

Learning a Lesson

For StarBijou

By TheSpiralledEye

Alex uses a magic amulet to transform himself into the secretary that's been driving him wild without realising that she too is transforming. Their changes complete Alex finds himself at her mercy.

Alex had never been so excited to go to work in his life; yet he hesitated. He hovered by a corner across the street watching as his college filed into the bank one by one; tellers, partners, secretaries. It was that last one which sent a thrill down his spine. The branch's owner Mr. Hengis, was a rotund man who had never learned to breath through his nose and was constantly wheezing. He was also horrifically lazy; how he'd managed to convince the big wigs at corporate to let me take over was beyond Alex but the man did have one silver lining.

His secretary Jen.

She was walking down the street holding her morning cup of coffee; scarf wafting in the wind and hips sashaying almost hypnotically as she joined the rest of his colleagues inside. Jen was everything a woman should be; beautiful, demure and submissive. He loved listening to her soft voice say 'yes, sir' and 'right away' whenever Mr. Hengis gave her an order. He'd spent no shortage of work hours watching her from his small middle office as she walked past and fantasising about what was under that pencil skirt. They even spoke from time to time; which is how he'd learned she was single and yet, she always turned him down for drinks. It had been fun at first, a little game of cat and mouse; clearly she wanted to be chased and Alex was more than happy to do so, but then things started to drag.

It had been months now of small rejections and it was beginning to grate on Alex's nerves. She was always nice to him, always smiling and batting those beautiful green eyes his way; such a tease. Well, eventually he'd gotten sick of it. I had to know what she felt like and so his fantasies changed to having Jen to being her.

He would sit at his desk, pretending to work while opening her social media pages and studying her body in detail. What must it feel like to have such long legs? With an ass that bouncy and soft did she even need a cushioned chair? How wild must it feel to walk down the street having everybody look and desire you? Without ever realising, such fantasies had become a daily occurrence and slowly began to take over his very life. The fantasy became a serious want, then need; and after several months of building desire Alex had finally discovered how to make all his dreams come true and then some.

Falling down into limerence groups he had discovered the first mentions of magic. He had dismissed them of course but then as it kept popping up he couldn't help but be tempted. He watched videos and eventually found himself purchasing an amulet with rules just complicated enough that he was sure the spell was real. Or at least he hoped it was; the little trinket had cost a pretty penny. It sat in his pocket now, a small, unassuming little amulet made of gold and steel, patterned with spiralling swirls of metal that were so intricate they almost appeared like liquid. He gripped it hard in his palm enough to warm the metal. All he needed to do was press this amulet to a piece of Jen's clothing while holding down the little green gem on the back, then, once he was somewhere private, press it again and it would begin. He would be transformed into Jen and finally he would have unfettered access to that sexy body.

He grinned, thinking about all the naughty things he would finally be able to do and how he would finally have first hand knowledge of how she sounded as she came. He would record it of course, maybe even have her say a few...less than savouring things about Mr.Hengis. Maybe that would be the encouragement she needed to finally go on a proper date with him. He wouldn't need the blackmail for long, he was sure. Once she got to know him she would be head over heels in no time and then it would be him to whom she said 'yes sir' in that sultry voice.

Gripping the amulet in his pocket one more time he cleared his throat and headed over to the bank as casually as possible. It was hard to keep himself from grinning. He made his way straight over to Jen's desk where she was just sitting down to start her day.

"Good morning, Jen." He smiled, "How are you?"

"Fine, thank you." She said shortly, not meeting his eyes; tease.

With hungry eyes Alex watched as she unwound that silk scarf from her delicate neck, placing it in a neat folded pile at the corner of her desk. Perfect, all he had to do was get the amulet to touch it. He reached into his pocket as subtly as possible and closed his fingers around the still warm metal; this time he couldn't keep the grin off his face.

"You look happy. Can I help you?" Jen said, finally looking up at him. Her expression was bored; poor thing, Mr. Hengis probably had a dull day ahead.

"Do I need a reason to come and enjoy your company?" He asked charmingly as he drew his hand back out behind the cover of her desk.

"Isn't it your day off?"

She was so obvious; having his schedule memorised like that. Indeed it was.

“Yes but I was in the neighbourhood and thought I’d stop in to grab some things I left in the office.” He lied smoothly, “I’ll grab them and be going. I just thought I’d stop by and see my favourite girl.”

Well, I have to run a meeting for Mr. Hengis this morning so I would rather like a few minutes to prepare...” She said coyly.

“Of course well, oops!”

He dropped the amulet forward as though he’d tripped moving to walk away, it landed on her scarf perfectly and Alex had to fight the urge to pop a boner right there knowing he’d been successful.

“Oh clumsy me!” He said a little too quickly, reaching forward hastily to grab it again.

Jen moved at the same time, her hand just brushing against the metal as he had pressed down on the gem. There was a sudden, sharp shock, similar to static electricity. Both of them gasped, drawing their fingers back instinctually. Immediately, Alex grabbed for it again and found it harmless, the green gem still nestled in the recesses of the metal. Clearly it had been activated; he breathed a sigh of relief, Jen must have still had some static on her from the scarf itself, for a moment he was worried things had gone wrong.

“Sorry about that.” He smiled again. “I’d best be going, I know you’re busy.”

Jen mumbled something under her breath he couldn’t quite catch but he smiled anyway and gave her a wave.

“Don’t mumble Jen, it’s unbecoming.”

She smiled at him gratefully, though he couldn’t help but notice how tight it was. It was a shame, Jen seemed to have an issue with smiling. He’d often seen her make that face, the imitation of a smile rather than a genuine one. No matter, once they were dating he would be able to teach her how to do it properly.

His heart was racing with excitement and anticipation as he placed the amulet around his neck, any second now it would activate and he would be living his dream! His fingers were still tingling from that string zap and he was beginning to think that perhaps it was the magic taking effect as it seemed to spread up his arms. He gathered a random assortment of papers from his desk and hurriedly made his way out to his car. His original plan had been to put the amulet on once he got home but in his eagerness he just couldn’t wait. He could feel the heat of the metal against his chest as it pressed into his skin, that same tingling starting to spread from it across his entire body, not just his fingers. With hands trembling from anticipation he clicked

open his car and sat down, leaning the seat back as far as it could go in order to fully stretch out and enjoy what was to come.

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Jen was already in a foul mood when she arrived at work; knowing Mr. Hengis expected her to basically give the quarterly financial report in his stead was bad enough but of course Alex had come in on his day off; the cherry on top of an awful morning. She hated that slimeball, he thought he was so smooth and charming when really he was nothing more than a snake; but of course, he was a good lender, which meant Mr. Hengis wanted to keep him around and happy. Which meant gritting her teeth and smiling whenever he spoke to her, which was annoyingly often. No matter how clear she was about not wanting to date the man simply was not taking no for an answer.

With a huff she gathered the papers and laptop with her presentation and moved to the meeting room. She was under enough stress as it was, letting Alex get under her skin wasn't going to help. That necklace he 'accidentally' dropped was probably some dumb attempt to impress her with his money. He couldn't have been more obvious if he'd leaned over and said 'look what I could buy you if you decided to date me'. Ick.

She opened up her laptop and set about readying the presentation as the various firm partners filed in. She shifted uncomfortably in her seat; she felt strangely hot and tingly. It almost felt as though she had pins and needles spreading across her skin and it set her even more on edge. She didn't let it show on her face though; in this room full of stuffy rich men the last thing she needed was to give them an excuse to condescend her more than they normally would. Sometimes she would fantasise about life as a man, how nice it would be to have people actually listen and take you seriously without having to fight an uphill battle. Having the freedom to say and feel what she wanted, rather than hiding behind a sweet, sugary mask all day. Like now, when she kept her face calm and serene despite the growing discomfort on her chair.

"Mr. Hengis not here, again?" One of the partners said drolly, "He works you too hard, sweetheart."

"Miss Campbell, please." She reminded him, as she did every time.

"Of course, sweetheart."

She grit her teeth, that tingling feeling was spreading to them now too. As she stood to start the presentation she froze, feeling a tiny movement against her inner thigh. Her stocking's, they'd just torn! Luckily it was hidden by her skirt but she still had to fight back a blush. She could feel the stockings cutting into her thighs a little;

perhaps her clothes had shrunk in the wash? Surely she hadn't put on weight without noticing? She did her best to ignore it, and clicked on the opening slide.

"This financial Quarter has been going well.." She started, launching into the broad strokes of the bank's last few months. "Lending is up and repayments are being made on time in ninety-two percent of c-cases."

She couldn't keep the stammer out of her voice, a sudden pressure had appeared in her lower abdomen that was becoming increasingly distracting. Fortunately, she basically ran this place for Mr. Hengis and could rattle off the reports without having to focus very hard.

That strange tingling was spreading down into her pussy now, making her folds slick thanks to the stimulation. She could feel something else too, the unbearable pressure to push down. Her muscles clenched without her consent and she felt her pussy lips stick together...and stay there. Instead of sliding apart the wetness almost seemed to stick them together and still that pressure was mounting.

"As you can see we...um, we broke even at a much faster...I mean, we broke even earlier compared to last quarter."

Some of the men were snickering now, she was sure she was going red in the face if the burn on her cheeks was any indication. This was humiliating, whatever was wrong with her had picked an awful time to start; but how was she supposed to concentrate on the report when her pussy felt as though it were sealing closed?! Her thighs tensed and more tiny rips appeared in her stockings, she could feel ladders forming in the thin fabric, spreading rapidly down her legs. Soon her pencil skirt would no longer be able to hide it. What on Earth was going on? If she didn't know better she would think her thighs were getting thicker by the second.

What's more, that pins and needle tingling was changing, turning to an itch. Mentally she swore, feeling hair brush against the inside of the nylon; she had shaved three days ago, her leg hair shouldn't be back with such ferocity yet! It was going to be bad enough sitting in ripped stockings all day but now she would have to deal with the constant itching that came from having hair trapped against her skin.

Her hair issues fled her mind suddenly though as that pressure suddenly doubled, forcing her to bend over ever so slightly with a groan.

"S-sorry, where was I?" She mumbled, desperately trying to regain her composure but unable to stand up straight.

"That time of the month." One of the men chuckled in a voice that suggested he was trying to be quiet but failing miserably.

She wanted to snap at him but couldn't find the words. Her hand pressed into the desk before her as she leaned over it subtly. Her pussy was...wrong. It was still

sealed shut and as each second passed that pressure mounted. It felt almost as if something was moving, pushing out of her. The closest sensation she could ascribe to it was using her dildo back home, that full feeling that it bought her and how, if she pushed hard enough, she could slide it out without even using her hands. Her hands, neck and face turned an even deeper shade of red at the thought. Now that she had made that association she couldn't unmake it. That solid feeling inside her, slowly slipping down and out felt so wonderful in the strangest way.

Somehow, she forced herself to stand straight and continue onto the next slide even as her insides were pulsing and clenching, forcing that solid feeling out of her. That solid object...she could feel it as it emerged, it was part of her and it kept growing. She turned to face the board where her presentation was being projected and took the opportunity to glance down, horrified to see a bulge slowly forming in the middle of her tight skirt. Almost like...an erection. She held back a gasp, barely, as something began to swell. That solid shaft that had come out of her...it really was a cock and now she was growing the balls to go with it! But how? How was this happening?

Behind her one of the men cleared his throat; she'd stopped speaking again in her shock. How it happened doesn't matter, she had to get through this presentation and get out of here!

"Do you need somebody to take over, sweetheart?" One of them asked, "Hengis is in his office, right? Perhaps it would be better if he finished this off while you go have a lie down."

His words were kind but his tone was cool and condescending. Mr. Hengis was a lazy old toad, if she had to go and fetch him now she would be hearing about it all week. He found any excuse to dock her pay and frankly she didn't want to deal with that on the week rent was due.

"No, I'm fine." She cleared her own throat as a lump started to form, "I can keep going."

A chuckle escaped a few of the men as she spoke; her voice breaking like a teenage boys, going deeper then back to her normal register. The lump in her throat grew and she ran a palm over her neck, feeling the curved bump and...hair? Willing her erection down she turned back to face the men and continued talking. Her mind couldn't be further from the bank's fiscal year though. She could still feel her new cock, dangling between her legs, luckily her panties were keeping it contained for now but with her stockings continuing to split she wasn't sure how much longer that would last. Her thighs were becoming thick with corded muscles, her shoes tight and her feet grew. The stiff leather was starting to cut into the arch of her foot and her toes were beginning to throb as they were crushed against the front. Not to mention the itching, the damned itching as hair sprouted not only on her legs but her neck

and face to the point that she had no choice but to bring her hands up to cover them, finding her once soft palms much rougher than she was used to.

Eyes flicked to one another, the partners exchanging odd looks. She was lucky the lights had been dimmed or they would have noticed more by now but maintaining this presentation was becoming untenable. Her attention was split in several directions at once and her whole body felt overstimulated.

That tingle was now spreading to her chest, her breasts seemingly vibrate ever so slightly in a way that made her nipples stand n end before suddenly, a feeling of suction formed and before her very eyes they began to shrink. There was no hiding this from the men in the room; half of them spent the entire presentation staring at her chest. So as her double D chest shrunk to a C and then a B right in front of them a few jaws dropped.

“Oh...I uh...uh...”

It felt so strange, having her breasts shrink as they were absorbed back into her body. Each second a pulse went through her, not quite pleasure but not quite pain either. Yet her face was now fully red with humiliation as all these men watched her change. Her lower body was growing still, the small cock she had started with was now almost twice the size and with all the sensations racing through her body she simply couldn't keep it from becoming hard. One of the men yelled as her bulge formed once more. The pressure inside...it was too much, she couldn't hold back any longer. Jen leaned over onto the desk, round ass in the air and groaned as it too deflated. The bouncy, shapely ass sucking back into her body became taught and rigid and she bore down one final time and her cock fully emerged as her balls swelled. It was too much for her fragile panties to bear and the sound of ripping fabric filled the air as they tore apart at the seams, her stockings following suit as her muscular thighs became fully formed.

Her tits fully disappeared, leaving only small nubs for nipples. The front of her blouse now loose, she watched in horror as the arms too began to split. Thick, muscled appearing with a dusting of dark hair.

“What the fu-?”

She ran before the man could even finish talking; she was running, clothes falling off her in shreds in some places as she ran out of the room and out of the office proper. She didn't know where she was going, she just wanted people to stop staring at her. She watched as wide eyed pedestrians moved out of her way and she flew into a small side alley, gasping for breath. Her heart was racing as her hands began to roam over her new face; square and angular, her full lips now thin, her smooth cheeks now dusted with stubble. This...this was so wrong. She was a man, there was no denying that; without her panties and stockings she could feel her cock hanging free between her legs, still semi hard.

Her mind was racing, trying desperately to make sense of everything that had just happened when a soft, muffled moan met her ears. She turned to see she was not, as she had assumed, alone in the alley. There was a familiar car parked back here with her; Alex's gaudy red sports convertible with tinted windows. Curiosity peaked and she slowly crept towards the vehicle and pressed her face to the window; jaw dropping at the sight beyond.

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Earlier...

Alex patiently awaited the first big change, the amulet was burning hot against his chest but he didn't dare take it off. Any second now it would start; fuck just thinking about it had him rock hard. He looked down at the bulge in his trousers and smirked; that wouldn't be there for long. Indeed he could feel something shifting beneath him now, his car seat felt somehow softer and more padded all of a sudden. With glee he laid back in the chair, having fully reclined it, and watched as his hips ever so slightly began to raise as his ass swelled. Soon his waistband was getting tight as his hips followed suit, the back of his pants straining to keep the newly fat ass from bursting through at the seams. He didn't remove the pants though instead he groaned in satisfaction feeling them strain and shivered when he felt the first seam burst and tear; this was even better than he'd hoped. He did, however, want to witness the growth of his new breasts first hand. He'd spent so many nights imagining what they must look like; he wanted to study them as they grew. He reached for the tie around his throat only to freeze, realising it was already loose. He tugged it off with ease and found a smooth curve where his Adam's apple had once been. It was a change he'd not even thought about but not found himself fascinated by. He ran his fingers along that gentle curve, feeling the stubble there melt away leaving nothing but smooth, sensual skin that was so much more sensitive than he'd ever dreamed.

A bolt of energy passed through him, causing his entire body to jolt and that tingling to sink deeper into his chest, bringing forth the swelling he'd so been looking forward to. He watched with glee as the skin around his nipples changed from a dull brown to a deep blush pink. His nipples themselves grew slightly before his pecs began to inflate. At first appearing like smooth rounded muscles before steadily increasing in size. His hands hovered in the air inches from them; he was dying to touch, to feel that silky smooth skin but he held back. Keeping his hands above the skin until his tits had inflated so far they brushed against his palms. The light touch sent sparks flying as his nipples turned hard in an instant. He knew breasts were sensitive but he'd never realised just *how* sensitive. He couldn't hold back anymore, he grabbed two handfuls of the jiggling flesh and moaned; he could feel them growing beneath his palms and his eyes fluttered closed for a moment, his mind awash with the sea of sensations. He could feel the shape of his torso subtly changing; his back arching to compensate for his new curves as his hips continued to widen and his shoulders took on a gentle slope. He pressed his new tits together

with glee, feeling the amulet press between them; this is what Jen saw every morning when she woke, what he would soon see every morning once she was his. He wanted to sit up and feel their weight properly but as he moved to become upright he became distracted by a new feeling.

Hair brushing against the nape of his neck. It sent a shiver down his spine as his hand flew back up to touch his now smooth face, sliding to the back of his neck and feeling his hair slowly grow. It was spilling down to his shoulders now and he pulled out the long strands and watched in wonder as they caught the light, it was all so shiny and soft, it was hard to believe it was attached to him! The sound of more ripping met his ears and the sudden clink of his pants button flying free. His hips could no longer be contained and his trousers simply couldn't contain his new rotund ass anymore. Wiggling, he managed to get the offending item down to his knees where the pants were now loose as his legs began to thin and smooth. He couldn't resist running his fingers across the curve of his new thighs, marvelling at just how soft the skin was there. Most women only shaved to their knees or so but it seemed Jen did the whole leg. As if she couldn't get any more perfect.

There came a strange sucking sensation between his legs that made him gasp. It was not everyday you got to witness your cock disappearing, even fewer where such a thing elicited pleasure and glee. Awkwardly, he kicked his pants and underwear off entirely in time to watch his semi hard member slowly begin to disappear. It did not shrink but rather retracted, going up inside him until all that was left was a smooth patch of skin like a ken doll. All his hair disappearing with his cock and balls; he'd never guess Jen was the sort to shave her pussy. He was glad though, because now he had a perfect view as it grew in. The skin turned pink and beautiful, slick folds opened up like the petals of a flower. His new clit, shiny and prominent. Just the sight was enough to make his whole body quiver but the smell is what made him moan. There was something unique and female about it; and then something that was completely Jen. He had dreamed about how she would smell, how she would *taste*; it was so tempting to dip a finger down there right now and find out but he managed to hold back. He wanted to savour this.

He had never realised how truly sensitive pussies were; he could feel the air wafting gently against his open folds and he groaned in frustration as the confines of the car stopped him from opening his legs wider. Where the solid shaft had once been, there was now a hole that brought with it a deep ache. It wasn't like being horny as a man, yet it was all consuming in a completely different way. He didn't want to be filled, he needed it. God, is this how she felt all the time? How on Earth had she managed to strain herself from walking right into his office and spreading herself on his desk? He shivered and felt a small dribble of pussy juice leak out and onto his seat; soon his whole car would smell of her; fuck just the thought had his new pussy clenching.

The tingling was spreading up to his face now, removing the last of his stubble and turning his sharp features smooth. Failing slightly he managed to sit up and pull the mirror down so he could see. His new tits fell forward and he could finally feel their weight; they jiggled as he moved. He loved that feeling. He wondered just how

strong poor Jen's bras had to be to contain such huge boobs. With a sigh of happiness he cupped them, looking into the mirror to properly behold them. The nipples were hard and dark pink, a blush spread across the curve of the creamy skin and slowly but surely, his face was changing to match.

He watched with fascination as his irises changed to her vibrant green and his lashes turned dark and long. He batted them a few times, letting his lids turn heavy in a look of seduction. Oh, he would definitely need to take some photos of that for when he turned back later. His cheeks turned round, his lips plumped and his cupid's bow turned pronounced. If only he had her lipstick! There was barely any trace of his old self left now, the only clothing he had left on was the amulet and his loose fitting dress shirt which fell off his now sloping shoulders with ease. He leaned forward against the wheel, feeling his pussy press into the soft leather seats. Even the slightly warm material sent a bolt of pleasure through him, his new pussy was burning with need and he could no longer fight the urge to touch it. He flopped back into his seat, laying there for a moment simply marvelling in the subtle differences this body had to his own. It felt so good, being in her skin. He desperately wanted to record touching himself; both to use for later and also to use as blackmail for Jen but his pussy was calling, slickness spreading across his inner thighs as it began to pulse with need. Just a little touching, then he would start recording.

He pressed a gentle finger to his clit and moaned. The sound was heavenly; deep and sensual and oh so sexy. Even his vocal cords had changed and he couldn't resist making the sound again, and again as he slowly started to swirl that soft finger pad against his new nub. It almost felt too good; the sensations were overwhelming him yet, he could not bring himself to stop. The whole world faded away as his eyelids fluttered closed and there was only the pleasure of his finger circling his clit. He began to stroke, running said finger down his folds to press against his hole and back again. Finally, he began to press that finger inside his new pussy. It was one giant tease and he loved it; his breathing became shaky as he began to speed up without even realising.

He was so distracted with his own bliss he didn't hear anybody approaching until suddenly the car door was flung open and light exploded behind his closed lids. His eyes flew open, his hand frozen, finger a single knuckle deep into his hole as he came face to face with...himself? His male self, dressed in the tattered remains of a blouse and skirt, eyes wide with shock for a moment before hardening in utter fury.

"What the fuck?" His old body growled, "Alex?"

No. It couldn't be.

"Jen?" He whispered.

"You little pervert, how did you do this?" She hissed.

He was too surprised to even speak; how on Earth was Jen in his body? Wasn't the amulet just supposed to change him into the owner of whatever clothing it touched when activated? The listing hadn't said anything about body swapping! There had been a sizable terms and conditions in his invoice but...well, who even read those?

"I said, explain you little slime ball!" Jen growled, climbing into the car and pinning him against the seat. One hand on his shoulder, the other raised in threat.

Alex had only ever gone to the gym for vanity but it seemed he had indeed gained some muscle because with his hips now straddled by his former body; Alex found himself pinned in place. He wiggled lightly in an effort to get away but all that did was press his oversensitive pussy up against something hot and warm beneath the remains of Jen's skirt.

Oh.

Oh that felt...really nice.

He blinked, trying to clear his mind and think straight. Jen was secretly into him, he was sure, but this had to be a bad look. He would need all his wits to sweet talk his way out of this one without being slapped but...uh...what was he supposed to say.

He could feel that soft cock resting against his mound, heat from one spreading to the other and that need to be filled; to join with somebody was starting to get stronger no matter how badly he wanted to fight it.

"How did you do this? Answer me!" Jen demanded once more, hand forming into a fist.

"I...uh...ummm." She was leaning down to get right up in his face now, making her crotch press even harder against him, her loose shirt brushed against his exposed nipples and sent sparks racing across his skin. Without thinking one of his hands drifted up to grasp the amulet still resting on his clavicle.

"Uhhhhh."

She blinked for a moment, regarding him with confusion before her eyes slipped down to see the necklace held between his fingers and a look of realisation crossed her features.

"This thing." She hissed, grabbing it with such force that the chain easily snapped, she rested it in his palm. "How do we change back?"

"I'm not sure...uh...um...couldn't you please lean back a little." He whined, he just couldn't think, not with that cock sitting there teasing him.

Redness dusted Jen's cheeks, a look that was not particularly becoming on his old features. All of a sudden, she too realised their situation and to his surprise, turned back to him with narrowed eyes.

"You're turned on right now, aren't you?"

He tried to deny it, but something about the deep timbre of her voice made his whole body quiver.

"You were getting really close to cumming and then I stopped you, you were left right on the edge and now you're burning, right?"

"Yes...h-how?"

"Because I know what it feels like." She grinned, "You know what, I could punish you the conventional way but since I doubt that would ever sink in, maybe I should come down to your level."

The word 'come' made him whimper as she slowly ground her hips into his. Her smile turned wide and cruel and for the first time, Alex realised just how vulnerable he was in this body; being totally at the mercy of somebody else was terrifying...and hot. No! He...he wasn't a sub! He was the dominant one; he wanted to transform into Jen and feel her up but he never wanted to be fucked by a man; he didn't want to feel that cock grow hard against him and slide up into his soft, wet pussy and...and...oh god. He could feel her getting hard now, the heat increasing as her cock started to stiffen between his wet lips.

"You want it, don't you?" She teased, he shook his head but he knew it wasn't very convincing.

"I-I'm not gay." He whispered, "I just wanted you."

"Well now you have me." She murmured back, leaning down to nibble at the shell of his ear, "And I am going to make you beg."

"I won't." He replied definitely, whole body stiffening as he struggled to ignore the wonderful sensations between his legs.

"You will, this is revenge for all the humiliation you put me through." Jen said slowly, "I will embarrass you so much you'll never give me trouble again."

The amulet, he needed to get the amulet before he did something he'd regret. He tried to reach for it but Jen moved her hand away.

“Ah ah ah.” She tutted, “Bad girl.”

There was a sharp pinch of pain as she nipped at his ear, soothing the bite instantly with her tongue in long, firm strokes. The pain mixed with the pleasure and elicited a small moan as she began to slowly rock her hips; her now hard cock sliding between his folds and pressing against his clit.

“Ah! Ahmmmm...”

He bit his lip. He would not fall for this! It felt so good though, his hips began to rock with hers and once he started he couldn't make them stop. The friction was so good, he wanted more, but she held him in place, continuing to move torturously slow.

“That's it, feels good doesn't it?”

“N-no...” He lied.

“Oh? How about this?”

She pressed her body weight fully against him, crushing his new breasts against her now solid, smooth chest. His nipples pressed in and pleasure made his vision white out for just a moment. She was still rocking, not even inside him yet and he felt half mad with want.

“It feels even better inside, you know.” She whispered, “There is a place, deep inside your pussy that's even more sensitive than your clit.”

“Ahhh...”

“It makes you so wet you squirt.”

“Oh...Ooooh...”

He couldn't stop the sounds now, his mouth had fallen open and his head back. Jen was gently kissing along the exposed hollow of his throat, whispering words about pleasure and submission that swirled in his brain till he could think of nothing else. The memory of how good that single digit had felt inside his pussy dominated his thoughts. If one finger felt nice, how amazing would something thick and hot like a cock feel? He just...he needed to know, more than that he desperately needed to cum.

“Say it, you know you want to.”

“...please.”

“Please what, Alex?”

“Please fuck me Jen.”

“Hmmm, I don't know, I think maybe you could say it nicer.”

“Pease, oh God just f-fuck me. I need it.”

She pulled back, a victorious smile on her lips. The amulet was still grasped firmly in her hand. There was no way he could pry her fingers off it even if he wanted to right now. He would worry about that later, right now all he cared about was stopping the empty burning inside his hole. Alex could see himself in the car mirror; face flush, eyes dilated, mouth wet and parted; he looked even sexier than he'd dreamed.

Jen positioned herself, her tip right against his hole and then, aching slowly, she began to push inside. It was unlike anything Alex had ever felt and he couldn't stop his back from arching and a breathy moan escaping as his inner walls parted. They burned and stretched in the most delicious way. His hips bucked against his will, desperate for more but Jen held him down, forcing him to take her length slowly, at the pace she set. When her tip finally came to rest against the deepest part of his pussy he felt a jolt of pure ecstasy fill him and he was rendered speechless.

“That's your G-spot.” She teased, “Sensitive isn't it? All it needs is the slightest stimulation to render you totally speechless.”

She rocked her hips for emphasis, her tip brushing against that spot again and eliciting a ragged cry from Alex as he was temporarily overwhelmed.

How was it possible to take so much pleasure without cumming? He had no idea; his mind felt wild and primal, nothing but the need to fuck and mate. His arms scrambled to hold Jen closer, desperate for more; skin contact, pleasure, cock; *everything*. She chuckled and slowly began to thrust in earnest; each time drawing almost all the way out before slamming back in and knocking the air straight from his lungs.

“Feels good doesn't it?”

“Yes! Ah! Ah Yes!”

“You won’t be able to think of anything else after this.” She groaned, “You’ll always know the best lay you ever had was in a woman’s body, pitiful and desperate for cock.”

“Ohhhh, ooooooh! Ah! Ah!”

He couldn’t even speak anymore, his insides were slowly beginning to tighten. Each thrust felt better than the last but also, not nearly enough. Something was building inside of him a pressure and he desperately wanted to feel what happened when it became too much. His pussy squeezed tightly around the cock, feeling the balls slap against his outer walls with the increasing pace they were setting. His feet pressed against his windshield, pushing back against every thrust, forcing Jen’s cock as deep into him as it could go.

The pleasure began to mound and Alex realised he was lost; there was no stopping it now as the ecstasy began to crest, holding him right on the edge until Jen’s tip slammed against his G-spot one final time. His eyes rolled back into his head, leaving him in darkness as pleasure washed over his entire body. Radiating out from his pussy until every single cell was aflame with bliss. He was dimly aware that he was screaming, crying out as his whole body writhed beneath Jen as she too came. There was a splash deep inside him and a primal part of his brain came alive. Knowing hot seed was being pumped into him set off yet another orgasm and he rode the wave out until he was a babbling, pleasure filled mess.

Alex collapsed back into the reclined seat, shuddering with aftershocks as Jen pulled out and quickly glanced around to see if their noises had attracted any attention. He was still trying to catch his breath when she shoved him into the passenger seat.

“The...amulet.” He mumbled, mind still fogged with residual pleasure.

“I’ll be holding onto it.” Jen smiled, “You got us both into this mess so I think you owe me. Let’s go back to your place and get me some new clothes then...I’ll decide exactly what I’m going to do with you.”

“Wh-what?”

“Well, a whole board room watched me transform before their eyes, that job is basically ruined forever for me now. Well, you, since you’re the one in my body.”

“But...we have to switch back!” Alex cried.

Jen just held up the amulet, out of his reach and smiled.

“Says who?”

