



LISA CHANGE

Turned
into Her
Girlfriend

(the jock who became a
gay girl - a genderswap
fantasy)

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“Would you stop that already?”

A long pause. When no answer came, there was a tiny, frustrated sigh, followed by:

“Seriously, I know you’re looking, Harrison.”

At the sound of his name, Harrison jerked his head up slightly, lowered the book he was pretending to read, and angled his square-jawed face towards the backyard below his parents’ glass sided balcony.

“Wha...? Oh.” He adjusted his mirrored sunglasses. “Gwen. Hey. Didn’t see you down there.”

Below him, the redhaired girl sat by the pool glared back at him, a sullen look on her supermodel face.

She was reclining on a sun lounger, one hand trailing lazily through the cool water of the pool while the scorching summer sun flung its ultraviolet rays down onto her nubile body.

The nubile, 18-year old body that Harrison had just spent the last ten minutes secretly drooling over.

“Cut the crap.” Gwen raised one hand to her eyes, shading them against the sun as she looked up at him. “You were checking me out. *Again*. Like you always fucking do.”

“Whooooaaa!” Harrison grinned, deliberately made his voice annoying. “Someone’s got a potty mouth today.”

He swung his strong legs – dusted with golden hair – around from his own chair and sat upright, leaning against the low glass balcony wall.

“Your mom know you talk like that?”

With a feeling of amusement, he watched Gwen’s upper lip twitch with annoyance. At him, yes, but at herself too.

The moment Harrison had sat up, he’d noticed the way Gwen’s eyes involuntarily flicked over his broad shoulders, over his chiseled torso, his sturdy arms.

She might hate the way he talked to her, might hate the way he crept on her through his mirrored shades.

But she was powerless to stop the animal part of her brain from lusting over a male body as strong and toned as Harrison’s.

She might have a girlfriend, but Harrison knew the gorgeous bisexual was still *gagging* for a man like him.

Yeah, I saw you, the boy smirked to himself as Gwen gave a quick shake and forced herself to focus on his mocking face. *Checking me out. Wondering what it’d be like to have my arms around you. My dick inside you.*

Well, you ain’t gonna have to wait long to find out, he thought as the sunlight rippled on the pool’s surface, shining in his eyes. *I’m gonna fuck you by the end of the summer.*

I always keep my promises.

It was a promise he'd made the same day Gwen and her parents moved in next door, just a month ago.

He'd been lazing up here in the sun, sending flirty messages to several girls from school at once, enjoying the heat, when he'd heard the moving van pull up.

At first, he'd been only vaguely interested. Gwen's mom and dad had stepped out into the backyard to examine the pool, looking as utterly bland and average as any older couple in their suburb.

He'd almost gone inside when the man had called *Gwen! Come see the pool!*, so certain was he that their daughter would look as average and uninteresting as they were.

But then Gwen had come padding outside in her bare feet, and it was like all of Harrison's wet dreams had come true at once.

The girl next door was *dynamite*.

She was tall, maybe 6ft, with long, naturally wavy red hair that tumbled all the way down her back, coming to rest just above her bottom.

She had legs that were long and slender, like a supermodel's. A waist that was tight. A butt that was big and round, stuffed inside a pair of denim shorts so tight they looked like they might rip open at any moment.

She'd been dressed in a red bikini top, her swollen C-cup breasts prominently visible.

Her skin was soft, creamy white. Her face youthful and innocent, with these pouty lips and an upturned nose that was *cute as*.

She looked like an elf from some Irish fairytale. For just a second, Harrison had thought she was too young. That maybe she was, like, only 16 or 17 and he'd have to set his sights elsewhere.

But then Gwen had happened to look up. For the briefest moment, their eyes had locked...

...and Harrison had seen a spark of steel in there, a self-confidence the younger girls in sophomore and junior years rarely had.

He'd felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise up. Felt a tingle pass through his body that he'd never felt looking at a girl before.

As Gwen narrowed her eyes at him and looked away, Harrison had promised himself, then and there, that he would screw this new chick before the summer was out.

Unfortunately, he hadn't counted on the girl next door's unusual proclivities.

"I don't get it. All you do is sit up there and stare at me. Then my girlfriend comes round and you stare at her, too. Don't you have a life?"

"I got a life. And I told you, I wasn't staring. I was reading..."

Harrison quickly glanced down at the book he'd grabbed from his mom's bedside table as a prop, hoping Gwen wouldn't detect his eyes moving behind his mirrored shades.

"Err... *the Female Eunuch*. It's, uh, pretty good."

I guess? He thought. You never knew with this feminist junk.

"I don't wanna argue with you," Gwen sighed, leaning back, her long hair cascading over her bare shoulders, over her chest, "If that's how you get your sad kicks then whatever, I guess."
She frowned up at him.

"*But*. But Chloe is coming around later, and we wanna relax by the pool."

Her big, green eyes narrowed. Harrison vaguely thought it made her look like she was part cat. *She's elegant enough. Cute enough, too...*

"That means *relax*, hear me? It doesn't mean *act as your personal peep show*. I mean it..."

A cold, hard edge entered her voice, totally at odds with this warm, suburban day.

"...if I catch you perving on us again, I'll make you regret ever being born with that pathetic dick of yours."

At her words, Harrison let a big, shiteating grin crawl across his teenage face.

He knew he was well equipped in the junk department. In time, Gwen would know it too.

Just as soon as she realized what she *really* wanted.

"Whatever, man," he said, loudly. "I was just reading. It's a free country."

He shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Maybe I'll read some more when Charlotte's here. Maybe not. Who can say?"

"It's *Chloe*. And you're free to read. So long as reading is all you do."

"Charlotte, Chloe, whatever."

Harrison slowly stood up from his parents balcony, pretending to look Gwen right in the eye. Behind his glasses, his eyes slid down, leering over her swollen breasts, the curve of her hips.

The demure little shape of her pussy, its contours only too visible through Gwen's red thong.

"Catch you later, neighbor," he said, loudly.

Gwen didn't reply.

The hot girl next door simply kept glaring right at him until he'd retreated from the balcony, away from the sunlight, into the cool darkness of the house.

Stepping through his parents room, Harrison carelessly chucked the book onto the double bed. It missed and bounced onto the floor, rucking up the pages.

Ah well. His parents were out today, at the state fair. Just like he guessed Gwen's parents were.

"Bi chicks," he sighed to no-one as he stepped into the bathroom, pulling off his mirrored glasses, "they're all the same. Pretend their into girls, when *really* what they want is a bit of *this*."

He pulled down his shorts, clasped his swollen cock in his hand and started to masturbate.

As he jerked, the big jock closed his eyes and pictured Gwen in her tiny bikini, lying in the heat, her stuck up expression turning to one of surprise as he pinned her to the lounge, put a hand over her mouth, started caressing her pussy.

That's it, bitch, he breathed in his fantasy, *that's what you get when you mess with a guy*.

It never even occurred to him that he'd be standing in this very bathroom again not two hours later, desperately trying not to scream as he looked in the mirror and freaked out over his big new breasts, cute little face, long blonde hair, and perfect blowjob lips.

If it had, he might just have decided to spend the afternoon indoors, away from the pool, the balcony, and the bewitching girl next door.

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The rest of the morning passed in a mindless blur.

Harrison sent a couple of suggestive messages to some girls on Tinder, watched a YouTube video of some chick getting catfished (he felt bad laughing, but if you had to admit it was funny, right?), and played some online game with his gym buddies, Logan and Trey.

As he sat there, yelling amused curses into the headset, he could feel his muscles yearning. To get out the house. To go for a run. To do *something*.

He ignored his body. It was too damn hot to be dealing with any of that crap today.

Besides, he couldn't leave the house now.

Not when he had such big plans for the afternoon.

He was finally starting to wonder whether he shouldn't at least do some press ups or something – *anything* that might feel like exercise – when he heard the laughter coming from outside and realized his wait was over.

Gwen's girlfriend had arrived.

Grabbing his mom's book back up off the floor, he yanked open the buttons on his shirt – showing off his toned, ultra-masculine body – and stepped out onto the balcony again...

...only to feel his excitement dissolve into a feeling of disappointment.

Down in her parents' yard, Gwen was sat on one of the loungers, smiling radiantly as she chatted to the willowy brunette sat beside her.

The brunette was tall, maybe even taller than Gwen, with sultry, almost eastern European features, perky little A cup breasts, and a body that was so slender and so perfect she looked like a movie star from the pre-body positivity era.

Seeing the two of them like that should have set Harrison's boner raging like never before.

There was just one problem.

The swimsuit Gwen had been wearing earlier was nowhere in sight.

The two hot girls were wrapped up like it was the middle of winter.

"Hey again, Harrison," Gwen smiled blandly, looking up at him through her dark glasses.

"Enjoying your reading?"

As Harrison blinked at the heavy winter coats and proper leggings the two girls were wrapped up in, Chloe likewise looked up, giving him a smile.

Just as she did so, a cloud appeared out of nowhere, stopping the burning nuclear light of the sun getting in her eyes.

“This is Chloe.” Gwen indicated the brunette. “Remember her? The *other* girl you like to perv on when we’re sat out here.”

“Hi again,” Chloe smiled, “Still, um, reading much?”

The sight of her casual smile made Harrison’s knees go a bit funny. She was gorgeous, even more so than Gwen, with her hair in a stylish topknot and a slightly crooked smile that only served to make her seem even more beautiful.

If only she hadn’t been wearing that damn heavy coat.

“What the Hell are you... I mean, aren’t you guys *boiling*?”

“Us?”

Gwen’s face filled with polite confusion. She looked at Chloe who shook her head. She turned back to Harrison.

“No. No, we’re all fine. But thanks for caring.”

Standing on his parents’ balcony, watching these two hot girls in their winter coats, Harrison began to feel a strange sensation creeping up his spine. Almost like... almost like...

Almost like they’re doing this deliberately, his brain whispered. *Just to freak you out. Seriously, it’s like pushing 95 today. They must be sweltering.*

For the briefest second, the thought of Gwen’s body being all moist and sweaty made Harrison’s dick twitch. But it was a forlorn little twitch at best, especially compared to what he’d been expecting.

He frowned at the two grinning girls through his mirrored shades.

Well, you know what? Two can play at that game.

With casual movements, he lowered himself onto the chair.

“Don’t mind me,” he said, loudly. “I’m just gonna sit here and read. You guys carry on.”

“We will.”

There was something in Gwen’s smile – a sly little edge to it – that made Harrison feel confused all over again.

Yeah, let’s just see who cracks first. Me in my shorts, or you bitches in those coats.

He had to stop himself from grinning. He didn’t quite know what silly little plan Gwen had cooked up with Chloe, but he knew they wouldn’t be able to keep wearing those forever.

After five minutes *tops*, they’d have to take them off and either go inside, or show Harrison what he’d come out here to see.

We’ll show those girls, he thought, opening the first page of the *Female Eunuch*.

It wasn’t until he got to page 10 that Harrison began to wonder if he’d made some kind of mistake.

As the minutes dragged by, Gwen and Chloe did nothing but sit there and chat, calmly discussing friends, TV, family, clothes, and whatever the heck else women talked about.

Every time Harrison sneaked a quick little glance at them, they seemed completely unbothered by the heat.

Like, they weren't even sweating. Not a single hair on their gorgeous heads was out of place.

It was almost like the two were sat on some park bench in autumn, when the temperature is barely 52, enjoying the warmth of their coats rather than being stifled by it.

What is there, a secret microclimate down there? Harrison thought irritably, as Gwen wrapped her coat tighter, her female shape barely discernable beneath its thick folds.

But if the girls seemed cool enough beside the pool, up on the balcony things were getting hotter and hotter for Harrison.

The longer he sat there, the more he began to feel like he was sitting in a sauna.

The sweat was *pouring* off him! It was trickling down his forehead, getting in his eyes, irritating him.

At the same time, his lungs felt like they could barely hold the air in, so hot was it.

As he started to get more and more uncomfortable, he began frantically checking the wall-mounted thermometer his parents had put out, wondering if a sudden heatwave had hit.

But it remained stubbornly stuck on 95. Hot, for sure, but not this sort of heat.

By the time 15 minutes had passed, it had all gotten too much.

The air around him felt so hot that he was getting dizzy, losing his ability to concentrate. He threw down his mom's stupid book and staggered to his feet.

Far below, the two girls next door blinked innocently up at him.

"Going somewhere?" Gwen asked.

"I... I've had enough of this," Harrison grunted.

He tried to take a step and nearly toppled over, so intense was the heat! Instead he grabbed hold of the glass balcony wall, glared down at the girls.

"I don't know how you can *stand* this shit! It's just so... ho boy. So..."

He stopped, his sweat-drenched head dangling, unable even to talk in this heat. Unable to do anything except think about getting out of it!

"Hot?" Gwen glanced up at the cloudless sky. "Yeah, I guess it is. *Kinda*."

A thought seemed to occur to her.

"Y'know, if you can't take it, you could always go indoors..."

But Harrison was already gone, staggering into his parents house, waving one hand irritably at the girls.

He no longer cared about seeing those queer chicks in their swimsuits. He just needed to get out this goddamn heat!

Harrison lay under the aircon for ten whole minutes, freeze drying the sweat to his body.

Once he was sure he wasn't gonna faint, he considered going out again, but as soon as he got near the balcony the intense heat came back and he ran back under the aircon.

Screw that, he thought, his head spinning, *not even a damn girl-on-girl show is worth getting heatstroke over.*

He was gonna spend the rest of the day *away* from the sun, no matter what. That meant hitting the gym, Gwen's fit body and her hot girlfriend be damned.

At long, long last, Harrison felt normal enough to pack his gym kit, grab his keys, and head out toward the car.

It felt cooler now, like it really *was* 95. As he chucked his stuff in the trunk, he was just thinking about how weird his day had been when he heard it.

There. Faintly. Coming from behind the house. Laughter. Girlish shrieks.

The sound of splashing water.

Gently, Harrison closed the car up. Tilted one ear in the direction of the noise.

There was no doubt about it. Gwen and Chloe were in the pool.

What happened to their damn coats?

The 18-year old jock felt himself frown.

Had they just been waiting for him to go inside? But then how come the heat didn't...?

There was something about the sound of their laughter. The triumph in it. Almost like they'd... *tricked* him somehow. Tricked him out of seeing their gorgeous bodies.

Tricked him out of watching two hot girls kiss for his enjoyment.

As he heard yet more water splashing around, Harrison clenched his big hands into fists. Grit his teeth.

Well, he'd show those two what happened when you tricked an alpha male.

The alley beside the house was strangely silent, devoid of the noise of the pool.

Harrison crept quietly through the dust, yellowed stalks of grass brushing at his ankles, making sure to keep ducked down so he wouldn't be visible over the fence.

If you'd appeared before him just then and asked him what his plan was here, he'd have had to admit that he wasn't exactly sure. Wasn't exactly sure if he wanted to surprise his next door neighbor, or scare her, or just show her that he was wise to her tricks.

All he knew was that he couldn't turn back now, even if he wanted to.

As he came to the part of the alley beside the backyard, he slowed to an absolute crawl. His ears pricked up, listening, trying to hear what Gwen and Chloe were doing.

"...don't know how you did it, but it really, *really* worked. I didn't feel hot at all."

"Aw, it's a simple spell. Nothing much, just enough to push him away."

There was low laughter.

“I don’t know how you do it. If I had your powers, I’d...”

“What? Turn him into a toad.”

“Maybe. Or a pig. Can you imagine his face as he started grunting away and his hands turned into trotters?”

“You’re *actually* evil, you know that? I couldn’t be seen hanging around with a black witch like you.”

“Good job I’m not a witch then, hmm?”

Crouched beside the fence, Harrison tried to make sense of what he was hearing.

It sounded like gibberish. Bull crap. Did they know he was still listening, somehow? Was this part of some plan to trick him again, make him look stupid?

“Well, if you *were* a witch, my parents might be a bit happier...”

“Aww, that’s sweet. You really care what your mom thinks about me?”

“It’s not like she’s got much choice. I’m not gonna shack up with some warlock just coz she tells me to.”

There was a giggle. Harrison thought it was Gwen.

“Wow, you’re so cute when you act all defiant.”

What the heck are those two up to?

He needed to get a closer look, damnit. If only...

And then he saw it. The little hole in the fence, where a natural knot in the wood had been removed.

Silently, Harrison shuffled over to it. He had to crouch in a slightly weird position to make himself eye level with it, which made him *really* hope none of the neighbors were watching.

But these were just secondary concerns. Slowly, Harrison placed his eye near the hole. Peered into his neighbor’s backyard.

And felt his frown transform into a grin of pure delight.

There, not 10ft away from him, Gwen and Chloe stood in the shallow end of the pool, Gwen dressed only in her flimsy red bikini, Chloe wearing a black swimsuit that was part open over her cleavage, both of them with a *ton* of body on display.

But it wasn’t what the two 18 year old girls were wearing that made Harrison feel like laughing and fist pumping all at once. It was what they were *doing*.

The two girls were *kissing*.

They kissed slowly, sensuously, their wet bodies pressed up against one another’s, Gwen’s tongue deep in Chloe’s mouth.

Chloe’s hands were resting against Gwen’s hips, gently holding her. Gwen, meanwhile, had one hand resting in the small of her girlfriend’s back, while the other gently played with her ass.

From his hiding place, Harrison almost had to stop himself from cheering.

This. This was what he'd been waiting for!

Like so many straight men watching two girls kiss, Harrison didn't even think of the women before him as real people with real desires and fears.

He just felt like this was like his own personal porno, happening just for him.

Wait till the guys here about this! He thought, gently slipping his phone out his pocket, swiping the camera on. *They'll go nuts!*

"Gwen...!" Chloe suddenly pulled back from the kiss, although she kept her hands on Gwen's hips. "Are you sure? I mean, out here? What if someone...?"

Gwen smiled. Reached up, put one elegant finger to Chloe's lips. The brunette looked up at her with big, dark doe eyes.

"Shh. It's fine. My parents are away all day. The whole neighborhood's at the state fair. And now we've got rid of that asshole Harrison..."

She lifted her finger from Chloe's pouty lips. Ran a hand gently through her hair. Pulled her closer so the two girl's crotches were touching.

"It's just you and me."

BZZZT! BZZZT!

"What the *fuck?!?*"

"Shit!" Harrison hissed.

He grabbed his phone tight in his hands, trying to stop the vibration. On the screen, a photo of Trey's dumb face grinned up at him, "INCOMING CALL" flashing on screen.

"Shit, no! Can't you just...?"

The phone buzzed in his hands like an angry bee. Loud. So, so loud on this quiet, summer day.

"For God's sakes...!"

Frantically, Harrison swiped to reject the call, shut the damn phone up. There was half another *BZZZ-!* and the phone at last fell silent, the missed call logo on screen.

Harrison let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding. Glared at the phone.

Fucking Trey!

Slowly as he could, he slipped the phone back in his pocket. Started to back up, stealthily moving away from the hole in the fence...

...and then he happened to glance up and almost fell over onto his ass.

High above him, leaning over the fence, murder in her eyes, was Gwen.

The sun was almost directly behind her, leaving her face in shade and illuminating her fiery red hair, so it looked like some faceless demon was glaring down at him.

Harrison instinctively shrank back, raising up one arm unconsciously to shield himself – from what, he didn't know.

"You! You goddamn creepy, pervy little..."

Uh-oh...

“Whoa! Hey, it’s not my fault.” Harrison tried to smile, guiltily or pleadingly, he didn’t know. “If you chicks didn’t wanna be seen, you shouldn’t have...”

But he couldn’t finish. The words died in his mouth.

There was just something about the way Gwen was looking at him that made him feel very uneasy. Like he was no longer the powerful one, no longer the alpha.

Why don’t I stand up? Why am I just cowering down here like some sorta bitch?

“That was the last straw, Harrison,” Gwen said, her voice level. “I can’t keep letting you get away with shit like this. You need to be punished.”

The red-headed demon turned its head.

“Chloe?”

“W-wait...” Harrison managed to get out. “What do you mean *punished*?”

He tried to climb to his feet.

“Hey, I’m talking to-!”

But suddenly an invisible hand *walloped* him in the chest, sending him tumbling onto his ass with a *WHAM!*

What the...? Harrison thought, dazedly touching his chest. *What just...?*

“Did he go over?” Chloe’s voice, inside the backyard somewhere. “He shoulda gone over.”

“Oh, he went over alright.” Gwen looked down at her jock neighbor. “Do you want to bring him in here?”

“Whatever you say, Gwenny.”

“Bring me in where? What are you-? AAARGH!”

The invisible hand grabbed hold of Harrison again, hauled him high in the air.

For a split second, he was floating above Gwen, goggling down at her, and then he was suddenly flying, flying through the air, flying into the-!

There was a *BA-WHOOSH!* as Harrison landed headfirst in the pool. He started to struggle, terrified he was drowning...

...and then the invisible hand was lifting him into the air again, this time by the underpants.

With a waterlogged wail, Harrison found himself hoisted up into the air in a wedgie, dangling from his shorts while water ran in his eyes and up his nose, choking him.

As he dangled there in the air, his mind reeling with fright, he realized he could just make out Chloe, standing in her black swimsuit, watching him intently.

But the sight no longer struck Harrison as sexy.

He couldn’t explain why, but the intense way Chloe was looking at him almost made him want to start crying.

“Want me to turn him into a pig?” Chloe muttered, not taking her eyes off Harrison. “Just say the word and I’ll do it.”

At the word *pig*, Harrison’s head jerked up.

“What?! What do you mean, turn me into a-!”

And then his eyes were going wide as his nose began to swell up in the bottom of his vision, to turn into a big, pink snout. As a coiled tail *spoinged* out above his bum. As his hands started to bunch together and turn into trotters as his screams turned into grunts and squeals...

“No, stop. Turn him back and put him down on the lounge. I’ve got a better idea.”

Over the top of his new snout, Harrison watched in terror as Chloe hesitated.

Finally, the slender girl shrugged her shoulders, muttered “you’re boss”, and then Harrison was suddenly flying through the air again, the world spinning upside down.

He landed with a *FLUMP!* on his back on the sun lounge.

Instantly, he was grabbing his face in horror, amazed to see his snout had gone, that his hands had come back, that he still seemed to be human.

What the Hell was that?! His brain screamed. *Oh my God, what just happened to me?!*

He tried to sit up, put the invisible hand *punched* him again, knocking him back, pinning him to the lounge.

Someone, please help me! Harrison tried to wail, but no sounds would come out.

Even if they had, there was no-one around to hear him.

No-one but the two girls he’d so foolishly crossed.

“Strip him naked,” Gwen suddenly appeared in his field of vision, standing over him. “Quickly.”

There was a roar of wind. The clothes were torn from Harrison’s body, leaving him lying there naked, his eyes wide with terror.

He glanced down at his naked cock, all shriveled with fear, and felt like screaming.

“Oh Harrison,” Gwen shook her head, sighed. “You’ve been a *naughty boy*, haven’t you?”

“He’ll be a naughty *female pig* soon if you don’t tell me your plan,” Chloe growled, still stood by the pool. “Seriously, I’m half a minute away from turning this creep into a big, fat, sow and sending her to live in a sty.”

Gwen gave her girlfriend a warning look.

“Stay calm, Chloe. Trust me, my plan is even better.”

At last, Harrison managed to find his voice again.

“Wha... what’s happening? How did you?” He gave Chloe a terrified look. “I-I could *feel* myself turning into a... into a...!”

In response, Chloe gave him a grin so terrible Harrison thought he might go insane.

“I’m a *witch*, dummy. A gray witch. Which means I almost never use my powers, except on creeps who deserve it.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“The sort of creeps who’d spy on two girls kissing.”

“Tha-that was an *accident!*” Harrison gave Gwen a wild look. “Gwen, tell her! You know I’d never-!”

To his horror, Gwen just shrugged.

“Do I know, Harrison? I don’t think I do.”

The tall, gorgeous girl folded her arms over her swollen breasts.

“You’ve been perving on me ever since I got here. Spying on me while I sunbathe, while I swim. And now trying to film me on your phone while I make out with my girlfriend?”

“I wasn’t-!” Harrison croaked, weakly.

I was just gonna message Tyler, he added in his head. Somehow, he didn’t think saying that out loud would help.

Stood over him, Gwen shrugged.

“Well, that’s sure what it looked like, y’know?”

She glared down at him, suddenly so commanding that Harrison felt himself cower away from her.

“You’ve got a real problem with queer girls, you know that, Harrison? Making me feel uncomfortable every time I show some skin off. Acting like I’m you’re private peep show.

Well, you know what? Maybe it’s time *you* learned how it feels.”

“What are you saying? Gwen...?”

But Gwen ignored him, turning instead to Chloe, a triumphant little grin on her face.

“This jock bro pervert likes drooling over girls in swimsuits, does he? Then *maybe he should try being one!*”

Harrison felt his eyes go wide. A pathetic squeak escaped his throat.

“Wait! *PLEASE!*”

But it was too late.

At Gwen’s words, Chloe at first looked confused, and then broke into a great big, evil grin.

“Gwen! You really *are* evil!” She giggled. “But sure, why not? It’s a *perfect* idea.”

She refocused her deep, black eyes on Harrison’s helpless male body.

“You want this little turd to be stuck forever as a hot girl in a teeny tiny bikini? Your wish is my *command!*”

Harrison had just enough time to *scream...*

And then his body began twitching and changing and there was no time left for anything.

There was a feeling of invisible hands gripping his torso and *squeezing* tight. As Harrison stared down at his prone form in horror, he saw his waist narrow down beneath the pressure, becoming

all tight.

At the same time, his hips began to swell up, pushing outwards from his body, until they curved outwards, combining with his narrowing waist to give him an hourglass figure.

“No!” Harrison croaked. “No, please...”

But there was nothing he could do.

An intense itching passed across Harrison’s skin, like worms were tunneling into his skin.

In shock he watched as all the golden hairs dusting his male body wriggled their way back inside him, leaving him with arms, legs, and a torso that were as smooth as the day he was born.

Harrison lifted up his hands in wonder, stared at his hairless forearms. Then his hands began to tingle and he watched in terror as his wrists magically became all narrow and dainty, his hands shrank, and his fingers became long and elegant, topped with long, pink painted nails.

There was a grinding sensation that made Harrison *gasp* out loud. His shoulders were pulling in towards him, losing their masculine broadness and becoming weak and feminine.

At the same time, there was a loud *hiss* and the gym-hard muscles across his body all began to deflate as one, like someone had let the air out a balloon.

Suddenly, Harrison was looking down at a body that didn’t seem to be his own anymore, a slender, almost willowy body that had less bulk than any point since he’d been thirteen.

The sight of it caused Harrison to moan softly.

No matter how bad this was, he knew what came next would be even worse.

A tremor passed across Harrison’s face. For a second he wondered what was happening, and then he felt his skin shifting and started screaming again.

He screamed as invisible fingers rudely pushed his jawline inwards, reshaping his face so it was a polite little oval.

He screamed as his cheekbones grew sharper, his lips became big and pouty, and his nose shrank down into a cute little button.

And his screamed as his eyes magically became bigger and shinier and thick, dark eyelashes started fluttering in his vision.

Stood over him, Gwen gave a snort of laughter.

“Look at *you*,” she crooned. “You’re getting prettier by the second.”

A dark cloud crossed her features.

“But you’re still a *man*.” She spat the word like it was poison. “Chloe? Don’t make me look at his disgusting maleness a second longer.”

“For you, Gwenny?” An evil grin split Chloe’s supermodel features. “*Anything*.”

The moment she said the word, Harrison felt a trembling in his crotch.

In numb terror he gazed at his little guy, just in time to see his cock split painlessly in half and flatten itself against his crotch.

For a moment there was just this horrible, mutilated sight, and then Harrison's balls hiked back up inside his body, and the split halves of his cock blended with the skin of his groin and fattened up into plump little lips guarding a tight and moist hole.

With a loud groan, Harrison realized that he was now the proud owner of a *pussy*.

That's it, he thought with a sob. *Gone.*

I'll never be a man again...

The thought made him so miserable that he barely noticed the way his feet were shrinking down and becoming all small and feminine. Barely noticed the way his short-ish hair was growing and growing and *growing*, until a waterfall of shiny blonde locks cascaded over shoulders.

Barely noticed the way his throat shifted and warped as his Adam's apple vanished and the soft vocal cords of a *female* appeared.

"There..." He dimly heard Chloe whisper. "Nearly done. I just gotta..."

A pressure began to build in Harrison's chest, a pressure all the worse because he knew what it meant.

Gamely, he reached up with his dainty new hands, tried to stop the inevitable from happening.

But it was no use.

The pressure reached a crescendo, and suddenly Harrison's hands were knocked away as two big, beautiful breasts came bursting out.

They swelled up and up, getting bigger and bigger until they seemed *huge* in the bottom of his vision, two great, DD-cup things that lay heavily on his chest.

Hesitantly, Harrison touched his new tits. Gave them a gentle squeeze, and was horrified at how *solid* they felt. How *real*.

Horried, too, at how *good* it felt, having his new breasts fondled.

Oh God, I wish I had someone to hold me like that, a private corner of his brain whispered. *A hot chick, maybe, or a big, strong hunk with a huge dick...*

Shut up! Harrison sobbed to himself. *Shut up! I'm not a girl, I'm a man!*

But the evidence of his body said otherwise.

As Harrison sat there, clutching his new breasts, trapped in the body of a girl, he began to cry, big, salty tears running down his smooth cheeks.

He was so focused on how pathetic he felt that he didn't even notice as he shrank, losing his old, 6'3 frame, and getting smaller and smaller until he was a mere 5'2.

Didn't even notice as a bright pink thong formed over his pussy, its G-string nestling between the newly-swollen cheeks of his round, girly ass.

Didn't even notice as a matching pink bikini top formed beneath his hands, holding his big breasts together, the fabric already damp to the touch, as though he'd just been swimming.

Finally, there was a lurching inside him that made him feel momentarily sick, like he was gonna vom.

Harrison gave a girlish wail and clutched one hand to his flat and toned stomach, only for the feeling to immediately pass.

It took him five whole seconds to work out that the sensation had been his womb and ovaries popping into existence, causing all his other internal organs to shift around slightly.

And then it was over. The invisible hand keeping Harrison pinned to the lounge loosened its grip then let go, and Harrison was able to sit up once more.

“There,” Chloe said, triumphantly. “She’s finished. What do you think?”

Sat on the sun lounge, the gorgeous, petite girl who used to be Harrison blinked up at her tormentors.

With a look of confusion on her innocent features, she hesitantly reached up, ran her hands through her long, blonde hair. Touched her unbearably cute face, her innocent blue eyes wide with shock.

Slowly, like she was in a dream, the girl looked down at her curvy, petite body. Cupped her large breasts in her tiny hands. Ran her fingertips over her pussy, letting out a moan as she did so.

Finally, the new girl looked up at Gwen and Chloe, her expression dazed with fright.

“What the *Hell* did you bitches do to me?!” She screamed, in a voice that was high-pitched and squeaky and *very* feminine.

At the sight of this small, beautiful, helpless girl, Gwen let out a snort of laughter.

“We turned you into a *girl*, dummy!”

A cruel glint came into her eye. A sadistic smile twitched at her lips.

“And there’s *nothing* you can do about it.”

To Gwen’s delight the blonde girl immediately burst into tears.

*

That can’t be me...

The thought thudded around Harrison’s head, pulsating at the center of his brain.

There’s no way that can be me...

He hesitated.

Can it?

It was ten minutes later. Harrison was stood in the upstairs bathroom of his parents house, where he’d run to after Chloe’s spell finished, the other two girls laughing at him as he went.

He’d been desperate to find a mirror. Desperate to see what those... those *witches* had done to him!

And now here he was. Examining his new reflection.

What he saw made him feel like crying all over again.

The mirror in front of him looked like it had moved. It was higher up the wall than Harrison remembered, just as the sink appeared to have raised a foot off the ground, just like the knob on

the bathroom door was no longer at crotch height, but halfway up his torso.

Intellectually, Harrison knew it was because he'd shrunk. Chloe's damn spell had made him over a foot shorter in height.

But it *felt* like the world had changed instead. Like his parents' house had warped and shifted, so everything appeared slightly too big and distorted, like he'd drank one of Alice's Wonderland potions.

But it wasn't the mirror's new position on the wall that really made Harrison feel like he was going completely mad. It was what was inside it.

There, staring out at him, her eyes wide and disbelieving...

Was the *hottest* girl Harrison had ever laid eyes on.

She was blonde, with long, wavy hair that fell past her bare shoulders, its curled tips tickling at her boobs.

Her face was round and babyish, with an air of innocence that the male part of Harrison's brain found painfully cute.

Looking at her as a guy, you wouldn't know whether you wanted to protect her or screw her.

She was short, shorter than the girls Harrison was normally interested in. Barely 5'2. But, combined with her wide blue eyes and pouty lips, her height only served to make her cuter.

She was slender, with a tight waist, but this was offset by wide hips, a firm butt, and boobs that were bigger than they had any right to be on such a tiny girl.

She was almost naked, dressed only in a *tiny*, extremely revealing pink G-string and bikini top combo.

And she was *him*.

That's me... a horrified voice whispered in Harrison's brain. *Oh God, that's really me...*

It seemed impossible. Like something out of a dirty ebook, not real life.

But when Harrison stuck his tongue out and pulled a face, the big boobed pixie girl did the same.

When he opened his mouth and wailed helplessly, the girl in the mirror copied his movements exactly.

Her face showed all the misery and dazed fear he was feeling. Her eyes reflected the turmoil in his soul.

She was him, he was her.

He, Harrison, was now a *girl*.

Not just any girl... a hot girl. A girl so damn hot I'm thinking about nailing her even now...

The worst part was, he was still attracted to this girl.

The sight of the semi-naked chick in the mirror was making blood flow to his crotch, making him feel aroused.

But this wasn't good old male arousal like he was used to. He wasn't getting long and strong.

Instead, he could *feel* the lips of his new vagina getting all puffy. *Feel* a bead of moisture dribbling out his lips.

See, too, in the mirror, the way his nipples were getting all hard and pointy, straining against the fabric of his new bikini top.

Harrison shuddered, the girl in the mirror shuddering alongside him.

No... he didn't want to know how it felt to feel aroused as a girl.

Especially not when the female part of his mind kept whispering to him, urging him to slip a finger inside his pussy.

Yuck! No way...

Go on! Do it! A female voice in his head urged. *It won't be quite as good as having a nice fat dildo in there, but still...*

Before Harrison could process this unwanted thought, he heard a voice from outside.

"Hailey!" A pause. Laughter. "Hailey! Get back down here, bitch!"

It was his new name, the name Gwen had Christened him with just after his transformation.

"From now on," the redheaded supermodel had said, sneering down at him, *"your name is Hailey. Hailey the airhead bimbo."*

What do you think... Hailey?"

"Hailey!" A warning note in Gwen's voice. "Hailey, you can't stay up there forever..."

"Just watch me!" Harrison screamed back, the girly voice that came out his throat sounding so strange to his ears. "There's no way I'm coming back out!"

But, in the mirror, he could already see the doubtful look on Hailey's face.

If Gwen wanted him to come back out, there wasn't a lot he could do about it.

"Suit yourself," Gwen yelled back. "I'll just make Chloe bring you down. Babe? Could you...?"

Almost immediately, Harrison heard a *crack* and felt an invisible hand give a stinging slap to his ass!

He squealed and jumped up in the air, clasping his tiny hands to his big, round bottom, but it was no use.

The invisible hand spanked him again and again and again, whipping his poor bum so hard it jiggled and went pink.

With a helpless wail, Harrison ran from the bathroom as fast as he could, his big new boobies bouncing painfully up and down, the invisible hands spanking him harder and harder and harder until tears were streaming down his cheeks, smudging his mascara.

It wasn't until he was out in the yard that the hand finally gave his ass one last, ringing slap, then picked him up and dumped him over the fence so he was stood before Gwen, his breathing ragged and his bum stinging something rotten!

"Told you," Gwen smiled, watching as Harrison rubbed his bum with both hands, blinking back

tears. "Next time maybe try coming when I call you, Hailey."

It was weird, being stood before Gwen in his new body.

The few times Harrison had been face to face with her before, he'd been taller than her, bigger than her.

Now... now it was Gwen who towered over *him*. Gwen who seemed big and strong from inside his petite new body.

Harrison even had the uneasy feeling that she could overpower him if she wanted to. Force herself on him.

He mentally shuddered.

For the first time in his life, he was learning how women felt stood before big, jock men.

"Know what this is?" Gwen asked, holding something up.

"Huh?" Harrison squinted in the bright sunlight, still rubbing his wounded bum. "Hey! That's my *phone*!"

"Indeed it is," Gwen giggled. "And you've got an easy unlock pattern. How foolish of you. Oh well. It's allowed us to arrange a little... *surprise* for you."

She exchanged an amused glance with Chloe, who gave her an infatuated smile.

Harrison nervously shuffled his dainty little feet, glancing up the windows of the other houses around them as he did so.

Damnit, he just felt so *exposed* in this teeny swimsuit!

Like those distant houses could be filled with horny men and baying jocks, leering over his curvy body.

The thought made him shudder. He gripped his slender arms across his swollen breasts, trying to protect himself.

"A-a surprise?" He whimpered out loud in his soft new voice.

"Never you mind," Gwen declared, turning back to him. "That's for later. For now, though, we have something we want you to do with us."

"What?"

The two beautiful tall girls grinned down at the small, scared girl who used to be Harrison.

"Why, Hailey," trilled Gwen, "we want to give you what you've always wanted."

The corner of her mouth twitched.

"We want you to see us all undressed and playing in the pool together."

"Oh." Harrison blinked. "Um, I guess that sounds..."

"And you," Gwen went on, ignoring him. "You can be our newest *toy*."

With exaggerated movements, she lowered her head, flicked her sunglasses with one finger so they slid down her nose. *Leered* openly at Harrison's heavy breasts in a way that made him shrink back and wrap his arms even tighter across his brand new tits.

A whimper escaped the transformed girl's throat.

Whatever Gwen and Chloe had planned for him, he knew it couldn't be good.

*

The sun reflected on the pool's blue water, causing fragments of white light to shimmer and ripple on the surface.

The cool of the water caressed Harrison's skin, clung to his bikini, making his nipples go all hard and pointy.

He could feel that coolness, tenderly stroking his new vagina. Making his female skin break out in tiny little bumps of gooseflesh.

The water lapped at the tips of his long hair, making them go all wet and matted. Part of his new, female brain informed him that he should have tied it back in a ponytail, but Harrison was too busy to pay attention to it right now.

Gwen's hands were on his hips, holding him gently but firmly. Her C-cup breasts – all damp and glistening in the afternoon sun – were level with his face.

As the tall, beautiful girl smiled and looked deep into his eyes, Harrison felt his throat go dry.

He really *was* going to keep his promise, after all.

"Here's the deal," Gwen murmured, her hands caressing Harrison's thighs. "My girlfriend and I are so horny, aren't we, Chloe?"

There was a giggle somewhere behind Harrison. He felt a pair of lips brush one of his tiny ears.

"Gwen is right. I'm soaking wet..."

A pair of female hands slipped around Harrison's tight new waist. Reached up and began gently fondling his breasts. Kneading the flesh, pinching at his nipples.

"...and I *need* some little whore to play with."

A faint moan escaped Harrison's pouty lips. He blinked, suddenly feeling woozy.

The feeling of Chloe's hands on his new tits was...

Well. It was *incredible*.

As she teased his breasts, Harrison began to feel a faint warmth stirring in his crotch. He gamely tried to fight it.

"No..." he whispered in his female voice, reaching up to remove Chloe's hands, "no, don't..."

Gwen gently slapped one of his wrists, making Harrison go *Ow!* and put on a sulky face that made him look cuter than ever. But he lowered his hands all the same.

"Don't try and spoil our fun, Hailey," she said. "Or I'll let Chloe turn you into a pig after all."

She pouted at Harrison, mockingly fluttered her eyelashes at him.

"Isn't this what little Hailey wanted? To play with the two gay girls in the pool?"

She smiled as Harrison hesitated before lowering his pretty little head and giving a faint, ashamed nod.

“Good. Then be a good girl and let us do what we want.”

Harrison bit his lower lip. Tried to stop himself from screaming.

This was *wrong!* So wrong!

Yes, he’d wanted to watch Gwen and Chloe making out... Yes, he’d always planned to screw the two chicks who were clearly gagging for his body...

But not like this! Not when *he* was a girl, too!

“Good girl,” Chloe whispered in his ear. “*Good* girl...”

She clasped his nipples, started working them, pinching them through Harrison’s pink bikini, teasing them.

To Harrison’s embarrassment, his nipples responded by becoming hard and long, their outline rudely poking through the fabric of the swimsuit.

He was getting felt up by his hot next door neighbor’s girlfriend. And the worst part was, he was *loving* it!

Or his body was. As Chloe worked his breasts, Harrison threw his head back and gave an involuntary moan. It came out sounding so feminine that Gwen giggled.

“Do you like that, Hailey? Do you like having your big tits played with?”

She slipped one hand from Harrison’s hips, let her fingertips drift downwards.

Gently, Harrison tried to shake his head. But no words came out as Gwen slipped her hand inside his thong. Took what was inside there in her palm, gently squeezing it.

“Perhaps you’d like some attention on your pussy, no?”

“Gwen...” Harrison looked his beautiful tormentor right in the eye. “Please, I’m begging you...”

“Ah, ah, ah.” Gwen reached up with her other hand. Pressed her finger against his lips. “Not another word. I can see already see what a horny little slut you are.”

She smirked down at Harrison’s swollen chest.

“So let’s take things up a gear...”

With that, she began to slowly rub her hand up against Harrison’s new pussy. The pressure, the sensation made Harrison let out an involuntary groan.

No! His brain screamed. *You have to fight this! You’re not a girl!*

But at that moment, stood in a pool between two gorgeous women, having his tits played with and his pussy touched, Harrison felt very much like a girl indeed.

The sensation in his nipples was getting stronger now, causing an erotic warmth to radiate out across his body, fogging his mind with pink fire.

As Chloe giggled and started kissing his slender neck, making Harrison tilt his pretty little head to one side with a gasp, he wondered if other women were this sensitive, or if it was Chloe’s magic.

Part of him was convinced that he might just come right now from having his tits felt and that

would be it.

“You’re so wet...” Gwen sighed. “Even through this water, I can feel it...”

Maybe you’re ready for a *finger*.”

The word cut through the pink fog surrounding Harrison’s mind.

“No, wait-!” He weakly protested.

But Gwen was already curling her wrist back, a delighted grin on her lips. Harrison felt something teasing at his new hole...

...and then suddenly Gwen’s finger was inside him, thrusting in and out of his new pussy like some alien invader.

To Harrison’s surprise, it didn’t hurt at all. He’d expected pain, but instead the sensation of having something *inside* his plump little cunt made him gasp with pleasure, his pouty lips dangling open.

“Mmm... I think she likes it.”

I don’t! I don’t like it! The male part of Harrison’s mind wanted to scream. But what was the point?

Gwen’s finger was *inside* him, penetrating his womb, stretching his tight new hole.

And it was just the *best* feeling ever!

“You dirty little whore...” Chloe whispered in his ear, her voice amused. “Look at you, you horny *slut*...”

Still teasing Harrison’s tits with one hand, she grabbed his hair with the other, pulled his head back roughly so he was looking helplessly up at her.

“God you’re fucking hot.”

It should have been painful, but with Gwen’s finger still inside him, the pain somehow got transformed into pleasure that made Harrison moan all over again.

With heavy lidded eyes, he helplessly looked at Chloe’s lips, desperately wishing he could kiss her, that she would force herself on him.

Was that part of the spell too? Making Harrison completely submissive to this witch’s will?

“Pin her arms behind her back,” he heard Gwen say, softly, “I’ve got an idea.”

Chloe grinned down at her Harrison, her crooked smile making him swoon.

“Yes, mistress.”

And suddenly Chloe’s fingers were no longer playing with his tits. Gwen’s finger left his pussy, leaving a yearning in his crotch.

Harrison tried to protest, but barely had he started making noises than he felt Chloe’s arms loop through his, pulling his hands roughly behind his back, pushing his head forwards again.

He dazedly shook his head at Gwen, wondering what this devilish bisexual had in store for him now.

Gwen moved slowly through the water until her nubile body was pressed up against Harrison's tiny one. Looped her arms around his neck.

"Is this what you wanted?" She whispered, her lips almost touching his. "To be in this pool like this, kissing me?"

She kissed him, her pouty lips locking against Harrison's, her tongue swirling around the insides of his mouth. At the same time, she began to undo the string of Harrison's bikini top, making him squeak.

"Do you like this?" Gwen murmured between kisses. "Do you like being a gay girl?"

Harrison tried to respond, but Gwen simply never gave him time.

They were both kissing so much, so passionately, that he could barely breathe.

The sensation of being kissed by Gwen was like dying and going to heaven. His legs felt like water, his body tingled with desire.

Oh, how he longed to reach up and run his hands through Gwen's hair, to touch her, to hold her face, to smile dazedly at her.

But Chloe was keeping his arms pinned firmly behind his back, even as she mockingly kept whispering in his ear.

"You naughty little bitch..."

So Harrison simply nodded, ashamed of what he was becoming, of the gorgeous lesbian Gwen was making him be.

At long last, Gwen stopped kissing him. She giggled, stepped back slightly, and pulled the bikini off Harrison's curvy body, tossing it to one side.

Harrison blinked down at his huge breasts, dangling free and felt a thrill of shame shoot through him. He was desperate to cover them up, but Chloe's grip was like iron.

A mocking smile on her lips, Gwen grasped Harrison's breasts in her hands, bounced them in her palms, making a strange jiggling feeling shoot through the transformed boy's chest.

"Look at *you*, Hailey. You've got even bigger tits than me!"

A frown crossed her face.

"But are they big *enough*? Chloe! Make them bigger."

"Wha-?" Harrison just had time to weakly get out.

Then Chloe was muttering something, and Harrison's boobs were growing again, getting larger and larger until he felt like he might topple over!

Harrison's bare breasts grew until they were pulling on his back, even in the water.

They stuck out before him like two watermelons, almost impossibly big.

Finally, just when he thought they might keep growing until they became grotesque, they stopped. He felt Chloe laugh behind him.

"They're H-cup now, H for *Hailey*. And guess what?

They're gonna stay that size *forever*."

Harrison goggled at the huge breasts now swelling away from his tiny frame, like a pair of beachballs somehow grafted under his skin.

In a tiny corner of his mind, he guiltily thought of the way he'd eyed the swell of Gwen's C-cup tits so many times, and shuddered.

With puppies like these, he would be leered over by men wherever he went.

At the sight of his new tits, Gwen giggled. She lifted them up in the water, squashed them together in her hands, her fingernails digging in so hard that Harrison squeaked with pain.

"Fuck, these are so *hot*. I wonder if I can..."

For a moment, Harrison's hot next door neighbor hesitated. Then she leaned forwards, parted her lips, and started sucking on Harrison's tits.

The sensation was like a bomb of pleasure had just been detonated right behind Harrison's eyes.

Gwen's tongue flicked over his nipples, making them harder than ever. Her pouty lips sucked at them, her teeth gently bit them, teasing them.

As Gwen squeezed and massaged his enormous boobs, sucking as hard as she could on his pointy nipples, Harrison let out a loud, helpless wail.

Why had no-one ever told him having tits was *this* good? He'd have begged Chloe to give him a pair the moment he laid eyes on her!

Gwen worked Harrison's boobs like a pro, until his crotch was starting to tingle, his mind felt fogged, and he worried he might come at any second.

Just when he was *sure* he was about to have an orgasm, Gwen let go of his breasts, kicked back in the water, and floated slightly away, smiling at him.

"OK, I think that's enough of *that*. Chloe, is there anything *you* want to...?"

"Sure is. Hold on, let me use my magic..."

Harrison had just enough time to wonder what fresh, wonderful hell awaited him before there was a splash of water and he was in the air again, Gwen and Chloe levitating along with him, rising out of the pool.

Chloe landed first, on a sun lounger, lying back with her legs spread.

With a snap of her fingers, she made her swimsuit vanish, so she was all naked, her slender body on display.

Harrison landed second, the invisible hand dropping him on all fours in front of Chloe, his heavy tits dangling from his frame.

He tried to stand up, but the invisible hand *shoved* his face down so he went sprawling on the sun lounger, his soft, innocent face right in Chloe's dripping wet pussy.

The smell of the witch's cunt filled Harrison's nostrils, made him feel dizzy.

Without even waiting for the magic to force him, he started licking away at Chloe's pussy, running his tongue over her slit, drinking in her juices like a girl possessed.

“Uhhh...” he heard Chloe groan. “Oh fuck... oh *fuck* yeah!”

She grabbed hold of Harrison’s pretty little head, started grinding her slit up against his female face.

“That’s it, Hailey! Lick me!”

In the corner of his mind that was still male, Harrison wondered if he might have gone completely mad.

He’d always hated licking pussy. *Hated* it!

But now he was happily running his tongue over Chloe’s hole, flicking it across her clit, thrusting it deep inside her womb so her juices dribbled over his chin.

It was awful. Horrifying. The weirdest thing he’d ever experienced.

It was also the best sex he’d ever had.

“Uhh! Y-your turn now... *ah!*... Gwen,” Chloe panted. “Show this-this... *UHHH!* Oh God... give her what she deserves!”

Deep between Chloe’s thighs, Harrison wondered what the gorgeous witch meant.

Then the lounge bent slightly as another person got on. He felt a presence behind him, then a tickle of hair followed by a brush of lips against his naked back.

“OK, Hailey,” he heard Gwen whisper, “time for you to become a *real* woman.”

For a second, Harrison struggled to understand the cryptic remark.

But then he heard the sound of fabric being pulled tight, felt Gwen raise his pert ass up into the air, and then felt a piece of thick rubber push up against the entrance to his new hole.

She’s wearing a strap on! He realized at the last moment. *Oh God, she’s got a dildo!*

No! It was too much! He couldn’t let her, even if Chloe turned him into a pig! He wouldn’t-!

“You always thought we were just acting, didn’t you?” Gwen sighed. “You were *convinced* that no girl could ever be gay, that she must secretly want a cock deep inside her.

Well. Now *you* can show us how right you were.”

And then Gwen bucked her hips, the dildo slipped deep inside him, and Harrison felt like he was going mad.

The way the dildo *stretched* the walls of his virgin pussy made him cry out, even as he struggled to keep obediently licking Chloe’s clit.

The feeling of something so hard and long deep inside him felt so *right*, like it was the one thing that had been missing from Harrison’s life all along!

As Gwen started to thrust, pumping her hips faster and faster, driving the dildo deep into Harrison’s womb, the poor girl who used to be a jock started to cry.

But these weren’t tears of misery.

They were tears of *joy*.

For a whole hour, Gwen roughly fucked him on the sun lounge, working his pussy like a pro,

spanking his ass and making him squeal with delight.

For a whole hour, Harrison lapped hungrily at Chloe's pussy, listening to the brunette witch writhe and moan, until the taste of her juices suffused his mouth and he felt giddy with lust.

For a whole hour, Harrison crouched there, his enormous boobies bouncing with each thrust Gwen made, his nipples as hard as bullets, until he was certain he never wanted to be a man again.

Finally, at long, long last, Chloe arched her back, gave a wail...

...and then the witch was coming, her juices cascading across Harrison's face as he moaned and wailed and begged Gwen for mercy.

Instead, his new mistress slipped one hand into his crotch and started frantically rubbing at his clit, until Harrison came, his face all scrunched up, his mouth dangling open as he wailed and moaned with female pleasure.

It was the most intense orgasm he'd ever experienced. It felt like his whole body was wrapped in a tingling pink cloud that had no edges and would never end.

As he came and came and came, Harrison was dimly aware that he was shouting something, screaming at the top of his lungs.

He couldn't be sure, but he thought it was *Never change me back! Never change me back!*

And then it was over. Gwen leaned back, the dildo slipped out of Harrison's pussy, and suddenly he was just a petite girl again, crouched on a sun lounger, dazedly wondering how the *fuck* he'd let such a thing happen to him.

"God, Hailey, you looked fucking hot just then," Gwen panted as she got to her feet and undid the dildo's straps. "I could've kept fucking you all day."

"Her tongue action wasn't bad, either," Chloe chimed in, pulling herself up from the lounger and snapping her swimsuit back into existence. "That was the biggest orgasm I've had in months."

"Heeyyyy..." Gwen narrowed her eyes at her girlfriend. "What are you saying?"

"Love you really," Chloe giggled, jumping to her feet and giving Gwen a quick peck.

"Well, you've got a funny way of showing it..."

For his part, Harrison just continued to lie on the sun lounger, breathless and happier and more confused than he'd been in years.

He'd just had *hot* lesbian sex. As a girl. As an obedient little bitch with two mistresses who abused her as they wished.

It should have been *horrible*. And yet he couldn't stop grinning.

Lying on his front was making his big boobs hurt. Harrison rolled onto his back, a faraway smile on his cute little face. He clasped his breasts in both hands, ran his fingertips over their swollen side, tweaked his sore nipples and giggled.

So that was it, then. The thing he'd promised he would do, only inverted in the hottest way.

He'd said he'd screw Gwen that summer, and instead she'd screwed him.

The girl next door had made him prostrate himself before her, and accept her rubber cock deep in his virgin pussy. She'd made him her bitch, and he'd responded by coming harder than he ever had before.

It was while he was thinking these thoughts, lying on his back, that Harrison felt it.

Or, more accurately, he heard it first. A distant grunt, followed by something warm and sticky pattering onto his tits.

Huh? What the...?

He opened his eyes, squinting against the sun, wondering if an errant drop of rain had just hit him or something. He sat up, looked at his boobs...

And felt the blood turn to ice inside his body.

Lying spattered across his gorgeous new tits...

...was a pearly white streak of come.

As Harrison gaped at it, he heard another grunt, a loud, male laugh, and then felt something squirt onto his cute little face.

Frantically, he ran a hand across his lips and pulled it away in disgust, horrified to see it was even more spunk.

"What the *Hell?!?*" He squealed.

More male laughter. Angrily, feeling like he was going to be sick, Harrison *glared* upwards.

For a moment, his big blue eyes were blinded by the sun. Squinting, he raised a hand to his forehead, trying to make out the dark figures on his parents' balcony. The male shapes that were bumping fists and *laughing* at him.

"Oh, check it man! She's totally pissed!" Said an all-too familiar voice.

Harrison felt his jaw drop open.

"*Trey?*" He squealed. "*Logan?!?*"

High above him, his two gym buddies grinned down at him, their rock hard cocks clasped in their hands, their delighted eyes crawling over Harrison's naked, *female* body.

"Bullseye!" One of them laughed. "Didn't I tell you, man? Gay chicks secretly *love* it!"

"But...!" Harrison whimpered. "But why are they...?"

"You invited them," Gwen grinned at him from beside the pool, slipping her bikini top back on.

"Or rather, we did, using your phone. Told them they could come and watch the show, *provided* they made sure to come on blondie when we'd finished with her."

In shock, Harrison looked down at the streak of sperm now turning cold on his breasts, becoming all sticky and clammy.

He felt like he was going to be sick.

"But *why?*" He wailed, turning helplessly to the girls who'd just fucked him.

Gwen shrugged, casually tying her hair back into a ponytail.

“We wanted you to learn a lesson. You liked to objectify girls in swimsuits. So. Maybe you should find out what it’s like to be the biggest sex object of all.”

“But I never...!” Harrison gestured the come on his chest. “I didn’t-!”

“Maybe not, but we still *felt* violated. And now you really have been. And this is just the start.” The redhead looked to her girlfriend. “Chloe?”

Chloe gave Harrison an evil grin.

“You really annoyed me perving on us making out earlier. So I decided to teach you a lesson. For the rest of the summer – the next three months – you’ll be stuck in that body.

You’ll never be able to wear a single extra item of clothing except that stupid bikini. You’ll do nothing but come out here every day to sunbathe, and obey whatever orders those two give you.”

She winked up the balcony, where Trey and Logan grinned back at her.

“If they tell you to masturbate, you’ll masturbate. If they tell you to show them your boobs, you’ll do it.”

Her eyes glinted.

“And if they tell you to lick up their come...”

“Yeah!” Trey suddenly yelled. “Lick my jizz off your tits!”

No...!

But Harrison’s body was no longer his to control.

With an obedient simper, Harrison leaned forward, clasped his swollen breasts and held them up. Eyes wide with terror, he licked Trey’s spunk off his tits, swallowing it all down, like a mindless, obedient sex robot.

The taste of spunk filled his mouth. Salty, acrid. He almost gagged, but his body wouldn’t let him spit it back out.

To his horror, Harrison realized he really was just someone else’s toy now.

“Good girl,” Chloe smiled. “I’m sure that’s just the first mouthful a pretty little whore like you will be getting this summer.”

“After all,” Gwen chimed in, “didn’t you used to think all girls were powerless to resist sporty men like you, even if they were gay?”

She shrugged.

“Well, now you really will be powerless to resist these two assholes.”

With a feeling of utter misery, Harrison looked from his mistresses, to the two grinning boys on the balcony, to his own horrible, *female* body, stained with the spunk of another man.

The female body he was doomed to be trapped in until fall; the petite, awful, *beautiful* female body that would force him to live out all his own darkest fantasies about women.

The transformed little blonde bitch had a nasty feeling she was about to learn a lesson she’d *never* forget.

*

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Free Extract:

Maid for Her

The rest of that dark day was the strangest of Cillian's life.

After washing the dishes – frequently splashing water down his top so his big boobies got all wet and soapy, making him squeal each time – he'd done exactly as Rochelle ordered, scrubbing their house from top to bottom like a woman possessed.

It had been *horrible!* Humiliating!

As he knelt at the foot of their stairs, frantically trying to get an old stain out the wood beam flooring, he'd been forced to face just how awful his new appearance really was.

Every time he got down on all fours like this, the *extremely* short hem of his dress rode up, exposing his lacy white panties and perfect bottom to the world!

Every time he *really* put the elbow grease in – and the electrodes in his brain made sure he was incapable of slacking – his enormous new tits jiggled so furiously that Cillian became terrified they'd come bouncing out his low neckline.

Then there was the sheer effort involved in cleaning such a big house.

Usually, you could adjust a suit so it helped with your workload. When Cillian had used his old suit to give himself big biceps, the technology worked with you to really make you stronger.

In this new suit, though, it was like the opposite had happened.

As the day melted away and afternoon bled into evening, Cillian's poor girl-muscles began to ache something rotten.

By the time he finished mopping the hallway, his arms were trembling so hard from the workout that it was all he could do to not slop water absolutely everywhere.

But the worst was still to come.

At exactly 6 pm, Rochelle had tinkled a little bell she'd gone out and brought, summoning Cillian into the living room, where his wife lounged, reading an erotic book.

After Cillian had come running in – nearly toppling over on his new high heels – Rochelle had languidly ordered him to run her a nice bath.

And so it was that, twenty minutes later, Cillian found himself perched primly on the edge of his old bathtub, gently massaging fancy oils into Rochelle's bare back by candlelight, listening in anger as his wife sighed blissfully.

Deep down, he still couldn't believe this was really happening, that he was being forced against his will to live as his wife's perfect little maid.

But he just had to feel the way his artificial new breasts rested uncomfortably in his push-up bra, or the way the cool air in the house caressed his bare, hairless thighs, or the ever-present tingling of electrodes in his brain to know that this was real, all right.

“Ah... *ahh!* Oh yes, maid, *that's* it...” Rochelle gasped. “A little harder, OK?”

“*Oui madam*,” Cillian sulked.

He pressed his elegant new fingers against his mistress’s neck, wishing he were still a man, that his body were still his, so he could squeeze tight and finish his tormentor once and for all.

Instead, he simply worked the oil into Rochelle’s skin as expertly as a maid who’d been doing this all her life.

“Mmm...” Rochelle sighed, letting one of her hands trail limply through the soapy water, “very good maid...”

She tilted her head back, her long hair now done up in a top knot to keep it dry. Her eyes crinkled at the sight of Cillian’s new form.

“More oil, maid. But first...”

A twinkle came into her eye.

“Feed me another chocolate.”

Cillian sighed to himself. But he obediently got to his feet, wobbled on his high heels across the room, his hips automatically curving as he did so.

He plucked one of the fancy chocolates from its box, came obediently back to his mistress, perching primly on the edge of the tub beside her.

Rochelle gently parted her lips. Delicately, Cillian placed the chocolate on her tongue, one of his fingers disappearing inside her mouth.

Then Rochelle closed her lips around his finger, gently sucking on the tip, before leaning back and eating the chocolate with a sigh, her eyelids fluttering as she did so.

“Oh *God*, I’ve dreamed of being pampered like this for *years*...”

She gave Cillian a cruel little smile, looking his new body up and down.

There was something in her eyes that made Cillian feel all hot and bothered. Like she was looking at him not like a fellow human being, but like a piece of meat.

It didn’t make it any easier knowing he himself had looked at plenty of women that way before.

“You know, you *do* make a wonderful maid,” Rochelle said at last. “You’re so beautiful. So obedient.”

Her eyes hungrily came to rest on the swollen outline of Cillian’s vast new breasts.

“And now so utterly helpless...”

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Also by Lisa Change

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Turned into a Fembot

In the burning heat of the Californian desert, billionaire scientist Jacob Flex is about to make the breakthrough of a lifetime. Along with his sexy assistant Jen, Jacob has discovered the key to life. To giving robots a *soul*. But what happens when that soul belongs to Jacob Flex himself...?

Uploaded into the body of a gorgeous blonde fembot, his male form destroyed, and reprogrammed to pleasure any man or woman who crosses his path, Jacob soon finds himself thrown headlong into a **kinky nightmare**. Trapped as busty bimbo-bot Candie, Jacob's about to find out what life is like as a **literal sex object**!

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30-something Hank Hartman is a rude, pushy guy who's used to bullying others. But that all changes when he refuses to give up his seat to a pregnant witch on the subway. In the blink of an eye, Hank finds himself **transformed into a beautiful, heavily pregnant girl!**

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Turned into a Bride

*“Isn’t it obvious what I did to you?” Smiled Lorena, caressing Eric’s trembling lips, “I turned you into **my beautiful bride...**”*

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Can Eric reverse the changes? Or will he be forced to spend the rest of his life as a **pretty little bride?**

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About the Author

Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to feel your masculinity slipping away as you slowly transform into a beautiful, obedient woman, these books are for you...

To see hot new releases, read kinky free short stories and keep up to date with news visit Lisa at her [blog](#).

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