

The background of the entire image is a photograph of three bridesmaids. They are standing outdoors, possibly in a garden or park, with trees and foliage visible in the background. The bridesmaids are wearing light green, sleeveless dresses. They are all smiling and looking towards the right side of the frame. Each bridesmaid is holding a large, vibrant bouquet of flowers, primarily featuring pink and orange roses. The text 'She Changed Him Into a Bridesmaid' is overlaid on the image in a large, white, serif font, centered horizontally and spanning across the upper half of the image.

She Changed Him Into a Bridesmaid

(a gender transformation
novel)

Lisa Change

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I What was she playing at?

Drake slowly turned the thin white piece of card over in his hands, a frown etched across his perpetually-handsome features. Outside the window of his chauffeured car, the New England countryside slipped past in a blaze of color.

This isn't like her...

The window was open a crack, and the fall breeze ruffled through the millionaire's thick, pepper colored hair. Caressed the tiny, wiry hairs of his stylish stubble. Drake sighed and shook his head.

No, he didn't like this. Not one bit.

There was no way in hell Holly should have invited him to her wedding.

He ran his finger across the surface of the card again, as if to check it was real. Dimpled, cream, the gold letters indented slightly.

'You are cordially invited to join Jason and Holly to celebrate their wedding,' they read in carefully crafted script, 'with an evening of drinks, dancing and friends. A special guest will also be in attendance.'

Underneath, in handwriting that still reminded him of the divorce papers, Holly had added: 'Hope to see you there, babes! XOX'

Drake allowed himself a grim smile. To anyone else, he knew, those words would look like a simple sign-off. A quick, personalized invitation scrawled in a moment of haste.

But he, Drake Templeton, knew different.

He knew they were a dare.

What's her game? He thought in frustration, *what's she playing at?*

It had been six years since he last saw Holly. Six years since his dark-haired, beautiful wife had stopped by his office on a whim, and saw him, writhing on his desk with...

What was her name again? The blond one with the big tits. Young. Innocent. Drake could still picture her as she was the day she walked in. How she tried not to tremble, her blue eyes shining as looked up at his broad, strong frame. The way she bit her bottom lip, involuntarily, like a signal.

The way she'd looked as he fucked her, that very afternoon, her innocent little face all screwed up with shameful pleasure.

Hailey, he thought to himself, vaguely. *Yeah that was it. Hailey.*

Anyway, it didn't matter now.

Outside the window, the countryside unfurled around them, the rolling hills vaguely reminding Drake of a woman's curves.

In all his years of hiring, screwing and firing secretaries, he'd never been so careless. The moment Holly opened the door, her green eyes flashing, her pert little titties rising and falling in anger, Drake had been forced to admit to himself that he was slipping. That he was losing control.

That the famous, steely resolve that had taken his company into the Fortune 500 was crumbling.

And if there was one thing he couldn't *stand*, it was losing control.

"That's why I did it," Drake murmured softly to himself, unaware he was forming the

words out-loud. "I had to make you *see*, Holly. I had to make sure you *knew*."

The triumphant way Holly had flung open that door had haunted him. The feeling of shame, the feeling that he was no longer in charge of his world. That it could all be swept away by dumb, doe-eyed Hailey and a scheming wife.

Well, he'd showed her, hadn't he?

The gold-plated intercom between the seats crackled into life.

"Nearly there, sir."

Drake frowned at the vague shadow of his driver's head, barely visible through the darkened glass.

"I thought I told you, Charles," he growled, pressing the button, "*no interruptions*."

"Very good, sir," the dry, British voice crackled back. "Sorry, sir."

The intercom went dead.

See, Holly? Drake thought to himself with a faint smile, *that's control. Never having to say sorry. Never having to take an order. Even from you.*

If he closed his eyes, he could still see Holly's face as his lawyers handed her the divorce settlement. Still see the way her mouth dropped open as she read what she'd be getting.

Still hear her posh, British voice whisper the word '*nothing?*', exactly as her limey countryman Charles had just said 'sorry, sir'.

And when Drake had stopped laughing inside his head, he'd offered her a smile and said: "Well, I *am* sorry Holly. But, you know, there *is* a way for you to claw at least some of your losses back."

A practiced grin.

"Say you're *sorry*."

And, when his gold-digging wife had looked at him with utter loathing: "C'mon. What's it worth. Twenty thousand? Maybe *twenty five?*"

The car crested a rise, and at last the country estate where the wedding was being held came into view. It was bigger than Drake would have liked: an old, English-style country home with lots of exposed wood beams. He'd heard her new beau did OK financially, but evidently the meaning of 'OK' had been revised upwards in recent years.

Not that it had anything on the Caribbean island he'd rented for the week when *he* married Holly.

Drake gave one last, semi-casual look at the mysterious card between his fingers.

"'Special guest'," he read aloud, "is that me, Holly? Are we planning to publically bury the hatchet?"

Somehow, he didn't think so.

The car stopped and Drake let himself out, stepping onto the gravel path in the mid-morning sun. Already, he could see other guests, all dolled-up, drinking on the lawn. See the wedding planner, quietly fussing over the catering.

See the bridesmaids, their bouquets clutched in their delicate hands, subtly checking their watches. Waiting for someone.

It was a lovely day. A lovely wedding.

And Drake felt completely in control.

Well, Holly, he thought to himself with a careless smile, *whatever you've got planned, let's get on with it.*

It was only later, as Drake stood, trembling, in his beautiful dress, his hair all done up, his mouth still tangy with the taste of come and his brand new pussy sore from the fucking he'd just received, that he began to wish he'd never gotten Holly's stupid invitation.

II “Right this way, sir.”

Drake trailed the young man along the wood paneled corridor, hands stuck coolly in his pockets. Around him, the stress and joy of the wedding hummed away, of no concern to him.

“It’s not much further...” the handsome boy shot him a glance from beneath a mop of dark hair, hesitated. “You’re – you’re not...”

“Not what?” Drake asked mildly, turning to watch one of the waitresses running by. She was a skinny little thing, with nice, long legs. Drake vaguely wondered what it’d be like to run his hand up one of them while fucking her in some side room somewhere.

“You’re not *Drake Templeton*?”

“That’s me.”

“Gosh!” The boy was nearly walking backwards now, his eyes wide. He looked barely 18. Athletic. Attractive, in a young man sort of way. But naïve.

Probably hired in for the day, Drake thought. *New at this, too.*

A more experienced boy would’ve known that anonymity was key to getting his tip.

“I’ve read all you’re books,” the boy was blabbering, “the *Art of the Backroom Deal*, *How to make a Million by Twenty...*”

“You know I don’t write those, right?”

“Yeah but *still...*” the boy swallowed. “I took it *all* onboard. I-I’m gonna use my savings from this job to start up a business. I’m gonna *make* that first million-!”

“Sure,” Drake grunted. The adulation was wearing thin, now. His mild celebrity in the business world meant he occasionally got spotted, and it had quickly gone from being amusing to being a bore.

Where the hell is she?

“I was wondering,” the boy was saying. “Maybe, if you didn’t mind, you could take a look at my...?”

“Your business plan?” Drake stopped walking. The boy stopped with him, an unsure smile on his tanned, flawless face.

“Well, yeah, if you wouldn’t mind...”

“What are you, an idiot?”

The boy’s mouth dropped open. He started stammering.

“I-I’m sorry Mr. Drake...”

“Don’t *ever* show your business plan to a rival, got that?” Drake’s voice was calm, he could’ve been discussing the weather. “And don’t *ever* take your eyes off the job at hand to bother someone more successful than you.”

The boy bit his lip. He nodded.

“Now,” Drake said, “take me to my wife.”

The silence that followed was horrendous. Drake could see the boy’s brain ticking, wondering if he should say something...

Goddamnit. If this little asshole hadn’t be distracting me, I’d have never...

“Miss Holly’s bridal cha-uh, *room* is right here. Sir.”

The boy awkwardly gestured a low wooden door, his eyes on the ground.

Wife. Why’d I have to say wife? Drake cursed to himself.

He thought he'd flushed her out his mind. He'd thought he was in control. Well, his little slip of the tongue had showed *him*, hadn't it? His subconscious had had a field day just then. He'd been divorced from Holly for six years. She'd found a new man, he'd found *hundreds* of new women.

And here he still was, referring to her as his *wife*.

"Great." Muttered Drake. "Now beat it. And thank whatever God you believe in that I don't get you thrown out of here on your ass."

The boy nodded furiously, his chiseled features flushing a deep pink. Without a glance at Drake, he turned and scuttled down the corridor, back into the throng of waitresses and waiters, chefs and barmen who swarmed through the house's insides, trying to invisibly make the wedding a success.

For a long moment, Drake simply stood before the door, trying to control himself.

He hadn't meant to get worked up. If Holly saw him visibly flustered, she might think he was vulnerable. She'd be wrong, of course, but he couldn't let her *see*...

Drake let out a breath. The faint noise seemed to echo through the empty corridor. OK, that was better.

Arranging his face into an innocent expression, Drake raised one hand and rapped on the door.

"Come in." Holly's sultry British voice echoed from the next room like a distant memory. Ignoring the prickles along his spine, Drake stepped into the room.

The bridal chamber was a vast wooden room that seemed to thrum with sunlight. Huge half-open picture windows brought in the sweet smell of New England in autumn. White drapes billowed gently in the wind. The air seemed alive with a kind of sleepy magic.

And there in the middle of it all, her body clad inside a simple white wedding dress, stood Holly.

She was as beautiful as when Drake had last seen her. Her long, dark hair tumbled across her shoulders, its tips brushed into curls that bounced and shone. Her cream white shoulders looked like china above the snow white of her dress. Her eyes seemed to spark with amusement, a faint smile tugged at the corners of her deep red lips.

"Ah, Drake," she purred, like a creature from a dream, "I'm *so* glad you could make it."

"Good to see you too, Holly." Drake stepped nonchalantly into the room. "And congratulations. You're looking... nice."

"Wow, thanks." Holly rolled her eyes. "Couldn't have been more damning with faint praise if you tried, could you?"

Drake allowed himself a small smile. Some things never changed.

He turned and gazed out the window.

"I was surprised to get your card," he said. "I thought you went back to England. After..."

"Keeping tabs on me, were you?" Holly's voice was light. "Then I guess you know why I came back."

An image rose in Drake's mind. Of the email he'd received from his man in London. The one he'd used as an intermediary to buy out Holly's dumb little muffin shop she'd opened in Hackney.

The shop he'd immediately had her fired from.

"No idea," he said. "I'm guessing it's something to do with this James."

“Jason.” Holly’s eyes flashed. “Actually, we got together *afterwards*. Not that it matters now.”

Her voice warmed up as she talked.

“He’s a good guy, you know? Genuine. Not many of those left now. He actually *listens* when I talk. Know how rare that is?”

“Lemme guess. And he holds doors open for you, and pulls out chairs at the restaurant and treats you like a *proper* gentleman.”

“Is that your idea of romance? No wonder you’re still stuck shagging those secretaries.”

Drake pivoted away from the window to face his ex.

“What do you want, Holly?”

Holly shrugged, her dark hair bouncing off her bare shoulders.

“I just thought you might like to come to the wedding, babes. After all, you *were* a big part of my life for ten years...”

“Eight.” Drake said.

“Well, whatever.” Holly replied. “The point *is*...”

She took her first step towards Drake, a half-smile on her beautiful face. Even at thirty six she was still a catch.

“I want us to be friends.” Holly said. “In fact, I want us to be *best* of friends. Two besties who are happy in each other’s company, not a pair of distant enemies.”

Drake gave his ex-wife a practiced sneer.

“There’d have to be some *big* changes for that to happen.”

Holly simply smiled her mysterious smile again.

“Indeed there would.”

She changed the subject.

“You know, I’ve had a bloody *awful* time trying to round up bridesmaids for this thing? After we split up, most of my old girlfriends just vanished into the woodwork.”

She sighed.

“Guess they weren’t interested in me after I lost all my money.”

“Can you blame them?” Drake coolly slipped his hands into his pockets, regarding her. “Maybe you should have apologized.”

He grinned.

“If you’d made it convincing enough, I might have given you *thirty*. In fact...”

He made a show of patting his jacket pockets.

“There might still be time. I think I’ve got a checkbook somewhere...”

“Oh, come off it. Nobody uses checks anymore.”

“You got me.” Drake held up his hands. “But I’m serious, Holly. You give me that apology, and I’ll give you your money.”

For a second, he thought Holly was going to yell at him. A dark shadow flickered across her perfect features. But she quickly shook it away and gave him a smile.

“Thanks. But I think Jason can take care of the financial side these days. At least, until I get my business up and running.”

That, thought Drake, is never gonna happen.

Outwardly, he shrugged.

“Take it or leave it, I don’t care.”

“No?” Holly raised an eyebrow, “you’ve got a funny way of showing it. Ruining me financially. Firing me from my own god damn shop.”

They were circling each other now, pacing ever-so slowly round the edges of the room like two alley cats, neither taking their eyes off the other.

“I managed to rustle up some bridesmaids in the end, you know?” Holly said with deliberate insouciance. “A couple of girl pals from Oxford, Jason’s cousin.”

“How very lovely for you.”

“Better than nothing.” Holly shrugged. “Unfortunately, I still have one rather *large* gap on my guest list.”

“Your ex-husband?”

“My maid of honor.” Holly stopped moving for a second, eyeing Drake with a peculiar smile he wasn’t at all sure he liked. “My bestie. The person who knows me the best out of everyone on Earth.”

“Too bad.” Drake’s shrugged. “I guess you’ll just have to promote one of your bridesmaids.”

“No need.” Holly’s eyes twinkled. “I found someone in the end.”

Drake’s mouth was dry. He couldn’t shake the feeling that something was deeply wrong. *If only she’d stop staring at me...*

He swallowed.

“Who?”

In reply, Holly simply smiled her enigmatic smile and carried on with her slow pacing, pacing that was bringing her imperceptibly closer to Drake.

“Do you remember me telling you,” she said suddenly, “when we first got together, that I was descended from witches?”

Drake forced up a smile.

“I remember. I remember thinking that any girl crazy enough to make an opening like *that* had to be worth keeping-”

“Did I ever tell you I was telling the truth?”

Drake blinked.

What?

A cloud passed over the New England sun, making the room suddenly feel very dark and very oppressive. From the depths of the grey shadows, Drake saw Holly raise one delicate hand to her lips.

“Sorry, babes,” she giggled, “it’s just you look so... *shocked*. But I promise you, it’s true. My great-grandmother was a witch. And that means...”

She took another step forwards, a white apparition floating out the gloom.

“So am I.”

A sense of unease was creeping over Drake, with a feeling like a million little pinpricks traveling down his spine. He violently shook his head, hoping to shake the feeling loose.

“Holly,” he began, “if you brought me all this way just to play some dumbass game...”

“Who’s playing games?” Holly was only a couple of feet from him now. Beneath her veil, Drake could make out her wide brown eyes. Eyes that were hardened against him.

Eyes that were telling the truth.

“I’m a witch,” Holly said, “I always have been. Well, a ‘sort-of witch’ at least.”

She raised an eyebrow.

“Don’t you want to know what that means?”

Again, Drake gave a small shake of his head.

No, he didn’t want to know. Didn’t want to play this stupid game. All he wanted was to turn and run out that door, out the wedding, past the guests, and keep on running for the rest of his life.

But he couldn’t move. It was like he was rooted to the spot.

“It *means*,” Holly continued as if he’d asked the question, “that not many powers got handed down to me. And I can’t use them all the time. In fact, there’s only one circumstance I *can* use them in. One very, *very* specific circumstance.”

She came to halt right in front of Drake, the hem of her wedding dress swishing around her ankles.

“Want to guess what that is?” She asked, innocently.

“For God’s sakes, Holly...” Drake muttered. “What’s happened to you? You’re talking utter *shit*.”

“Close, but you’re *way* off.” Holly folded her arms, suddenly in charge – of the conversation, of *everything*. “I can only use my powers when I’m about to get married. When I was a girl, I romantically thought that meant I’d only be able to use them once.”

Above her smile, her eyes were cold. The eyes of a marble statue.

Or a predator.

“So I thought I had to make my wish *romantic*.”

She tilted her head.

“Remember, babes?”

What’s she talking about? Drake wondered, his every fiber screaming at him to get out before – before...

...well, he could tell by looking at Holly’s expression that it wouldn’t be good.

“So you really *have* forgotten, have you?” For the first time that day, Holly sounded genuinely annoyed. “Here. Let me *remind* you.”

And she clicked her fingers.

Immediately, a voice broke through the gloom, like a record suddenly switched on. A young man’s voice that Drake thought he recognized.

“...*be easier if only we had the money. I’d be good to you. Really, I would.*”

Drake span round. Who *was* that?! The room was empty, draped in shadow. Was it a recording Holly had set up? A friend of hers...?

And then he saw it. On the far wall. Two pools of darkness had coiled together and formed into shadow puppets. A man and a woman, sat together in a small, cramped room.

“What is this?” Drake snapped. “A projection?”

The male voice carried on beneath his.

“*I know I’m not good enough for you. I know I’m a lousy guy, always asking you for cash. But don’t you see? Don’t you see what I could make of us?*”

“Sort of,” Holly’s voice was low in Drake’s ear. With a start he realized she was standing right behind him.

“Only not in the way you think. It’s a projection alright, but not one coming from a bulb or anything like that.”

“Where’s it coming from, then?”

Holly giggled softly. Her breath caressed Drake’s earlobe, making the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

“Why, don’t you remember, babes? It’s coming from the past. *Our* past.”

With a sudden sense of horror, Drake realized where he’d heard that voice before. It was him, nearly fifteen years ago. His voice as a young man.

“*Please...*” the Drake shadow puppet went on. “*Holly...*”

“*I understand.*” The female shadow puppet said at last, bowing her head. “*Wait here...*”

She jerkily turned and exited off-stage into the darkness, leaving shadow-Drake sat all alone.

“What’s this meant to be?” Drake asked. “Our wedding night? Bullshit. It didn’t happen like that.”

“*Shh!*” Holly hissed in his ear, a note of amusement in her voice. “You’ll spoil the surprise.”

Against the wall, the shadows made a scene change. Everything swirled together and *jumped* back out as an even-smaller room. Now the shadow-Holly was sat alone on the bed of a cheap motel. Outside a window, a broken neon sign winked.

“*I thought we would be happy together,*” shadow Holly sighed, looking at her feet. “*Even though we’re poor. But Drake keeps worrying about money all the time...*”

“He literally won’t shut up about it,” Holly intoned in his ear.

“*He literally won’t shut up about it,*” shadow-Holly said along with her. She flopped back on the bed.

“*Shit, we can’t even afford this bloody hotel...*”

What is this? The blood was pounding in Drake’s ears now; he felt faint, dizzy. *This isn’t right at all...*

He thought back to their wedding night. Back to the Caribbean island. Back to the surf rolling in against the beaches. Back to the feeling of sand between his toes as he and Holly said their vows out in the open air.

It had been a big occasion. A grand one. The sort of dream wedding everyone in the rich set talked about for *years* afterwards.

So why were Holly’s stupid shadow-puppets moaning about money in some seedy motel?

“*Maybe that’s it,*” shadow-Holly said, as in answer to his question. “*Maybe that’s what I should use the magic for.*”

She sat up in her shadow-bed.

“*I guess if it’ll make Drake happy,*” she said, as if trying to convince herself.

“Poor dear,” murmured Holly in his ear. “She really *doesn’t* know what’s good for her.”

“*I’ll do it.*” Shadow-Holly’s voice hardened. “*I wish me and Drake were – no, that’s not right... Aha!*”

She raised one shadow arm, fingers and thumb poised together, and said, very clearly: “*I wish Drake had always been the success he wants to be, and that we’d get married in paradise!*”

Then she clicked her fingers.

The shadows swirled again and suddenly shadow-Holly was standing on a tropical beach somewhere (Drake could tell it was meant to be tropical because it had two shadow-palm

trees), getting married to shadow-Drake.

Only they weren't just a shadow-man and shadow-woman anymore. They were rich, with big, showy, shadow-dollars hovering over their heads.

"Holly," Drake heard his young, shadow-self say in a voice filled with confidence, "*I'm gonna make you the happiest girl on Earth...*"

Then music swelled out of nowhere, the shadow puppets leaned towards one another, and-
"That's enough."

There was a *click* from Holly's fingers and the tableau vanished before them, melting back into the gloom of the bridal chamber. Drake turned to face his ex-wife.

"Well?" Holly smiled. "Ring any bells?"

"So what you're saying..." Drake said, slowly, "is that all my money, all my success is because..."

He shook his head.

"...because of *you*?"

"Me and my magic." Holly struck a smiling pose.

Drake didn't return the smile.

"Oh alright," Holly pouted, "fine. I get it. It's a lot to take in. But it's also true."

She looked Drake dead in the eye.

"You were poor when we met. I was just some rootless English girl who came to do au pair stuff and couldn't afford to get back home. We met at some dingy club. You had a small apartment on the edge of Denver and we went back there..."

Denver?! Drake thought. I've never even been to fucking Denver!

"We were happy," Holly was saying now, a trace of wistful sadness in her voice. "At least, I thought we were. But then you started to go on about money, and I felt like it was making you sad, so I decided to use my wish to..."

"I thought it'd just be the *same*, you know?" She said. "But with better holidays abroad. But you *changed*. You weren't just rich. You were an *arsehole*. Shagging those secretaries, leaving me stuck at home all alone."

A note of steel entered her voice.

"Making me *apologize* for divorcing you."

Her smile returned. Suddenly crueler, more powerful than ever.

"For *years* I wanted to get revenge on you. I even considered paying someone to marry me, just so I'd get my powers back. But I never had any money and you kept ruining all my businesses..."

"And then I met Jason." Holly sighed. "And everything began to fall into place. I'd used my magic to *give* you everything, right? So."

Her eyes flashed.

"Now I'd use it to *take it away*."

The world seemed to spin and lurch around Drake. He weakly shook his head.

"This is ridiculous." He pleaded, not sure if he was trying to convince Holly or himself. "I have memories. My pop was rich. He..."

"All part of the magic," Holly whispered, "all part of my wish to turn you into the man you always wanted to be."

"Well." She raised her hand, thumb and forefinger poised together. "It's my wedding day

today. Which means I get *another* wish. And I've decided you'll *never* be that man again."

"Holly," Drake said gently, trying to ignore the pulse pounding in his brain. "This is ridiculous. *Crazy*. There's no such thing as witches."

"Aren't there?" Holly giggled. "In that case, you won't mind if I do *this*."

And then she snapped her fingers, and everything changed.

III “You OK in there, babes?”

From his position in the toilet cubicle, Drake raised his tear-stained face, and shouted: “Fuck off!”

The sound of his voice, so high-pitched and female set him off sobbing all over again. He buried his face in his newly-dainty hands, trying to ignore the way his expertly-curled blond hair fell down the side of his face like a beautiful waterfall. Trying to ignore the wailing, feminine sobs erupting from his chest.

Trying to ignore the high heels pinching at his feet, the tight dress clinging to his skin, and the way his generous new cleavage rose and fell with every gasp of air.

It's not fair! His mind wailed, she can't do this to me. She can't turn me into a-But he shrank away from even thinking it. Even now, a half hour later, it was too impossible. Too weird. Too fucking sick to think about.

Yet there was no denying it.

Holly really *did* have magic powers. And she'd used those powers to turn him into – into a...

“Well, you better hurry up,” Holly's voice echoed through the wooden door, alive with amusement. “We're supposed to get started any second now!”

She stifled a giggle that Drake could still hear even over his own, female sobs.

“After all, it wouldn't do for me to get married without my maid of honor present, would it?”

At the words *maid of honor*, Drake started bawling all over again. He couldn't help himself. His body was suddenly *flooded* with estrogen, and on top of that, he was supposed to go out and parade his curvy new form around in front of Holly's family and her new husband!

There was a faint sigh from the other side of the door.

“OK, take your time, babes.” Holly said. “*But*, I should warn you that I've still got my powers.”

Her voice lowered itself to almost a whisper.

“And if you don't come out in the next five minutes, I'll use them to turn you into something *much worse*.”

From his perch on the toilet seat, Drake let out an involuntary laugh; high-pitched, girlish. He looked sadly down at his curvy new body through eyes blurry with tears, at his wide hips, his big bust and his long, slender legs.

How could she possibly turn me into anything worse than this? He marveled.

Then a thought rose in his mind and made him shudder and want to scream and cry and be sick all at once. A memory of the new face Holly had given him. The one he'd glimpsed in the mirror.

The face he'd last seen scrunched up with shame and desire as he violently fucked the girl it belonged to, listening to her scream his name.

Just as he'd grunted hers in his old masculine voice. Even now he could remember how he'd snarled it out as he came, even now he could remember saying...

“Anyway, *Hailey*,” Holly crooned through the door, “aren't you *happy* to be my girlfriend now?”

The young, busty blond bridesmaid who used to be Drake Templeton couldn't help herself. She burst into tears all over again.

*

The changes had started the moment Holly clicked her fingers. There had been a sound like fairy dust falling, and suddenly Drake had realized he was completely naked.

"Holly!" He'd yelled, still somehow convinced that this was all just a crazy joke, "what are you...?"

"Hush." Holly had raised one elegant finger to her lips. "This is just the warm-up. The real change will come when I do *this*!"

And she'd clicked her fingers once again and the nightmare had started.

Almost immediately, Drake had felt a faint, stinging pain in his chest, like he was being attacked by wasps. Looking down in horror, he'd seen his nipples were growing, pointing away from his body and becoming long and pink, the flesh around them swelling up.

"Holly!" He'd shouted. "Please!"

But it had been too late.

No sooner had the words left his lips than the stinging pain reached a crescendo and two big, beautiful breasts came bursting out. Before Drake's frightened eyes they'd swelled up, pushing away from his body and becoming big and ripe and pert.

With a helpless moan, Drake had reached up and clasped them in his hands and been horrified to feel how *firm* they were. How heavy and *tender*.

"Not bad," Holly had smirked, eyeing up his new titties. "They're Double-E, in case you were wondering. You know. For buying your first bra."

My first bra?!

Drake's magnificent new breasts weighed heavy in his hands, tugging at his back with a pulling sensation he'd never experienced as a man. He shot Holly a pleading look.

"Holly. Darling." He'd forced up a grin. "You don't have to do this."

"I know," Holly had shrugged, before shooting him an evil smile. "But I *want* to."

And then the changes had kicked in again and there had been no time left to speak.

There'd been a hissing sound and Drake had felt his biceps deflate, his arms losing their muscular definition. A pain had shot through his hands and his wrists and palms had shrunk, his fingers getting narrower and daintier. His shoulders tensed, and then they narrowed themselves back in towards his neckline, robbing his body of its masculine broadness.

The legs had been next. With a gentle tugging sensation, they'd risen upwards, shedding hair and muscle and becoming long and slender and smooth. At the same time, Drake had felt a strangely painless grinding as his spine curved forward and his torso shrank, making room for his long new legs.

What's happening? He remembered thinking, miserably. But even then, he'd known exactly what was going on.

His torso was shrinking because that was what *girls'* bodies looked like.

A pain in his hips had made him scream out loud. His hips were *growing* away from his crotch, giving his body a sensual, hourglass figure as they made way for his brand new birth canal.

No sooner had he got a handle on that then his ass had suddenly leapt up, filling out and becoming round and pert and smooth. With trembling hands, Drake had grasped his new butt

and been shocked to find how big it was.

That's the sort of ass you should only see in rap videos, he had thought in numb horror. But at the same time, there was something even worse, lurking underneath the surface.

Drake had realized that he kind of *liked* the feeling of someone touching his female ass.

"Looking better already," Holly had purred. "But you're not done yet, Drake. So why don't you hang tight and try and enjoy the ride!"

It wasn't like he'd had any choice.

The next set of changes had come in one big rush. One moment, Drake was taller than Holly. The next, he was a good four inches shorter than her, looking up at her 5ft7 frame from inside a miserably petit girl-body.

But there'd been no time to take this sudden shift in their sizes in. Invisible hands had seemed to grab hold of Drake's handsome face, twisting and pushing it into new shapes.

He'd thrown up his hands with a squeal and realized with a shock that his entire face had changed.

Where he should have had a strong jawline, his slender, frightened fingers had felt a soft one. Where he should have had stubble, there was now only smooth skin.

As he explored his face with mounting panic, Drake had realized that his nose had shrank, his lips puffed up and his eyes become bigger and doe-like, their eyelashes long and fluttering at the edges of his vision.

A moment later, an incredible wave of itching had passed across his scalp, like maggots tunneling under his skin. Half a second later, long, blond hair had cascaded over his forehead, down his back, over his shoulders, coming to a rest just above his large breasts.

Drake had pinched one lock between two long fingernails and looked at it in shock. It was full, bouncy, shiny, slightly curled. The sort of hair any woman would *kill* to have.

But I'm not a woman! He'd thought angrily. And then a terrible thought had struck him.

He'd realized what was going to come next.

With a loud, agonized moan, Drake had looked down at his fat little cock, lying forlornly between his hairless legs. He'd barely been able to see it because his stupid new boobs were getting in the way. It had given a final twitch, then *shot* back inside his body, taking his balls with it.

There'd been a feeling like a zipper opening, and then Drake was looking at a plump, perfectly formed pussy, its lips already moist and eager for cock.

And then it had been over. Drake's entire body had given one last jiggle – making his new breasts and peach-like bum jump and wobble around – and the magic had finished its work.

Barely able to breathe, Drake had gaped in wonder at his new form. At the big boobs and graceful curves. At the two plump lips hiding a moist little hole. At the slender legs leading down to two dainty little feet with painted toenails.

At long last, he'd looked back up at Holly, watching him with a delighted smirk on her beautiful face.

"What the fuck," he'd whispered, trying to ignore his high-pitched new voice (a *girl's* voice), "have you done to me?"

To which Holly had replied, with laughter in her voice: "What do you *think* I've done?" Her smirk grew into a vicious grin. "I've turned you into a *girl*."

And Drake had whined and begged and pleaded with her to turn him back, and when at last

he realized he was stuck like this, he'd asked quietly for a mirror.

And Holly had raised one eyebrow and asked if he was sure. And when he'd said '*yes, of course he was fucking sure!*' in his hateful, hysterical new voice, she'd shrugged and clicked her fingers.

And a mirror had appeared. And Drake had looked.

And that was when he *first* started crying.

*

"Aww, c'mon Drake," Holly's voice drifted through the door, jerking Drake back out of his thoughts. "It's not *that* bad. I thought you *liked* Hailey."

Drake's pretty little mouth dropped open.

She's got some nerve...!

"Not like *this!*" He exploded, hating how he sounded. Hating that he now sounded like a silly girl having hysterics.

Well, that's what you are, a smug little voice whispered in his ear. *A girl. You're a girl now, Drake, and you'll have to learn to live like one.*

Angrily, he shook the thought away.

"I liked her to *look at*, he continued, plaintively. "I liked her to... well..."

"To what?" Holly's voice was innocent, goading him on.

"You know." Drake muttered sullenly, crossing his arms across his enormous breasts. The way they pressed back against his forearms was something he was going to have to get used to.

"Not me," Holly trilled. "Tell me again, *how* did you like her...?"

"I liked her to *fuck!*" Drake shouted in Hailey's voice. "Is that what you want to hear, you sick bitch!"

He couldn't believe the words coming out his mouth. It was surreal. To admit that his ex-wife had magically transformed him into an exact double of the busty, 19-year old secretary she'd caught him fucking, down to the exact detail.

His new body even had the tiny mole on the inside of its left wrist he remembered seeing as Hailey jerked him off.

The transformation was *perfect*. It was also *wrong*.

Yet even now, sniffing daintily through Hailey's cute, button nose, wiping tears out of her big, blue eyes, Drake new his new form was something else, too.

It was exactly what he deserved.

*

"It's exactly what you deserve," Holly had shrugged, clicking her fingers again. The mirror had vanished, taking Hailey's frightened reflection away with it.

"Call it a *reminder* of your sins," she said with a practiced smile.

Weakly, Drake had shook his head, trying to ignore the long, blond hair flicking at the corners of his vision. Trying to ignore the girly sobs escaping involuntarily from his throat.

He remembered he'd looked down at Hailey's naked body – at *his* naked body in utter misery.

"Holly," he whimpered in a girl's voice; the voice of a naïve, inexperienced secretary, "*please* turn me back. I'll do anything. I mean it."

He miserably looked up and caught her eye, hoping to show his evil ex-wife that he really meant it.

“Anything at all.”

Holly had raised one perfectly sculpted eyebrow at him.

“Go on, then.”

It had taken Drake a second to figure out what she meant. Then it had come to him in a flash.

Of course!

With deliberate movements, he'd clasped his dainty new hands together, lacing elegant fingers between elegant fingers. He'd sank down to his knees, desperately trying to ignore the cool breeze around his naked pussy. Trying to ignore the way his beautiful new breasts dangled from his frame, heavy and ripe.

“Holly,” he'd whispered, humbly, then stopped. Was he really going to say it?

Anything to get out of this nightmare...

“I'm sorry,” Drake had said in his new, soft and musical voice. “I'm sorry I treated you like shit. I'm sorry I fucked those secretaries. And I'm sorry...”

At this point he'd swallowed. He couldn't look her in the eye for this bit.

“I'm sorry I acted like such a *dick*.”

The words out, he shot Holly a hasty glance. Standing over him, he saw her face soften.

“Aww, babes...” she'd whispered.

And then Holly had gently reached out one hand. Caressed Drake's smooth new cheek, ran a hand through his long, golden hair. Looked deep into his wide and hopeful eyes.

“That's so *sweet* of you to say.”

Something was rising in Drake. A hope. An impossible hope. He'd fought hard not to let it show on his soft, feminine new face.

“Y-you really mean that Holly?”

“Of *course*,” Holly's had eyes crinkled with her smile. “I've been waiting *so* long for that. It's *so* nice to hear you say it.”

Then she'd leaned down close to Drake. Leaned down until their faces were almost touching. Two girls, looking deep into one another's eyes.

“I can already tell you're gonna make a *great* maid of honor.”

Drake's pretty, painted mouth had dropped open. His mind reeled. He'd *glared* up at Holly, who was suddenly watching him with mocking laughter in her eyes.

“But I just *said* I was-!”

“Bollocks.” Holly had sneered. “You're not sorry. You just hoped I'd turn you back if you said that, didn't you? Christ, you're pathetic. A pathetic little bitch.”

“I'm not-!”

That was as far as Drake had got. He slowly closed his pretty new mouth.

In his new body, what *else* was he?

“Good, I'm glad you agree.” Holly had given one of his cheeks a patronizing little pat, then stepped away, looking down on her transformed bitch.

“In that case, I think it's time we got you ready. On your feet.”

And she'd clicked her fingers. Without any intermediate stage, Drake had suddenly found himself stood up straight before Holly, like a female soldier awaiting her orders.

The magic, he remembered thinking, helplessly, *is there anything she can't do?!*

Outwardly, he'd simply forced up an ingratiating smile.

It had hurt, trying to keep on Holly's good side like that. Oh god, it had hurt. But this was no time for male pride.

Not if he ever hoped to be male again.

"Time for what?" He'd stammered.

"Why, *Hailey*," Holly fluttered her eyelashes in mock-surprise. "I thought it would be obvious. You're to be my maid of honor, right? Well then. Let's make sure you *look the part!*"

Then there was another click, another sound like fairy dust falling, and Drake's body began to change all over again.

An itching in his new crotch had made him look down. A single white thread was zipping back and forth across his slit at incredible speed, weaving a pair of lacy, see-through panties that barely hid his pussy from prying eyes.

As Drake had watched, a tiny pink bow appeared and fastened itself to the elastic across his waist, its tip brushing against his soft and womanly skin.

"Oh, those are so *cute!*" He'd heard Holly gasp. "But we can't leave it just there, can we? Let's get the rest of it on!"

A feeling like two large hands were *squeezing* Drake's breasts had come over him. His boobs suddenly squashed together and jumped upwards, nearly hitting him in the face.

For a second, Drake had wondered what the hell was going on. Then he'd felt the straps settling across his shoulders and the clasp fastening behind his back and it had all become clear.

Holly had magicked up a matching lacy white bra for him to wear.

After that, things had gone from bad to worse.

A pinching at his feet had signaled the arrival of a tightly-fitted pair of cute white heels, each one ending in a stiletto spike that Drake had found *impossible* to balance on. He'd tried to kick them off in disgust, but they'd refused to budge.

It was like his new shoes were as much a part of him as his tits or his pussy.

There had been a painful *yanking* feeling at his hair that made him scream and throw up his dainty new hands. The magic was pulling his blond locks up and styling them into a gorgeous, curled waterfall that tumbled over one naked shoulder, tickling his back. Moments later, there'd been a sharp pain and Drake had discovered – to his horror – that he now had a large, pink satin flower stuck in his hair.

A coldness had rippled over him like an endless wave. Shivering, Drake had looked down to see a pink liquid crawling up his skin, getting higher and higher, stretching out between his legs and his breasts.

Before his eyes, it had suddenly solidified, turning into a shiny satin fabric. It tucked in at his waist, clung to his curves. Suddenly, one tendril leapt over a single shoulder and connected to the fabric on his back. Drake moaned out loud.

He was wearing a *gorgeous* knee-length bridesmaid's dress.

Finally, the invisible hands had returned to his face; rudely tweaking at his eyelashes, pressing against his lips, and dabbing at his cheeks so Drake screamed out loud. As soon as they'd started, they had stopped. It had taken Drake a good five seconds to figure out what had happened.

He was now wearing expertly-applied makeup.

Then it had been over. In shock, Drake had looked down at his soft new girl body, hidden away inside its pretty dress. Looked in disgust at the pink, satin roses fastened over his toes. At

the shiny pink nail polish now decorating his fingertips.

“Why, Hailey,” Holly had intoned from across the room, “look at *you*, girl! You look *hot!*”

And Drake had wanted to scream: *I don't want to look hot!*

But then he'd realized something terrible. Something even worse than all the horrible things he'd already experienced today.

He'd realized part of him was *delighted* with how fucking cute he looked in his tight little dress.

God, Drake remembered thinking, I bet I look great right now. I won't have any trouble picking up men looking like this!

And at the word ‘men’ his newly-female mind had suddenly filled with vague, happy visions. Visions of handsome young men from the groom's party, looping an arm round his waist and pulling him close. Visions of these same young men, kissing him, and he, Drake Templeton, clinging to them like his life depended on it.

Visions of these young men, their big cocks out, drilling into Drake's brand new pussy while he screamed and moaned and begged for more.

“What's *happening* to me?!” He remembered sobbing in fright, clutching his head as if he could somehow tear the visions out from inside his brain.

And then Holly had laughed. A loud, terrible laugh. The laugh of a scorned woman exacting her diabolical revenge.

“Sorry, babes,” she'd giggled. “You didn't think I'd let you keep your dumb, male mind did you?”

“What do you mean?” Drake had asked, miserably.

“I'd say it's pretty bloody obvious,” Holly had smiled. “I didn't want to have a *lesbian* as my maid of honor, after all.”

Slowly, Drake had felt all the color drain from his newly made-up face.

So that was it...

Holly hadn't just stolen his manhood and turned him into a girl. She hadn't even just turned him into a stunning bridesmaid and forced him to wear a revealing pink dress.

She'd turned him into a stunning *straight* bridesmaid.

Oh my God... Drake had thought with a rush of revulsion, *oh my God, she's messed with my brain. I don't like women anymore.*

It had hit him all at once. He was a girl. A horny girl.

And that meant he suddenly *loved* cock.

It was at that point Drake had gone running to the bathroom in tears.

*

“Come on Hailey, time's up now.” Holly's voice was sharp, commanding. Drake vaguely thought she sounded like a duchess.

“So what?” He asked in Hailey's voice, his speech muffled with tears. “Go ahead, turn me into a toad if you want. I don't care!”

There was a moment's silence from the other side of the door. He could almost hear Holly thinking.

“OK, *fine*,” she said at last. “I won't transform you if you stay in there.”

Good, thought Drake furiously.

There was no *way* he was going to act as Holly's maid of honor at her stupid wedding.

"In fact," a note of humor was creeping into her voice now, "I won't transform you *at all*. Got that, babes? If you stay in there *I'll never use my magic on you again*."

A faint titter.

"On the other hand, if you come out and if you're a *good* maid of honor, then I might just find it in my heart to cast one more spell again today."

The breath caught in Drake's newly-female throat.

Is she saying what I think she's saying?

"What sort of spell?" He squeaked out, trying to sound tough.

With his soft, high-pitched new voice, it didn't exactly work.

"Oh, it's nothing," Holly said, casually. "Just something I learned a while back. A spell that turns a transformed person into what they *really* are."

"Y-you mean..." Drake whispered, "I'd turn back into a – a..."

"Who knows?" Holly trilled. "Anyway, I'd best be off babes. I'll come call you when the wedding's over, and we can find out if the spell's given you a lovely boyfriend to go home with, or maybe a gal pal who'll pick you up, or..."

The door swung open. Reluctantly, Drake stepped out the cubicle, tottering slightly on his high heels.

"That's better," Holly smiled, her eyes twinkling. "You really had me worried there for a second, Hailey."

In the large mirror over her shoulder, Drake could see himself: An attractive young girl, her mascara smudged and streaked by tears, squeezed into a figure-hugging dress.

Christ, I look so... fuckable.

With a feeling of revulsion, Drake lowered his eyes to avoid seeing what he'd become. It didn't work. The moment he looked even slightly downwards, there were his big new boobs; their alien shape forcibly reminding him that he was no longer male.

"What do you want me to do?" He said in a tight voice.

"Oh, not much," Holly shrugged. "Stand around. Look *gorgeous*. Act like my total bestie."

The edges of her lips tugged upward slightly.

"Make a speech about how *wonderful* my new husband is and how happy you are for me."

Drake scowled at her. The thought of standing up before a sea of strangers looking like *this* disgusted him.

"And if I don't?"

Holly shrugged, her long dark hair bouncing off her pale shoulders.

"Nothing. I promise. I'll leave you *exactly as you are*. But, I should warn you," she said, "it wasn't just your *body* I changed."

Another titter.

"I might have... *altered* your bank balance a little bit. And given you a new job as a silly little secretary. *And* made you so cockhungry you'll shag any man you're alone in a room with. So."

She smiled brightly.

"If spending the rest of your life like that is fine with you, then you don't have to do anything at all."

The silence that stretched out between the two girls was endless, pregnant with meaning. Holly leaned casually against the sinks, watching him with a smile from inside her wedding

dress, while Drake watched her sullenly from inside his sexy new bridesmaid's body.

At long last, Drake nodded his pretty little head.

"Amaze-balls," Holly smiled. "I'm *so* happy to have you as my maid of honor, Hailey. I can already tell we're gonna be the bestie gal-pals *ever*."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" Holly shouted.

What?! Drake thought in shock. *No, I can't let anyone see me like-!*

The door swung open. One of the bridesmaids Drake had noticed outside stuck her head in; a short, friendly-looking dark-skinned girl with slender hips and large, hipster glasses.

"Hol?" She asked. "*There* you are, man! Jason's been going *crazy*."

She stopped and blinked at Drake.

"Who's this?"

For a second, Drake didn't dare move. Didn't dare say anything. An icy hand seemed to grip his heart, warning him.

What if she realizes? Drake thought dimly, his mind swirling with horror. *What if she realizes it's me in here? Then everyone would know that I'm a...*

Then he saw Holly looking at him, a warning expression on her beautiful face. Reluctantly, he forced up a smile.

"I'm Dra... I'm *Hailey*," he heard his body say in its female voice. "I'm Holly's..."

"This little minx is my maid of honor," Holly cut in.

The black girl's eyes went wide.

"Oh *wow*," she said. "*So you're* Hailey. Holly's told me *so* much about you!"

I'll bet she has, Drake thought, thickly. Outwardly he forced himself to keep smiling.

"You too!" He gushed, trying to remember exactly how girls handled these sorts of conversations. Whether he should be overly enthusiastic, or subtly pally, or...

"I'm Rhonda," the girl smiled, "Jason's cousin. But I guess you already knew that. That dress is *awesome*, by the way."

"Yeah, yeah, totally," Drake nodded, his long blond hair tickling at his exposed shoulder blades. "Yeah. It's, um... yeah, I..."

Quick! He screamed at himself. *What do girls talk about?*

Suddenly, a lightbulb went off in his brain.

"I didn't think I'd fit in the dress," he forced himself to laugh. It sounded unnatural, "because I'm so fat! You know, my hips are *so* big, it's... a-all that Ben and Jerry's... right, sisters?"

From the corner of his vision, he saw Holly's eyebrows climb up her face in incredulity. A brief silence flared awkwardly in the middle of the room.

"Riiight," Rhonda said at last. She flashed Holly another smile.

"I'll leave you two to get cleaned up. See you out front, girl."

"Tell Jason five minutes, babes," Holly smiled. "*Promise*."

Rhonda winked at her, shot Drake one last quizzical look, and then vanished back into the corridor.

Drake let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding in. His large cleavage fell slightly in the bottom of his vision.

What's wrong with me? He thought, miserably. *I make a terrible girl.*

“Ooo—*kay*, ” Holly exhaled, smiled brightly. “Might need a *bit* of work on your dialogue there, Hailey.”

“Don’t call me that,” Drake muttered in his new, girl voice.

This was ridiculous. There was no *way* he could do this. He didn’t know how to walk, how to talk, how to hold himself...

To his shock, Drake was beginning to discover that, despite a lifetime of sleeping with dozens upon dozens of women, he actually knew nothing about them at all.

A flicker of something came into Holly’s eyes. Sympathy?

“You’ll be *fine*,” she said, gently touching Drake’s hairless, slender arm. “Just let it all come naturally, OK? And forget *everything* you saw on *Sex and the City*. Trust me, you’ll be a *great* maid of honor.”

Her voice hardened.

“Because, if you’re *not*...”

Drake swallowed. He nodded his pretty little head. He didn’t need Holly to go on.

If he failed to make a convincing impression, if he failed to spend the rest of the day as a *real* girl would, then Holly would refuse to change him back.

He’d never be a man again.

“We need to get you cleaned up,” Holly was frowning at his makeup now, “no *way* my maid’s going out there looking like a bloody wreck. Here.”

She clicked her fingers. There was a sound like fairy dust falling and, when Drake looked in the mirror, he saw his face was now perfectly arranged again.

“Awesome.” Holly grabbed his dainty hand and laced his slender new fingers through hers. “Come on.”

“But where are we going?” Drake protested as Holly dragged her new girl pal to the restroom door. In his new body, he felt absolutely zero sexual or romantic desire come from holding hands with her.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Holly asked as she pushed her way out into the corridor. “You’re the maid of honor.”

“So?”

“So...” Holly said. “It’s time for you to meet the rest of the bridesmaids!”

IV

The wedding was a lavish affair alright.

Crowds of women in fancy dresses and fancier hats were gathering in little, brightly colored groups outside in the warm, inviting sun. Men in tuxes joked on the hotel's big, open patio, champagne flutes in their hands.

A photographer flitted among everyone, snapping pictures: The groom's parents, smiling relatives, the adorable little flower girl. White balloons drifted lazily in the breeze, tethered to large bouquets of flowers. Amid all this the waiting staff ran to-and-fro, making sure everyone had a *perfect* wedding.

It was classy. It was bliss. It *smelled* of expense.

Trapped in his new body, his mind whirling with confusion and horror, Drake saw precisely *none* of it.

"Oops, watch out, babes!"

Drake scowled up at Holly, every fiber of his being burning with hatred for her. He'd managed to stick one of his heels between the loose paving stones of the patio and nearly gone sprawling.

"This is fucking *stupid*," he hissed as Holly helped him upright again. "How the *hell* are you meant to walk in these things?"

Holly shrugged.

"We managed it. All the bloody time. Stop being such a *girl* about it."

"I *am* a girl," Drake muttered in his high-pitched voice, still unable to believe he'd really been magically gender-swapped, "thanks to *you*."

"And you're working it like a *pro*." Holly winked at him. Then something caught her eye and her whole face lit up. "Here we are!"

Three female faces turned toward them, drinks in hand. Drake felt his heart sink.

Why is she making me do this? He whined to himself as Holly dragged him over to the little gaggle of bridesmaids.

"Oh my God, *Hol!*" Exclaimed a curvy redhead with a cut-glass British accent. "You look *adorable*."

"Thanks, babes." Holly threw her arms round her, turned and smiled at Drake.

"Hailey, this is Donna. We met at Oxford. Donna, I want you to meet someone very special to me."

Donna's eyes slid up and down Drake's slender, bust body, a smile fixed to her face. Drake wasn't at all sure she liked what she saw.

Why's she looking at me like that? He wondered unhappily. *Like I'm just some dumb bimbo. Or worse yet, a total slut...*

Uncomfortably, he crossed his arms over his large bosom and shuffled his feet.

"Mmm," Donna said at last. "Well, *Hailey*, you're looking *great*."

"Thanks," Drake muttered in his soft voice, then, when he saw Holly glare at him, he weakly added, "you too."

"That dress is *fantastic*," Donna smiled, a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "I'd *never* be able to pull that off."

That's because you're too fucking fat, Drake thought, uncharitably. Outwardly though, he just kept smiling and simpering like the shy girl at a party, desperate to make friends.

"I'm just lucky," he said, with a pointed look at Holly, "*someone* up there gave me the figure for it."

"Mmm," Donna said again, looking at his large breasts with mild distaste. "All the same, it's a *bit* revealing, isn't it?"

Is it? Drake's mind whirled. *Oh God, am I dressed like a slut?*

He didn't know what to say. So he just smiled awkwardly until Holly gave a tiny cough and pulled the next bridesmaid over.

"This is Ceri."

Drake smiled weakly at the tall blond woman suddenly stood before him. She was six foot if she was an inch and looked like a supermodel.

Trapped in his little body, with its oversized breasts and bum, Drake felt a surge of raw, hot jealousy inside him.

I look like a dwarf stood next to her, he thought, glumly, *an ugly, disproportioned dwarf*.

"Hiya," Ceri said with a smile. Her British accent was coarser than Donna's. Drake guessed her family came from the working classes.

"Great to finally meet you," the supermodel was saying. "Holly's told us all about you."

She winked.

"Even the bad stuff."

Drake's mouth dropped open. He span to face Holly.

"How *could* you?!" He squealed, his voice making nearby guests turn and look. Blood pounded in his temples.

She told them I'm really a man! Why would she do that?!

Then he saw the laughter in Holly's eyes and realized. He turned back to Ceri with an apologetic look etched across his beautiful face.

"That was a joke, wasn't it?"

The supermodel looked at him like he was a piece of excrement that had magically appeared in her fruit salad.

"Well," Holly cut in, "it's *lovely* to get you girls together at last. I think we're gonna have *so much fun*."

"Just make sure Jason doesn't see you," Rhonda chipped in, nodding at Holly's wedding dress. "Bad luck."

"Oh, Jason's probably locked in a room somewhere, psyching himself up," Holly smiled. Her expression suddenly grew thoughtful.

"Still, better go check..."

She flashed a smile at her bridesmaids.

"Why the *hell* am I wasting time with you bitches? I've got a *man* to marry!"

All the girls but Drake giggled.

"Later, bitch," Donna said.

"Yeah, later," Ceri chipped in.

Holly flashed them a last, brilliant smile then vanished into the crowd, leaving her four beautiful bridesmaids all alone.

Drake watched her go with his pretty mouth hanging open. His mouth was dry. His palms

were sweaty.

She can't just go! He thought in panic. *What am I going to talk about? What am I going to do?!*

He desperately wanted to run back to the girl's restroom and lock himself in the toilet for a good cry.

It was odd. As a man, he'd been confident, unbothered by what other people thought of him. But now, with his entire body swimming in estrogen, he suddenly found himself acting like, well...

...acting like a hysterical girl.

"God, she looks *so amazing*," Donna murmured, watching Holly's disappearing back. "She's so lucky..."

"*He's* even luckier," answered Ceri with a sigh. "If we weren't friends I'd *totally* shag her."

"What are you, a dyke?" The words were out before Drake could stop himself.

In horror, he watched as three pairs of eyes turned towards him with a look that said '*ugh*.'

"So, Ceri," Rhonda chipped in after a suitable pause. "What happened with Germany?"

"God mate," Ceri replied in her rough British voice, "you wouldn't *believe* the shit I had to deal with..."

In a seemingly-choreographed movement, she turned back to Rhonda, who turned back to her, just as Donna turned also, and suddenly Drake was stuck on the outside of their circle; like the unpopular girl at school, excluded from every clique.

I can't do this, he thought miserably to himself.

Beside him, yet light years away, far across the social void, Donna said something and then all three of them were laughing. Laughter that seemed to pointedly exclude him.

How do girls manage? Drake found himself thinking, furiously. *How do they put up with all this... with all this bullshit?*

For the first time in years, he cast his mind uneasily back to high school. To the scrawny, quiet girls who were always sat alone, friendless and unloved.

If he was feeling *this* bad after less than an hour as an unpopular girl, it was no wonder so many teenagers started harming themselves.

The bridesmaids' conversation was drifting on now. Private jokes. Old vacations. Things he couldn't possibly join in with. Drake helplessly cast his pretty, doe-like blue eyes around the grounds, hoping for some escape.

And then he saw him.

In the dim half-shadow of the doorway. The boy, the 18-year old kid with the floppy black hair and dreams of being a businessman. He was looking for someone.

For a second, Drake simply watched him, aware of a faint, strange feeling in his chest that he couldn't put his finger on.

For the first time, he seemed to notice how – how *handsome* this young boy was. How lithe. How *attractive*, in a very teenage way. He watched him with eyes that seemed fixed to his strong torso, his long, muscular legs.

I wonder who he's looking for? Drake wondered, dreamily. *One of the waitresses, perhaps. He's going to call her over, and they're going to slip out into some backroom somewhere, and he's going to smile cockily and kiss her, and then she...*

At that moment, his train of thought was obliterated by something very strange happening.

The boy looked right at him. Smiled. And then he raised one arm and urgently gestured Drake to come over.

Me? Thought Drake.

He casually looked behind him, running one girly hand through his long, blond hair. Rhonda and the two English bitches were still talking and laughing, paying no attention to him whatsoever.

What have I got to lose?

“Hailey, right?” The boy asked as Drake approached him, uncomfortably aware of how his pink dress clung to his wiggling bum, showing off his curves.

“That’s me,” Drake said in his soft voice. “Who are you?”

“Blake,” the boy smiled, a handsome, easy smile. “Miss Holly told me I’d find you out here.”

“Holly?” Drake asked. “Why, what’s wrong?”

Blake smiled down at him. The handsome, athletic boy may have only been 18, but he still towered over Drake’s new body.

God, look at his eyes, Drake found himself thinking involuntarily, *I bet he drives the girls at school wild!*

“Nothing’s wrong,” he said. His low, teenage voice – already well on the way to becoming a *man’s* voice – seemed to caress Drake’s new body, making him tingle all over.

“She just said I should come find you. There’s something you need to do.”

Ah, thought Drake. *So that’s it.*

What fresh hell had Holly cooked up for him now?

“It’s nothing bad,” Blake hurriedly cut in, seeing Drake’s expression. “I just think you should come with me.”

Do I have to?

For a second, Drake hesitated. He cast his blue, doe-like eyes back at his fellow bridesmaids, still laughing away. He looked from their pink dresses, to the handsome boy in his waiter’s outfit, watching him with a mysterious smile on his tanned face.

“OK, sure.” Drake said at last.

He gave the boy a quick, flirty grin, involuntarily fluttering his eyelashes at him.

“Lead the way.”

*

“Are you a niece or something?”

Drake jerked his head round from the gloomy empty corridor and frowned at the boy walking just in front of him.

“Huh?”

“You know, of Miss Holly.” The boy said, kindly.

“No,” Drake replied, shaking his head and causing locks of golden hair to flick in the corners of his vision. “We’re not related.”

“Oh.” Said the boy.

“How come?”

“You just... no offense...”

“No offense *what?*”

“You look a little *young*, y’know?” The boy flashed him a roguish smile. “About my age.”

"I'm *forty two*," Drake squeaked in surprise.

Blake's eyes went wide.

"No *way*."

Drake angrily opened his pretty little mouth to argue again then suddenly closed it.

Shit. Of course.

Hailey had been just nineteen when he'd hired and fucked her on his desk, hammering into her cunt as she begged and screamed. From what he'd so far seen of his new body in the mirror, Holly had forced him to forever look *exactly* like Hailey had that very day.

Which meant he was no longer approaching middle age.

To all intents and purposes, he was a teenager again.

"Here we are."

Blake stopped at a thick wooden door and smartly held it open. Drake frowned into the gloom inside.

"Are you sure about this?" He asked, uneasily.

The boy shot him another dazzling smile.

"Don't worry. Go ahead. I don't bite."

With a vague feeling of uncertainty, Drake slipped through the door his chaperone was holding open for him.

The room was dark inside. Silent. Heavy curtains had all but cut off the natural light from this corner of the hotel. Somewhere in the gloom a white, double bed seemed to let off a faint glow. All the way up here, the sounds of the wedding party were almost imperceptible.

"Have you talked to many of the other guests?" Drake asked casually as the boy stepped in and closed the door behind them.

"Just one. A businessman. Bit of a hero of mine."

Drake felt the hairs on the back of his neck standing on end.

"Oh, really? What was he like?"

"A fucking asshole. But forget about him for a sec."

Hey! Drake yelled from inside his female mind. *I'm not an asshole you little bastard! You're the one who-!*

And then he heard the soft footsteps behind him and he had no time left to think.

Before Drake could react, one firm, young hand clasped him round the waist. Another slipped across his flat, young stomach. Then he was being turned around and the next thing he knew he and the boy were kissing.

It was the most-confusing thing that had ever happened to Drake in his life.

The boy's tongue poked rudely between his plump new lips, swirling round the inside of his mouth. His large, masculine hands clutched Drake tight against his wiry body, so tight Drake could feel an erection pressing into his belly.

His mind whirled with horror. His nipples went hard. He wanted to scream. He felt dampness in his pussy and found himself eagerly nibbling on the boy's tongue, tasting it like some foreign delicacy.

Ugh! His mind screamed, *this is gross! I don't wanna be kissing a dude! Especially not a kid like this!*

But the swelling in his breasts and the tingling in his pussy said otherwise.

It seemed like Hailey's body was *very* glad to get some time alone with an attractive young

man.

At long last, the two teenagers pulled apart and stood staring at each other, Drake in woozy shock, the boy with a great big, confident grin on his handsome features.

“What was *that* all about?” Drake’s soft voice came out high-pitched, ragged. But there was something else under the surface, too. Something he couldn’t hide, even from himself.

A note of lust and longing that let the boy know just how much he, Drake Templeton, had enjoyed being seduced by another man.

Blake shrugged his shoulders and shot Drake another winning smile.

“I had to try,” he said, semi-apologetically. “I’ve been watching you ever since you arrived. You looked so bored with those other girls. And then I noticed you giving me those little sidelong glances...”

I wasn’t! Drake wanted to protest, but his body refused to say the words out loud. Instead, he felt his lips curling into a bashful, feminine smile.

“*Well...*” he heard himself say in Hailey’s voice, “you’re not exactly *easy* to miss.”

He felt himself bite his lower lip.

“Not with a big, strong body like *that*.”

To his utter horror, Drake felt himself give a girlish giggle and flutter his eyelashes.

Wait! He yelled inside himself. *Stop! What the hell are you doing?!*

But it was like the rest of his body wasn’t listening to his orders anymore.

“Thank fuck,” Blake was saying with a grin. “I was kinda worried you might turn around and slap me for that.”

Drake snorted.

“Yeah, *right*,” he said, his girl voice flooding with confidence. “I’ve been *hoping* some guy would pick me up all afternoon.”

“You know,” he added suddenly, placing his hands on his hips and rolling them seductively, “I’m a little bit of a nympho.”

Trapped inside his own brain, Drake felt like screaming.

It must be the magic, he thought, weakly. *Holly. She’s done something...*

Only that wasn’t *quite* the truth.

If it had just been Drake’s *body* that was desperate to have sex with this handsome young boy, he might have been OK. Might have been able to shut himself off from what was happening and later, when he was back to being a man again, forget all about it. Pretend it had been something *forced* on him.

Unfortunately, it wasn’t *just* his body that was interested in Blake.

Thanks to Holly’s magic, he was now a straight girl. A straight, horny girl with a straight girl’s *brain*.

And that meant even the male part of him, still locked away in Hailey’s mind, desperately wanted to fuck Blake, too.

The boy smiled. His eyes drifted down from Drake’s soft, pretty face, coming to rest on his large and heavy breasts. He gave a smile Drake had never seen on another man’s face before. A kind of cocky, yet hungry smile.

A smile filled with *desire*.

“A nympho, huh?”

“Yep,” Drake heard himself agree. “Get me alone in a room with a man and I basically

have to suck his dick."

He wanted to clamp his hands over his pretty new mouth. Clamp them over and run away, as fast as his little girly legs could carry him.

Instead, he stepped forward, like a girl in a dream, until he was right in front of the handsome young boy. Drake felt his head tilt back of its own accord. He looked into the boy's soulful eyes, their lips almost touching.

Involuntarily, he felt one of his dainty hands slip down, come to rest on the boy's crotch. Felt something stirring in there. Something thick and hard and long.

This was wrong. It was *so* wrong. Drake felt like a man standing on the very edge of a cliff. He still had *just* enough time to back away. But if he lingered for a moment longer...

"Want to see if I'm telling the truth?" He heard himself ask, as if from very far away.

The boy smiled down at him, the smile of a man who's dirtiest sex dreams have just come true.

"Go on, then."

"Your wish," Drake felt himself murmur, "is *my* command."

Then his body was sinking. Lowering itself to the floor. And there was nothing Drake could do to stop himself from falling off the edge.

He landed with a flump on his knees on the suite's thick white carpet. Looked up at the boy's crotch, inches from his face, a huge bulge beneath the zipper.

Unable to stop himself, unsure if he even *wanted* to stop, the bridesmaid reached out with two delicate, pink-nailed hands and gently undid the boy's fly. Reached inside, tugged at the elastic of the 18-year old stud's boxers.

Something rose up into the air. Something that made Drake gasp out loud in horror and desire and fascination all at once.

The boy's dick was *huge*. Much bigger than Drake's had ever been when *he* was still a man. It jutted up into the air, as thick as a club, its end bulbous and purple.

Holy fuck... that thing's gotta be ten inches!

The sight of it made something twitch in Drake's female mind. A desire to have that *thing* near him. In him. All at once, he could imagine it invading each and every one of his holes. How it would taste. How it would make him *squeal*.

How it would make him into a *woman*.

With dazed movements, he reached out and hesitantly grasped the shaft. Felt its thickness. It's *power*. He whimpered slightly and looked up into Blake's face, now towering high above him.

"What are you waiting for?" The boy demanded with a smile. "Get sucking."

No... he wouldn't! He'd fight the magic, fight it and retain his manhood! He'd push this handsome boy away, tell him to get fucked, throw open that door and run! He'd-!

But Drake did none of those things. Instead, he heard himself give a low, dreamy giggle, and say, in a throaty whisper: "Yes, master."

Then before he could stop himself, he opened his soft, painted lips and took the boy's penis deep inside his mouth.

The sensation was *horrible*. Awful! Blake's dick felt like an alien being, invading his mouth. Some great, rubbery thing that pushed his jaw open and made him want to gag and retch.

I can't do this! Tears were already forming in the corners of Drake's eyes, *I'll be sick if it*

goes in any further...

Then something strange happened.

The further the boy's dick traveled down his throat, the easier it became. It was like Drake's gag reflex had magically vanished.

Suddenly, he was deep-throating another man, as a girl, and *loving* every second of it.

As Blake's penis slipped further into his mouth with ease, Drake began bobbing his head back and forth, his lips wrapped over his teeth, teasing Blake's prick with his mouth. He reached up and clasped a free hand round the shaft and shivered at the touch, at how *wonderful* it felt.

Holy fuck, why did no-one ever tell me how good it felt sucking dick...

Impulsively, he pulled his head back so the boy's penis slipped out his mouth. He kissed the tip frantically, luxuriating in its taste. He rubbed it all over his female face, feeling strands of pre-come cling to his lips.

He held it under his nose and breathed in deeply, the scent of cock making his pussy tingle and making him smile with happiness.

Then he dropped the boy a cheeky wink, opened his mouth and started sucking again.

There was a feeling building in his pussy now. A sort of tingly warmth that spread out across his lower body. As one hand pumped away at Blake's shaft, Drake gently lowered one dainty hand and slipped it under the hem of his dress.

His fingers quickly found the soft lace of his panties. He let one fingertip trace across the elastic, near his waist. A strange shiver passed through his body. He hesitated...

Am I really gonna do this?

Then, with a feeling of abandonment, he reached down and pressed one finger hard against his brand new clit.

The pleasure was intense beyond belief. Pink stars exploded behind Drake's eyes, making him moan softly and his entire body shudder.

That was incredible!

Just one stroke of his finger had been enough for his pussy to send a bolt of pleasure through him nearly as strong as ejaculating as a man. With a sensation of giddiness, Drake slipped two fingers deep inside his panties. His crotch was soaking wet.

He gently ran one finger along his entire slit, enjoying the way his body involuntarily groaned, the sound muffled by Blake's penis. Then he curled his fingertips and plunged both fingers deep inside his beautiful cunt.

The pleasure was overwhelming. Shocking. It was the greatest thing Drake had ever experienced. He wanted to cry out. Instead, he began furiously bobbing his head back faster and faster, driving Blake's dick ever-deeper into his throat.

Swallowing his cock like the dirty bridesmaid he now was.

High above him, the boy let out a loud groan. Drake automatically pulled back, swirled his tongue round the rim of his cock, then took it right back in his mouth again.

Each thrust of his head brought the boy's pubic thatch right up close to his eyes. He could feel the boy's heavy balls bumping softly against his chin and the feeling filled him with a happiness he couldn't explain.

So this is what I was missing out on all this time, he thought to himself. This is what girls do. It's amazing!

He felt like laughing. Felt like screaming with pleasure. As he jerked both wrists, scissoring his pussy lips with his fingertips, driving Blake towards orgasm, he realized he felt happier than he ever had before in his life.

“Oh *fuck yeah!*” He suddenly heard the boy gasp. “Oh *fuck!*”

A large hand suddenly *grabbed* at his long, golden locks. The boy *yanked* Drake’s head back, so hard it almost hurt.

For a second, Drake wondered what the hell was going on, and the boy went stiff and suddenly waves of hot, white, sticky come were flooding over Drake’s beautiful, girly features.

He closed his eyes and opened his mouth, an obedient smile on his pretty face as Blake squirted spunk across his lips, onto his tongue, up his nose, over his cheeks, through his hair.

OhmyGod, oh God yes, make me your cumslave!!!

A fat drop landed right in Drake’s mouth. Without thinking twice, he swallowed it. Then he stuck his tongue out and swirled it over his lips, licking up as much of the boy’s come as possible and greedily eating it all. A tangy, musty taste filled his mouth. Strange. But good.

So *that’s* what come tastes like, Drake thought in a daze. *Holy fuck, it’s delicious!*

His nipples were hard as bullets in his bra now. His cunt was soaking wet and wide and ready for cock. As the boy stumbled back from him, a dazed smile on his face, Drake knew what he had to do.

“Hold on,” he said, firmly, suddenly enjoying the female sound of his voice. “We’re not done yet.”

As handsome young Blake blinked at him from under his mop of dark hair, Drake slowly turned around and fell onto all fours, raising his ass high up in the air. Gently, he pulled the edges of his pink bridesmaid’s dress until they rose up, exposing his dripping wet panties to the world.

I’ll have to remember to get a spare pair after this...

He wiggled his ass provocatively, amazed at how easily such feminine movements came to him.

Behind him, he heard Blake trying to catch his breath.

“Sorry...” he gasped. “Sorry, but I’ve already... I can’t...”

“Use your imagination,” Drake heard his body say with a giggle.

He closed his eyes and pushed his pussy out further, offering it up on a plate for this handsome young teenager.

“Just make me *come*.”

There were soft footsteps behind him, tiny bumps in the darkness. A firm, calloused hand took hold of Drake’s lacy white panties and rudely *yanked* them down.

Drake moaned softly. A helpless, feminine moan. It was like he was no longer in control of himself. No longer the one in charge. Now *he* was the one obediently waiting to be fucked, like so many secretaries had waited for *him*.

And he *loved* it.

It’s the magic... the magic making you do this... Fight it!

But Drake found he no longer really cared.

Two firm hands clasped his wide new hips. There was a pause that seemed to thrum with possibilities, and then Drake felt lips brushing against each of his bare ass cheeks in turn.

“Oh *fuck*,” he whimpered. “Oh God, just do it, *please*.”

What the boy said next made his heart hammer in his generous new chest and made him feel giddier than ever.

“Anything for the maid of honor,” he whispered.

Then he leaned forward, inhaled gently at Drake’s dripping crotch, and next thing Drake knew he had a tongue buried deep inside his pussy.

The sensation was like nothing else on Earth. It should have been *horrible*. As the boy swirled his tongue deep inside Drake’s cunt, he felt the walls of his pussy stretching to accommodate him. Felt the tip tracing its way up his vagina, probing gently at his womb.

He was a man. He should *never* have discovered what it felt like to have something in his *pussy*.

But Drake no longer cared. His entire body was on fire. All he wanted was for this handsome, teenage stranger to lap away at his lips for as long as possible.

“Oh...” He heard himself whisper. “Oh... oh *God!* Oh *fuck yeah*, oh... oh *that’s it!*”

He couldn’t have kept quiet even if he wanted to. It was like someone else was forming the words in his mouth.

As the boy licked greedily at his hole, Drake felt his body begin to twitch and writhe with each gasp. The movements were completely involuntary, but completely linked to his pleasure.

Drake thought he kinda *liked* it.

The boy was lapping away furiously now, letting the tip of his tongue run up Drake’s slit to tease at his clit, before plunging back inside his hole again. Drake felt it slide in and out of his womb, in and out, the boy’s faced *pressed* up against his crotch, drinking in his juices, inhaling the thick, marshy smell of *him*. Of his pussy.

My pussy...

The thought that he had a pussy, a perfect little hole for men to put things in, filled Drake with delight. Feminine gasps spilled out his throat, high-pitched and yearning. He pressed his face into the deep weave of the carpet, feeling it scratch against his cheeks, and thought he could stay like this forever.

And then suddenly the boy flicked his tongue across Drake’s clit and something was bearing down on him like a tidal wave. A rush of pleasure that threatened to wash him away and obliterate him. Drake opened his mouth and *screamed*...

...and he was coming. Coming with girly screams and shouts, fireworks of pleasure shooting out to every corner of his skin. His pussy tingling, his mind lost in an endless pink cloud.

Drake lay there for what felt like forever, his boobies hot and swollen, his cunt tingling, his body shouting ‘*oh!*’ and ‘*yes!*’ over and over again.

This wasn’t anything like coming as a man, where you came back to your senses only half a second later.

This was an endless tide of pleasure that felt like it would never, ever stop.

At last, the waves of pleasure began to recede, leaving Drake gasping in Hailey’s voice, a big smile splitting his feminine features. He was just about to gently raise himself up and say something sexy to the boy, when Blake began gently nibbling at his clit and Drake found himself coming all over again.

It was like the world had been turned on its head. It should’ve been impossible. Somehow, against all the laws of nature, Drake found himself burying his head into the carpet and

screaming for the second time in as many minutes, his nipples painfully hard, his pussy wet and throbbing with desire.

That's right, Drake felt himself thinking, as if from very far away, *I come like a girl now*.

A powerful thought suddenly hit him. If he wanted to, he could just lie here all day long, shooting off orgasm after orgasm for as long as he liked.

The boy kept right on lapping at his pussy for the next ten minutes, before finally pulling away after Drake came loudly for the third time.

His head woozy, his vision still blurry from the ferocious tonguing Blake had just given him, Drake gently pulled himself into a sitting position. He yanked his already damp panties up over his soaking wet crotch, pulled down the hem of his pink dress.

With a subconsciously girly movement, he swept his hair back so it tumbled down one shoulder and turned and gave the boy a look filled with lust and longing and pure, unbridled happiness.

"That," he whispered in Hailey's voice, *"was amazing."*

The boy grinned back at him, his handsome features just making Drake's heart *melt*.

How was I never into boys before? He wondered to himself. *Just look at him. Every time I see that face, I want to...*

But he couldn't finish his sentence. Couldn't put it in words. He just knew that he'd never felt this way about a girl in his forty two years on Earth. Even if it was the magic, he no longer cared.

He just knew that, deep down, he was – and always had been – a straight girl. A straight girl who *loved* boys.

"You're so fucking cute," the boy breathed back at him, his lips still moist with Drake's juices.

Drake giggled, a high-pitched, girlish giggle. It sounded natural on his lips, right. He glanced hungrily down at the boy's long penis, still hanging from his pants.

"Maybe we should do that again sometime," he heard himself murmur, fluttering his eyelashes.

"Maybe we should." The boy grinned. *"Bridesmaid."*

Before he could stop himself, Drake felt his body crawl forward on all fours. Felt his large breasts dangling from his frame, just about held in position by his bra. Felt a bead of moisture trickle down the inside of his leg as he pointed his pussy up into the air.

He crawled over to the boy, grabbed hold of his waiter's jacket, pulled him close and then they were kissing again.

They kissed for what seemed like forever. The boy's tongue swirled round Drake's mouth, possessing him, making him *his*. At that moment, Drake realized he was suddenly no longer in control, and never would be again.

He was the girl. The girly girl who liked to have a strong man tell her what to do. And it looked like he'd just found that man.

At long last, Drake pulled away. He tasted the tangy fluid on his plump, painted lips and frowned.

"So *that's* what-", he began.

"-I taste like," Blake finished for him, his young eyes wide with shock.

Drake blinked at him, then burst out laughing.

Of course! He thought, delightedly. *His sperm was still on my tongue...*

A crafty look suddenly came into the boy's eyes. He gave Drake a sly smile.

"You know," he said. "No-one'll be up here for *ages*. I reckon I could go again, if you want...?"

Drake didn't need asking twice. He slowly bent his pretty little head down into the boy's crotch and gratefully kissed the tip of his penis, loving the feeling of it pressed against his painted, bud-like lips.

Then, with a cheeky smile, he pulled up the hem of his dress again, slowly lowering himself back onto the thick carpet. The satin brushed against his smooth thighs, making him smile.

He opened his legs, bit his lower lip and smiled at his new lover.

"Do it," he whispered.

The boy smiled, then crawled across the carpet to him. He bent over Drake's face, looking deep into his eyes, and Drake realized with a shiver of delight that this boy could do *anything* he wanted to him now.

After all, he was just a weak girl. This boy was athletic, tough. Drake was just his plaything, nothing more, nothing less.

The thought made his pussy start dripping all over again.

"I think..." the boy whispered, his face inches from Drake's, "that the bridesmaid needs a good *fuck*..."

At that moment the door burst open. As Drake sat up in shock, he caught a quick flash of a black face and a pair of hipster glasses.

"Hailey, for fuck's sakes, man! It's *time*. Y'know, Holly's *wedding*..."

Rhonda trailed off. For a second, she looked from Drake's startled face, scrunched up dress and ruffled hair to Blake, watching her guiltily, his long, hard dick still poking out his pants.

At long last, she started to giggle.

"I *knew* you were distracted earlier," she eventually said. "Now I guess I know why..."

Drake smiled and shrugged. He didn't know what else to do.

"OK, you crazy kids," Rhonda shook her head, still smiling, "tell you what. *I'll* go downstairs and tell them we've had a wardrobe emergency. *You'll* come down in *exactly* five minutes, ready for a fucking wedding. What you do in between..."

Her eyes briefly drifted down to Drake's exposed pussy.

"Is up to *you*."

Drake didn't know what to say. He worked his pretty little mouth, gently shaking his head.

"Thanks, Rhonda," was all he could come up with.

"Don't mention it," the black girl rolled her eyes. "Us bridesmaids gotta stick together, right? Just so long as *you* do the same for *me* at Ceri's wedding!"

"You mean I'm invited?!"

"Why not?" Rhonda shrugged. "You're Holly's bestie, aren't you? There you have it then."

She gave one final laugh, turned to go, then stopped. Drake waited, his breath caught in his chest, not knowing what would happen next.

"You know, I'm *glad* I caught you," Rhonda said at last. "Man, at first I thought you were just kinda stuck-up and distant... but *now*..."

She laughed at the horny couple.

“I can see you’re just as fuckin’ *weird* as the rest of us!”

And with that, she was gone, her laughter trailing down the passage.

Blake turned a shy grin to Drake, shaking his head.

“*Fuck...*” he whispered, as Drake collapsed into giggles. “I can’t believe we got *caught!*”

“Don’t worry about it.” Drake reached up and playfully let one hand run through his dark hair. It felt so *good* to touch another man like that.

“I guess not,” Blake smiled. “That’s a pretty cool friend you got there.”

“Yeah,” replied Drake. “Yeah, I guess she is. I guess *all* of them are.”

He let a flirty note creep into his voice.

“Now, what’s say we make the most of those five minutes?”

Blake grinned back at him.

“Whatever the maid of honor wants,” he whispered, “the maid of honor *gets*.”

Then suddenly he was on top of Drake, kissing at his neck and rubbing his hands over his feminine body as Drake sighed and laughed and closed his eyes and thought how wonderful his life was.

Three minutes later, the empty upper floors of the hotel echoed with the screams of a naughty bridesmaid getting *exactly* what she deserved.

V

The wedding took place in the vast grounds of the mansion, underneath the gentle rays of the early autumn sun.

Everyone was arranged on little plastic seats outside, sat in little rows facing the front, where Holly and a tall, athletic black man exchanged vows before a local pastor.

As maid of honor, Drake found himself standing beside the happy couple, holding Holly's bouquet and Jason's ring, watching dreamily as they tied their lives together forever.

Deep down, Drake knew that this should have been pinnacle of his humiliation. Watching the ex-wife who'd magically turned him into a girl marrying a guy more manly than he could ever hope to be, and powerless to do anything to stop it. To do anything but smile and look *beautiful* for all the guests.

It should have been the moment when he was dying in side. Twisted with rage.

Yet Drake found he didn't care.

He wasn't sure if it was the magic, but as he watched Holly exchange her vows, a tear formed in his eye.

She's beautiful, he thought, and he's going to make her so happy...

He sniffed delicately, suddenly worried he might start crying. Beside him, Rhonda smiled and touched his arm, a tiny twinkle in one of her eyes.

"Do you," intoned the priest, "Holly Templeton (she was still using his old name, Drake realized) take this man to be you lawful wedded husband..."

Holly listened with a secretive smile on her face. As the priest finished reading the vows, she turned and gave Drake a little look, her eyes alive with laughter.

"I do." She said.

"Then by the power vested in me," the priest declared, "I know pronounce you husband and wife."

He turned to the strong, devastatingly handsome black man Drake assumed was Jason.

"You may kiss the bride."

Holly dropped Drake one last wink, then turned back to her brand new husband, and they were kissing. Kissing with a passion Drake and Holly had never matched. A passion you only find when two people are truly in love.

Watching them lock lips, Drake suddenly realized something. He couldn't be angry with Holly, not even if he tried.

The magic had made him into her best friend. And that meant he now felt nothing but happiness at seeing *her* so happy.

As the crowd before them applauded and whooped, Rhonda gently nudged his elbow.

"What do you think?" She hissed in Drake's ear. "Cute couple?"

Drake glanced back at the woman who used to his wife. The woman he'd once had to do with as he pleased. The woman who'd turned him into an exact duplicate of a secretary he'd once fucked and made him humiliate himself in public. The woman who had made him so cockhungry he'd fuck a random waiter at a wedding and love every minute of it.

Slowly, Drake nodded his pretty little head.

"Yeah," he said in his soft voice. "Yeah, they are."

He smiled.

"I think they're going to be *amazing* together."

*

The after party was a mixture of drinking and dancing and *outrageous* flirting.

As older guests tried to move their bodies to a folk band someone had got to play, the younger ones hit the bar or moved between the tables, looking for a snatch of wedding romance.

Across the room, Drake saw Rhonda disappear after chatting with a waiter, a cheeky smile on her face. He saw Ceri elegantly chatting up a younger woman, who seemed overawed by the beautiful, tall, rough-spoken lesbian.

Later, he saw Donna sitting on her own, staring sullenly at the men ignoring her, and felt a smile split across his pretty new face.

Well, how about that? Drake wondered to himself, *I've got new friends, and new frenemies!*

He giggled to himself. He supposed this was all just part of being a girl.

At one point, he found himself stood alone in a corner with Blake, who was doing the rounds carrying a small tray of drinks.

"Some party," he smiled.

"Yeah," nodded Drake, "*totally*. Bad luck for you, stuck here working."

"I don't mind," Blake shrugged. "This job's just temporary, till I finish college. I'm gonna save up, start a business..."

Drake gave him a tipsy smile.

"Make your first million by twenty?"

"Maybe not."

A shadow passed across Blake's face. He glanced uneasily around the party.

"I thought I wanted to be a hotshot businessman, but then I actually met a guy like that. He was an *asshole*. A real, solid gold *asshole*. If that's what it takes to become rich..."

He shook his mop of dark hair.

"Maybe I'd be better off staying poor."

At his words, Drake's pretty face grew serious.

"You could still do it, you know." He said in his high-pitched voice. "You don't *have* to be an asshole. You could be different. A good guy millionaire."

Blake looked at him.

"You really think I could do it?"

"Definitely." Drake gave an emphatic nod of his head.

He looked deep into Blake's eyes.

"You're a better guy than that rich asshole could ever hope to be."

And then they were kissing again, kissing in full view of everyone in the party, kissing like their lives depend on it.

Eventually, they parted lips. Drake smiled up at the tall, handsome boy stood before him from inside his tiny bridesmaid's body. A mischievous look came into his eyes.

"C'mon," he whispered. "Let's go somewhere quieter."

*

It seemed somehow apt that the only quiet place they could find was the women's

restroom.

“Here we are...” whispered Drake as he pushed open the door. Behind him, Blake stepped through, his strong fingers laced through Drake’s slender ones.

They’d started holding hands as they walked down the corridor. Impulsively, Drake had slipped his hand into Blake’s and been delighted when the tall boy clasped his tight.

The mere feeling of *contact* with a man had been enough to send a shiver up his spine, and make naughty images start dancing in his brain. Drake wasn’t sure if all girls were like this, or if it was just the magic, but he found he didn’t care.

Whichever way you sliced it, he was glad to be around a man.

“Y’know, this is the first time I’ve been in a girl’s bathroom...” Blake murmured, looking around.

“Oh, really?” Drake didn’t feel like telling his new fuck buddy it was only the second time *he’d* been in one.

He turned round and smiled at Blake, still clasping his hand in his.

“What now?” The handsome boy asked.

“You’re the man,” Drake smiled, unable to believe he was really doing this. “*You tell me.*”

Blake nodded.

“OK, in that case...”

The roguish smile flickered across his young face again. A face Drake could look at *forever*.

“Go stand by the sinks.”

“Yes, master,” Drake said with an obedient smile. He sashayed past Blake, curving his hips, glancing down at the boy’s growing erection with a hungry look in his eyes.

I wonder what he’s going to do with me...

“Put your hands on the tiles and face the mirror.”

Like a sultan’s harem girl, Drake obeyed his instructions to the letter. Through the glass, he could see Hailey – blond, dumb, big-titted Hailey – staring back at him.

Her face was a little bit pink from drinking, and her hair was in disarray. But she was also smiling, a big, brilliant smile.

She looked like the happiest little bridesmaid in the entire world.

“Perfect.”

Over his shoulder in the mirror, Drake watched with trepidation as Blake slowly reached inside his pants and pulled out something long and hard and thick.

With slow movements, he crossed the room until he stood directly behind Drake. In the mirror, Drake smiled at him with Hailey’s face.

Gently, he curved his large, peach-like butt outwards until he felt the tip of Blake’s erection digging into it. Then he gently rubbed his ass up and down against his cock, a blissful smile on his face.

“You naughty girl...” The boy looked at him with a kind of happy shock. With one hand, he reached out and grasped Drake’s beautiful, curvy ass. He squeezed the cheek, kneading it with his fingertips. Drake was surprised to hear himself moan out loud.

“Look at you,” the boy whispered, “you’ve got such a cute ass. Such a *fucking* cute ass!”

At the word ‘*fucking*’, he *slapped* Drake’s ass as hard as he could, making him yelp with pleasure. His cheeks immediately started stinging; a hot, pleasing sensation that mingled with his arousal to make him feel sexier than ever. In the mirror, he saw Hailey bite her lower lip and

smile, her eyes half-lidded with pleasure.

“You know what I’d like to do with an ass like that?”

Drake gently shook his head.

“No master.”

The boy leaned forward until his lips were almost brushing Drake’s ear. He looked at his hot, bridesmaid lover in the mirror with dangerous eyes.

“I’d like to *fuck* it.”

Drake felt something welling up in him. A desire to shake his head. To say ‘no’. To stop this stupid charade once and for all and leave this room, to march back into the wedding and *demand* Holly use her powers to change him back...

But it was just a momentary feeling. No sooner had it appeared than it was gone. In its place came a newer, better feeling that made Drake smile and nod his pretty little head.

It was the feeling of being submissive. Of handing control to someone else. Of being the *girl* in a relationship.

And it felt *wonderful*.

“Go on, then,” he whispered in his soft new voice.

Without another word, Blake slowly lifted up Drake’s bridesmaid’s dress. He pulled his panties down with a single finger. The fabric slid down Drake’s smooth legs, making goosebumps rise across his skin.

Then Blake leaned forward and kissed him between the shoulder blades and, with infinite care, took his dick and slowly pushed it into Drake’s asshole.

The pain was immediate, intense. Drake could feel the tight, dry walls of his asshole stretching to accommodate his lover’s penis. He bit down hard on his lip and closed his eyes, afraid he would cry out.

Thank God I had that champagne... he thought. If it wasn’t for his warm cushion of alcohol, it might have been too painful for his girl body to handle.

Gently, Blake pressed his hips forwards. Pressed until his whole cock had vanished up Drake’s asshole. Then, with gentle movements, he slowly began to thrust.

The sensation was weird as hell. For a second, Drake felt like he was about to shit himself – so alien was it to feel anything going *into* his final hole.

This is wrong! His body seemed to be saying, *assholes are for having things come out of, not going in!*

But Drake simply ignored the voices. And, slowly, the pain began to dissipate. And in its place came a feeling of pleasure impossible to describe.

With each thrust, a bolt of pain seared its way through him, combined with the pleasure and transformed into something sweet and wonderful. Drake opened his eyes and looked deep into his own, female face.

Just *seeing* how hot he looked made him gasp out loud.

Receiving anal was *wonderful*, he decided.

It was everything his body wanted. The pleasure... but also the pain. Only it wasn’t *bad* pain. It was the pain of submission, of feeling ashamed of yourself and happy and scared and delighted all at once. It was passion.

And it was *fantastic*.

Blake was picking up speed now, his hips gently *thwacking* against Drake’s upraised ass

cheeks. With each thrust his fat, dangling balls *slapped* up against Drake's clit, adding an extra buzz of pleasure.

Drake grit his teeth, he smiled at himself in the mirror.

"Oh fuck yeah," it was weird, watching his words come out of Hailey's mouth. "Oh *shit* yeah, that's it, baby."

"You like that, huh?" The boy growled in his ear. "You like getting fucked in the ass?"

"I *do*," Drake moaned, loving how high-pitched he sounded, how feminine. "Oh *fuck*, baby, fuck that ass!"

In response, Blake gave one enormous *thrust* that sent pain and pleasure searing through Drake's body and made him throw his head back and cry out loud. He placed his head down on the tiles by the sink, closed his eyes and whimpered.

I never want to be a man again! He thought to himself. *Oh God, please make Holly keep me as a girl!*

He briefly thought there might be some dissent from the rapidly-vanishing male part of his brain, but nothing came.

It seemed there was no longer anything left of him that wasn't female.

A hand started grasping roughly at his cunt. Drake started to turn round in confusion, then suddenly two stubby, male fingers were frantically rubbing at his clit, pushing him towards orgasm. As Blake's dick lanced deeper and deeper into his asshole, Drake began to moan out loud, delighting in the way this big, strong boy was using him.

They came at the same time, Drake screwing up his face and *screaming* as Blake went stiff and released wave after wave of come deep into his asshole. Drake could feel it, hot and sticky, between his cheeks, dribbling from his ass, and it made him feel happier than he had in years.

At long last, it was over. With gentle movements, Blake slipped his enormous cock out of Drake's asshole and stood there, panting, a strange smile on his face.

His mind fogged with pleasure, Drake glanced into the mirror and saw Hailey smiling back at him, young and pretty and looking for all the world like a drunk and horny bridesmaid.

That's me... Drake thought, with a surge of joy. *I'm not Drake anymore. Maybe I never was. I'm-I'm...*

"I'm Hailey," he whispered to himself out loud.

"And I'm Blake," he heard the handsome boy behind him say with a smile, his eyes dizzy and sleepy from his orgasm. "Didn't we do this already?"

In the mirror, Hailey simply smiled a secretive smile.

She had secrets she didn't want anyone to know.

*

"Ladies and gentlemen, can we have your attention?"

Dozens and dozens of heads turned in the direction of the short black girl, frantically tapping her spoon against her glass, a smile on her face.

"*That's* better." Rhonda smiled. "Thanks, everyone."

Beside her, Hailey rolled her eyes at her new friend's OTT manner. Already, she was glad she'd met this energetic young black girl.

'*She*' Hailey thought ruefully to herself, *it's weird, trying to remember to refer to myself as 'she'.* But...

She glanced casually down at her curvy, girly body, still clad in its gorgeous pink

bridesmaid's dress.

I suppose I'd better get used to it. Just like I need to get used to thinking of myself as 'Hailey'.

"As you probably know," Rhonda was saying, "this is the part that's traditionally meant to be the maid of honor's speech."

A sea of faces turned towards Hailey. She suddenly jerked upright as if she'd been shocked.

The speech! Oh, fuck! What am I going to say???

"But we've decided to do things a little differently," continued Rhonda, winking down at Hailey. "In a break with tradition... let's welcome the *bride's* speech!"

There was a round of applause as Holly stood up with a smile. Hailey caught Blake's eye through the rows of people, standing there with his tray of champagne glasses. She mimed wiping sweat off her brow.

Close one! Blake mouthed at her.

"OK, hello everyone!" Holly beamed, her British accent floating out across the lazy New England evening. "First, thank you all for coming. It's been the best wedding *ever!*"

A boozy cheer went up across the lawn. Holly smiled and waved for calm.

"I want to make this quick," she said, "because I know you all can't wait to get back to the free bar. *Especially* my English lot."

Laughter.

"As you all know," Holly said, "I recently met the man of my dreams. You probably *also* know that this isn't my *first* husband. I left him in... shall we say *trying* circumstances."

In her seat, Hailey shifted uncomfortably.

Where is this going? She wondered, uneasily. *Am I going to have to go back to being Drake again?*

"I won't lie. It was a shitty time." The crowd were silent now, listening to Holly with sympathetic expressions. "But nothing bad ever lasts forever. Today, my long, *long* divorce was finalized. My ex-husband, bless his socks, decided to leave me *all* of his money."

She shrugged.

"I'm a millionaire."

A gasp went across the crowd. People didn't know whether to laugh or cheer or what.

They didn't get a chance to do either. Holly immediately leaped to the next part of her speech, her eyes twinkling with laughter.

"I'm a millionaire," she repeated, "but not by luck or thanks to a wish or anything *stupid* like that. I made it here because of one person. One person who knows me better than anyone else, and helped me get that money off my former husband."

She turned her dazzling smile onto Hailey, who was watching her with her pretty mouth hanging open.

"Let's have a big hand for my fab bestie, Hailey!"

As the audience broke into applause, Hailey forced up a smile. Her heart was thumping in her chest. She felt dizzy.

So that was it. Holly would make her sign out a *real* check in Drake's handwriting. And once it was cashed, she'd wouldn't have a penny left to her name.

I guess it was revenge Holly wanted, after all, Hailey thought, dully. She knew she

deserved it, but even so...

"But we've got some good news for Hailey, too!" Holly said. It was like she'd read Hailey's mind.

"You might all remember the invitation said something about a 'special guest'. Well, we weren't lying."

The people in the crowd started looking around in interest. Hailey shifted uneasily again.

What's gonna happen now? She wondered.

Holly's voice had dropped to a conspiratorial stage whisper.

"Just before this wedding, my bestie Hailey came to me with a little complaint. She said: Holly, I love you, but I *hate* weddings. I'm always the bridesmaid..."

She winked at Hailey.

"...and never the bride."

Nervous laughter.

"*Well*, poor Hailey was wrong about that, I'm afraid." Holly's eyes with shining, with mischief or amusement, Hailey couldn't tell. "Because before the wedding, her boyfriend came to me and asked me if *he could propose to her tonight!*"

A murmur ran through the crowd. Hailey's pretty little mouth fell open.

She can't mean...

"Without further ado," Holly crowed, "here he is, our special guest. He's a year younger than my bestie here, works as a waiter, and wants to be a businessman! Please welcome... *Blake!*"

The sea of faces turned at once. Hailey felt her stomach drop out. She looked wildly to Blake who stared at her with thunderstruck eyes...

The boy shook his head. Hailey could almost see his thoughts: *no, hang on... we're just fucking is all! I don't want to get-And then Holly clicked her fingers.*

Instantly, Hailey saw Blake's mind go blank. Then something seemed to magically switch inside him and suddenly he was smiling at her and walking forwards and reaching into his pocket and pulling out a ring and... and...

"Hailey," Blake said, getting down on one knee before the blushing maid of honor, "I love you. I've loved you ever since I met you. Will you *please* marry me?"

For a long second, Hailey simply stared at him. She looked up at Holly, a dazed expression on her face. Her magical ex-wife winked at her.

"Go for it babes," she whispered so no-one else could hear. "My treat."

Hailey turned back to Blake. Looked deep into his dark eyes. She bit her lower lip.

And nodded.

The crowd erupted into a loud cheer. Blake leapt up with a smile on his face and grabbed Hailey into a passionate embrace. Hailey kissed him back, kissed him again and again and again, tears running down her cheeks.

"I'm so happy..." she whispered, between sobs, "so, *so* happy..."

She never wanted to go back to being Drake ever again.

"Mind if I cut in?" Holly murmured over her shoulder. She winked at Blake, who shrugged.

"Thanks, babes," she said, taking Hailey by the arm and leading her away, "don't worry, I'll bring her back."

"That was..." whispered Hailey, "that was... that was *amazing*, Holly."

“Hmm.” Replied her ex-wife. “Well, don’t thank me yet.”

She turned to Hailey and smiled.

“Here’s the deal, Drake...” she began.

“Hailey,” Hailey cut in. “I’m Hailey now. I... I *never* want to be that asshole ever again.”

Holly raised her eyebrows and smirked at him.

“My, my that magic is *strong*. Or maybe,” she said, “it’s what you really wanted all along, babes.”

Hailey shrugged. There was no point in lying now.

Deep down, on some level she’d never before dared to admit existed, she knew she’d *always* wanted to be a girl.

“So, here’s what happens now,” Holly continued, her eyes alive with merry laughter. “I’m going to click my fingers, and you’re going to be stuck that way *forever*. You’re going to lose your money, all of it. You’ll get a new job as a secretary and have to spend the rest of your life using that pretty smile of yours to charm your boss’s clients, OK?”

Hailey nodded.

“That’s the punishment part. After all,” Holly’s voice lowered, “you *did* fuck me over, husband. Or is it ‘wife’ now? *Anyway*, the point is...”

She smiled at Hailey.

“I did love you, you know. On some level, I guess I still do. Even if you *are* a girl now. So I don’t want to punish you *too* much.”

Hailey waited, her eyes down, hardly able to believe what Holly was saying. A feeling of hope rose in her that she struggled to contain.

“This is the compromise I came up with. You’ll lose your money, be stuck as a girl and have a shitty job. *But...*” Holly playfully dragged the word out. “You’ll be happy. From the moment I click my fingers, you’ll be married to that waiter boy of yours. You’ll both be poor for the rest of your lives, but you’ll always love one another. You’ll always be happy in one another’s company. And you’ll always have *fantastic* sex.”

Tears pricked in Hailey’s eyes. She looked at Holly. Looked at her ex-wife who was treating her so much better than she *deserved* to be treated.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

“Don’t thank me yet,” Holly said, firmly. “I’m still not done.”

She took a breath.

“Where was I? Oh yes. You’ll *also* have a family. At age 25, you’ll get pregnant with twins. From then on, you’ll get pregnant once every three years until you hit the menopause. Don’t worry, I’ll send you enough money to look after them. I’m a millionaire now, remember?”

Hailey nodded.

“Lovely,” Holly regarded her with gentle eyes. “You’ll be having home births, I’m afraid. That pain is part of your punishment. Every time you squeeze a baby out, I want you to think about what a naughty little bitch you used to be.”

“Yes, mistress,” Hailey said, automatically. Her head span.

I can’t believe I just called Holly ‘mistress’... this new body must be so submissive!

“But before all *that*,” Holly smiled, “we have the wedding. You’re going to be a *beautiful* bride, Hailey. And me?”

She struck a pose.

“I’m going to be the *best* bridesmaid ever!”

Hailey couldn’t help it. The tears came rolling down her cheeks, smudging her mascara, making her feel like a silly little girl.

At the same time, though, she knew they were genuine. More genuine than any of the emotions she’d ever felt as sneering, pompous Drake.

“Thanks,” she whispered between sobs.

Holly shrugged.

“We can’t all be as evil as you, can we babes? And you’re not even evil anymore.”

She smiled, raised her hand, thumb and forefinger poised together.

“Well?” She asked, “shall we get on with it?”

Slowly, Hailey turned and looked back across the garden. Back across the grass to where Blake stood, watching her with a dazed expression. Back towards the new life she was about to acquire, that would be hers forever.

At last, she nodded.

“In that case,” declared Holly, “I now pronounce you *husband and wife*.”

And she clicked her fingers.

The entire universe seemed to shake. A harsh wind whipped up around them. Hailey closed her eyes...

... and when she opened them she was looking into Blake’s. Stood at the altar. Clad inside a cheap but pretty white wedding dress. Over his shoulder she saw her maid of honor Holly wink at her and shoot a thumbs up.

Finally, the bridesmaid had become the bride.

The End.

Like what you've read? Then you'll love this free extract from Lisa Change's other wedding-themed gender-swap romance...

She Turned Him Into a Virgin Bride “No...” Darren whimpered. He tried to grasp Anna’s hands in his own girly ones, but she roughly pulled them away.

“Goodbye, *Dianna*,” she sneered. “Enjoy your wedding.”

A giggle escaped her lips.

“What am I saying? Enjoy the *honeymoon*! Your first taste of cock!”

Then she was pointing at herself and whispering something under her breath. There was a sound like fairy dust falling. A wind began to blow.

“Wait!” Darren shrieked, hardly even noticing how high-pitched his voice was. “Don’t leave me here! I’m sorry! *I’m sorry!*”

For a second, he could still see Anna through the blowing wind. Still see her, even as his long blond hair whipped across his vision, obscuring her from view.

To his horror, Darren realized she was *laughing* at him.

Then the wind picked up, Darren’s long hair and dress blew around, blinding him, and by the time it dropped, Anna was gone.

For a long, long time, he simply sat there. Trying to hold back tears. Trying to ignore the stupid breasts hanging from his chest. Trying to ignore the feeling of his panties, brushing delicately against the lips of his pussy.

Trying to ignore the fact he was now a girl.

Not just a girl, Darren thought, bitterly, *a bride*.

There was no denying it. He was a beautiful, trembling, *virgin* bride on her wedding day. Just waiting to be led down the aisle to where a strong man would be waiting for her. Just waiting to tie her life to his forever.

Just waiting to enter the dark embrace of the honeymoon suite and have her virgin pussy violated by a long, fat dick.

I hope he’s gentle, Darren thought, his delicate new stomach sick with nerves. But there was another thought in his mind. Simmering below the surface. A thought much more suited to his new brain’s fantasy life.

I hope he has a big dick, he found himself thinking with a hint of longing. *A big dick he’ll make me suck like the little bitch I am, then stick in my pussy and fuck me ‘till my womb is full of sperm and I’m pregnant!*

It was too much. Without realizing he was about to do so, Darren opened his pretty, painted mouth and *screamed*.

It was a scream of frustration. A scream of horror. A scream that came from the very depths of his soul and should’ve come out all deep and powerful, but instead came out high-pitched and hysterical.

What’s wrong with me? He sobbed. *I don’t want to be a girl! I don’t want to be attracted to men! I don’t want to be a bride!*

He screamed until his vocal cords were raw, then collapsed across his large, flowing dress and buried his face in his slender arms. Hot tears poured down his cheeks.

Even my arms are different! Even my tears are different! That bitch took everything from

me!

As he lay there crying, there was an urgent knock at the door.

“Go away!” He shrieked, without thinking. “I’m *not* getting married today. Fuck off!”

“Darren?!” The deep voice cut through his fear-fogged mind. “Darren! Open up!”

His male name...

Darren pulled himself to his feet and ran over to the door. His mind was whirling.

Someone knew his name! His *real* name! That meant – *oh God, please let it be true* – that they might be here to *rescue* him!

He had no idea who it was – the voice was completely unfamiliar – but at least they knew he was a *he*! That had to be a good start!

It was only as he reached the door that he suddenly remembered who he was. *What* he was. He looked down at his new body with a mixture of disgust and worry.

What if the person outside knew he was here, but didn’t know what Anna had done to him? What if they asked for Darren and only found Dianna? How would he ever make them believe him?

“Darren!” The guy, whoever he was, was knocking frantically now. “For God’s sakes, I know you’re in there! Open up, I’m here to rescue you!”

“One moment!” Darren deliberately tried to lower his voice, but was mortified to hear it still came out sounding female.

He was trapped. On the one hand, if he didn’t open the door, he’d lose perhaps his only chance of escape. On the other, if he opened it and the guy outside didn’t recognize him, he would see his last chance at salvation cruelly snatched away!

Did she plan this? He wondered. *Is this some new way to torture me?*

“Darren!” The man’s voice was strained, urgent. “There’s someone coming! Don’t worry, I *know* what she’s done to you. Just *open the fucking door!*”

He had no choice. His heart jackhammering in his generous new chest, Darren quickly yanked the bolt back and opened the heavy wooden door.

Almost immediately, a tall, strong black man with muscular arms and a handsome face creased with worry forced his way inside, slammed the door and locked it. He leaned back against it, loosening the collar on his wedding suit.

“That was *close*,” he panted. “I’ve been trying to avoid them, but they’re *everywhere* in this hotel.”

His dark eyes locked onto Darren’s face. A frown flitted across his handsome brow.

“Are you OK?” He asked, his deep voice reverberating deep inside Darren’s new body. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

Darren could barely make out what the strong black guy was saying. He was too busy backing away and trying to pretend this wasn’t happening.

This can’t be real, he sobbed, *this can’t be real*.

His new visitor looked *identical* to the muscular black man haunting his new brain’s fantasies. The one Darren had pictured holding him down and raping him only minutes ago. The one Dianna’s fantasy life seemed fixated on.

“Darren?” The guy pushed off from the door and approached him, a tender look in his eyes that made Darren’s new legs go like water.

God, he’s so handsome! The female part of his brain thought, weakly.

“Darren!” The black guy suddenly *darted* forward and grabbed Darren’s hands in his own. “I know it’s you in there, Darren. What’s wrong?”

Darren tried to pull his hands away. But it was useless. The guy was enormous. 6ft6 if he was an inch. His hands were like two enormous slabs of meat, completely engulfing Darren’s small, dainty ones.

He could rape me, Darren suddenly thought, *he could hold both my hands in one of his and do anything he wanted to me.*

He wasn’t sure if the thought was a scared one from his male brain, or a lustful one from his female side.

“Don’t you *recognize* me?” The guy was begging, his handsome face and shaved head inches from Darren’s. This close, Darren could smell his male sweat. A sweet, pungent smell that made his pussy tingle with warmth.

He shook his pretty little head, suddenly wishing he’d never opened the door. A look of confused hurt crossed the guy’s features.

“I know we’ve *changed*,” he said, “but it’s still *us* in here. I can still tell it’s *you* in that girl’s body!”

“What do you *mean*?” Darren squeaked, trying to wrestle his hands back from this powerful, handsome man. Still trying to ignore the way his muscular body was driving Darren’s new, female form crazy.

“What do you mean, *we*? What do you mean, *us*?”

A light dawned in the black guy’s eyes. He slowly released his grip. Darren *yanked* his delicate hands back and clutched them to his enormous boobies, backing away as he did so.

Who is this guy? He wondered.

“You really don’t recognize me, do you?” The handsome guy asked sadly. “You think I’m just some random *man*.”

“Tell me, then,” Darren’s voice sounded *stupidly* high-pitched to his ears. “Who *are* you? Tell me!”

A sad smile spread across the black guy’s features, a smile that made Darren’s body almost want to fall into his arms.

“It’s me.” The guy said in his deep voice, holding out one giant hand. “Darren, it’s *me*.”

He hesitated. For a second, Darren felt like he was standing on the edge of some great abyss, about to be pushed off into the screaming blackness below.

“It’s *Rachel*.”

Darren’s pretty new mouth dropped open. He shook his head, long blond hairs flicking in the corner of his vision.

No, he thought, *please God, no...*

“Anna brought me here with you,” the black man was saying, softly. “I woke up first and she turned me into a-a *man*. She turned me into...”

The man stood before Darren swallowed and gave him a pleading look.

“She turned me into you *fiancée*.”

Continue reading at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)...

Do you ever dream of being turned into a beautiful bride and forced to marry your best friend? Then you'll love this free extract from Lisa Change's kinky novel...

Turned Into His Best Friend's Bride With a start, Matt realized someone was watching him. He whirled around and let out a strangled moan.

Wrapped up in his thoughts, he'd forgotten to lock the bathroom door. Now it stood ajar, Will peering through the crack, watching him shower.

"Will!" Matt squeaked, automatically throwing his hands over his exposed breasts. The water from the shower pounded down on him, hot and hard.

"What are you *doing*?"

Will didn't answer. Instead, he slowly stepped into the bathroom. He was naked except for his boxer shorts, a huge erection visible behind the fabric. He locked the door, and turned to face Matt.

"Will," Matt said, urgently, "you have to go. You have to get out of here and leave me *alone!*"

"I'm not going anywhere." Will whispered.

A fresh wave of horror rose up in Matt. He desperately wished he wasn't naked and could hold up a hand to ward Will off. Instead, he squeezed his legs together, hiding his pussy, and clasped his hands tighter across his breasts.

Across the room, Will smirked.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, babe," he said softly, "but I love you. And I'm here to prove it."

Then he slowly lowered his shorts and Matt felt his knees go weak.

He'd never seen Will's dick before. It was enormous. At least three inches longer than his had been, and Matt used to think he was pretty well-equipped. It stood hard and firm, its fat tip pointing at the sky.

Slowly, Matt realized he couldn't take his eyes off it.

"Will..." His mind was racing. He wanted to say something, *anything*, to get this –this *man* out of the room!

"Will..."

Will quietly crossed the bathroom, opened the shower door. Matt shrank back behind the curtain of water. He felt the tap digging into his slender, girly back.

"*Please...*"

But Will simply smiled. Then he stepped into the shower, reached out his hands and pulled Matt gently towards him.

Under the low bathroom lights, Will looked stronger than ever. The water ran in little rivulets over his pecs, along his abs, down to his enormous cock. His black skin was taut and strong, the veins visible under his biceps. Matt felt his body go dizzy with desire.

"I can't..." he whispered. Will put a finger to Matt's lips.

"Shh."

His dark eyes stared into Matt's, seemed to drink in his soul. Inside his mind, Matt screamed at his body to get out of there, but it was like he couldn't move. He felt Will's strong chest press up against his tender breasts. Felt his large, masculine hands slip down to his waist.

This close, he could feel Will's breath on his face, warm and intoxicating.

"Emily..." Will whispered.

And then they were kissing. Will's tongue rudely thrust between Matt's painted lips, swirling around the inside of his mouth.

Matt clung tight to his muscular best friend, no longer trying to fight, but trying to *drink* him in. The hot water cascaded over both of their bodies, carrying them off into a private world of bliss.

Please, no... Matt whispered inside himself.

But it was no use. His body was screaming at him. He was in love with his new husband, and he was determined to show it.

Gently, Matt let one hand glide down Will's stomach. His fingers clasped delicately around his shaft. Between Matt's tiny, dainty fingers, Will's dick looked bigger than ever. He held it tight, then looked back up at his husband. His heart pounded in his chest. His mind urgently cried out.

Don't say it. Don't say it!

But there was no way he could ignore his body's anguished cravings any longer. Feeling like a man stepping over the edge of a cliff, Matt took a deep breath and stared deep into Will's soulful brown eyes.

"Fuck me." He whispered.

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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.

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