do* know is that Forest's tongue on my pussy feels amazing right now. He's stroking my velvety lips, his tongue probing ever so gently between the lips now and then, pushing me open, tasting me, making me squirm.

I mean, the fact that I'm allowing Forest to even *do* this to me right now is proof how much I've changed. No — I'm not just allowing him to kiss me like this — I'm *willing* him to do it. I'm *loving* it. Of course, I've never been kissed by a man before, let alone down below, but the fact that I'm currently inhabiting a female body means that all previous rules are off the table, right?

I gasp as Forest's tongue enters me a little deeper. His fingers brush over my nipples, making them erect in an instant.

I sigh loudly and grab onto his blond hair, pushing his face deep into my crotch. He moans in delight, eating me up, as his right hand trails down to my thigh, to my pussy, and begins seeking out what I'm fairly sure is going to be my... Yup. There it is. Oh god. My clit.

My eyes snap wide open, looking up at the moon, and I thank every goddess in the night sky for the fact that I've been given this gift. A beautiful, tiny clitoris, so full of sensation, so receptive to Forest's touch. He toys with it gently at first, rubbing some of his saliva on it and working it in small, light circles.

'Oh wow,' I whisper, and that's when I notice that my voice has changed too. It's so feminine now, so soft.

Forest's finger moves faster now, and then, suddenly, it's replaced by his tongue, and his finger works its way deep within my passage. This combination feels absolutely perfect. I feel as though he's both fucking and worshipping me at the same time, and I can hardly believe my luck. I bite my lip, moaning and writhing around as his tongue writes messages of love and lust all over my clit.

'Yes,' I gasp. 'Yes.'

I can feel something building in me — a deep, trembling desire to let my body completely take over my mind, until there are no thoughts left — just a tangle of sweet sensations. I sigh and shout and dig my nails deep into Forest's scalp, grinding my ass down into the yoga mat as my muscles start to lose control.

Give in, I tell myself. Just let go.

Here I am.

After a few shallow, panting breaths, I can't take it anymore. The volcano that's inside me wants nothing more than to erupt, and I don't hold back. I open my mouth and let sounds come out that are so primal they almost sound like ancient, tribal chants. My body moves in ways that I swear only animals move, thrashing and bucking. And then...

Sweet surrender.

A wave of intense pleasure and calmness washes over me. I tremble with joy as the orgasm surrounds and embodies me. It lasts so much longer, coming in so many more waves than I ever felt with a penis.

I exhale, long and steady, and Forest looks up at me. 'You're incredible,' he says with a smile. 'Now, you must meditate.'

He helps me into a seated position, and I'm shocked to discover that I can adopt the Lotus position without too much effort now. When I'm sitting up, Forest instructs me to close my eyes, relax my jaw, and let all the tension flow out of my body.

But: I have a confession to make.

My eyes aren't quite fully closed. And I can see Forest standing there before me, fully naked, his cock standing totally upright, engorged with lust. And I want to taste him, like he's just tasted me.

I relax my jaw a little more than Forest was intending, opening my mouth wide as I lean forward and reach out for his thick shaft. He doesn't try to stop me as I guide the tip of his dick into my mouth, feeling the smooth, shiny tip on my tongue.

I feel as though I've never tasted anything as perfect in all my life. It's earthy, like the ground. Salty, like the sea. Spicy, like chai. I lick and suck and stroke his shaft with my hands and mouth, doing all the things I'd have loved someone to do to me, back when I had a dick, and Forest grabs onto my hair, moaning.

'Yes...' he mutters. 'That feels good...'

Here I am. Here I am. Here I am, I think, as I suck him. And, finally, my

mind empties. I am nothing but a vessel designed to give this man pleasure, a pair of ears to listen to his cries of delight, a mouth to suck, a pussy to throb.

‘Wait,’ says Forest. ‘I want to enter you. I want to cum in that beautiful pussy.’

He pulls me up to my feet, and leads me over to his infinity pool. He helps me climb in, and then lifts me so that my legs are wrapped around his hips, and my moist pussy gapes open for him. I look down at the water, noticing the reflection of the full moon on the surface of the water, and smile. And then I feel Forest’s cock, sliding up inside of me, opening me up like a Lotus in blossom.

As his dick fills me up, he looks into my eyes, and then kisses me, long and gentle on the lips.

‘You’re perfect,’ he says, when he finally pulls away. ‘I had this feeling, from the very first moment I saw you. I saw how much of yourself you were willing to change. But this has gone way beyond my wildest dreams.’

‘Whatever it is you’ve done to me,’ I whisper back to him, ‘I am grateful. Thank you. I feel... for the first time in so long... happy.’

Forest takes hold of my ass, a butt cheek in each of his strong palms, and he guides me up and down the length of his shaft, the water lapping around us.

‘You really are a goddess now,’ Forest growls into my ear, starting to fuck me a little faster. It’s good to see him let go like this, to see the animal side of *him* coming out to play too.

‘If I’m a goddess, then you’re a god,’ I whisper back.

‘I’m no god,’ Forest replies. ‘I’m your servant. Now and always.’

His movements become rougher, more vigorous, and I throw my head back in pleasure, astounded at how good my pussy feels right now. How hungry and satisfied it feels all at once.

Just then, Forest makes a strained noise, as though he’s trying to say something but can’t find the words, and instead, his head drops down to my shoulder, and he sinks his teeth into my skin. He’s not breaking the skin, merely marking me, and it feels oddly pleasurable, knowing that he’s claiming me in some way. At the same moment, his penis swells up and begins to throb, and I feel his seed pumping into me, filling me up in the most intimate way.

And then, as we float there in each other’s arms, there in the infinity pool, he tells me: ‘You will be like this forever now.’

*

My kids were confused at first, of course. Luckily, they're still young enough for their minds to be flexible. Plus, one of the parents at their school has recently transitioned, and this has made things a little easier to explain. I know it sounds weird, and maybe bad, but there's something restorative for me about being able to be a mother to my child now. I always felt that I wanted the kids to have a new mother figure in their lives — I just never dreamed that it could be *me*.

And I never dreamed that Forest might be their father figure.

He is, though. We moved into his mansion together after just six weeks. The kids love playing in the infinity pool, and they've both developed a taste for cucumber water. They're not old enough to be shocked by the erotic art yet, but something tells me that growing up around things like that will probably be good for them. Make them more cultured or something.

My friend Jenny — who was shocked by everything at first — has actually become a better friend than ever. I think, somehow, being a woman has helped me connect with her, and our friendship runs deeper than anything I've ever experienced before.

I have continued to go to the yoga class, but I'm calling myself Rae now, and nobody seems to have noticed the link between the old Ray and me. I guess people come and go to these classes all the time. I'm not sure if it's being a woman, or being so much better at yoga now, but the women instantly accepted me as one of their own. They invited me to drink tea with them the first time I saw them. They even referred to me as a 'Yummy Mommy'.

Three months into my practice now, I'm so much more flexible than I was before. My downward-facing dog is textbook, Forest says, as I can put my heels all the way down on the floor. But as nice as physical flexibility is, that's not the thing that's been the most incredible about this transformation. It's how flexible I've become as a person. My heart is open to love and change. My life feels unpredictable and beautiful. Living in the past will only make you brittle. I've come to realize that we have just one brief flicker of a chance on this planet. So why not seize every little opportunity that comes your way?

* * *

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