



BOLDLY
Coming

BODY SWAP FICTION

M WILLS



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Boldly Coming

by M. Wills

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Boldly Coming

The cue ball flew across the pool table and ricocheted against the black eight ball, pocketing it and ending the game with a victory for Leo. Peter swore loudly and slammed his pool cue back into its holster against the wall of his parents' basement. Leo and Mike backed away silently, watching him. Leo liked to keep himself fit and was the most muscular one in the room by far—not that there was much competition—but even he stayed away from Peter when Peter got in one of his moods.

Andrew looked up from reading his comic book in the bean bag chair against the far wall and muttered under his breath loud enough for Leo and Mike to hear, “I suggest you let the wookie win.”

Peter was a poor loser and he would take out his losses on any breakable objects nearby. The only thing worse was when he won, and then he would take out his winnings on any breakable object nearby and gloat about his victory mercilessly. In between times he was a fun guy.

Plus, his family was loaded so his basement was fitted out with enough forms of entertainment to outlast a zombie apocalypse: pool table, dart board, massive TV, and every video game system available. But his prized possession was his DVD collection of every single series of the popular sci-fi TV show *Galaxy Patrol*, signed by each season's cast. Every series saw a different ship with a different crew traveling through the galaxy, saving civilizations and battling a variety of galactic baddies. The shows had a devoted cult following, with fans having varying but equally intense feelings about which series was best and why.

“This is a stupid game,” Peter sulked as he stamped around, “Effing stupid.” Even in Peter's worst tantrum he never cursed.

“Calm yourself,” Andrew said without looking up from his comic book, “It's just a game.”

“Don't tell me to calm myself, Gandalf, it's my basement.” Peter said as he slumped into one of the overstuffed easy chairs.

“Your parent's basement you mean,” Leo said. Peter was spinning his chair aimlessly in circles and the danger seemed to be over. “Now, can we watch some Galaxy Patrol already?”

“Yeah, and bring out the snacks,” Mike pumped his chubby fist in the air.

“Don't suppose I could interest you in an apple?” Leo said, giving Mike a look.

“Don't suppose I could interest you in my nuts in your mouth?” Mike shot back.

“Oh, snap!” Peter called out as they all burst into laughter.

“What series you guys want?” Leo asked as he slid open the DVD cabinet.

“The best one,” said Peter, “Outpost!”

“Actually,” Andrew began, pushing his glasses up his nose, “Outpost is the most overrated.”

“According to who?” Peter replied indignantly.

“According to me and the thousands of reviewers on IMDB. It's a well known fact that the original series is the best.”

Mike howled with laughter, “The original series is a campy joke.”

“Actually, the original series laid the groundwork for the sci-fi revolution in television,” Andrew said, dropping his comic book to the floor as he worked himself up. “Outpost simply rehashed everything done before, just farther away. Oh, look, let's bring back the Mysterious X, let's bring back the Assimilators. I've got an idea, let's bring back people we've never seen before!”

“You can't bring back people you've never seen before.” Leo said, “It's grammatically impossible.”

“If they hadn't brought back the Assimilators you never would have had Number Six.” Peter said.

“Okay,” Andrew conceded, “I will admit that as a half-woman half-cyborg Number Six is hot.”

“I'd assimilate with her,” Leo mumbled.

“But the series as a whole is sub-par at best,” Andrew continued.

“Man, y'all know Galactic Outpost is the best,” Mike broke in.

There were groans from the others.

“Aw, naw, you guys just can't handle a black captain. You're being racist!”
Mike grinned, winding them up.

“It's not about being black, it's about being crap,” Leo yelled, chucking a pillow at Mike.

“I take it you want New Century,” Mike crudely gestured his hand over his crotch, “So you can get yourself a little Diane Sparta action.”

“Someone who can read your mind and know just what you want? Hell yeah, you better believe it!” Leo gushed.

“Shut up, Mike!” said Peter, “I don't care if Leo wants to whack off to a second rate character in his spare time. It's Outpost.”

“Can’t blame ya,” Mike winked, “I’d fuck the crap out of Number Six. I’d teach her aaaall about how it feels to be human.”

“Fine, we can watch Outpost. Just don’t expect me to stay quiet about it.” Andrew said.

“Who would you fuck, Peter?” Mike asked as he slumped onto the couch, “If you could?”

“Leila,” he said, popping the DVD into the machine, “No question. That permanent wrinkle on her nose makes her look cute as hell.”

“And what about the dick in her pants?” laughed Leo.

“You don’t know she has a dick.”

Andrew piped up, “It’s well established that she has characteristics of both sexes and we can clearly see her breasts...”

“I wish I could clearly see her breasts,” Mike chimed in.

Andrew glanced at him and continued, “Ergo, she must have a male characteristic.”

“You mean a male characteris-dick!” Mike roared with laughter, joined quickly by Leo.

“You don't know that,” Peter sniffed.

“Man,” Mike says, “She comes from the planet Futanari Five!”

“So?” Peter said, petulantly.

“The producers basically revealed it in an interview,” Leo pressed.

“That's not canon! Anyway, shut up. We're watching Outpost! If anyone has a problem with anything else they can get the eff out of my basement.”

“Your parent's basement, you mean.” Leo said, taking a bag of cheese puffs from one of the cabinets and tearing it open.

“Shut it.”

The familiar Galaxy Patrol fanfare rose through the surround speakers. The four friends sat together and watched in silence, broken only by the munching of Leo's cheese puffs and the loud, derisive snort from Andrew at some of the more preposterous plot points. (“They could have just teleported the gun away and

they would have saved a lot of time.”)

About halfway through the episode Mike's stomach growled.

“Hey, uh, what are you getting for dinner, Peter?” asked Mike.

“Do you you always think with your stomach?” Peter replied. “You’re like a big fat pig. We should enter you in the county fair.”

“Yeah, we should enter you in a hot dog eating contest,” Leo added, “For the amount of dick you can swallow.”

Everyone except Mike laughed.

Mike waved his hand and stood up at that, “Y'all are fuckin’ lame, and y’know what? I forgot I got a date tonight.”

“I thought your left hand was busy.” Leo brought another bout of laughter from the group.

“That shit ain't funny,” Mike started for the stairs.

“Don’t be like that,” Peter didn’t move from his seat, didn’t even turn around.

“It’s a joke.”

“Fine,” Mike stopped and took a seat at the bar at the other side of the room. He opened the cabinet and grabbed a bag of snacks. “But I’m sitting over here...and I’m confiscating your potato chips.”

“That’s a shame,” said Leo, “I thought we were finally going to be rid of that smell.”

“Yeah, well,” Mike stuttered with a mouthful of chips, “At least I don’t hang out in my parent’s basement all day like a loser.”

“No, you hang out in my parent’s basement all day. So what’s worse?”

Mike said nothing.

It was about halfway through the Galaxy Patrol marathon when the basement door slammed open and someone stampeded down the steps. The guys didn’t have to turn around; they knew it was Tim, Leo’s younger brother, just barely past eighteen. Where Leo was tall and growing muscular, Tim was small and lean. Growing up, he’d always been the annoying little brother tagging along with the group. Still was.

“Leo!” he ran up to his brother excitedly. Something shiny was cupped in his hands.

“What?” Leo turned and saw what was in his brother's hand “What’s that?”

“I found it in the wizard’s garden.”

The Wizard was what they called the old guy who lived next door. He had a big bushy beard, heavy eyebrows, and he walked around with the aid of a gnarled cane. The only thing missing was a pointy hat.

“What, you stole a rock?” Peter said.

“I didn't steal anything, it was just sitting in the garden. Check it out.”

Tim opened his hands and revealed a reddish crystal. It was about the length and width of two fingers and there was a faint red glow coming from deep inside. Tim passed it over to his brother, who inspected it quickly and passed it on around the group.

“Looks like one of those healing crystals,” Mike tossed it up in the air, casually then caught it again, “There’s a shop in town that sells this stuff, you’ve gotta put it in the bath or something and it makes your skin all nice.”

The others looked at him.

“What? My moms does it.” Mike shrugged.

“Actually,” Andrew held it up to the light, “It looks more like a geode.”

“You’re so lame.” Leo shook his head.

“Whatever it is,” said Peter, “It’s not ours. The last thing I want to do is piss off the neighbors.”

“Fine, I’ll toss it back in his yard.” said Tim.

But the next episode of Outpost was starting and they all settled in to watch.

Peter held out his hand towards Andrew, who handed over the crystal, “Whatever it is I’ll give it back in the morning.”

“What if it’s magic?” Tim butted in, “He’s supposed to be a wizard right?”

“Sure, and P'Torak is supposed to be a highly logical alien from the planet Vorgon, not just an actress in makeup,” said Peter. “It’s just some crystal that he dropped in his garden.”

“No, no,” Mike stood up, arms waving, “He’s right, it is magic. Tim, maybe you could wish for your brother to be less of an idiot.”

“Are you going to keep it there then?” Andrew ignored Mike's outburst as Peter placed the crystal in the DVD cabinet.

“Why? You want it for your bath?” Peter asked.

“No, it's just...I don't know. Something weird.”

“You know what's weird? Thinking Outpost is the best.” Tim said, turning to Peter.

“Nothing wrong with Outpost,” Leo said, defending his friend from his annoying little brother.

They watched a few more episodes before heading home for the night.

* * *

Leo awoke with a strange heaviness in his head. It was like being hung-over, except a little less nauseating and a little more dizzying. He didn't rush to get out of bed and thought that, once again, he must have stayed up too late and woken up too early. Leo often felt like shit in the morning when he ate too much junk the night before. But something was different this time.

Leo kept his eyes closed and shuffled around in bed to try to escape the sun peeking through the blinds. Long hair brushed across his face and his chest felt

heavy and oddly unbalanced as he twisted around in bed. There was also some sort of clothing twisted around his hips and legs. He brought his hands to his face to wipe the sleep from his eyes and paused. His skin felt softer and there was something off about the contours of his face. His eyebrows were slimmer and his nose was longer and narrower.

Still lying on his side, Leo opened his eyes and blinked the blurriness out of them. His hands rested on the bed right in front of his face. Well, someone's hands were resting there. The hands were slim, the fingers feminine with gently rounded fingertips and glossy nails. He tried to move his own hands and saw the stranger's hands moving instead. He brushed the hair from his face and paused again. He'd never had long hair. With a sudden jolt he sat up and threw the covers off.

There beneath him was a woman's body, clad in a customary teal dress, a distinctive Galaxy Patrol badge pinned just above his breast. Holy shit he had breasts! He gaped down into the beautiful, unfamiliar cleavage and poked them with one finger. They wobbled gently on his chest. He was too panicked to move and too astonished to scream. A thousand thoughts whipped through his head as he stared down at his new breasts.

He slowly stood up, having a hard time balancing in her high heels at first. He shuffled in front of the mirror and gaped. Staring back at him, her mouth puckered in an 'O' of surprise just like his, was Diane Sparta.

She was gorgeous and slender, with soft skin, trimmed nails and frizzy black hair that hung down in waves across her shoulders. Leo hadn't noticed the head band before either, and it was strange how his mind chose to focus on it now rather than stare into those deep blue eyes. Leo was a woman. Not just any woman. Leo was Diane Sparta.

“Fuck me,” he whispered, amazed. He slowly brought his hands to his chest, and the woman in the mirror did the same. He could feel everything: the curvature of her hips, her trim frame, her breasts, the strange absence between his legs. His muscles were diminished and he'd lost half a head in height. Leo focused back on his tits. He pushed his breasts together, squeezing their weighty softness, and when he jumped up and down they bounced with him. Leo was balanced on the knife edge of terror and ecstasy. He was a woman. More, he was his dream woman. He had her body, her face.

“This can't be real...” he brushed his hands across his face. His voice was throaty and luscious, just like he'd imagined and hearing it in his bedroom sent shivers down his spine and sent a gentle warming sensation between his legs.

Hesitantly, he brought one hand up to his chest and stroked his fingers across his soft bosom.

I can't pass this up, he thought to himself.

Diane Sparta had been his ultimate fantasy and here she was, almost in the flesh and willing to do anything he wanted. Leo gulped, moving his new hands towards her tits. He caressed them, staring into the mirror at his transformed body as he took their weight in his hands. He moved slowly at first. His breasts were sensitive. Even through the thick teal fabric he could feel her nipples swelling. He pulled the top half of her dress down, allowing her breasts to spill out. He almost passed out from the excitement of his topless mirror image.

Whenever Leo had thought about Diane he had thought about her naked. The breasts he had imagined tucked beneath her form fitting dresses were nothing compared to the real ones. His tits were perky and perfect and beautifully rounded. She had fat, pink areolae and tiny nipples that even now grew erect

beneath his touch. Leo groped the bare breasts. They felt huge in his hand. They were huge, spilling out of his slender fingers as he groped himself.

Leo licked his lips. With every stroke a tingling pleasure raced through him, beginning between his legs and racing up and down his body. Leo lifted the hem of his skirt and saw the green tights clinging to his legs. He released his breasts and they jiggled across his chest. He peeled down his tights, rolling them over his wide bottom and down his legs. With his tights at his feet he lifted the dress again. Diane was wearing panties that looked tight on her thicker frame. They were pink, with a little white bow on the front. Surprisingly feminine for someone who journeyed around the galaxy at the helm of a starship. Leo almost lost it right there and he bit his lip as his breath hitched in his throat.

He reached a hand towards his panties, watching in the mirror as Diane's slender hand slipped across the pink fabric. Leo had never done this with a girl before and he was about to do it to himself. Leo pushed his hand into his new sex, over the panties, and started rubbing carefully.

It was a feeling game, Leo had to figure out what he was doing. His hand worked around, experimenting with the new sensations across his crotch, dipping inside himself. At last he landed on a spot that sent a shiver through his body. He pressed harder, working Diane's body up, sinking the pink panties into his wonderful pussy to rub up against his newly discovered clit. He watched in the mirror as he made Diane fondle herself, her breasts still hanging out of her dress, her fingers inside herself, twisting, pushing, the lips of her pussy growing wet with Leo's desire and causing a damp patch to spread across his panties. Diane's face was twisted in concentration, her slim eyebrows scrunched up as Leo slipped his fingers under the elastic band of his panties and sank in between her warm velvety folds.

“Oh shit,” he whined to himself, “Oh shit.”

A sigh escaped his lips as his first orgasm exploded through his body. In the mirror, Diane's mouth dropped open as Leo came. The orgasm was huge, filling him with pleasure from head to toe. He threw his head back as he pushed his fingers deeper inside his slick heat, enjoying the feel, the sight, the sound of his body as he trembled beneath his own touch.

The feeling slowly ebbed, leaving him warm and calm. That was like nothing he had felt before. As he was standing there, his fingers still inside himself he heard the door to his room open. Leo had half a second to cover himself. He dropped the dress, covering the tights around his ankles, and popped his breasts back beneath the fabric. The door swung open and Leo froze at the sight. It was the last thing he had been expecting.

“What's happened to me?” A husky, feminine voice asked Leo.

The woman who'd entered the room was dressed from head to toe in shiny leather, complete with a shiny leather mask with two...leather cat ears? She was slim, but with huge, rounded curves. She was just a little taller than Leo and definitely bigger in chest and hips. It was Catwoman. Catwoman had just strolled into Leo's room, mask and thick make-up and all. Leo looked at her. She looked at him. Both were wide-eyed with astonishment.

“Leo?” The woman asked.

“Tim?” Leo replied, “Holy crap, what happened to you?”

“What happened to me!?” Tim said, “What happened to you!? You're...you're Diane Sparta. Why are you...and who am...what...?”

“I don't know,” Leo said, his eyes still traveling up and down his brother's transformed figure.

Tim stepped into the room, his leather outfit creaking slightly. He even moved like Catwoman, slinky and sexual. He reached up to the mask hiding his face and peeled it off. Waves of bright red hair cascaded down his shoulder, now free from the restraints of the mask.

“Wait a minute?” Leo looked his brother up and down, “You’re not Michelle Pfeiffer?”

“Who?”

“Catwoman,” said Leo, “Batman Returns? Possibly the worst of all Batman movies.”

“No, that would be Batman and Robin.”

“You're wrong but I'm not going to argue about this right now. You’re not the real Catwoman. She's blonde. You're not even Halle Berry from the movie Catwoman.”

Tim moved to the mirror and stared at himself. His pouty red lips matched his fiery red hair. His shiny leather suit hid two enormous breasts and wide hips. The leather suit seemed less like a superhero outfit and more like bondage gear.

“What happened to us?” Leo asked, stepping up behind Tim and eyeing them both in the mirror.

“Why are your tights around your ankles?” Tim asked.

“Can we focus? We're women, let's try to figure that out first before we go accusing each other of...things.” Leo trailed off lamely.

“Fucking hell, I look like a stripper!” Tim began pacing around the room as Leo hastily pulled his tights up. He could still smell his own musk on his fingers and it was making him warm again.

Leo moved over to the bed, stumbling once again in his new heels, and took a seat there. Tim followed, and Leo saw that he had a bit more mastery of his higher heels. He moved his body like he was poured into it, his hips swaying back and forth with each step. Tim took a seat next to Leo and the pair sat in silence for a moment.

“What do we do now?” Tim finally asked.

“I'm thinking. Clearly something's happened, we just need to figure out what and how to reverse it.”

“Well, this seems like some sort of magic, right?”

“Or lunacy.”

“You think it had anything to do with that crystal I found?”

“Yeah. Maybe. Ok. Then I guess we need to get to Peter’s house,” Leo stood up and looked down at the gorgeous redhead that his brother had become, “Let's go.”

“We can’t go out like this!”

“We’re gonna have to,” said Leo, “Unless you magically got a car last night.”

They slipped out of the house and began the short walk over to Peter's place. Leo's skirt swished around his legs as they walked. In the reflection of every window he saw the two sexy women that he and his brother had become, walking side by side. The sun was bright on his back and the walk seemed much longer than usual, no doubt due to the concentration it took to walk in his high heels. Beside him, Tim tottered back and forth, occasionally stumbling into Leo. They both scrupulously avoided looking at anyone they passed but they still felt the looks they were getting. Leo kept glancing down at the phone in his hand. None of his other friends had answered their texts yet. Probably still asleep.

“You think the others are transformed, too?” Leo asked.

Tim shrugged. “I kind of hope so. If we show up looking like this...ugh. Andrew would have a perma-boner.”

Tim shot off another text before stumbling into Leo again.

“Watch where you're going. Put that thing away.”

“Where? Apparently they don't need pockets in the future.”

“Stick it in your tits.”

“Stick it in yours, they're bigger.”

“Jealous?”

Leo's phone buzzed, interrupting the argument. Leo flicked through the messages with his slender thumb.

“Looks like everyone's awake and wondering what the hell happened. I'll tell them to meet us at Peter's.” Leo's long fingers danced across the screen.

“Who have they become?”

“Guess we'll find out.”

Just then, on the other side of the road, several male teenagers had stopped to stare at the pair of oddly dressed women. There were wolf whistles and hooting, especially towards Tim and his pear shaped, latex-clad butt. Leo and Tim glanced up then away, trying to ignore the comments directed at them.

“You need a hand getting out of that suit?” One of the teens called.

Tim flipped them off without breaking stride. Their laughter and jeers followed the two down the street.

“Do women get this all the time?” said Tim.

“Probably,” shrugged Leo, “I don’t really want to find out.”

Every person they walked past turned to stare at them. They assumed it was because of their costumes, the queer way they were dressed. But maybe they would stare and holler no matter what they were wearing. Their newly feminine bodies seemed built to attract the male gaze.

“I’ve never felt so exposed before.” Tim crossed his arms under his breasts, their weight hanging down on his arms. “We might as well be naked. My tits keep

bouncing. Same with my butt. I'm like a walking bouncy castle here."

"Not a very practical outfit for transporting down to a planet."

"Diane rarely transported. She mostly stayed in the bridge and made big doe eyes at the captain."

"Probably for the best. I'd have a warp level nine boner if she was in my away team looking like that. How's your outfit for crime fighting?"

"Sweaty as hell and all I'm doing is walking. Everything's sticking to me and it's slipping all up in my ass. Come on," Leo lurched forward, just managing to keep his balance in the heels without tottering over.

"Let's get to the basement and get you out of those clothes then."

2

When they arrived at Peter's basement, it looked like a Galaxy Patrol convention. Leo and Tim pushed open the door and stepped inside, staring around at all the Galaxy Patrol women who were arguing with each other. It didn't take long to figure out who was who in all of this mess from the way they were acting.

Mike had transformed from a chubby, black guy into a tall slender woman with blonde hair pulled back in a tight bun, and the slimmest body of the lot of them. He had become Number Six, a sexy human-robot hybrid. He was dressed in what appeared to be a maroon leotard that hugged his lithe body, complete with tall heels. He had a straight nose, a square but delicate jaw, a crescent-shaped piece of metal crossing over one eye and across his temple, and one of the sternest faces the friends had ever seen. From the way his arms were crossed and he was leaning back against the wall, it didn't seem like he was enjoying becoming Number Six.

"I am not enjoying becoming Number Six," Mike complained, "Why I gotta be the skinny blonde one? Can't a brother stay a brother?"

Andrew was a different story, with more of a curvier shape than Number Six, pointy ears almost like an elf, and brown hair cut into a pixie haircut. He had been turned into the very attractive P'Torak from the race of Vorgons, well known for being highly analytical. She sat there in her traditional red uniform, which looked cut and primed directly from the future. A red vest with brown trim stretched tight across her small breasts but was cut high enough that it didn't show any cleavage. Leo was slightly jealous and wished his own dress showed off less than it did. His tits were in everyone's face. At least it seemed that way whenever he looked down.

Peter had been transformed into Leila, another attractive girl with breasts of a size and weight that rivaled Tim's. She had short autumn hair, and ridges running down the bridge of her nose that gave her nose a cute, scrunched up look. She had a smile that could make any man weak. Leila's dress was a stunning green number with shoulder sleeves and sheer fabric strategically placed to reveal both her slim stomach and her ample cleavage. The green dress hung about her waist in gentle folds and the fabric clung to her legs with each step.

Leila worked in what was essentially a space bar, and her outfit was designed to get the attention of patrons. Whenever she leaned over, or towards Leo, he could see directly down her dress into that perfect cleavage. He couldn't tell whether Leila had the male characteristics they'd discussed, but Peter was walking oddly.

"P'Torak wears a wig," Peter turned to Andrew. "Are you wearing a wig?"

Andrew, now P'Torak, pulled at his hair and shook his head.

"Interesting," Leo took a seat. "That means we're not the actresses, we're the actual Galaxy Patrol women from the show."

"Except her" Mike pointed with Number Six's slender finger towards Tim and his latex suit. "I've never seen her in a Galaxy Patrol episode, believe me, I would remember."

"What the eff happened to us?!" said Peter, or Leila, as he shifted uncomfortably in his sheer dress. With the ridges on his nose he even looked cute when he was angry.

Mike laughed. It sounded strange coming out of Number Six's severe mouth, "I can't take your threats seriously when you look like that Peter. You're just so cute. Oh, shit, were we right about Leila? Do you still have your dick?"

"Shut up," Peter sat down gingerly. The fabric of Leila's dress puffed out and Peter struggled to wrap it back over his legs, hiding his pale thighs once more. Leo thought he'd caught the outline of a bulge at Peter's crotch but it was now hidden by the folds of Leila's dress.

"Hey!" Tim had wandered over to the DVD cabinet. "Look at this."

They all gathered around behind him and stared. A massive burn mark was now stained across several of the DVDs, exactly where the crystal had been sitting. Leo pulled out a few of the warped cases. As he leafed through, he saw that some of the characters on the front cover were missing. The characters that the guys had become were just black silhouettes.

"Guess it was the crystal," said Leo.

"Look," Tim pulled out the last case to be burned. It wasn't Galaxy Patrol at all. It was a porno parody of Catwoman featuring an erotic model named Veronica Lust. On the back were pictures of her in all sorts of comprising positions and wearing the same leather suit as Tim was wearing now. In one, only the silhouette remained, bent over as a guy took her from behind.

"I'm a fucking porn star," Tim said, shaking his head and sending his curly red

locks jiggling. “No wonder I was getting looks from all those men earlier.”

“Must be my dad’s,” said Peter, scratching Leila's ridged nose, “Guess this is where he hid his DVDs”

“Your dad's. Right,” Mike smirked, another unfamiliar expression from the always-serious Number Six.

“We need to go see the Wizard,” said Andrew. His feminine Vorgon form now matched his logical mind, “It was his crystal. Maybe he can change us back.”

“I’m not going back out there like this,” said Tim, gesturing down at his leather suit, “No fucking way.”

“Well,” said Peter, “We can raid my mom’s wardrobe for some clothes.”

“Sounds highly rational,” said Andrew.

“I’m fine the way I am,” said Mike, “This is about as close to woman’s clothes as I’d like to get if I’m honest fellas. Sorry...ladies.”

“Then help Tim get out of that leather,” said Leo, “Make yourself useful.”

Andrew, Leo and Peter headed upstairs, leaving Mike and Tim alone.

“Well,” Mike said, turning to the lovely latex-clad Veronica, “I bet Number Six has never seen a pornstar naked.”

“Not a pornstar. I'm an erotic model.”

“Uh huh.”

Mike's delicate hands made short work of Veronica's latex outfit. He could get in-between the seams and really pull at the suit, peeling it off of Tim like a candy wrapper. Tim grunted the whole time, shaking his body up and down in places to get the thing off. Mike couldn't help but enjoy watching her movements, the way Veronica's hips swayed and the bounciness of her heavy breasts. Every inch the costume slipped down revealed more of Veronica's soft skin.

“Do you think we'll ever change back?” Tim peeled off his constrictive pants, and stepped out of them, now completely nude.

“Sorry?” Mike was staring at Veronica's long legs and the shapely auburn 'V' of her pubic hair.

“Do you think—”

“Have you played with your tits yet?” Mike moved closer to him and ran

Number Six's fingers down Veronica's weighty breasts, "They're huge!"

"What?" said Tim, "No."

"Come on," Mike squeezed gently. "They feel good."

He was right, they did feel good. Tim's objection died on his lips as he watched Mike's tiny hands slip around his breasts. Tim's nipples soon pearled out under his friend's touch and a gentle tension wound through his body. He bit his lip as he watched his tits being caressed by Number Six.

"I don't think we're—"

"Are you saying you don't want to kiss me?" Mike said, gesturing down to his new body and slipping his hands across his own breasts hidden beneath the tight fabric.

Tim did. Hell, there wasn't a body in the house he wouldn't like to touch now but the thought of watching the cold, unfeeling Number Six enjoy his new form made him particularly aroused.

"What about the others?" Tim glanced towards the stairs.

Mike grasped Veronica's chin gently in his hand and angled it back towards Number Six's deep green eyes. "Don't worry. We can do it with them later" Mike

leaned close until his lips brushed against Veronica's. "You know I'm a fucking knock-out."

And just like that Tim was kissing Number Six. His hands were all over her, feeling every part of her trim, athletic body beneath the fabric of her suit. Their lips pressed together, slim hands touching and exploring the other's body. Tim's hands slipped down around the curve of Veronica's bare ass as Mike caressed Number Six's breasts.

"You're so fucking hot," breathed Mike, as his fingers found Veronica's moistening sex. Mike's own body was aching gently, a warmth growing between his legs as he tasted his friend. Veronica pulled back her head and sighed, a delicious throaty sound of satisfaction, as Mike's fingers landed on her budding clit and pressed gently.

Veronica's fingers found the zipper at the back of Number Six's suit and pulled it down. As Mike slipped the maroon fabric over his shoulders, his breasts spilled out and Tim slipped Veronica's luscious lips around his nipples, nibbling gently. Mike straddled Veronica's legs and pressed his warming pussy against her body, humping her slowly, wanting her so badly it hurt. Tim stepped back until he was leaning against the pool table.

"I'm going to make you feel..." Mike said in between sucking on each of Veronica's nipples, "So good."

Tim's body was blazing now at the sight of Number Six, naked and devouring his new body. Mike grabbed a hold of Veronica's tits and squeezed them hard. Tim cried out and the fire burned brighter between his legs at the pain. Mike lifted Tim with a struggle and a grunt. Veronica's red curls danced across Tim's back as Mike placed Tim's ample ass on top of the pool table. Mike's lips were

all over Tim's neck, his breasts, squeezing the nipples, sucking on them hard and kissing his way down to the dripping cunt between Tim's thighs.

Tim panted as he watched Number Six kiss her way across his belly, over his mound and down the trail of pubic hair towards his new sex. Tim's breath hitched as Number Six's hot mouth landed on his slit. Something warm and wet snaked out, pressing against Tim's folds, entering him and teasing his budding clit. Tim sighed and lay back on the pool table. The mirrored ceiling revealed Veronica Lust, her breasts falling down across her body, her legs spread wide as a stern looking blonde woman ate her pussy. Number Six's pear shaped ass flexed out behind her as she suckled between Veronica's legs.

It was a strange sensation having a soaking wet pussy, being both loose and strumming with tension, feeling someone penetrate his inner warmth. Strange but wonderful. Number Six slipped her tongue deeper inside Tim's new cunt, the salty taste of him filling her mouth and dripping down her chin as she pressed harder against Veronica's clit. Mike brought up Number Six's fingers to help, slipping inside Tim's red hot body. Tim tossed his head from side to side as pleasure lit through him, catching glimpses in the mirror above at Veronica's splayed out legs, her mouth open and moaning with pleasure. That's me, Tim thought, That sexy body is mine. It was too much, the waves of tingling delight coursed through his body and he moaned, loud and long as his pleasure crested slightly.

Number Six slurped up Tim's cunt, drinking his lust as he moaned. The pitch of Tim's voice grew higher and higher until it turned into a scream he only managed to stifle by sticking his fingers into his mouth. The orgasm was tremendous, his entire body quivered with it; he pushed his hips up, grinding into Number Six's gorgeous angular face, watching her disappear between his legs. Tim's hands came down to his ample breasts and he squeezed, letting his hands roam around his delicious new body, exploring his new curves as he convulsed with absolute ecstasy. Mike continued working inside him slowly, letting him come down gradually.

“Sounded like you enjoyed that,” Mike raised his head from between Tim's legs, revealing Number Six's face, shiny with Veronica's lust.

“That was...” Tim stumbled for the words, “Unreal. Wow.”

They heard the basement door opening and had precious seconds to get into a less revealing position. Mike wiped his face and stood up, leaning against the pool table in an effort at nonchalance. Tim sat up and crossed his arms underneath his breasts. Just a naked woman sitting on the pool table. What of it? The other guys came down with a handful of clothes and stopped when they saw the very naked Number Six and Veronica. Their mouths opened and closed noiselessly.

“Holy shit,” Leo was the first one to speak up . “You look, wow, you look—”

“I believe the word you're looking for is...smokin'!” said Andrew. It was odd seeing a usually emotionless Vorgon doing a Jim Carrey impression.

“Oh,” Tim blushed, “Thanks, I...I guess.”

“Why are you topless, too?” said Peter, turning to Mike.

“Um, the suit was really hot.”

“Why are you both blushing?” Leo chimed in.

“What is this, twenty questions?” Mike replied, pulling his top back up. “Get dressed. Let's go get our bodies back.”

Peter tossed his mom's clothes to Tim, who sat up and started trying them on. A few minutes later he'd finally found an outfit that sort of fit but was a lot more comfortable than the leather catsuit.

“I don't like these pants guys, they're really tight. Too tight,” Tim hefted the yoga pants up his smooth legs and yanked them over his giant ass.

“They fit better than the jeans you tried.” Peter said.

The others didn't reply. They couldn't stop staring at this attractive woman having trouble getting on her pants. Eventually, Tim managed to jiggle his ass into them. They looked set to burst. Peter's mother clearly had less of an ass.

“Are we all changing?” said Andrew.

“I'm not,” said Mike, who'd gotten back into his uniform, “What's the point if we're going to get changed back?”

“Me either,” shrugged Leo, “Despite it's look, the dress is comfortable.”

“Easy for you to say,” Peter grabbed at his massive tits, forcing them together, “I’m practically hanging out of this.”

“I love it,” Mike winked, “If I still had a dick, I’d fuck ya.”

“Let’s just get round to the wizard’s and get him to change us back.”

The four tramped out the door and around to the front. The lawn of the wizard's house was a mess. The grass was overgrown, the shrubbery spilled over onto the sidewalk, and the stone slabs of the path to the front door were cracked and crumbling. Peter knocked loudly and they all waited for an answer. After a few moments of silence Peter knocked again. Still nothing.

“Maybe he’s not in?” said Tim, as he adjusted his heavy breasts under the tight borrowed top. Peter's mom's breasts were also a lot smaller than Tim's.

“He never leaves,” said Peter, “That’s his thing. Try the door.”

“I vote against breaking in,” said Andrew.

“Normally I’d agree with you,” said Leo, “But there’s—”

SMASH! The guys turned around to see Number Six standing next to a broken

window. She shrugged, smiled coyly, kicked a bit of the glass out of the way and climbed inside. The rest looked at each other and then followed in behind.

“This is breaking and entering!” Andrew protested, ever logical. “We can’t—”

“We’ll pay for his window,” said Leo. “But this is pressing. We need to change back.”

The house was filled with strange and fascinating artifacts from all over the world. There were things floating in jars that may have once been alive, eerie glittering jewelry, and paintings whose eyes seemed to follow their every movement. The house was wallpapered with a deep crimson flowered print that gave it a mysterious Gothic edge. It looked more like a shop of curios than a house.

“Don’t touch anything,” said Leo. “If one small crystal could do this to us, imagine what any of this other crap could do.”

“Eww, what’s that?” Peter covered Leila’s tiny nose.

It hit them all at once and they covered their noses. It didn’t long for them to figure out the source of the smell. An old man who could only have been the Wizard was lying at the bottom of the stairs, his neck twisted grotesquely.

“That’s fucking great,” said Peter.

“Is he dead?” said Leo.

“Well, he's not just pining for the fjords,” Andrew said, in P'Torak's matter-of-fact voice. “This...is an ex-wizard.”

“Fuck,” Tim retreated. He was close to tears, “Are we stuck like this? Are we?”

“What do we do now?” Moaned Mike. When Number Six was in a panic they knew the situation was bad.

“I don't know,” said Leo. “I don't know.”

* * *

The guys had been quiet for an hour as everyone had brooded in silence, lost in their own thoughts. At some point Mike and Peter had started up a game of pool and occasionally there was the click of one ball hitting another. Leo sat on the easy chair. His brother lay next to him, Veronica's sexy face red and swollen from crying. Andrew was absorbed into a comic book, flicking the page every now and then with P'Torak's finger and occasionally licking his thin lips.

“How long until your parents get back Leila--sorry...Peter?” asked Leo.

“I dunno,” shrugged Peter, Leila's breasts bouncing with the motion, “A couple of days. Maybe a little longer.” He scratched his crotch and Leo saw there was

definitely something between his legs because it had grown as Peter had stared at Number Six, leaning over to line up the ball, her catsuit practically painted on to her lithe body.

“Do you think they’ll kick you out?”

“A strange woman with big knockers who claims to be their son? I think they’ll have me committed.”

“I bet your dad would love you,” Mike snorted, then nodded towards Tim, “And him.”

“We can’t go back to school,” said Andrew, putting his comic book down and rubbing P’Torak’s slender boyish nose with one finger. Not having to wear glasses was one benefit of his new body. “No ID, no money, we can’t change back, and there’s no way in hell anyone would believe us.” He counted off the points on tiny fingers. “We’re basically screwed.”

“And we’re almost out of food,” said Peter, “I’ve got a bit of money left from my parents. Rock, paper, scissors for who has to go out?”

“I’ll go and get some stuff,” Leo stood up, “I could do with a walk anyway.”

“Better you than me,” said Mike.

3

People were staring at Leo as he dropped a few frozen pizzas into his cart. He tried to ignore them; he was having a bad day. One man in particular followed him through the store, keeping a little further back. Leo had noticed him right away and assumed he must be a Galaxy Patrol fan. He was a little older, with a shirt emblazoned with the Galaxy Patrol logo over fabric that stretched across a wide belly.

Leo grabbed a few more things and moved towards the cashier. The stranger took this opportunity to approach him. Leo sighed. He assumed he'd be getting a lot of this for the rest of his life if they couldn't solve this situation. He wasn't Leo anymore. He was Diane Sparta, a very recognizable Galaxy Patrol character; of course there'd be fans to deal with.

"I'm sorry," the man was a head taller than Leo and had gristle for a beard, "You're, um, you're Diane Sparta right?"

"Yeah," sighed Leo, "I guess I am."

"Oh my god," he breathed, "I'm...I love Galaxy Patrol," he pulled at his shirt, "Your character is amazing, just...amazing. I love you."

"Okay, thank you." Leo tried to push his trolley around the guy, but the man stepped in his way. Leo got angry. "Listen fella—"

“I just,” he gulped, “Sorry I just...you’re not her...are you? You’re not Paulina Yaris are you?”

Paulina Yaris was the actress who played Diane Sparta. Leo paused, then thought better of claiming to be a semi-famous actress. It would be better if people thought he was just some random cosplayer. Less questions. Well, still lots of questions probably, but less to get in trouble for.

Leo shook his head and just said, “No, but I get that a lot.”

“I’ve always wanted to, I mean, I have this fantasy with Diane Sparta.”

“Oh God,” Leo tried to push his cart around once more.

“Please,” he said, “I’ll pay you.”

“I’m not—”

“1000 dollars. Right now, to come with me.”

Leo paused. 1000 dollars was a lot of money, and it wasn’t like he didn’t need it either. With that much they could survive just a little longer, and who knew when they’d be able to get more money? Leo considered the man. He wasn’t the worst looking guy in the world. A little unkempt, maybe, a heavy belly. But the money...

Leo bit his lip and nodded.

* * *

Back in the basement, Mike had gone upstairs to lie down, leaving Peter and Andrew alone. Peter found himself gazing at P'Torak in the beanbag chair. Peter could imagine what he would look like having sex in Leila's body. Leila was always smiling, always coming onto the guests. In fact hadn't there been that one episode where she was in love with some spy or something? The only thing he couldn't imagine was the cock in his pants. They guys had been right, Leila had a dick. Peter hadn't done any exploring but it felt a hell of a lot bigger than his own. Every time he brushed his arm against his breasts and sent them bouncing wonderfully he felt his new cock responding to the sight of his own body.

Peter had no idea what sex with P'Torak would be like. As a Vorgon would she just lie there without emotion? If he could make her cry out in pleasure what would she sound like? If he could see her face twisted in lust what would it look like?

Peter sauntered over slowly, letting his hips wiggle back and forth. He eased his face into an adorable smile as he knelt in front of Andrew and ran his fingers through Andrew's short hair, tracing the outlines of P'Torak's pointy ears. Andrew looked up at him.

"I suppose you're wondering what it's like to have sex with a Vorgon." Andrew said.

Peter nodded. “Does this make you feel anything?”

Peter leaned forward and kissed P'Torak. She didn't back away but she didn't kiss back. After a few seconds Peter sat back and searched P'Torak's face.

“Interesting,” Andrew finally said.

“I'm interested in finally making a Vorgon feel pleasure.” Peter pulled open the hem of P'Torak's top and stared down into the slender, luscious breasts.

“Me too,” Andrew replied.

Then they were on each other, Leila's cute face pressed hard up against P'Torak's tits, sucking the tiny, pink nipples into her mouth. P'Torak tasted sweet and she moaned as Leila licked back and forth from nipple to nipple. Peter grasped P'Torak's dress and tore it down, freeing her breasts. Peter took them in each hand and squeezed gently as he came up to kiss P'Torak's slim lips, staring into her slender, elvish face. Leila's body was warm already, her cock throbbing beneath her dress.

Leila stood and untied her dress. P'Torak reached up and pulled Leila's top down; her pendulous breasts hung from her chest. Her curves were smooth and perfect, each breast with a small strawberry colored nipple that was already erect with desire. P'Torak pulled the dress down to Leila's waste and she grasped it, stopping her.

Leila blushed, making her cute face looking even more like an adorable schoolgirl. “I-- I--” Peter tried to articulate what his friend was about to see.

“I know,” Andrew said, smiling as P'Torak for the first time.

Leila reluctantly released the dress, and P'Torak pulled it down over her waist and her legs. Leila's cock strained towards P'Torak, the thick head aiming right at P'Torak's slender lips as Leila stood over her. Leila was gorgeous, with ample breasts and wide feminine hips and a throbbing cock that pulsed gently as P'Torak gazed at it.

Peter hid his head in his hands, blushing wildly, ashamed of his freakish body, afraid of what Andrew would say. And then he felt a tiny hand grasp him, and the head of his cock was engulfed with a wet warmth. Peter looked down to see P'Torak slipping her lips over Leila's dick. The tiny Vorgan struggled with the size of it, opening her mouth as wide as she could. Leila's cock was so sensitive, she could feel every inch sliding into P'Torak's mouth, the hot breath and undulating tongue driving her wild with lust.

Peter released a sigh as P'Torak forced her lips down him. Then P'Torak withdrew, bringing one hand up to slide the slickness of her saliva down Leila's shaft as she gazed up at Leila adoringly. Then her lips returned, swallowing him once more, using her hand to completely cover his shaft and building to the rhythm of his body.

Peter brought his hands up to his own breasts, squeezing the nipples as pleasure reverberated through his slender form. He brought one of his nipples up to his lips and sucked on it, his hot breath warming his skin as P'Torak continued sucking him below.

Leila's body was aching for release, the tension building inside her. She continued caressing her tits, enjoying the soft, meaty warmth, pleasuring her own body as P'Torak pleased her. She throbbed once, and P'Torak swallowed the salty pre-cum gratefully. Andrew must have sensed Leila's nearing crest because he pulled P'Torak's lips off Leila's cock with a wet pop and looked up.

“No, no. You have to fuck me.” He begged.

Andrew leaned P'Torak's body back and pulled open his vest to reveal his tiny breasts, firm and supple. He grabbed his nipples, pinching himself hard, pulling them up roughly and letting them snap back into place, the skin supple and tender. He cooed in delight as he spread his legs.

Peter knelt Leila's body between his friend's legs and pulled off P'Torak's pants. Her glistening Vorgon pussy was already spreading out with desire. Leila wrapped her tiny fingers around her cock and guided it against P'Torak's wet opening. The bulbous head pressed against her pussy lips, impossibly big against that tiny slit. Leila pushed in slowly, watching as P'Torak spread for her and she disappeared inside that amazing wet heat.

Leila pushed inside, struggling to fit her cock inside the tiny Vorgon, who was crying out beneath him. Her high pitched voice was urgent, begging Leila for more.

P'Torak felt like she would split but still Leila pressed inside her until at last she was full. Leila's breasts hung down, grazing over P'Torak's tits. P'Torak opened her eye and grabbed Leila's breasts. She popped one nipple in between her lips and sucked as Leila fucked her, building to the rhythm of their bodies, sliding

her cock into P'Torak's tight cunt faster, harder. P'Torak was dizzy with lust and Leila was driven by need. Together they rocked, Leila's groin slapping against P'Torak's wet cunt until with a last feminine moan Leila came, jetting her hot seed into P'Torak's tiny body.

P'Torak had never knew she could feel so full, so perfect as when her friend pulsed inside her and filled her with her hot cum. Leila's breasts bounced back and forth as she thrust wildly, sinking as deep as she could to release her tension into P'Torak's body.

When finally Leila was empty, she remained leaning over her friend, staring down at P'Torak's eyes, half lidded in abject lust. Finally, Peter pulled Leila's cock out of his friend, dripping her seed onto the couch.

“Oh my god, that was amazing.” Peter breathed.

“Actually, I quite enjoyed that as well,” Andrew replied.

Back at the parking lot of the grocery store, Leo slipped into the back seat of the stranger's van and eyed himself in the rear view mirror. Diane's dark, exotic eyes stared back at him. He couldn't blame the guy for wanting him. Hell, if Leo had this opportunity it'd be hard not to make the same offer. The man slid in beside him and closed the door. He began nuzzling Leo's neck, his scratchy beard tickling Leo's skin as the man's hands went to Leo's heavy breasts.

Leo slipped his fingers beneath the man's pants and took hold of the man's erection. The guy helped him unzip his pants and suddenly Leo was holding an erect cock in his hands. He worked his fingers up and down the shaft, his reflection in the window showing Diane Sparta giving a handjob. The stranger grunted his excitement, which made Leo move even faster.

It wasn't that bad actually. Stroking another man's dick was easy. Leo knew what it felt like and he found that the stranger responded instantly to Leo's fingers. There was a level of control that Leo enjoyed, there was a power in holding the warm shaft in his slender fingers and he stared hungrily at the bulbous head as the man's breathing grew faster. Leo worked the man's cock, stroking up and down until the man stopped him. Suddenly this stranger was kissing his neck and pulling off his dress. Leo helped free himself from the teal dress. He wanted to look at his new body just as much as this strange man. And what a body.

Diane's breasts were ample and firm, perfectly proportioned to her feminine form. His hips were wide, the dark triangle of pubic hair visible beneath the stretchy tights, perfectly trimmed and inviting. His pale skin gleamed in the dim light and he stroked a finger across his creamy breasts, exploring his warm skin and making his nipples stand to attention.

The man interrupted Leo's self-exploration by pressing his lips to Leo's mouth, kissing him roughly as he grabbed every part of Leo and groped hard. His hands flew around Leo's body, grabbing, squeezing, pinching greedily, desperate to enjoy every second he had with Leo's gorgeous body. He pulled Leo's hair, kissed his lips, neck and chest, and bit tenderly at Leo's bare flesh. Leo, despite himself, was enjoying it and didn't even realize he was smiling until he saw Diane's face in the reflection. His body was sparkling with warmth and a moan escaped his lips as the stranger's hand slid between his legs and pressed up against his swelling clit. The awkward tension melted away as Leo became more and more turned on by the stranger's hands. Every caress of his skin sent another surge of desire through his body.

"I wanna fuck you, Diane."

Instinctively, Leo pulled down his panties and stockings then threw a leg over the man's lap and straddled the stranger. Diane was so wet. Leo took a deep breath before lowering himself onto the man's throbbing erection. There was a pressure against his swollen nether lips, then his pussy parted and the man's dick sank inside, slowly at first. The man's breath hitched in his throat as Leo felt himself filled for the first time. It was a new sensation. Pleasant. Warm. Lovely. The cock pressed inside his warm cunt until he was completely full. The cock fit him perfectly, pressing up inside him with its hard-softness. Then the stranger withdrew, working in and out slowly. Leo watched Diane's body in the reflection of the windows as she rode the throbbing cock. Someone was gasping and Leo realized it was him.

Their movements gradually became faster as Leo ground his hips down onto the man's lap. Leo held onto the backseat, clutching it tightly, digging his nails in and biting his lip as they rocked together. The stranger dug his face into Leo's breasts.

This was nothing like he had experienced earlier when he had first discovered his body. This was something better, fuller. The man forced his fingers into Leo's curly hair and pulled Leo's head back. It was painful at first but that pain mingled with the pleasure flooding through him and enhanced everything.

Leo's pussy was soaking wet and dripping over the stranger's dick as the man kept his head locked upright, fucking him roughly. Leo felt himself dripping down his thighs and he whined and moaned like a dog in heat, pleading for more, harder, faster. Hearing Diane's throaty voice begging to be fucked drove Leo over the top. He gripped the back of the seat tight and came. The lightning flashed across his body, knocking the breath from him and filling him with utter bliss. He slowed, enjoying his brief climax and there was a moment of rest. Then his lust was on him suddenly, and he rocked furiously, ordering the man beneath him to satisfy the urges of Leo's body. "Cum for me! Cum for me!" he begged. Then the stranger was fucking him harder, the man's dick plunging deep into his burning cunt and pushing hard up against his G-spot. Leo was crying loudly now. The pleasure was bordering on pain and made Leo's head swirl. He felt the build up in his cunt, ready to explode, a slave to the pressure inside him.

Then the man's dick quivered inside him, followed by a spurt of semen that erupted into Leo's warm wetness. It made him wince in pleasure and he cried out again and again as the man pulled him down deep, each pulse of hot seed filling Leo's sensitive body. Leo came with him, Diane's body cresting as his mind was overwhelmed with a blaze of pleasure. His desire spilled from his lips and he screamed, his breasts rocked back and forth, slapping the stranger in the face as he rode the man and drove the ecstasy through his tiny frame.

Soon, the man beneath him stopped grunting, the spurts slowed and he was empty. Leo lay on top of him for a second, his head resting against the stranger's shoulder, before he pulled himself off. There was a moment of emptiness, of wanting more. Leo looked over at the man, who gazed back at him with excitement.

“So...” Leo said, “If you've got any more money, I have some other friends you might want to meet.”

Epilogue

The excitement had been building up for weeks, culminating in the the moment when the doors would finally open. Galaxy Patrol Con 2018 was soon to be in full swing. Every fan was dressed up, some in amazing cosplay of their favorite characters, some in less amazing but equally aspiring cosplay. There wasn't a single person there that would say no to meeting with the characters on the show.

That's why Leo and Mike were there, handing out cards and acting their sexiest. It had been Leo's idea after the man in the parking lot. None of the fans could resist them, and there were hardly any that even tried. The guys—now girls—could earn quite a bit of cash at these conventions. All they had to do was follow them around the country.

"Hi," Leo approached a couple of middle-aged fans, in crappy cosplay, "I'm Diane Sparta, and I sense..." He held his hand to his forehead, pretending to read their emotions like the fictional Diane Sparta, "...you want to meet up somewhere and have some fun."

"Whoa, really?" they took her card, "Holy crap!"

"Really." Leo winked.

Back at the hotel room, P'Torak and Leila helped Veronica into her lingerie. The green lace barely held his bulbous breasts in check and left his shaved pussy bare. Tim complained less and less each time, enjoying looking at his form in the mirror. His red hair spilled down across his shoulders and he smiled coquettishly at himself. He'd even learned to walk in his strikingly tall high heels. Tim was a

whore, but a high priced one. He was the one who greeted the fans at the door and welcomed them into their own personal fantasy. Several times they didn't even get that far, as Tim was more than willing to get down on his knees and suck on their cocks, making sure he was surrounded by mirrors so he could watch Veronica's thick lips wrap around the swollen heads until they grunted and spilled their seed across her sexy face.

It was like shooting fish in a barrel. There wasn't a Galaxy Patrol fan alive who wasn't interested in at least one of them. Most of the time they just had to lie there, letting the fans have their way with them. Sometimes they found a good one, someone who could make them scream in ecstasy. They came at a high price but it was worth it. The fans got to have their wildest dreams come true, and the guys got to live a fancy lifestyle. That's what the Galaxy Patrol Escort Agency was all about.

###

Second Chance

Melissa sat on the edge of Ryan's hospital bed and patted his back gently as he coughed into yet another tissue. Melissa's skin-toned pantyhose were stretched tight beneath her snug-fitting scrubs, and even through his coughing fit Ryan had half an eye on her legs. When his coughing subsided Melissa held out the quickly-filling waste bucket and Ryan tossed his tissues into it. He sat back in the hospital bed and Melissa helped adjust his covers.

“Did that help?” she asked, staring at him with her big brown eyes as she carelessly tucked some strands of auburn hair behind an ear.

Ryan nodded.

“Is there anything you need?”

New lungs, thought Ryan. But he just shook his head. Melissa smiled and left him alone in his barren hospital room, the muted beeping of the equipment by his bed the only sound. Ryan needed an operation before the cystic fibrosis killed him. His only hope was for a double lung transplant. Unfortunately, there was another patient in the same hospital likely to get one first.

Ryan picked his phone off the table by his bed and opened up Twitter to her profile. Katie Simpson. The tweets of sympathy were still pouring in. Poor Katie and her cystic fibrosis. She needed a transplant. The whole city knew it. It was the perfect local news segment: a pretty, blonde cheerleader (and recent prom queen!) with hundreds of thousands of followers developed a rare disease and ended up in a hospital where mistake after mistake was made.

Ryan was jealous, partly because she was getting all the attention, and partly because every time he saw her cute girl-next-door face on his feed he imagined what it would be like to become her, to be the angelic blonde with all the admirers, instead of some nobody wasting away alone. Everyone loved Katie. Ryan was sure that, despite the official waiting list for a transplant, Katie would somehow be bumped to the front of the line. Not for the first time, Ryan wished he'd been born female. It was his second most frequent wish after wishing to not have a disease that was slowly killing him. So far, neither wish had come true.

Ryan was so lost in his thoughts he almost didn't hear Dr. Mercer come into the room and close the door. She drew the curtains and pulled up a chair next to Ryan's bed as he set his phone down. Dr. Mercer was a tall, slender woman with perfect legs. She'd been nothing but supportive for Ryan and usually had a warm smile for him. She seemed more somber and serious today than he'd ever seen her.

"Ryan," she paused. "Ryan. You know Katie's been causing a lot of trouble for the hospital."

Ryan nodded. "Malpractice."

"Right. She's threatening to sue, claims we've done everything wrong. I suspect it's really because she's got herself into a mess and doesn't know how to get out. She's got the state legislature involved."

"What do you mean?"

“I mean, Katie doesn't have cystic fibrosis. I'm one hundred percent sure she's faking and now she's trying to get out of having an actual transplant.”

“Ok. Why are you telling me this?”

“There's an experiment. Very...experimental. Some would say it's unethical, but I think that anything that punishes the bad and rewards the good must be ethical.”

Dr. Mercer explained her plan to Ryan, and Ryan agreed with it wholeheartedly. The operation took place in the dead of night the next evening.

Ryan opened his eyes slowly. He was still in a hospital room, only now it was filled with flowers and balloons and cards ordering him to “Get well soon”. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes, startled and excited to feel the contours of his new face. He let his fingers roam across his smooth skin, circling his upturned nose, tracing his plump lips and brushing against his soft cheeks. Long hair tickled its way down the back of his neck. He looked down at his body and saw a hospital gown filled out by a lithe female body, two small breasts pushing out beneath the thick paper garment.

Dr. Mercer poked her head into the room. When she saw Ryan was awake she slipped in, closing the door behind her. She stood over his bed and looked down at him.

“How do you feel...Ryan?” She asked.

“Perfect, doctor. But my name's Katie.” Ryan replied with a beautiful smile, thrilling at hearing her alto voice spilling from his lips. He took a deep breath and released it. Not only was he in the perfect body of Katie Simpson but he no longer had any trouble breathing.

“Right. Of course.” Dr. Mercer replied, returning his smile. “It seems the operation was a complete success.”

“Where's the old Katie?”

“It's probably better you don't see her. I think she'll adjust to her new reality as Ryan better without seeing her own body.”

Dr. Mercer really was a gorgeous woman. Her long, dark hair was coiled up in a bun and she had a striking, angular face that wouldn't have looked out of a place on a model. Ryan was intrigued to find that, despite his feminine body, he was still attracted to women. Katie's love life was going to take quite a turn. He'd have to break up with the quarterback gently and get to know the other women on the cheer leading squad better.

“Does anyone else know about me?”

“Just me and Nurse Melissa. I think it's better if no one else knows about this, for obvious reasons. Your mother thinks you've had an operation for your disease.”

Ryan nodded and felt his blonde hair bounce across his neck.

At that moment, the door cracked open and a woman peered in. She had strawberry-blonde hair in long, side-swept bangs and a friendly face.

“Knock knock,” she said.

“Hi, Hayden,” Dr. Mercer said, “Come on in.”

Hayden came in and closed the door behind her. She wore black yoga pants and a black and white striped athletic top that hugged her curvaceous figure. She stood next to the doctor.

“How are you feeling, honey,” she asked, sitting on the bed and stroking Ryan's face tenderly.

“Much better...mom,” Ryan smiled. Hayden leaned over and gave him a hug, her breasts pressing against his. Ryan felt his new body warming at all the attention and love. It was a little awkward being physically attracted to his new mother, but he figured he'd manage.

“There's some TV cameras outside, do you want to let them in now?”

“If you're comfortable with it,” Dr. Mercer said, looking at Ryan.

Ryan grabbed his new mom's hand. "Will you stay and help me, mom?" He asked sweetly.

"Of course."

The interviewer was very nice and Ryan had nothing but praise for the hospital staff. Hayden jumped in every time the interview got too personal and soon enough it was all over. The crew packed up and told them to look for the segment later that night. Ryan chatted with his new mom for a while, teasing out details of his new life he'd been unable to find on the internet. When visiting hours were over Hayden kissed him on the head and left Ryan alone in Katie's body for the first time.

He picked up "his" sparkling pink phone and unlocked it with his thumb, then he perused his new life, responding to the hundreds of well wishers on Twitter and all the emails directed to him. It was nearly overwhelming to be so loved, to have so many people care for him. It just got better over the next several days as the hospital staff catered to his every need and Ryan got more comfortable in his feminine form. He got used to styling his hair and he feigned weakness from the operation to get his mom to put on his makeup until he figured out how to do it himself.

Ryan soon discovered which room his old body was in and one night, several days into his new life, he snuck into the room to visit Katie in her new life.

He crept up towards his old body in the hospital bed; it looked pale and feeble, especially in the cold lights of the hospital room. His body opened its eyes and Ryan took an involuntary step back.

“Give me my body back,” his old voice managed to croak.

Ryan swept his blonde hair back behind his ear and shook his head. “I don't know what you're talking about. I'm Katie now, and you're just some nobody. You were so beautiful online but awful in real life. I'm going to be a much better Katie than you ever were. Are you going to miss this?”

Ryan taunted her, untying his hospital gown and shrugging it to the floor. He stood in front of the old Katie and posed in her beautiful naked body. He looked down at his slender form, ran his hands across his small breasts, caressing his nipples until they pearly out in desire as the old Katie was helpless in her bed. She tried to sit up but a coughing fit overtook her.

“Shhhh,” Ryan said, pushing her back down, “Don't try to sit up. Just take one last look at your body.”

Ryan's hands slipped down across his trim stomach, over his mound and onto the coarse trail of hair leading between his legs. He followed it down until his fingers caressed his slit. He pushed lightly inside, pressing up against the hood of his clit. He released a sigh that became a scratchy moan and closed his eyes, letting his head swing back. One hand continued fondling his perky tits, while the other slipped further inside him. His fingers dipped down into his growing wetness and he slid it back up over his clit.

Ryan's legs buckled as his clit swelled out beneath his touch, and he fell back into the visitor chair by the bed, spreading his legs. He looked up at Katie, caught her eye, made sure she was staring at him, then slipped two fingers inside her velvety folds and moaned as the pleasure flared through him. Katie whimpered but was unable to stop him as he slid his fingers deeper inside himself, writhing and moaning in the chair.

“Oh, fuck. Oh, yes,” he whispered, pinching his nipple.

Ecstasy pulsed through him as he felt himself surrounded by his new wet heat. He leaned back in the chair, raising his hips to try to thrust in further. His other hand slid down to his clit and he had both hands playing with his pussy, masturbating fiercely until he came, a crashing, pounding pleasure he'd never felt before and he urged his body on higher, biting his lip to stifle his cries as he fucked his new form.

When the pleasure finally ebbed Ryan opened his eyes. “Oh my god, that was amazing.”

He slipped his fingers out of himself and brought them to his tiny nose, inhaling the musky scent of his pussy. His pussy, such a wonderful thought.

Again Katie tried to protest on the bed, but Ryan shushed her, placing his sticky fingers on her lips so she could smell her own arousal.

“I'm Katie now, and I'm cured,” he whispered, “You're Ryan, and you're fucked. Here's something to remember me by. My gift to the poor, lonely boy dying in bed.”

Ryan grabbed Katie's hand and rubbed it between his sopping legs, pressing the fingers lightly inside himself until they were wet with his lust. Then she placed her old hand back on her former chest, slipped on her hospital gown, and walked out of the room into her new life.

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