



Busted

M2F
TRANSFORMATION

MWLLS



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M2F Transformation

by M. Wills

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Busted

“Looks like we found the nerd convention,” Jason sneered as he stepped into the clearing in the woods just behind the school.

Two of his favorite targets, Franklin and Lloyd, were sitting on the ground playing some weird fantasy card game. They jumped about two feet in the air at the sound of his voice, and now they were frozen, chubby fingers hovering protectively over their cards as Jason loomed over them flanked by Mitch and Brett. Their impressive appearance from the bush was marred by the fact that Brett had tripped over his own feet and was now struggling to stand. Mitch and Brett were as impressive as huge rock monoliths, but just as stupid and graceless. Brett quickly pushed his meaty body up to his impressive six foot six height.

“What's this shit?” Jason spat as he snatched up one of the cards from the ground in front of Franklin.

It had some sort of dragon on it and a bunch of meaningless symbols. Something about mana and tapping that Jason failed to understand.

“Give it back,” Franklin wheezed, rising on his fat legs.

Jason held the card up in the air, out of the fat little nerd's reach. “If you can reach it you can have it, tubby.”

The kid must have weighed almost two hundred pounds. He did a feeble jump, barely managing to leave the ground but causing his stomach to wobble sickeningly.

Brett laughed his donkey laugh. “Haw haw! He's so fat.”

Jason and Mitch shared a quick glance. Jason really wanted to smack Brett on the back of his stupid bald head. He'd told him more than once to keep his mouth shut. It made them all look like idiots, which rather undermined Jason's authority. Mitch was smart enough to know when to shut the fuck up, which was all Jason could really ask for in a minion until it was time for the punching to begin. It was fun being an asshole, but hard being a smart asshole leading two dumb ones.

“Ugh, just stop already,” Jason sighed dramatically, tossing the card back onto the ground, “I can't watch anymore. I'm gonna be sick.”

Franklin scabbled for the card, and both he and Lloyd began gathering their cards back up into piles. Franklin's little piggy eyes stared up at Jason. The hurt there just made Jason more disgusted. These fat beta cucks deserved everything that was coming to them.

“What do you want?” Lloyd whined, pushing his heavy glasses back up his greasy nose.

“You know what I want,” Jason said, crossing his arms and standing with his feet

shoulder width apart. It was a posture he'd found made him look the most menacing, and which he practiced daily in the mirror at home. "It's Friday. Time to pay your insurance."

Franklin and Lloyd dug into their pockets, coming up with a few crumpled bills. Jason motioned with his head for Mitch to step in and take the money. Mitch snatched it out of their hands and counted it up with his long spidery fingers.

"Twenty three dollars," Mitch said, grinning his toothy grin and giggling his high pitched weasel laugh. The laugh matched his long, drawn face and pointy nose.

Jason nodded. "That'll do."

"You want me to smack 'em?" Brett asked hopefully, bunching up his meaty fists.

"No need, they've paid." Jason said.

"That's what the insurance is for, dumbass," Mitch added.

Jason scowled at Mitch, who frowned and looked away. How many times had he told them not to fight in front of their victims? It was important to have a unified front when bullying.

Jason turned back to Franklin and Lloyd. “We'll see you next week. And if you try to hide from us again it will be double.”

“Double what? You just take all our money every time.” Lloyd pointed out, thrusting out his chin in an air of bravado.

Jason took a step closer until he was right above Lloyd. Then he coolly slid the cigarette out from behind his ear and lit it, taking his time, enjoying Lloyd's terrified eyes on him. Jason took a big puff, leaned down until he was face to face with Lloyd, then blew a cloud of smoke into Lloyd's face. Lloyd coughed and fell back on his butt as Mitch and Brett leaned in behind Jason. Lloyd now had panic in his eyes.

“You're the math nerd. You know how to double something. It's just doing the same thing again. We can repeat this whole little exercise two days a week if you like.”

Jason took another deep drag of his cigarette before flicking it onto Franklin's shirt. It was a waste of a cigarette but it was well worth it for the dramatic flair. You needed a little of that to keep the cucks in line.

Jason turned and strolled back out to the field, Mitch and Brett following behind. He paused in the shade of the trees, surveying the half stadium for his next target. A small group of hot cheerleaders were hanging out on the bleachers, all tanned limbs and perky breasts. Jason tended to avoid them. Frankly, when they were in a clique they could be scarier than he was. Ah, but there in the shadow of the announcer's tower were a group of four students—two guys, two girls—dressed head toe in black, complete with black eyeliner and jet black hair. Gotta love the goths.

Jason strutted over, hands in his pockets. As he got closer he saw that three of them were familiar faces but they had a new girl with them. Time to sniff out the fresh meat. The familiar faces drew back as they approached, but the new girl turned to them, her eyes wary beneath the dark slashes of black makeup.

“I thought you people didn't go out in the sun,” Jason said, tamping out a cigarette from the pack and sticking it in the side of his mouth, real cool-like, just the way he'd practiced.

“That's vampires,” the new girl said.

Jason looked at her with his iciest stare, which she returned.

“So what the fuck are you?”

“I'm a witch.” She smiled a smile that didn't reach her eyes. It was predatory.

Mitch's weasel laugh died in his throat as she turned her stare on all three of them. Like the other goths, she wore a black shirt and black pants, with heavy makeup. She was a bit shorter, slightly chubby but in a way that might be cute if she washed her fucking face. She also had the most tremendous melons hanging from her chest. Dear god, Jason wanted to shove his face in between there and suck them dry. But he didn't like the way she was staring, and he felt even Brett shift uncomfortably next to him.

“Well, this is where I come to smoke.” Jason said.

“Okay, we’ll--” One of the goths started to push off the wall and turn away, but the witch held up her palm and he stopped.

“Guess you’ll have to find somewhere else today,” she said.

There was something about her that seemed dangerous. Her whole demeanor screamed 'fuck off'. At any event, it was draining Jason's urge to fight.

“Fine,” Jason said, noticing the goths behind her blinking in shock, “But you know they just want you for your tits.”

“What?” She said, shocked.

“Yeah, big titted girl like you, I bet you get all the dick you want.”

“Yeah,” Brett laughed, cupping his crotch, “I got some here if you want it.”

“I wouldn't blow you even if I could find your dick without a microscope.”

“Fucking slut,” Jason muttered.

“What did you say?” The girl said. Now she looked pissed. Her hands were stiff at her sides, fingers moving in some complex pattern. Nerves maybe?

“I said,” Jason began slowly, “You got such big tits, it would be a shame to keep them all covered up.”

“Give us a taste,” Mitch added.

“Oh, you want it? You got it.” The girl said, raising her hands and pushing the air towards them.

There was a hot breeze that hit Jason in his face and he took a step back and blinked once. He looked down at himself, startled, expecting somehow to have turned into a frog. But he saw his same old raggedy Anthrax shirt and worn leather jacket covering the same old brawny body. The goths were smirking at him now. They'd seen his brief terrified react to the girl. He couldn't very well hit her and, what's more, the fear that had been hovering in his belly suddenly jolted up to his brain at her dark look.

“C-come on,” Jason said to Brett and Mitch, “She isn't worth it.”

He turned and strutted away, forcing himself to go slow and maintain his cool, even as his heart was hammering in his chest. No way was she a fucking witch, but whatever she'd done had felt like something very wrong.

The bell for the next class rang when Jason was nearly back at the school building. He glanced back at Mitch, who was white as a sheet. Brett was biting his lip nervously as well.

“You think she really was a witch?” Brett asked.

“No such thing.”

“Yeah, but still...” Brett trailed off.

Jason shook his head and yanked open the door to the school. He plodded through the wide corridor, turning down a narrower side hallway that lead to the back of the theater. This time of day the place was empty, and they threaded their way through the backstage and down the steps to the changing rooms. It was Jason's favorite hideout; secluded, empty and lockable. After school it would fill up with little theater dorks practicing gay dancing or some shit, but for now it was all theirs.

Jason pushed open the door into a changing room and flopped onto the fake leather couch, long limbs splayed across the back, looking very much like a spider. Brett pulled around one of the high backed makeup chairs and sat, his back to the wall of vanity mirrors. Mitch slouched against the white brick wall near the door.

“You bring any cards?” Jason asked.

“Yeah,” Mitch said, “Check this.” He pulled out a pack of playing cards from his jacket pocket and slid them out of the case before performing a complicated shuffle, making the cards seem to dance along the back of his spindly knuckles.

“Nice.” Jason nodded appreciatively, though he was only half paying attention.

He felt odd. Not sick exactly, but not quite himself. Did his jacket seem a little longer than usual? It felt like the sleeves were falling down over his wrists, which themselves had seemed a little slimmer. Glancing up, he saw Mitch staring down at his hands, the deck of cards forgotten for the moment on the counter.

“What's wrong, Mitch?” Jason asked.

“I don't know. My hands feel weird. Do they look small to you?” He held them up.

Brett gave his harsh donkey laugh. “Yeah, they look like a woman's hands.”

They did look a little smaller, the nails a little less rough. Maybe it was the light.

“Yeah, well,” Mitch said, “At least I don't have a woman's tits.” He nodded to Brett's chest.

Brett looked down. Sure enough, the top of his shirt was slightly tented out, as if hiding two smallish breasts. Brett reached down and touched his shirt tentatively, drawing back and glancing up at the others. Now Jason was noticing that his own chest felt uncomfortable. Lying on his back, he felt weight slowly building up on his chest. As he stared down at his shirt it wriggled as something—two somethings actually—slowly tented out his shirt from his chest, just fast enough to be noticeable.

Jason scrambled to his feet and lurched towards the bathroom door behind him. “I gotta piss,” he said, his voice shaking.

Once in the bathroom he slammed open the toilet stall. He needed to get away from those guys for a moment. His body definitely wasn't right. The bumps on his chest were larger, expanding even as he watched. He yanked up his shirt and gasped at the sight of two firm breasts, each about the size of his fist. They were round and perfectly formed, the nipples exquisite pink dots, his chest hairless. As he stood there holding his shirt up, he glanced at his hands and noticed they, too, were different. The fingers were longer and the soft hair on top of each knuckle was gone. The nails were tapered to rounded edges. What the fuck?

His insides felt weird. Did he have to pee? He yanked down his pants. What he saw made him yelp. His dick was tiny, barely half an inch if he was lucky. He grabbed for it with his weirdly feminine fingers and pulled, as if he could stretch it back out to its normal length. But it shrunk even within his grasp, escaping his fingers and disappearing into his body. He panicked, eyes growing wide, as he watched his cock retract, leaving only a slight indentation. The indentation spread up and down in a thin line, growing deeper, accompanied by a tickling sensation inside him. And in seconds there was what was undeniably a slit. Dark, amber pubic hair sprouted in a triangle above it as his pussy deepened, the lips curving inwards.

The room was slowly sliding up and Jason gripped the walls, only to realize it

was he was shrinking. Just slightly, but even so. This realization was further interrupted by the pressure increasing on his chest. The two breasts had grown larger, no longer fist-sized, they were at least D cups now and still growing, filling out, becoming heavier. They were ripe and luscious, the kind of tits he would have loved to bury his face in between. Like that goth chick's tits only, impossibly, bigger and wobblier now.

His clothes began to shift, the pants creeping up his legs, the two pant legs fusing together and becoming a dark black dress. As the fabric crept up his thighs, Jason watched the hair on his legs retract into his body as his calves grew rounded and sleek. He felt his heels rising and stared down in time to see his sneakers become black high heels. The sleeves of his shirt pulled inwards, leaving his shoulders bare, while at the same time the black dress formed around his body and pressed his breasts up into incredible round curves. And still they were growing, thick and fat. Fuck, how big were these tits going to get?

His face wiggled and he brought his hands up. His features shimmied beneath his touch, face growing slimmer, cheeks softer, his nose growing round and shrinking slightly as his lips plumped up. Silky hair curled round down his cheeks.

And, fuck, his tits were still growing as the neckline of the dress plunged. He stumbled out of the stall and stared into the mirror. The woman in the reflection was tall and slender, with the most incredible breasts and sultry good looks. Amber hair curled in gentle waves and she had the face of a doll, all wide eyes and tiny nose and high cheekbones. Her stacked body was clad in a shiny black dress and cape that left her shoulders bare. The image in the mirror reminded him of that huge breasted redheaded chick from that TV show about some office in the 1960s that his dad used to watch. Just like that actress, he now appeared to be the picture of elegance and class. He possessed the body of someone he'd dearly wanted to fuck the hell out from behind while watching her fat titties bounce. In fact, hadn't that been the last image he'd masturbated to?

“What the fuck?” He said. And even his voice was feminine. Breathy and hinting of sex.

He hurried out of the bathroom, hips wiggling at each step as his heels clacked across the floor. Slamming open the door, he saw Mitch and Brett, also in the middle of their own transformations. They stared at him in surprise, their eyes growing even wider as they saw Jason's new appearance, before their attention returned to their own transforming bodies.

Mitch's long weasel face was morphing into a delicate oval. His pointed nose flattened somewhat and grew rounder, more feminine and refined. His cheeks plumped out along with his lips. His eyes enlarged, going from little brown slits to a wide striking gray, taking on a slightly Greek appearance. Wavy brunette hair was already halfway down his head, and it tumbled down into delicate waves in front of Mitch's eyes. He grabbed the curls and yanked, yowling in a voice that was already higher pitched and more feminine than before.

As Jason watched, Mitch's jean jacket turned from blue to yellow and his pants shortened, the pant legs gliding up his thighs to join the top and form some sort of waitress outfit; a skirt and top combo complete with little apron. The contours of his stick thin arms filled out, becoming soft and feminine, even as his chest grew larger. There were undeniable breasts pressing out the fabric of the tight outfit, their round fullness contained beneath the top of the dress. Mitch had a curvy body, with big breasts and a plump, biteable little rear.

At the same time, Brett's transformation was in full swing. Like Jason, he was growing shorter and slightly plumper. His blonde crew cut had lightened even more and the golden waves slowly washed down across his forehead, forming some bangs above his eyes before fluffing out around his ears. His shapeless blob of a face grew round and plump, the tiny piggy eyes crinkling up in

merriment that he certainly didn't feel. His muscles disappeared, replaced with the dimpled, slightly thick arms of a forty year old woman. Brett's dirty shirt and stained jeans were morphing into a simple black blouse and mom jeans. He soon filled out the jeans, his hips fattening up, his wiggling butt growing bigger. Two breasts pressed out from his chest, tenting out the blouse until they were nearly the size of his head. He had a plump hourglass figure with an adorable face. Brett kept shrinking as his proportions grew larger, and when he was done he was the shortest of them all, but his blouse hid the biggest pair of swinging tits and he had a huge, bouncing ass. Some amber glasses appeared on his face, and when he was done Jason realized he was staring at the spitting image of his own mom.

Mitch shrieked, his hands almost a blur as he felt himself up, hands shooting up to his chest, squeezing sharply, then down between his legs, before going up to his face. Brett had backed against the wall, felt his plump ass hit the bricks and turned around quickly, catching sight of his new blonde body in the makeup mirror and screaming like a, well, like a girl.

“Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!” Jason yelled, his voice too high, too breathy to have any authority.

He awkwardly click clacked in his too-high heels over to Mitch and slapped him across the face. Mitch's mouth dropped open but at least he shut up. Jason stalked over to Brett and grabbed his shoulders, shaking him roughly.

“Calm the fuck down, dude,” he said.

When Brett kept yelling Jason did the only thing he could think of: he kissed Brett right on his big plump nerdy mom lips. Brett froze as their mouths met, warm breath mingling. Jason enjoyed the smell of his mom, like apple pie and

strawberries, her skin soft where it brushed against his nose, though he would never tell anyone that. Their heavy breasts pressed together, making Jason keenly aware of the feminine shape of his new body. Jason pulled away and wiped his mouth. Brett stared at him but at least he was quiet.

“This isn't happening,” Mitch muttered, spreading his apron and gaping down at himself.

Jason turned to him. “It sure as shit is happening. We're not all hallucinating the same thing. That witch bitch did this to us. We need to find her and get her to change us back.”

By now Mitch's hands had come up to his breasts and he was squeezing them roughly and giggling. Jason turned to him and paused, enjoying the sight of the big breasted waitress fondling herself.

“I was just thinking of this chick,” Mitch muttered.

Jason's head snapped up. “What?”

“I, uh,” Mitch repeated, pausing with his hands on his tits. “I masturbated to her last night,” he admitted sheepishly, his eyes darting back and forth between the other two.

So Jason had become the TV star he'd last masturbated to, Mitch had become the waitress he'd last masturbated to...Jason turned to Brett, now an exact duplicate

of Jason's mom. Gross.

Mitch still had his hands on his tits and was squeezing slowly. “I mean...as long as we've got these bodies...”

Jason looked down into his own deep cleavage. Mitch did have a point, and they were some of the best tits he'd ever seen. Jason moved to the mirror and yanked his dress down and pulled his bra up. His big tits spilled out and he gathered them in his hands. They were too big to grip entirely, and his flesh spilled out of his fingers. God, they were nicely firm while still being incredibly soft. He squeezed them, admiring their heft, their weight as his fingers stroked. He watched his new body in the mirror as he made the redhead fondle her own tits. Too bad they never made an episode like this. These breasts were incredible, so monstrously large and wonderful as he felt himself touch and being touched. His nipples rose to attention and he plucked one between thumb and forefinger, stretching it out and releasing it to watch it snap back into place. His mouth dropped open and he sighed a breathy sigh.

Beside him, Mitch and Brett were also playing with their tits. Brett was lifting them in the air and letting them fall, giggling as they bounced down his stomach and knocked into each other. Mitch had his tits in his mouth, the brunette waitress sucking on each breast one at a time. Goddamn, Jason felt so sexy and so...empty. The thought made him pause and he stuffed his tits back into his dress. What the fuck were they doing? He was not a woman. Yes, he was hot as hell but that fleeting desire to have something warm and hard inside this body was disconcerting. Had that witch transformed more than just their physical appearance? They needed to get to that witch now.

“Stop. Stop. We need to find that goth witch. Put those things away.”

Reluctantly, Mitch and Brett put their tits away and adjusted their clothes. They followed Jason out the door and up the stairs, slightly ungainly with their new curves and altered centers of gravity. When they reached the main corridor, Jason turned to them.

“She's got to be in class. We just need to find which room she's in and get her out here.”

“What, do we tell the teacher we're, like, her mothers or something? We don't even know her name.” Mitch asked.

“I don't know. We look like fucking adults. Maybe tell her we're social workers come to talk about her shitty abusive family. Really embarrass her.”

“Huh huh, boobies,” Brett muttered, having gotten bored with the conversation and grabbed his tits again.

Jason swatted his hand away. “Stop that you pervert, that's my mom. Come on.”

The other two followed Jason down the corridor, spreading out to peek into the small windows set about halfway up each classroom door. Jason didn't see the witch in any of the rooms and they were about to turn the corridor when there was a male voice from behind.

“Can I help you ladies?”

Jason turned and saw the principal, Mr. Johnson, standing there. He was wearing his cheap brown suit and tie. His bright eyes were turned towards Jason and he stroked his gross little mustache nervously.

“We're just looking for...uh...” Jason began.

“Our daughter,” Brett finished helpfully.

“Oh?” Mr. Johnson looked suspiciously from one to the other.

“I'm her aunt,” Jason supplied, lamely.

“Well,” Mr. Johnson sniffed, “You're supposed to sign her out from the office and I'll call her over the intercom. What's her name?”

Jason, Mitch and Brett looked at each other. “She's about this tall,” Jason said, holding up his hand.

“Dark hair,” Mitch added.

“Big tits,” Brett finished.

Jason and Mitch glared at him.

Mr. Johnson stepped forward. "I think you ladies had better leave the school grounds before I call security."

Jason opened his mouth to protest and paused. When Mr. Johnson had stepped closer it was like he'd crossed an invisible barrier. Jason had felt a little electric jolt that caused him to look at the principal with fresh eyes. This dour, pie-faced little man was suddenly the most attractive person Jason had ever seen and his curvy body grew tingly and warm at the attention. It was hard to think of anything other than how that scraggly little mustache would feel between his thighs.

What the fuck was happening to him? Jason blushed and looked down. Mr. Johnson moved even closer and when Jason looked up he was suddenly right there.

"Come on," Mr. Johnson said, "I'll lead you out."

Mr. Johnson's pupils were wide, and his scratchy voice seemed so perfect, making Jason's exquisite body tremble. Jason bit his lower lip and nodded demurely before following the dumpy little principal through the hallways and out to the parking lot. Mitch and Brett trailed behind silently. Where they feeling the same thing?

"Ladies," Mr. Johnson said, clearing his throat and looking at the three of them. He seemed just as flustered as Jason felt, but after a brief pause he turned and walked awkwardly back into school.

After a few seconds Mitch spoke up. “So...are we just gonna wait out here all day?”

“Huh?” Jason asked, shaking his head. Whatever had come over Jason from Mr. Johnson's proximity had gone. “No. No. We'll come back at the end of school and find her. Let's go to your house.”

Mitch's house was closest, so they all piled into his car. Jason had some difficulty getting into the passenger seat. He certainly wasn't as elegant as his dress would suggest, and if anyone had been around they would have gotten a good look at his panties as he awkwardly climbed in. Mitch started up the car and Jason looked down at his stacked body again.

There was that huge cleavage, pushed up by his bra into gravity defying mounds. Dangling just on the edge of his vision was his rich red hair. And hovering just on the edge of his thought was the principal. He couldn't shake the thought of his principal kissing him. A small ember flared to life between his legs just thinking about it. Heedless of Mitch in the driver's seat beside him, Jason reached up and ran his hand down his neck to his breasts, stroking himself gently. His body was so soft, so elegant. God, he wanted to finger bang the hell out of himself.

He dug his fingers into his skin, grabbing great handfuls of his new tits, dainty fingers dimpling the smooth flesh. His breasts were delightfully firm and fun to play with. He reached down into his bra, cupping himself as best he could, just yearning to feel every inch of his new body as his thoughts refused to turn away from Mr. Johnson or, really, any man. That's all he wanted. Someone inside him, holding him tight.

Jason hiked up his dress, revealing thick luscious thighs and pale skin. Pulling aside his panties, he trembled as his eyes fell on his little slit. Beautiful. Rich amber pubic hair bordered his little curved lips. He followed the line of his slit with one finger, caressing the coarse hair before dipping down lightly into his opening. God, his body was horny, and he ran his fingers up and down his entrance, wetting himself on his dew as it grew beneath his touch. Mmm, he wiggled his plump ass in his seat, a warming anticipation growing between his thighs. He could feel the slick lips of his pussy as they grew loose and opened for him. He gripped a breast with one hand and lay his head back on the seat, moaning softly as an exquisite tension wound through him. His busty new body was crying out for more touch and he slid two fingers in between his silky pussy lips, let them glide inside his body as his meaty nether lips wrapped around his fingers and he pressed ever deeper into his growing wetness.

Jason opened his eyes and looked down at himself, watching as he made this elegant body finger and fondle herself like a mad woman, hands squeezing, caressing, greedy for her own self. His fingers pressed against his swollen clit and he cried out in surprise and delight as pleasure flitted through him. He circled his clit faster, harder, before sliding deeper inside himself. The walls of his cunt clutched his fingers as he twisted them in and out through his velvety folds. God, she was exquisite, her angelic voice rising in pitch as he came for the first time, the tension snapping and pulsing through his body. "Oh god," he cried, fingers digging deep into his tight wet cunt. Now the sound of his own wetness hit his ears. He spread his legs wide, driving his fingers in deeper through the tight wet walls of his canal, fingering his feminine body faster, harder.

He opened his eyes briefly to see they were stopped at a light, a car next to him held a balding middle aged man who was staring at Jason with wide eyes. And now Jason wanted him so badly. He brought his hands out from between his legs, pressed his fingers against the cool window, smearing his pussy juices across the glass. His mouth was open and he squeezed his tit hard, cumming again, wanting that man, hell any man to be inside him. And if he couldn't have that all he could do was fuck himself wildly. He returned his fingers to his wet pussy, thrusting his thighs up, driving his fingers deeper inside, raising his legs

to twist through and hit the dimpled nub of his center. He was dripping into the seat, his ass damp from his desire and then he came one final time, uttering a deep, guttural growl as pleasure exploded through him. The orgasm was intense and full bodied, making his little toes curl as he held on to himself, enjoying the beautiful feel of his body, inside and out, while the orgasm carried him up and then gently released him.

When the exquisite delight passed he lay his head back on the seat, exhausted. He pulled his fingers out of his cunt and sucked on them, closing his eyes to savor the salty musk of his own pussy. When he opened his eyes Mitch was staring at him.

“What the fuck?” Mitch asked.

“Shut up,” Jason said, “You know you want this. Too bad I'm the only one who can have this tight pussy.” God, just hearing his sweet voice say something so filthy made his pussy ache once.

He resisted the urge to touch himself again and tried to cover up his confusion with bravado. He was a man, dammit. He didn't want cock. He just wanted to change back. But his body was still horny, craving something more.

2

Mitch led the other two transformed guys down the creaky wooden stairs into his unfinished basement. His parents wouldn't be home for hours and he expected the house to himself. He clicked on the light as he reached the cement basement floor and the bare bulbs flooded the space with a harsh yellow light, creating long shadows across the pool table and the scattered assortment of furniture.

Mitch took up his customary position in the comfy chair by the television. The chair wasn't really comfy so much as lumpy, but it was a good kind of lumpy that Mitch had made fit his body through many hours of lying on it and playing video games. Only today, the body of the curvy waitress didn't really fit into Mitch's normal groove. It was she who was all lumpy, and in all the wrong places. He tried to get comfortable but his dress kept shifting up his thighs every time he moved and he yanked it back down before the other guys could catch a flash of his panties. What's more, he could feel the heavy tits swinging around on his chest as he wiggled and twisted, reminding him of what he'd become.

Jason sunk into the leather couch, his legs spread, apparently not caring that Mitch could see right up the skirt of the elegant redhead. Jason had been quiet after masturbating in the car. Probably embarrassed, though god knows Mitch would have loved to suck that delicious amber-haired pussy. It had made him a little damp himself watching his friend finger bang himself, but he tamped his desire down. The sooner he could turn back into a man the better. It wasn't that he minded tits. Hell, he loved them. Just on other people.

Brett sat beside Jason, holding his tremendous breasts as he sat down, little tongue out in concentration. He released his tits only when his plump bottom was on the couch, and then he eased back into a semi-prone position.

Wordlessly, Mitch handed Brett a controller and booted up the console.

“How about that Mr. Johnson, huh?” Jason said.

“What a fucking dick,” Mitch murmured.

“Did either of you...” Jason began, then lay back and closed his eyes. “Never mind.”

Jason had been acting strange ever since they'd gotten kicked out of school. Strange even considering the fact that he'd been turned into a busty woman. And now he just sat there quietly, wiggling one long leg nervously.

“What's our plan for finding the witch?” Mitch asked.

At that moment, Mitch's cell phone rang. He pulled it out of the pocket of his apron and glanced at the number—No ID—before flicking it on.

“Hello?”

There was a harsh laughter, and then a familiar feminine voice, “Oh wow, you sound incredible. Is this Mitch?”

“Uh, yeah?”

“This is Belinda. The witch. I believe you're looking for me.”

Mitch put his phone over the mouthpiece and whispered to Brett and Jason. “It's her. The witch.”

“It's okay,” she said, “Put me on speaker, you'll all want to hear this.”

Mitch pushed the speaker button and set the phone on the floor in the middle of the group.

“How did you get my number?” Mitch asked.

“Bitch, I'm a witch! I transformed you into women and you're wondering how I got your number? That was the easy part. God, I wish I could see you. You know what? Hang on.”

There was a pause, and then laughter.

Jason leaned forward, “Come over here, then. I'll show you my fists in your face.”

“No need. I've got a magic mirror here that shows me everything. Who's the redhead?”

Jason grimaced and Brett answered for him. “That's Jason.”

Belinda laughed long and hard. “Oh, god, that's too good. You sound like some breathy nineteen sixties secretary. Hey, how are those big tits working out for you?”

“They're ok,” Brett answered. Jason elbowed him and he grunted.

“We're sorry, okay,” Mitch said, “Please change us back.”

“Really? But you guys were so interested in big titted sluts, I thought you would have loved your new bodies.” Her smile was evident. “Have you noticed any other changes?”

Jason blushed but stayed quiet. Mitch shot him a look as Belinda laughed again and continued:

“Oh, you'll find out soon. Tell you what, I like a game. I'll give you a chance to change back into your boring old male bodies. You know Rick Ashton's party is tonight, yeah? Just meet me upstairs in his parent's bedroom. I'll be there at eleven thirty and if even one of you can make it to me and apologize in person before midnight, you win. I'll change you all back.”

“When I make it there,” Jason snarled.

“Uh huh, sweetie.” She sounded so fucking smug. “Don't get distracted.”

Belinda cackled and hung up. The three guys looked at each other.

“Doesn't sound too hard,” Mitch said.

“Yeah,” Brett agreed.

Jason bit his lip. God, Mitch thought he looked super sexy when he did that. Jason was also leaning forward so Mitch got a great view down the top of the dress and he blatantly ogled his transformed friend's massive melons.

“I don't know,” Jason said, “I think I know her trick.”

“What's that?” Mitch asked, his gazing never leaving Jason's boobs.

“I think these bodies have certain...urges. Like, when Mr. Johnson came up to us in the hallway I felt this--”

Jason was interrupted by the sound of the basement door creaking open and a male voice calling down, "Hello?"

They froze.

"Who dat?" Brett whispered.

"That's my stepbrother, Paul." Mitch whispered.

"I thought he was away at college?" Jason hissed.

"He's supposed to be," Mitch replied. "Just shut the fuck up, I'll handle it."

Now Mitch could hear heavy footsteps coming down the stairs. He pushed himself to his feet, struggling to stand from the low chair. He quickly adjusted his outfit and hurried to the foot of the stairs before his stepbrother was halfway down, still hidden from view of the others behind the unfinished basement support struts stuffed with pink insulation. Mitch opened his mouth, not even sure what he was going to say, but whatever it was died in his throat as he stared into his brother's brown eyes.

Paul was taller than Mitch and his body was more filled out with muscle. Where Mitch was lean and wiry, Paul was thick and chunky. Mitch had always suspected Paul had snatched up all the good genes and left Mitch the runt of the family. And now, seeing his brother through new eyes, Mitch was grateful for that. His brother was fucking gorgeous. Mitch stood up a little straighter,

pushing his big breasts out. Paul stopped midway down the stairs and stared.

“Who are you?” Paul asked.

“I'm...uh...a friend of Mitch's. He said we could stay here until he got back.” Mitch twisted a strand of his silky brunette hair around a finger.

Paul cocked his head, allowing Mitch to see his chiseled jaw and incredible profile. Why was his brother making him feel this way? Mitch blushed and giggled.

“A friend of Mitch's?” Paul asked. “I didn't think he had any friends.”

“Well...he m-mentioned you,” Mitch stammered, coming up the stairs closer to Paul. They were both now out of view of Jason and Brett. “But he certainly didn't say how handsome you were.”

“I hope not. That would be really weird. What's your name?”

Mitch licked his plump lips, finding it hard to speak when his brother was so close. “Mi...Michelle,” he whispered, holding up a slender hand.

Paul took it to shake and Mitch felt a jolt through Max's body. Paul's eyes went wide and he pulled Mitch close. Mitch took a stumbling step up the stairs and

Paul caught him in both arms. Mitch steadied himself with a palm on Paul's warm, broad chest. The intoxicating scent of sweat and man hit Mitch's sensitive nostrils. Whatever magic had transformed him into this big breasted fantasy had also supercharged his body, making him irresistibly attracted to men. And, apparently, the feeling was mutual. Paul usually wasn't the type of guy to just grab a woman, but in a sudden rush of emotion neither could deny they kissed, lips coming together eagerly.

Warmth flooded Mitch's body and he leaned into his brother, feeling the strong arms reach around his back and pull him close. They made out urgently, tongues tasting, lips opening wide for each other. Mitch's hands slid around Paul's back, gripping up and down his solid body. Paul slipped his palm across Mitch's cheek, caressed his face as they kissed lovingly. Christ, Mitch was so wet now, his little panties soaking. He hiked up his dress and grabbed one of Paul's hands, guiding it down between his legs. Paul's rough fingers found his panties and he grunted in surprise. Mitch smiled, Paul's tongue still in his mouth. This man in front of him was everything he craved.

Still kissing, Paul pushed Mitch's panties aside and stroked Mitch's quivering cunt. Mitch unbuttoned his top and shimmied out of his waitress dress, letting it fall to the steps. Then he reached around and freed his bra. His breasts bounced down, heavy and full on his chest. Paul pulled away and stared down in awe. Mitch looked at himself as well, ogling his naked body for the first time. Jesus, his tits were huge. Fucking melons the size of his head.

Paul grabbed each of them and thrust his head between them, kissing and suckling Mitch's sensitive breasts, fingers squeezing the little pink nipples, making them jump into sharp spikes and sending the temperature through Mitch's body even higher. Paul was greedy for Mitch's tits, bobbling them as he moved his head back and forth, taking as much of his breast into his mouth as he could, warm tongue flicking against each nipple, nibbling and biting. Paul's desire for Mitch's body was almost better than the physical sensations roiling him. He just wanted to be wanted.

While Paul played with Mitch's tits, Mitch brought his hands between his legs and slid three fingers over his center, wetting them on his gushing juices before sliding inside. His pussy lips wrapped around his fingers and he stroked his velvety folds, circling his little pleasure button and moaning like the slut he now was. He didn't care that his friends could hear him, he just needed Paul. He fingered himself hard and fast as Paul teased his tits into an agony of ecstasy, little flares pulsing through Mitch making him whimper. His fingers were soaking wet but it still wasn't enough. He needed to be filled.

Mitch turned around and grabbed the banister, thrusting his fat round ass towards his brother. "Ooh, fuck me," he mewled in a tiny voice.

Paul fumbled with his pants, dropping them down to reveal his thick cock. It was already at full mast, hard and aimed right towards Mitch. God, it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen as he half turned to stare at it, watching the swollen head get closer to the beautiful cheeks of his ass. He felt his brother's cock land on his entrance, felt it glide up and down, teasing him, soaking itself with his juices. And then there was a pressure, a wonderful pressure growing, growing, and then Mitch sighed as his brother slipped inside him. The huge cock traveled through his tight pussy, spreading apart the slick walls of his canal, burrowing deeper inside until he was so incredibly full. Mitch moaned, one hand coming up the bouncy tits jiggling beneath him and squeezed, holding his heavy breast in his hand, urging the heat and pleasure through his body.

Paul grabbed Mitch's delectable ass with both hands, fingers digging into the smooth skin as he drove deep inside, withdrawing briefly, leaving Mitch anxiously empty, before sliding in again. They moved as one, Paul pumping Mitch's tight cunt hard and fast. Mitch's tits swung beneath him as the stairwell filled with the thumping of Paul's groin on Mitch's ass. Mitch's moans grew in pitch, becoming higher, needier as the pleasure crested inside him, an anticipation that filled every inch of his body like a fever and then broke with a

mind-blowing orgasm.

Mitch cried out and thrust his ass back, gripping one tit hard in his dainty fingers as his brother fucked him hard. He came, pussy convulsing around his brother's dick. He heard Paul grunt and then felt the cock throb inside him. Just as Mitch was coming down from the first orgasm, the hot cum spurted inside his tight twat and he came again. The pleasure shut out everything. It was just his feminine body and Paul's dick, hitting him just right, whiting out the world. Each pump of cum made him ever more full. It was all he wanted, to be this man's little cum dumpster.

Paul soon slowed and Mitch gripped him with his cunt, not wanting to be empty ever again. Eventually Paul pulled out and Mitch sighed at the disappointing emptiness. He felt Paul's seed inside him, an alien liquid that dripped down his thighs. He scooped up the drizzle of cum and sucked on his fingers, closing his eyes and cooing as he tasted their mingled musky essences. He opened his eyes and looked up at Paul, grinning like an idiot.

“Thank you,” Mitch said.

“Any time,” Paul replied.

Paul pulled up his pants while Mitch put his clothes back on, his body moving almost on auto pilot. As soon as Paul stopped touching Mitch's body it was like a switch had been thrown. There was still that physical attraction, but now Mitch was horribly aware of what he had just done. He was disgusted with himself but his body was still responding to Paul's proximity, that anxious desire building up again despite being so recently sated. Paul caressed Mitch's cheek briefly and lovingly. Mitch sighed, that desire flaring back up again, begging for immediate attention, but Paul was empty for the moment. Mitch backed down the stairwell.

The desire ebbed with distance, until he was at the bottom of the steps watching Paul recede through the upstairs door and he could think clearly once more. He turned to Jason and Brett, who were staring at him and grinning like idiots.

“What the fuck did I just do?” Mitch moaned.

“Sounds like you just fucked your stepbrother,” Brett said.

Mitch flopped back into the comfy chair and put his hand on his forehead. The contours of his face still weren't right. He was too smooth. Too soft. “It was like I couldn't control it. I just...needed it.”

To his surprise Jason nodded, “I felt it, too, around Mr. Johnson. Even a little bit just then when I heard your brother's voice.”

“The closer I got the more I needed to just fuck him.”

Brett giggled. “Fucking slut.”

Jason looked at him. “Yes. That's it. That's what she did!”

“What are you talking about?” Mitch asked.

“The other thing she changed. We're sluts. Whenever there's a man around our bodies just...react. Oh, man, that bitch is really gonna pay when I get my hands on her.”

“But...” Mitch said, “That's the challenge isn't it? We've got to make it all the way through the party and upstairs without being...tempted.”

“Tempted by what?” Brett asked, having lost the thread of the conversation.

“By dick, you idiot.”

And even Jason just saying the word made Mitch's body ache in beautiful memory. Christ, this was going to be difficult.

3

Brett didn't really follow the conversation between Jason and Mitch. He knew he'd be told what to do soon enough. He was no good at thinking. Besides, he had these amazing funbags on his chest to play with.

“Squeezey, squeezey,” he whispered to himself.

His new body was so much smaller and softer than his own. It had taken some getting used to. But it did feel rather nice. The blonde hair kept curling down across his face and he would occasionally sweep it back behind his tiny ears. The motion set his plump breasts jiggling again, drawing his attention back to his chest. He didn't understand why he'd ended up looking like Jason's mom, but he had sense enough to pretend like he hated it. In fact, he'd always gotten a semi-hard-on just seeing Jason's mom in real life, so being in her body, manipulating her, making her touch and stroke herself, was a dream.

Sometime in the afternoon, Jason and Mitch came to a decision to leave the house. Something about Mitch not wanting to be around when his dad came home. They took off to the park they sometimes went to to smoke. The playground equipment was old and busted, and the trail was overgrown with foliage. Jason somehow managed to look elegant in his slender body even as he paced pack in forth, smoking occasionally to pass the time while he repeated the plan for Brett's benefit.

“All we gotta do is get to the witch and apologize.”

“Ok,” Brett nodded, “Then what?”

“Then we change back.”

“Doesn't sound hard.”

Jason and Mitch exchanged glances. “Brett,” Jason began, “Put down my mom's tits and listen to me. Have you been paying any fucking attention to all these strange urges?”

Brett paused in the act of groping himself and looked up at the exquisite redhead quizzically. Everything about his body was strange and so distracting. He was so busy feeling himself up that he barely remembered the principal escorting them out of the school. And he was pretty sure Mitch was embarrassed about fucking his brother for some reason, though Brett couldn't figure out why. Weren't big titted sluts supposed to want to fuck? Anyway, Mitch had asked a question. Urges. Right. Brett had never had the urge to squeeze his tits before, so maybe that was what Mitch was talking about?

“Yeah. Lots.”

“That's what we're talking about, man.” Jason said. “This party is gonna be full of dudes. We have to get through them without getting distracted. No matter what happens, one of us has to make it upstairs to the bedroom and apologize.”

Mitch grabbed Brett's hands to stop him from feeling his tits again. "Repeat the plan back to us."

"Get up to the bedroom and apologize," Brett said. "I'm not an idiot."

He pushed his glasses back up his tiny nose and resumed squeezing his tits, enjoying the way his new body responded, growing warmer and slightly damp. He wished he could feel like this all the time.

Jason just made a sound of disgust and looked away, trying to ignore the dampness of his panties at the sight of his mom touching herself.

Mitch pulled over to the side of the road and parked in front of a darkened house a block away. Up ahead they could see their destination. The party house had every window lit up, and through them they could see it was packed with bodies. They got out of the car in silence and walked towards the house. As they approached, Brett became aware of two couples on the lawn, talking and smoking, half hidden in the shadow of a large elm tree.

The three transformed guys paused two houses down. Jason and Mitch looked at each other.

"Just keep telling yourself you ain't no slut," Mitch said.

"Only one of us needs to get up there." Jason said. "I say we run in. Bust through

the door. Find the stairs and go straight up there. Push anyone out of the way if you need to.”

“Maybe don't push,” Mitch said, remembering the intense physical longing he'd felt at his brother's touch. “I think touching a man--” God, just saying that word made his pussy warm. “--makes it worse.”

“Ok, well, dodge then. Get in and get out. Don't look at anyone. Ready?”

Brett nodded and the group stumbled quickly towards the door, Jason hobbled by the high heels he couldn't bring himself to take off. Brett clasped his hands over his chest to stop his tits from bouncing painfully at each step. Mitch had a look of grim determination.

Brett concentrated on looking straight ahead, but out of his peripheral vision he saw the two guys of the couple on the lawn stare at them, frozen in disbelief as their girlfriends snickered. The guys started to move towards Brett and his friends as they approached the porch, but they were held back by the girls.

Jason barreled through the front door, Mitch and Brett right behind. The music hit them like a solid wall, a thumping bass reverberating through the house. They stopped briefly to get their bearings, looking around for the stairs. An intoxicating scent hit Brett's nose, making him pause. Men. He squirmed as he looked around, his panties growing damp at the sight of so many hunky guys drinking, talking, staring. At him.

Oh, so this must be what Jason and Mitch had been talking about.

“Over there!” Jason yelled out over the music, pointing down the hall to their right where they could just see the banister of the stairwell.

Jason led the way, trying to squeeze in between groups of people. He'd made it halfway down the hall, with Mitch and Brett following through the path he was making, when he bumped against the back of a guy. The guy—a tall blonde who played basketball for the school—turned around, his eyes going wide when he saw Jason's gorgeous redheaded body tucked tight into the black dress.

“Sorry, I--” Jason began.

But that was all he was able to get out, as he suddenly clung to the man and they kissed, mouths eager for each other. Guys nearby sensed what was happening and turned. As they got nearer, surrounding Jason, he pulled away from the basketball player, who grabbed the neck of his dress in both hands and ripped it apart. Someone else took off his bra, sending Jason's huge tits bouncing down his chest. The guys surrounding him couldn't control themselves, and soon they were reaching for him, hands on his body as he moaned in delight. He quickly sank to his knees and scrambled for the pants of the nearest guy. In seconds Jason had a dick in his mouth, sucking wildly, and another dick in each hand. The last thing Brett saw of Jason he was surrounded by a circle of horny guys, his lips and both hands full of dick even as more were thrust towards him. He greedily sucked as fast and hard as he could. Jason's plump lips moved up and down each cock, leaving it slick with saliva, greedy for the next one as guys fondled his bouncy breasts and thrust their dicks towards him, jostling for his attention.

Brett was sort of jealous of Jason to have so many men, but before he could join in Mitch grabbed his hand. “Come on!”

The scrum of men around Jason had opened up a passage to the stairs, and Mitch and Brett hurried towards them. They thundered up as fast as they could go. This floor was emptier and the music was just a dull thumping bass, more felt than heard. A hallway stretched out in front of them, two doors on either side. The first two were open and bits of conversation could be heard. Somewhere someone was strumming a guitar.

Mitch put his finger to his lips and began creeping down the hallway, peering in through the open doors in his search for the master bedroom. The scent of male pheromones was lighter up here and Brett's head felt a little clearer. Of the first two open doors they passed, one led to a study where a bespectacled hippie was playing an acoustic guitar for a few hangers on, and the other to a bathroom. There were two doors remaining, both closed.

Mitch stood between them, looking back and forth. Before he could choose, the one on the right opened and one of the school wrestlers—a heavysset guy with a bald head—came out, nearly running into Mitch.

“Oh, shit, I'm--” the guy began, before Mitch launched into his arms.

Mitch was frantic, kissing and pressing his breasts up against the man. He'd lost all control, forgotten his mission in his hunt for dick. The man kissed back with a muffled cry of surprise, before Mitch grabbed the guy's beefy hands and placed it on his tits. Brett watched with growing jealousy as another big guy came out of the room.

“Yo, Jefferson, what's-- Damn!”

And then Mitch launched towards him, one hand still on the first guy. Mitch yanked his dress up and rubbed his panties furiously as the second guy reached for his big bouncing tits.

“Shit, girl, you wild,” the first guy said.

“Please, please, fuck me,” Mitch moaned.

They surrounded Mitch, pulling him back into the room and slamming the door, but not before Brett got a glimpse of even more guys, staring wide eyed at the busty waitress coming towards them. Brett could hear Mitch's muffled moans, growing louder as the men ravaged him. The door thumped back and forth in the frame as, presumably, Mitch was thrown up against it and slammed from behind.

Brett tore his eyes away from that door and opened the other one. It led to a huge bedroom, dark except for the light from the streetlamp streaking through the window. A door at the rear led in to a bathroom. This could only be the parent's room. Brett had made it! There was a slow clap from the corner and Belinda materialized from the darkness. In the dim light of the room she looked even more like a witch. Her jet black hair curled down her shoulders, and her eyes were hidden in shadow.

“Well done. You made it. And with ten minutes to spare.”

Brett looked at her, grinning stupidly.

“Well?” She said.

There was something else he was supposed to do. Oh, yeah. He opened his mouth to apologize when two young men stepped into the light beside Belinda.

“Who's this?” One said.

Brett froze. Belinda's friends were gorgeous. Tall, handsome goths, with jet black hair that swept back over their foreheads. They both had deep, intense eyes that they turned on Brett and he felt himself going weak in the knees.

“This is your present,” Belinda smiled.

“She looks like a sexy mom.”

“She looks like...” Belinda smiled, “A big titted slut.”

Brett moved forward as daintily as he could until he was right in front of the two guys, nodding his head sharply to flip back the long, golden tresses from his forehead. He was so short he had to look up at them, and they gazed down at his busty body. Brett grabbed the black sweatshirt of one and yanked him down until their lips were together. His hands locked onto the man's cheeks and he opened his mouth, sucking the man's warm wet tongue inside. Brett felt arms around him, hands circling his body, squeezing, caressing, as the other goth slipped in

behind him, pressing up against Brett's fat butt.

Brett held his hands to the side as they tore off his blouse, yanking it off his arms and dropping it to the floor, eager to see him naked. They stared at his bouncy breasts cupped in a daisy yellow bra, his lean body with a slight chubby stomach, and gloriously smooth legs. Brett stared down into his own cleavage for the first time, admiring the curves that disappeared beneath the bra. And then the bra loosened as the man behind it unclasped it. Brett shimmied it off and let his breasts bounce free.

Jason's mom's tits were incredible. And they were his to enjoy. The nipples were pale pink dots at the end of his perfect tits. They bounced beautifully before the man in front gripped them in both hands and squeezed them together, playing with his cleavage while the man behind kissed his neck. Brett sighed and closed his eyes, vaguely aware that he was supposed to say something to Belinda, but he was so distracted by the warmth flitting through him, by his own hands caressing his curvy body, by the delicious taste of the man's tongue as they resumed kissing.

Brett pulled away and growled up at the skinny goth in front of him, “I need to suck your dick. Now.”

The goth yanked his pants down, belt buckle jingling, and sat down on the bed. His cock was huge and erect, and Brett sank to his knees in awe, the throbbing head just inches from his tiny nose. He felt the man behind him slide his hands down across his plump rear, fingers gliding between his thighs and landing on the damp blonde slit between Brett's legs. The fingers caressed his wetness, Brett's pussy lips loose and ready, before sliding up to graze his pleasure button. Brett moaned and his knees went weak, his nose pressing into the cock in front of him, the sweet musky scent so intoxicating he just had to have it.

He opened his lips and swallowed greedily, driving his mouth down, filling himself on the cock. The cockhead slid between his lips, each little bump gliding across his tongue, the warm soft-hardness perfectly fitting in his mouth. He drove down as far as he could, gorging himself on dick, before sliding back up with a wet pop and jacking off the perfect cock, his hands guided by the saliva, pumping the dick right in front of his nose as he stared at it, worshiping it, before swallowing once again. He craved the cock in a way he'd never wanted anything before. He wanted to tease the pleasure from this perfect dick, wanted to hear the grunts from the man as he sucked like a slut, wanted to feel the shaft fill his mouth and reward him. His tits hung heavily down his chest, bouncing together as he sucked up and down, adding even more physical pleasure to the myriad of sensations assaulting him.

Brett was dripping down his thigh, the fingers on his clit causing him to cry out, muffled by the dick in his mouth. There was a pause, the sound of another belt buckle jingling, and then something warm and huge pressed up beneath Brett's round ass. The man behind him stroked his cock across Brett's entrance, coating his dick in Brett's juices, before guiding the head inside him. There was a brief pressure, and then the dick slid inside just as Brett sank his mouth down on the cock in front of him. Brett paused, his mouth delightfully full of dick, as he enjoyed the feel of the hard shaft entering his canal. The walls of his cunt gripped it tight as it filled him, plunging through his pussy, bringing with it a terrific burst of heat and desire.

Then two hands clapped onto his butt cheeks and he was full, so full. The man behind him eased out and thrust back in, pushing Brett's head down the tasty cock in his mouth. They moved in a rhythm, filling Brett from both ends, in and out of his rotund little body. The man in front reached down and grabbed a handful of tit, squeezing, enjoying the soft feel of the breast in his hand as Brett blew him, lips concave with effort.

Brett's body was a whirlwind of desire as he thrust back and forth, the pleasure rising, rising, until it crested along with the cocks inside him. He came, moaning

around the dick in his mouth just as it exploded and he clamped his lips around the shaft, greedily slurping down the salty spurts of hot cum. The man behind him came, too, grunting and thrusting deep, emptying himself into Brett's perfect cunt. Each throb sent another burst of jizz into Brett's tight pussy, making him more full than he'd ever been as his pussy throbbed with orgasm, the pleasure burning through him as he let these two men have their way with his big titted body.

When they were done they pulled out and Brett grabbed them close, sucking their cocks clean, tasting the mingled juices of his pussy and their seed as cum dripped down his thighs. He was voracious for dick. It was the only thing that would satisfy him. When both cocks were clean and limp, Brett grabbed his tits. They still ached with desire and he teased his sharp little nipples, hefting his breasts in each hand.

He stood and wiped his lips. "Thank you guys, but I'm still so horny."

He hurried out of the bedroom, his tits wobbling with each step, forgetting entirely what he'd come there to do. It was all knocked out of his head by the quest for cock. He heard Belinda's laughter ring out behind him as he pushed on the door that Mitch had disappeared into. Thrusting it open, he confronted a room full of burly guys from the wrestling team. Their cocks were out, aimed at Mitch's sexy little waitress rump. Brett sank to his knees before the nearest one, swallowing the dick before the man could move, and sucking it like a pro.

The transformed guys were busy the rest of the night. They saw each other occasionally as they were passed around, one group to the next, gangbanged by a succession of men and loving it. Their desire forced them on, made them eager to stuff as many cocks as they could into themselves.

And they would go on doing so forever.

#

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

[Foreign Exchange](#)

Chun isn't happy about being volunteered to swap bodies with an American teen in the name of diplomacy. But when she lands in the body of Ashley, a cute high school senior, she discovers that life in another country -- and as a sexy high school hottie -- is much more pleasurable than she ever imagined.

[Got It Going On](#)

My girlfriend, Stacy, is an amateur witch. She can do magic, just not very well, which is why I'm hesitant when she comes to me with a spell that will swap our bodies for a day. Turns out I should have said no, because an accident causes me to swap bodies with her elegant, curvy mom. I know it might be wrong, but there's so much fun to be had being inside Stacy's mom.

[Body Switch Collection: Volume 5](#)

Six previously published body switching stories by M. Wills.

Best Friend's Wedding

Drew and Jake used to be best friends, until Missy came along. She was rich and entitled and was responsible for taking Jake away. So Drew hatched a plan to steal her body and take over her life.

Compact Mirrors

Ellie, an average looking and poor college student, accidentally swaps bodies with Summer, a mean, hot high school cheerleader. Now they both have to navigate their new lives while trying to back to their old. Until one of them decides they don't want to go back.

Switched On

Luke discovers a magic remote control that will turn him into whoever is onscreen when he pushes the button. But when he shares this discovery with his friends it results in a mad scramble that sees the remote smashing, leaving the four guys transformed and stuck as sexy celebrities.

In the Game (Part 2)

Ethan's copied himself into the minds of Tessa and Ava using the mysterious app on his phone and is enjoying being in their bodies, slowly turning them into objects of lust to please his male self, all the while searching for more women to add to his eSports team.

Cheers

Kyle's sister, Lauren, is such a brat. A gorgeous brat, but still. So when an accident with one of their father's machines causes them to switch bodies, he's not at all happy to be stuck in Lauren's busty body. But he surprises himself by finding his adjustment extremely pleasurable, especially with the help of one of his sister's hot friends.

Leading Her On

Through a freak accident, Zach somehow finds himself stuck in the body of Charlotte, his adorable upstairs neighbor. He learns to control her and finds that his desires are becoming hers, and he can make her do everything he's always wanted.

Swap Brothel

The swap brothel offers a chance for people to temporarily become any of the girls on offer for a price. Tyler's been a regular for months, swapping into his favorite big breasted beauty, Mia, and enjoying himself. But one day while he's inside Mia she escapes with his body, leaving him trapped in her gorgeous body until the police can find her. Can he escape before her desires become his own?

The Other Woman

Veronica didn't trust her fiancée so she came up with a plan to test him by using her witch's magic to temporarily transform herself into Candi, the blonde stripper who keeps buzzing around their table at the strip club. When Veronica returns to her body she finds that her memories are slowly changing. Is it a flaw in the spell? Or something more nefarious?

The Body Thief

Bethany had her body temporarily stolen years ago by a body thief who forced her to watch from behind her own eyes as he took over her life for his own pleasure. She vowed never to let it happen again, training hard at the gym and changing her routine to stay safe. But all it takes is one slip up at the wrong time for the thief to take her over once more and uncover her own hidden desires.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 3

This collection features six previously published red hot body swapping stories from best selling author M Wills.

What's Yours is Mine

Sean has always been jealous of his hot stepmom. He envies her looks, her grace, and the ease with which she goes through life. When he finds an alien jewel that can grant wishes, he uses it to swap their bodies and experience her life from inside her body.

And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.