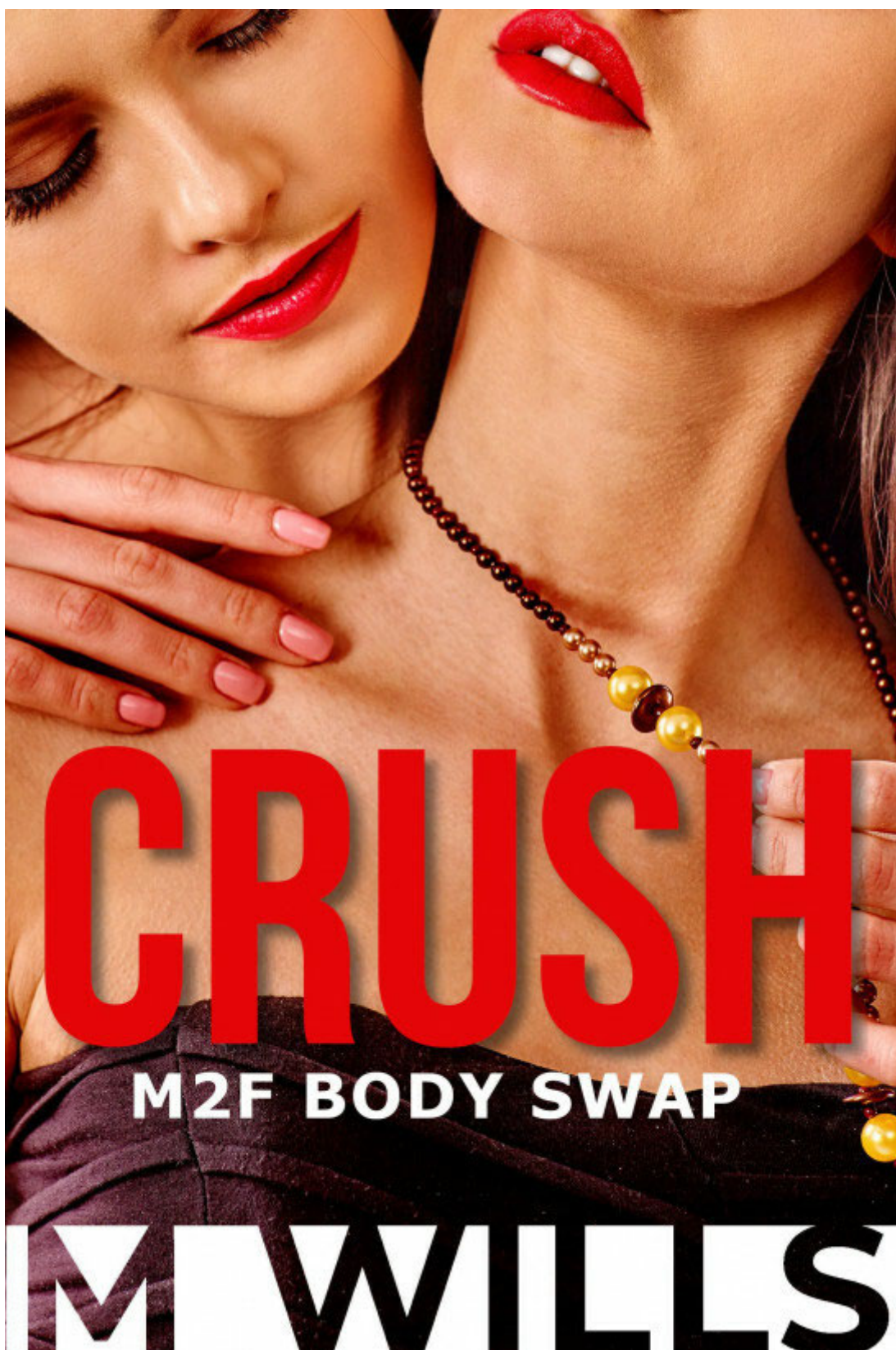




CRUSH

M2F BODY SWAP

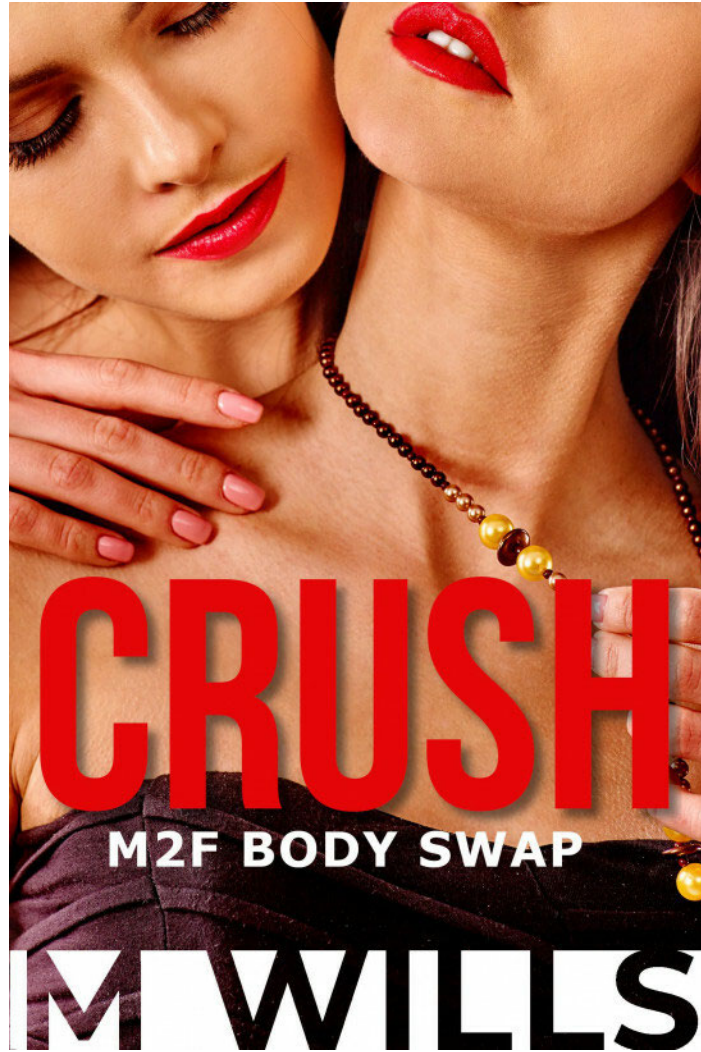
MWILS



CRUSH

M2F BODY SWAP

M WILLS



CRUSH

M2F BODY SWAP

IM WILLS

Crush

MtF Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Crush

“Hurry up, Shane,” Phil said impatiently.

Phil sat on Shane’s bed, his arms crossed, as Shane rummaged through his chest of drawers for a decent shirt. They were in Shane’s dorm room, a small room of whitewashed cinderblock walls with a window that looked out on to the walkway. His gaming setup took up most of the university-supplied desk. Two monitors attached to a liquid-cooled GPU. It had taken most of his summer savings to afford. He used it almost as much for gaming as he did for role playing with Phil, who had a similar setup in his own dorm room.

“Everything I have is dirty,” Shane moaned, sniffing another shirt before tossing it on the floor.

“Nobody’s going to smell you anyway,” Phil replied. “We’ll all be crammed in and half-drunk.”

“Yeah, but I want to look good on the walk there.”

Phil bit his tongue. He suspected his friend knew that a clean shirt wouldn’t make Jenna fall in love with him, but hope springs eternal. If all it took was a clean shirt, Phil would have hooked up with his friend, Veronica, long ago. As it was, both guys were left crushing on women that only saw them as friends, at best.

Phil had been smitten by Veronica from the moment he met her during their freshman orientation several months ago. He’d

managed to get into the same group as her and her friend, Jenna, when they got divided up for some getting-to-know-you exercises. Veronica was pretty and smart and laughed at all Phil's corny jokes, returning them with the same nerdy humor. As an aspiring architect and cosplayer she was arty and had a cute kind of flightiness about her. Phil had never asked her out and over time he slipped into the friend zone. They now knew each other well enough and were comfortable around each other that asking her out would have broken that delicate balance and made things weird when she invariably rejected him.

Phil had met Shane in his first history lecture. Shane was a heavysset guy with a mop of dark hair and a ruddy face. He muttered hilarious comments under his breath during that first lecture that left Phil gasping for air as the lecturer shot them dirty looks. They quickly became fast friends.

"Okay, got it," Shane said, slipping into a collared shirt with blue and white stripes.

"Great, let's go. We're gonna be late," Phil said, hustling Shane out the door.

The two hurried down stairs and over to Jenna and Veronica's dorm room. Phil was skinnier and lighter than his friend and had to force himself to slow down so Shane could keep up.

"What's the band, anyway?" Shane asked.

"Uh," Phil said, scrolling through his phone to find the tickets. "Binary Tomorrow. They're some sort of electronica-thing I think."

Phil had no idea what they were in for. He only knew that Veronica liked them and had invited her out to see them.

“That would be awesome,” she agreed. “I’ll bring Jenna.”

It was a clever move to ensure that it was absolutely not a date. In return, Phil invited Shane and had to keep reminding him that this double date was absolutely not a double date.

“But if there is kissing involved,” Shane said when Vince told him the plan, “I’m not going to turn it down.”

“There won’t be,” Phil assured him.

Jenna and Veronica shared a room in an all-girls dorm, so the guys weren’t allowed in without a chaperone. Instead, they buzzed the girls from the intercom downstairs. A few minutes later, Veronica and Jenna waltzed out of the door and greeted Phil with a big—chaste—hug. Veronica smelled like sweet cherries as her bleached blonde hair wafted across Phil’s face and her lithe body pressed briefly against his. She wore tiny jean shorts, which were artfully ripped, along with a black tee beneath a button-down white shirt. A big grey scarf was draped around her neck. Her outfits were always some odd combination of styles that seemed to work. No wonder, because she was also big into online cosplay, and her dorm room was littered with the remnants of old costumes.

“Hey,” Phil said, pulling away reluctantly. “You remember Shane, right?” Phil introduced them as if they didn’t know each other. As if he and Shane hadn’t spent hours roleplaying as one or the other of the women in their online possession fantasies.

In real life, Shane had only met them less than a handful of times. But online, he and Phil had had acted out their fantasies of possessing the women in their online forums. Sometimes Phil would pretend he inserted his mind into Veronica's body, possessing her and making her touch herself while Shane egged him on or even participated. Then Phil would return the favor as Shane typed out becoming Jenna and threw herself at Phil. Both of them had become adept at one-handed typing.

They'd discovered their mutual fetishes quite by accident, when Shane had let a line slip in real life that reminded Phil of something he'd read in his possession forums. He'd surreptitiously responded with a line of his own and watched Shane's eyes light up with interest. It was reassuring to find someone else in real life who shared in Phil's fantasy of becoming a woman. It meant he wasn't alone. That he wasn't abnormal. It also meant that he always had someone who would happily roleplay.

"Of course. Hey, Shane," Veronica said, pushing her glasses back up her tiny nose.

"Hi," Jenna added, giving a cute wave.

Jenna's long, dark hair fell down her shoulders and she occasionally and effortlessly swept it back out of her face. She'd prepared for the evening by dressing in a simple dark purple cami top and tight white pants. The cami top clung lightly to her bust, giving just a hint of her modest cleavage.

"Let's go. Woo!" Veronica cheered, hooking her arm through Phil's and skipping down the street, forcing Phil to skip with her to keep up.

It was these little gestures that always threw Phil. It was just how Veronica was, very touchy-feely and friendly with everyone in a purely innocent way. But because Phil was smitten with her he over-analyzed her every gesture, his thoughts dwelling on whether her touch really was just being friendly or whether there was something more there. Shane and Jenna followed along behind them, Shane doing his best to make Jenna laugh. He had a sarcastic sense of humor and Jenna giggled politely but without much enthusiasm. Eventually she called out to Veronica and ran to catch up.

Phil fell back in step with Shane and they followed the two women up to the main street and around to the small bar that served as a concert venue for the more indie bands. Phil felt severely out of place in his khaki pants and button-down shirt amidst the fashionably-ripped jeans and obscure band shirts of the rest of the crowd.

“You guys want some drinks?” Phil asked the group. “I can get anything,” he added, flashing them his fake ID.

Veronica’s eyes lit up. “Ooh, really?”

“Yeah, my cousin hooked me up,” Phil said, basking in Veronica’s smile.

The others gave him their orders and Phil got in line at the bar, returning a few minutes later with an armful of beers. Jenna and Shane were in a deep conversation about the unfairness of the drinking age. Shane had finally cottoned on to Jenna’s liberal activism and was leaning hard on being an ally.

“So we can shoot a gun but we can’t drink, right? That’s so emblematic of our country’s priorities,” Shane said with a

rueful shake of the head.

“Cheers!” Veronica said, clinking beers with Phil.

He grinned back at her and sipped, drinking in his beer as well as Veronica’s soft face. His eyes traced across her elegant chin, over her broad nose, and then her pink lips that were curled in a smile. Phil pulled out his phone.

“Let’s grab a photo,” he suggested.

Veronica snuggled up to him and he held out his phone to take a photo of the two of them grinning into the camera. Then he turned the camera on Shane and Jenna. Shane made a ridiculous face involving crossed eyes and huge grin which made Jenna break into laughter. She managed to look up just as Phil snapped the photo, capturing her at her cutest, with a wide smile, her face half-hidden behind her hands. If it weren’t for Shane making faces next to her it would have been a perfect picture.

“Send that to me!” Veronica said.

“Me too!” Jenna chimed in.

Phil texted them both the photo. Soon the band began playing and Jenna and Veronica clapped and swayed to the music. It just sounded like a bunch of noise to Phil but he appreciated that Veronica enjoyed it. Phil just wished that she would sway with him. That he could wake up each morning and see her face.

After the concert they filed back out onto the street. Jenna and Veronica clung to each other and meandered down the street in front of Phil and Shane. The drunker Jenna got the more pictures she took, snapping photos of Shane and Phil and Veronica and the street and anything that caught her eye.

“Man, Veronica was all over you,” Shane elbowed Phil.

“I know, but any time I get close to asking her out she senses it and shuts me down.” He sighed. “Let’s face it, guys like us don’t get girls like them.”

“I don’t know,” Shane said, “Jenna invited me to this rally next week.”

“She’s invited everyone to the rally for Ukraine.”

“Oh,” Shane wilted.

“Hey,” Veronica said, prancing back to Phil. “Thanks for the tickets tonight. It was awesome!”

“Whoo!” A slightly drunk Jenna added, before dissolving into laughter.

“I’ve got to get this girl back to her dorm. See you tomorrow in class?”

“Sure,” Phil said.

Veronica graced him with a smile and then slipped her arm through Jenna's and the two headed off down the street. Phil and Shane turned and began the long walk back to their dorms.

"So," Shane began. "You want to do a little RP sesh tonight?"

Phil thought about the way Veronica danced and moved her body. Thought about her beautiful face. Her happy-go-lucky and slightly flighty attitude. Her cute innocence.

"Definitely," he agreed.

They passed by a small apartment building with a heap of junk outside. It looked like someone was recently evicted, because the pile contained a mattress and a chest of drawers along with other assorted detritus. Something colorful and shiny caught Phil's eye and he moved towards the stack. At the bottom, jammed in between some old DVDs and a few throw pillows was a lamp. It was shaped vaguely like a middle eastern oil lamp, but the spout had an LED bulb attached. Phil yanked it out from the pile and found it surprisingly heavy.

"What's that?" Shane asked, looking over his shoulder.

"I don't know but it looks cool."

"Looks like a genie lamp. Try rubbing it, maybe there's a genie inside."

"That's your response to everything," Phil teased him. Still, it never hurt to try.

He rubbed the lamp. Red diodes lit up along the side, following the path of his hand. When all the lights were lit a blast of scratchy digital trumpets was emitted from somewhere on the lamp. The two guys waited for something else to happen but there was silence. Just when Phil was about to make a joke someone spoke up from behind them.

“Hey, guys, so what do ya want?”

Phil jumped and turned around. There on the sidewalk stood a rather fat, bearded man in a hipster jacket and jeans. He wouldn't have looked out of place except for the ridiculous turban on his head.

“Sorry,” Phil said. “Is this yours?” He held out the lamp.

“Aw, really? They just threw my house out here with all this crap?”

“Your house?”

“Yeah, man, my house.” They stared at him and he rolled his eyes. “Geez, guys. Haven't you ever heard of a genie? Live in a lamp. Grants wishes. All that.”

“Well, yeah, but...” Shane trailed off and looked at the lamp in Phil's hands.

“I know, I know,” the man replied. “All the other genies like to stay traditional. Me, I gotta move with the times, you know? I upgraded that bad boy. It's all digital now.”

“You’re a genie?”

“Sure am,” the man said, folding his arms proudly. Then he wilted slightly. “Of course, some of those other genies would say otherwise. Those guys are so fucking stuck up. Calling me a half-ass genie. Shit. I’ll half-ass them.” He trailed off.

“So we get three wishes, right?” Shane asked eagerly.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, slow your roll there, man. Those lamp upgrades were expensive. I’ve got a lot of genie loans to pay off so I can give you guys one wish.”

“Each?” Phil asked.

“No. Total,” the genie replied.

“What kind of half-ass genie are you Phil asked?”

“You know what? Maybe I don’t give you any wishes. How about that? I’ll just hop back into my lamp and you can fuck right off.” The genie closed his eyes and raised his head.

“No, no, fine. We’ll take a wish,” Phil relented.

The genie opened his eyes. “Great. What’s your wish?”

“Well,” Phil began. “We’ll need some time to figure out—”

Shane blurted out quickly: “I wish Phil and I possessed Jenna and Veronica in real life, just like in our role play sessions.”

“Done,” the genie said, nodding his head.

Phil didn’t even get time to protest before the world shifted.

2

Phil was suddenly sitting in a high-backed booth with ice water pouring into his mouth, choking him. He jerked his head away and jumped, dropping the cup of ice water he'd evidently been drinking. The cup landed on the table next to a slice of pizza and toppled over, spilling more ice cold water into his lap. He squealed and hurriedly righted the cup with hands that weren't his, wiggling hips and chilly thighs that belonged to someone else.

He paused, his hands still on the half-empty cup. The hands holding it were girlish, with slender fingers and hairless knuckles. The nails were softly rounded and painted a dark purple.

Phil's gaze dropped to his chest and he found himself staring down a soaking wet dark purple cami. Looking right down the top he saw two cute curves hugged tight by a black bra. Beneath were tight white pants of the kind Jenna had been wearing that evening. When he moved his head something silky tickled down his neck and he reached up to grab a handful of long, black hair.

"Whoa, shit," a woman spoke up from across the table.

Phil's head shot up. In the seat across from him sat Veronica. She was looking down at herself, her mouth open in wonder. Her hands were on her tits and she was squeezing them. It didn't take a genius to realize that, if Phil was inside Jenna, then Shane was inside Veronica. And the genie was real.

Phil gaped for a second and then sensed that people were staring. Glancing around the pizza parlor he saw that a handful of people were looking over at their table, giggling at the drunk woman who'd just spilled her entire drink on her lap and the other woman who was feeling herself up in public. Phil reached over and grabbed Veronica's hands.

"Stop," he hissed.

Shane looked up at him, Veronica's face stretched in Shane's half-grin. "Fuck, it worked." Shane's hands went to his lips at the sound of his new voice. He stroked his chin, his cheeks, his nose, and giggled. "Oh my god, this is awesome."

"Shane, what the hell?" Phil said, the world swimming slightly. Apparently, Jenna was pretty tipsy. "We could have had anything!"

"What else did we want?" Shane asked, looking down at himself, turning his hands over and wiggling his dainty fingers. He looked up at Jenna and frowned. "Hmm, wish I'd specified that I was Jenna."

"Where are Veronica and Jenna? What if they're in our bodies? They must be freaking out." Phil said.

He hadn't wanted to steal Jenna's body and he certainly hadn't intended for his best friend to steal Veronica's body. Phil saw the outlines of a cell phone in his pocket and slid it out, shifting and straightening his legs to free it from the tight pocket. His body felt so light and limber.

"They're probably fine," Shane said. "The genie's handled it I'm sure. Made them cool with it or whatever."

“He didn’t make us cool with it,” Phil shot back as he flicked through Jenna’s phone for his own number.

Phil couldn’t find his number in Jenna’s contacts. He knew she had it. Had she deleted it? He wasn’t even in her recent messages. Nothing in the history. Nothing recently deleted.

Shane, unperturbed, picked up Veronica’s pizza and took a bite, rolling it around in his mouth, exploring the new contours of his mouth, the way his teeth hung, the taste of the cheese on his new tastebuds. Phil looked up briefly. So strange seeing Shane’s wild mannerisms playing out across Veronica’s conservative face and body. He poked through the phone some more.

“Weird,” Phil murmured.

“What’s weird?” Shane asked around a mouthful of food. Much grosser than Veronica would have acted.

Phil didn’t reply. He was scrolling through Jenna’s photos. There were Veronica and Jenna getting dressed to go out tonight. There they were at the bar. There Jenna was in that cute photo where she was half-hiding behind her hands. But Shane, who’d been ruining that photo with his crazy face, was gone. Phil flipped through photos of the rest of the night but there was no sign of himself or Shane.

“We’re not in her photos,” Phil said.

“What do you mean?” Shane said, swallowing another bite of his pizza.

“Just what I said. We’re not here.”

“Give me that.”

Phil handed Shane the phone and Shane flipped through the photos. “Weird,” he agreed.

“Dude,” Phil said, looking up at Shane. “We don’t exist.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, that half-assed genie put us in Veronica and Jenna’s bodies but didn’t give us any of their memories. It’s like he took half of our universe and half of an alternate universe and just jammed them together. Everything is the same except we’re now Jenna and Veronica. But we haven’t always been Jenna and Veronica because we still have our own memories and there’s no way to fix any of it.”

“You mean we may be stuck like this?” Shane gaped at Phil.

“Maybe.”

Veronica’s face spread into a huge grin. “Cool.”

“Not cool.”

“Why not? It’s everything we fantasized about. We have these bodies. We can do anything we want with them.” Shane leaned

closer. “We can touch as many titties as we want.” Shane did just that, squeezing his chest and laughing, “Honk, honk.”

Phil was torn about Shane abusing Veronica’s body. On the one hand it was exactly like their roleplaying scenarios and he was starting to get a little tingly and warm. On the other hand, it was the body of his crush and he didn’t want to hurt her.

“Okay, but, what’s Veronica’s computer password? Are you interested in any of the classes she’s enrolled in? And what about when her parents call? Do you speak any Vietnamese?”

Shane paused. “Shit. I didn’t think of that.”

“No. I know exactly what you were thinking of.” Truthfully, Phil was thinking the same thing: how incredible would it be to touch his new body. But he was also thinking longer term. He swept the silky hair off his forehead. “Come on. Maybe that genie can fix this.”

Shane shoved the final bite of pizza into his mouth and stood with him. The two retraced their steps away from the pizza place and back towards the pile of junk on the street. Phil’s entire outfit was still soaked, and the clothes clung to his lithe body. It was impossible to ignore all the differences in this new body: the way his hips swayed, the way his hair tickled his neck, the shorter statute, the slight jiggle of his breasts at each step. It was intriguing and scary and arousing all at once. Every time Phil brushed the soft hair out of his face his fingers swept across the smooth contours of his forehead as his longer fingernails gently danced across his skin.

Shane seemed to be more at ease in Veronica’s body. He kept running his hands through his long bleached-blond hair and

teasing the silky strands between his fingers. He would hold it to his nose and inhale Veronica's fruity shampoo scent.

When they came to the pile of trash the lamp wasn't there. They dug down, shifting the bigger stuff out of the way until the pile was strewn all across the sidewalk. Still no lamp.

"Fuck," Phil muttered in disgust.

"Okay, so, what do we do now?"

"I don't know," Phil folded his arms beneath his breasts.

They were silent for a little while, both lost in thought. Phil yawned and pulled the phone out of his pocket. It was late.

Phil looked to Shane. "I guess for now we go back to our dorms. Or...back to Jenna and Veronica's dorm."

They tromped back down the street. The bars were starting to empty out and rowdy seniors were flooding out onto the streets. A few of them catcalled Phil and Shane.

"Hey, Ladies," a drunk frat boy called out. "Come pick up the party over at our place!"

Shane paused and Phil tugged on his arm. They soon left the busy streets and wound their way through campus back to the women's dorm. There was a blank keycard in Jenna's wallet that unlocked the door.

Jenna and Veronica were in separate rooms. They'd been trying to get a room together but their application was still pending in bureaucratic limbo. However, neither Phil nor Shane knew where either room was. This left them going floor by floor, tapping their keycards against the doors until they found their rooms. Phil found his room first and pushed it open quietly to reveal a small single room. The simple bland furnishings were common to all the dorms but Jenna had hung the walls and ceiling with colorful cloth, giving the whole thing a sort of middle-eastern bazaar vibe.

The two agreed to meet downstairs the next morning. Phil slipped into his room, leaving Shane to continue trying more doors until he found his.

It was a relief to get out of the wet clothes. Despite his tiredness, it was thrilling to reveal each inch of Jenna's smooth, wonderful legs as he struggled out of her pants. He hung them over the chair in front of the desk to dry, then pulled off his top. His black hair fell across his face, bringing with it a hint of her sweet floral shampoo. The sight of Jenna's body stretched out beneath him, clad only in a damp black bra and panties, sent warm tingles through him.

She had a nice body. Lean but not stick thin. Smooth, warm skin. Perfect rounded breasts. Beautiful swell of hips and a cute little ass.

Phil reached behind to unstrap his bra. He wished he had Jenna's memories because it was a struggle. It was well worth it when at last he unhooked the clasp and shrugged the bra down his shoulders. Jenna's bare breasts hung from his chest, ripe and firm. He reached up slowly to squeeze them, marveling at how soft they were, how his fingers dimpled the skin, how they fit perfectly within his hands. He squeezed softly at first, experimenting with his new body, watching it

wiggle and bounce. His touch grew harder when he realized he'd overestimated the sensitivity of his exquisite tits. Soon he was taking big handfuls of his tits and squeezing until the pleasure was just on the edge of pain. He had a man's lust in a woman's body and the sight of Jenna's own hands grabbing her tits, touching herself so sensually, turned him on.

The feeling was of a warm restlessness growing in his core and spreading all through him as his hands roamed around his sensual new body. Each touch was a delight. New and different. He was smaller in some places, bigger in others.

He ran his hands up across his face and into his hair, sliding into the silky strands. He piled his hair up in one hand and let it fall over his face, laughing as it tickled his eyes and nose and shoulders. Again, the sweet scent of Jenna's shampoo hit his nose and he inhaled deeply, breathing her in. He swept his hair back out of the way, tucking it gently behind a tiny ear so he could gaze back down at his body.

In a fit of passion, Phil hooked his thumbs into the hem of his panties and wiggled out of them. Jenna's bush appeared. Trimmed black hair running along in two strips either side of his entrance. The sight of his new pussy made him dizzy with lust and he dragged his fingers between his legs, cooing as his pussy lips grasped at his digits. The warmth beneath his fingers was startling and enticing. He stroked himself harder, following the line of Jenna's slit up and down, luxuriating in the feeling of his pussy lips growing slick and giving way.

He opened for himself and his fingers found his moisture. Phil collapsed back onto the bed, knees in the air, and continued stroking up and down his rapidly slickening entrance. His other hand wandered to his tits, back to his face, digging into his long wavy hair, greedy for the body he possessed.

His fingers drew up to the top of his pussy and landed on the nub of his clit, urging a soft sigh from his lips. That was the spot! He circled the tiny bud, gently at first but growing quicker as his body demanded more. Soon the sound of his slick wet pleasure seemed so loud in the empty room. He twisted and moaned as he stroked himself, pussy growing so wet that it dripped onto the bed. The urgency was maddening, making him twist and shake, but it was only when he thrust his fingers deep into his pussy, following the line of his canal up, up to the dimpled nub of his innermost pleasure did the orgasm burst forth.

A strangled cry left Phil's lips and he thrust his hips up as he fingered himself hard and fast, driving two fingers into his slick pussy, following the rhythm of his body. Pleasure exploded through him, making him twist and sigh, his other hand above his head, twining through Jenna's luxurious hair. The girlish sound of Jenna crying out in lust made him cum even harder. His entire body burned delightfully. He shook and twisted, wringing every last bit of lust from his body.

When he finally recovered he lay on the bed gazing blankly up at the ceiling. Jesus, that was amazing. He pulled the covers up over his naked body and fell asleep in his own afterglow.

3

The sun peeking through the curtains woke Phil up. He stirred, twisting in bed so he could jam the pillow over his face and try to retreat back into sleep. His body felt all wrong and strands of something draped across his face.

He woke disoriented, blinking around the strange room as a slight headache buzzed behind his eyes. After a second or two the events of last night snapped into place. He tossed the covers aside and gazed down at himself. He was still in Jenna's body. Her naked form spread out beneath him from her juicy tits to the delicious swell of her hips to the patch of dark hair at his groin to his dainty toes.

And still he had none of her memories. As he rose his hair tumbled down his face, tangled and knotted. He pushed it back but it didn't stay.

There was a mirror above the dresser and Phil stared at Jenna's sleepy face. Surely there was a way to get her memories. Maybe they were wrong and the women were in Phil and Shane's body. It was a long shot but Phil needed to know for sure there was no going back.

Phil texted Shane to see if he was awake. Shane sent back a picture of Veronica's tits and a thumbs up. They agreed to meet downstairs. Fully dressed Phil emphasized.

He scrounged together some clothes, feeling weird as he rummaged through Jenna's panty drawer, like he was some

sort of pervert. He fought with his bra for a few minutes before giving up and going without, dressing in a simple tee shirt and jeans. His hair kept tumbling back into his eyes and he finally swept it all back, gathering it in a ponytail and holding it in place with a green hair tie. Her hair was thick and he couldn't get all of it back. A few locks kept falling down his face but those he could sweep behind his ear. It was still a mess but it would have to do.

There was a bathroom that connected to and was shared with the dorm room on the other side. Phil brushed his teeth and put on Jenna's deodorant there, but left the makeup. He went downstairs, saying hi to a few other women he passed. He felt like an imposter in the girl's dorm. He kept waiting for someone to call him out.

Shane joined him downstairs a few minutes later. He'd dressed Veronica in an outlandish outfit of clashing colors, complete with a dark green scarf. His hair was a bird's nest, wild and unkempt.

"What do you think?" He asked, presenting himself.

"I don't think you've quite got her style," Phil replied. "Come on."

"Where are we going?" Shane asked, following Phil out the door.

"I need to check and make sure we're really gone."

Phil and Shane walked back across the campus to their former dorms. He didn't have his keycard but it was easy enough to get a guy to let them in. He just smiled and batted his eyes at a

freshman coming out the door and said he was visiting his boyfriend. They went upstairs and knocked on Phil's former door. A few seconds later it opened up and a bleary-eyed stranger looked out at them.

"Yeah?" He asked.

"Um. Sorry. Wrong door," Phil said, hurrying back down the hallway.

"Happy now?" Shane asked.

"No. Yes. I don't know," Phil said in exasperation. "It looks like we're Jenna and Veronica. For really real. They don't exist anymore."

"Don't look so bummed. We didn't kill them. It's like you said, this is an alternate universe. Somewhere out there Jenna and Veronica are still around but right here, right now, we are them." Shane grabbed Phil's hand and Phil stared into his crush's deep brown eyes. "This is exciting. This is what we wanted," Shane gushed.

"Only as a fantasy."

"But now we can live out all of our fantasies." Shane took Phil's hand and placed it on Veronica's breast. "Forever." He whispered. His eyes were full of longing but Phil pulled away.

"I don't know."

"Come on. Let's get breakfast and you'll feel better."

They went to the café on campus. Tasting through Jenna's tastebuds was another strange experience. Nothing quite tasted right. The coffee was more bitter, the eggs more salty than he remembered. He felt a little better afterwards but didn't know whether it was because of the breakfast or just that the more time he spent in Jenna's body the more normal it seemed.

Shane kept pushing his hair out of his face, becoming more and more annoyed. Phil laughed at him. "Okay, you really need to learn how to style your hair."

"You should talk," Shane grinned.

"I know," Phil said, tucking the loose strands back behind his ears yet again. "And don't get me started on makeup."

"I was thinking," Shane said, shoveling another forkful of pancakes into his mouth. "We probably should get started on makeup."

"Come on, don't speak with your mouth full."

"Why? Is it so gross?" Shane asked, deliberately speaking with a mouthful of food, which made Phil guffaw.

After breakfast they returned to Phil's dorm. Since he was in a single and Shane had a roommate, Shane grabbed all of Veronica's makeup and brought it down to Phil's room. They set up Jenna's computer in the bathroom in front of the huge mirror and hunted for some makeup tutorials. They copied the looks in the videos using what they had, both of them standing side-by-side brushing and wiping and dabbing and lining.

They frequently erased their work and started over, making themselves clownish at first until they gradually got the hang of how much to apply and where.

They gave each other tips and helped each other out. Shane took Phil's chin gently in hand and drew the eyeliner beneath one eye for him. Phil dabbed a smudge of concealer on a small spot that Shane had missed.

When they felt they had the hang of the basics, they moved on to recreating some of Jenna's and Veronica's looks that they found on their phones. By now they could guess what the women had done and could do a passable imitation. Afterwards, they moved on to their hair. Phil brushed out the tangles, taking his locks in a light fist and gently teasing it out with one of her brushes until it hung silky and smooth down his shoulders. The whole time they joked around and teased each other, laughing like old times.

They practiced for hours and when they finished they admired themselves in the mirror. Phil turned his head this way and that, peering at himself critically. He looked damn good. He turned to Girl and examined him. Shane blinked slowly and posed.

“How do I look?”

Phil took in the body of his crush and realized he still had a crush on her even with his friend's mind inside her body. Maybe especially with his friend's mind inside her body. They had a camaraderie together that Phil and the original Jenna had never had.

“Really cute.”

Shane laughed and blushed. “Feels weird. I’ve never been called cute before. You’re not so bad yourself.” Now it was Phil’s turn to blush. “Want to go show off?” Shane suggested.

They walked through the main street, showing off their new bodies and their new looks. They received a lot of appreciative glances that made Phil warm delightfully. On the side of a crowded street, Shane took Phil’s hand and they held hands all the way back to the dorm.

When they were secluded in the room, they looked at each other in silence for a moment. A smile flickered across Shane’s face. Phil’s heart beat faster as he felt the tension in the air. Shane slowly moved towards Phil and their lips met. Suddenly Phil was kissing Veronica and it was everything he wanted. He melted into her, grabbing her and pulling her close as her tongue flicked out to explore his lips.

Shane wrapped his arms around Phil and they made out. Shane’s cheek was soft, his lips plump. His body fit so nicely against Phil’s. Their breasts pressed together as they moved closer, until they were touching with every inch of themselves and their hands roamed across each other’s backs. Passion roared inside Phil and he moved faster, hands gripping and squeezing Veronica’s delicate form. His lips left hers so he could kiss down her neck and burrow his nose into her hair as she clutched him.

Shane moaned in his ear, sending goosebumps down Phil’s body. Phil slipped his hand down Shane’s pants, rubbing his fingers up and down Shane’s pussy. Shane pulled away long enough to drag Phil into some nearby bushes. They were only just hidden from any passersby but they were too horny to hide any longer.

They helped each other disrobe, tearing off shirts and pants and panties until they stood naked in front of each other and clasped each other once again. Phil's naked body pressed up against Shane's warm form as his hands stroked Shane's backside, roaming down to his delectable ass, squeezing the firm buttocks that Phil had coveted for so long. Phil kissed Shane again and again, tracing the slope of Veronica's nose and the curve of her cheeks with his lips.

Shane reached up and stroked Phil's breasts, gliding over and under them, exploring them by touch. His fingers moved deftly across Phil's skin, making him shiver with delight. His passion was urgent, flooding out of him through hard kisses. Phil grabbed Shane's hips and yanked him close. Shane moaned into Phil's mouth, melting into Phil just as Phil had melted into him.

He wanted Veronica so much. Wanted to kiss her, fuck her, dominate her, humiliate her, destroy her with his lust. He squeezed her tits, tension rising within him as Shane squeaked in pain and desire. He nipped at her neck, hungry for her, his pussy practically dripping down his leg.

Shane sank to the dirt and Phil climbed on top of him so that his face was in Shane's pussy and Shane's face was between Phil's legs. Phil buried his face into Veronica's delicious pussy, his tongue making long, languid strokes of her wet sex. Between his legs, Shane did the same. Each stroke of Shane's tongue made Phil shake. Shane tasted divine and Phil lapped him up, tongue flicking between Veronica's velvety folds as Shane clutched him and returned the favor. The lewd sounds of Shane's dripping sex as Phil licked him hard resounded in Phil's ears.

They writhed together, Phil wiggling on top of Veronica's soft body as her juices covered his tongue and lips and cheeks. The musky scent of her filled his nose and his tongue worked harder inside her, throbbing up against her clit. Shane flicked his tongue into Phil as well, following the rhythm of his body, moving faster as the pressure inside Phil grew and grew. He was hungry for Shane's cunt, voracious for her body. And then Shane slid his fingers into Phil's rich wet hole, joining the tongue on his clit and sending Phil over the edge. The pressure exploded and he came.

Shane shook beneath him, orgasming at the same time. They cried out in strangled, high-pitched gasps, each muffled by the other one's pussy. The release was exquisite, bringing bright sparks to Phil's eyes as his body shook with pleasure. He kept his nose pressed into Veronica's slick warm pussy until the orgasm finally released him and he floated back down to earth.

Phil rolled off of Veronica and they both sat up facing each other. Veronica's face was streaked with Phil's juices. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed with pleasure.

"Looks like you're adjusting," Shane said with a smile.

"Yeah. Maybe it's not so bad," Phil agreed.

4

Phil and Shane spent the rest of the day perfecting their makeup, trying on their clothes, styling their hair, and occasionally having more sex. They became accustomed to their new bodies, each guiding the other on how to touch and when and how fast to move. It was just after one such session, as they lay naked and warm in each other's arms on Jenna's bed, that her cell phone rang.

Phil picked it up off the desk. The caller was "Mom". Phil looked at it for a beat.

"You should take it," Shane suggested, his fingers tracing light patterns across Phil's bare breasts.

"No way."

"You're going to have to face your new family sometime. May as well rip the bandage off."

Shane reached up and slid the button to answer the phone. Phil shot him a look but put the phone to his ear.

"Hello?"

The woman on the other end spoke rapidly in what Phil guessed was Vietnamese, Jenna's parents' native language.

“Hey, mom. How are you?” Phil responded, at a loss for what to say.

The woman spoke more Vietnamese and when Phil didn't respond he heard a loud sigh before she switched to English. “Daughter, why didn't you call me?”

“I was busy. Got distracted. Sorry.” Phil mumbled.

“Don't mumble. Very hard to hear.”

Phil spent the next twenty minutes on the phone to his new mom. She was a hard woman to please and had high expectations for her daughter. She also knew her intimately and kept asking Phil why he wasn't talking so much.

“My throat hurts. I'm not feeling well.”

She gave him instructions for a healing balm and some soup, cajoling him to write them down before agreeing to just email it. Phil stood and paced back and forth naked across the small dorm room as Shane lay on the bed touching himself. Phil got off the phone with “his” mom as soon as he could and slid the phone back onto the nightstand.

“You asshole!” Phil shouted good-naturedly.

“New mom's a handful, huh?” Shane grinned.

“You laugh but I bet your mom's not much better.”

“Guess I’ll figure that out on my own,” Shane said, closing his eyes. His fingers were still roaming around his budding clit. “Now come here and finish me off.”

Phil gladly obliged, diving onto Shane for another session.

The next day was Monday, and Phil had his first class as Jenna. He woke up and got ready, doing his hair and makeup as he’d practiced yesterday so that he looked cute. It was sort of fun dressing up, putting Jenna in any clothes he wanted. He would definitely have to buy some sexier clothes. Really show off this little body. After all, if he couldn’t show it off then what was the point?

His first lecture was civil engineering and was exactly as dull as he expected. He didn’t have a head for math or physics and was completely lost from the moment the professor began speaking. He pretended to take notes but found himself surfing the internet instead. Afterwards, some women he didn’t know caught up with him after class. They obviously knew Jenna from her political activism and Phil played along, pretending to know what they were talking about.

Again, he was completely lost when they began talking about the next march they were organizing and the upcoming Ukraine rally. Phil didn’t contribute much to the conversation. He didn’t even catch their names and he couldn’t very well ask them now, not when they seemed to have known Jenna for so long. He was thankful when they finally split off, promising to email him the tasks to be done. At least that would give him their names. In the meantime, he would have to hunt through Jenna’s past emails to find out what they were all talking about.

Walking through campus was just as confusing. Someone would greet him occasionally and he would have no idea who they were. Conversely, he walked right past some former friends, instinctively nodding his head as if they had any idea who he was now. Fortunately, they didn't mind being greeted by an attractive woman.

That was the other weird thing: the attention he got just for existing. Sure, he had on Jenna's smallest khaki shirts to show off her incredible legs, and yeah, his white shirt stretched taut across his chest, making his nipples visible whenever they spiked out. But that didn't explain all the looks. All the unasked for greetings. The way people—well, men—came up to him as he was waiting in line for lunch, or sitting on the grass with his sandwich and flirted with him. He didn't catch what they were doing at first. He just thought people were being nice and helping him out. But it soon became obvious.

It was wholly different from his old male body, where he could walk through campus nearly invisible. He'd never had this kind of attention before and found it somewhat overwhelming. Phil became hyperaware of how he moved and what he did in public, as if all eyes were on him. Was this what cute women felt like all the time?

Phil's other classes were just as challenging and midway through the day he realized that he was not going to get through college if he had to stick with the old Jenna's choices. They were just too different. Phil told all this to Shane when they met up on the lawn outside Phil's last class.

"Yeah, me too," Shane said, fluffing out his hair and leaning back on his arms on the grass to soak up the last of the sun. "I'm definitely changing my major."

“Really? You’re not going to try to stick it out?”

Shane looked at him over the top of his glasses. “Why should I, Jenna?” Shane emphasized. “This is me now. I have to make it my life. You still can’t believe Jenna and Veronica are gone, can you?”

“I sort of keep thinking I’m just holding her place and eventually she’ll come back.”

“Not gonna happen, girl. You’re the only Jenna that will ever be. And the sooner you feel like Jenna the better. That means you have to make your life your own.”

Phil knew his friend was right, but it still felt a little wrong to just change Jenna’s life around like that. But by Wednesday, when he’d bombed a pop quiz and completely failed an engineering lab, he came around to Shane’s way of thinking. Even if Jenna did magically come back, it wouldn’t do her any good to find she’d failed out of college. On Thursday, he and Shane went to the registrar together and switched their majors. Phil switched to eSports while Shane switched to computer science. They both already had a jump on their new majors from their past lives, though of course the lecturers didn’t know about that. They seemed pleasantly surprised to see these two new women quickly picking up the concepts.

Though Phil didn’t love the political activism, he kept it up as a sort of nod to Jenna. Besides, it helped him get to know Jenna’s friends, who seemed pretty fun and friendly. Shane, though, was hopeless at the cosplay Veronica used to do. He couldn’t cut or sew at all and found that her fan base quickly dropped off as his outfits became worse and worse. He shuttered her sites by the end of the week but kept all her costumes for personal play.

By Friday, Phil and Shane had adjusted to their new lives well enough to feel comfortable going out to drink with Jenna's friends. They met up at Phil's dorm and helped each other dress and put on makeup. By now they were getting adept at making themselves look good and Phil was used to seeing Jenna's pretty face whenever he looked in the mirror. And he looked in the mirror a lot.

The two met up with Jenna's friends, a gaggle of other women from her classes and her political scene. They went as a group up the street, gossiping and talking and laughing. One thing Phil was realizing was just how much women talked. Where he and Shane could spend hours in each other's company with hardly a word between them, Jenna's friends seemed to have an aversion to silence. As a result, they knew almost everything about each other.

Phil had been reluctant to take part at first, but he was cajoled into speaking more and more. He found himself enjoying their company. It was nice to talk to people who listened to him and gave him advice from the female perspective. He had none of that perspective himself and needed all the help he could get.

The other thing Phil adjusted to was being able to ogle them without seeming creepy. He was still very much a man inside Jenna's body, and couldn't keep his eyes off the bare female flesh around him. Interestingly, when he got caught staring at someone's legs or their chest he could just admit it through flattery.

"You have the most amazing legs. I'm so jealous," Phil said, when he got caught staring at one of Jenna's friends who wore an exceedingly short skirt.

“Well, I love your hair,” she replied, running her fingers through Phil’s wavy locks. “What do you use on it?”

Phil conjured up the name of Jenna’s conditioner—that had been another whole day of learning about washing and rinsing and daily face cleanser—and the woman nodded, satisfied.

When they finally got into the crowded club they took up a small table by the nearest wall and scoped out the room.

“Ooh, there’s a tasty bite over there,” one of them said, directing the group’s attention to a handsome young man by the bar.

“Dibs!” Another one cried as they all laughed.

Shane was having some trouble fitting in as Veronica. He didn’t have her same quietly self-deprecating sense of humor, preferring instead to be loud and boisterous. Phil could tell the others were a little put off to see such a change come over her. Phil hooked his arm through Shane’s on the pretense of taking him to the toilets. When they were out of earshot and hidden in the crowd Phil turned to his friend.

“I think they’re a little weirded out that you’re acting so un-Veronica-like.”

Shane shrugged. “This is the new Veronica. They’ll either deal with it or I’ll get some new friends. You need to stop trying to live up to Veronica’s expectations. Let’s do something she would never do.”

“Like what?”

“Let’s find a hot guy we don’t know and fuck him.”

Shane grabbed Phil by the hand and led him out to the dance floor. They danced together, gyrating their bodies and having fun as the floor slowly filled up with people. Men flitted around them and Shane welcomed the attention, encouraging Phil to go along with it. They soon found themselves dancing with the hot guy they’d spotted earlier at the bar. Shane grabbed Phil’s hand and stepped around the guy so that he was sandwiched between them. Shane pressed up against him from the back while the guy looked down at Phil and smiled. Phil smiled back, moving his body to the beat.

The man’s hands came up to Phil’s hips, resting there as Phil swayed to the beat. Shane slid his hands against the man’s hips and the man turned, surprised. Shane grinned back at him and Phil put his hands on the young man’s broad chest. The young man looked back and Phil winked sexily. The grin on the guy’s face stretched out as the two women flirted with him, dancing and pawing at him.

“I’m Chris,” the guy said during a break after planting two Shane pink drinks in front of them.

“Jenna,” Phil said.

“Veronica.”

“Are you girls sisters?” He asked.

“Do you want us to be?” Shane laughed.

Chris was a head taller than both of them. His face was a work of art, all clean lines and sharp angles. He was confident. Sure of himself. And flirty as hell.

“I don’t want to break up the friendship of the two hottest women in the bar,” he said, looking at each of them. “But I was thinking of getting out of here if one of you wants to come home with me.”

“Why not both of us?” Shane suggested.

It was so easy nabbing a guy as a cute girl. Phil and Shane put their arms through Chris’s and led him out of the bar, waving goodbye to their jealous friends as they left.

Chris lived just off campus in a small unit among other squat, single story complexes. As soon as they walked in Chris’s door Shane was all over him. He pressed his body against Chris and reached up to grab his cheeks and pull their lips together. Phil edged in, kissing Shane’s soft cheek and nibbling his ear. Shane directed Chris’s lips to Phil and soon the young man’s lips were firmly on Phil’s. His breath was hot and tasted of beer as Phil sucked on his tongue, closing his eyes to savor the delicious masculine taste that was making his body light up.

Shane and Phil took turns kissing Chris before turning to kiss each other. Phil’s body was flush with warmth as multiple hands stroked him, caressing his curves, squeezing his chest. He did the same, running his hands along Chris’s solid form, contrasting it with Veronica’s soft body. It wasn’t that Phil was instantly attracted to men. It was just something about being in Jenna’s body, looking down and seeing his feminine form, that made it seem right that this body should be with a man. After all, a man was already inside her.

He didn't know who took off whose clothes. All he knew was that soon the three were naked in Chris's bedroom. Chris was chiseled and sculpted with muscle. He was also hard as a rock, his cock standing up straight between them as he cupped Phil's ass and pulled him close to kiss him deeply. Shane stroked Chris's cock and kissed his way down the man's broad chest until he was kneeling on the floor.

Chris groaned into Phil's mouth as Shane licked his cock from base to tip, using his hand to stroke gently, following his tongue up and down as he spread his saliva down Chris's length. Phil's body was warm and he felt an odd need inside him. A need to feel something thrusting between his legs, to feel something warm and hard deep inside him.

He dropped to his knees and joined Shane in worshipping Chris's cock. They licked on either side, tongues occasionally meeting as they kissed their way up and down his dick. Shane opened his plump lips and swallowed Chris's cock. Phil paused to watch Veronica fill herself with a stranger's dick, his own body growing wonderfully tense as his crush swallowed a dick. He watched it disappeared between her lips, his own hand coming down to stroke his soft entrance.

Shane moved slowly, filling himself until his broad nose pressed against Chris's groin and he held the man deep inside him. He came up with a gasp and looked up at Chris with a huge smile, his hand continuing to work Chris's shaft.

Phil butted Shane aside and swallowed Chris's dick. The man's salty essence mingled with Veronica's saliva and Phil filled his mouth. The shaft pressed his tongue down and a spicy hit landed on the back of his tongue. He swallowed it, moaning as he tasted his first drop of cum. His body was needy with desire now, his pussy wet at the thought of what he

was making chaste little Jenna do, at watching innocent little Veronica deep throat a huge dick.

Chris slid his hand through both of their hair and helped them, guiding them up and down his shaft in turn. The look in his eyes was greedy delight. And it was for Phil's body. Phil felt so powerful. So wonderfully needed. It made him ache in his core as he took Chris in his mouth again, lovingly licking the rock hard dick.

Shane and Phil took turns sucking on Chris's cock. When it was Phil's turn, Shane caressed Phil's soft body and kissed the back of his neck, letting his hands wander down between Phil's legs to find his moisture.

"Fuck, you're so wet," Shane whispered in awe as he slid two fingers into Phil's dripping cunt.

Phil just moaned around the dick in his mouth, closing his eyes to savor the flavors and all the sensations as every inch of his body lit with wonderful tension. He dragged his tongue down and up the underside of Chris's shaft, moving with Chris's rhythm, his own body burning along with Chris's every gasp and moan until, with one last groan, Chris came.

His hand gripped Phil's hair involuntarily and Phil sank his mouth down, down the shaft as it throbbed in his mouth. Warm, creamy cum flooded his mouth and he took it all in, holding it in his mouth, luxuriating in the salty-sweet taste on his tongue. When Chris finished Phil pulled his mouth off, grabbed Shane and kissed him. When Shane opened his lips Phil snowballed him, pushing the cum into his friend's mouth. He felt Shane jump beneath him but then quickly give in to it, swirling the cum around his own mouth before swishing it back to Phil.

Chris watched on with delight as Shane and Phil traded his cum back and forth, letting it drip down their chins. They moaned as they shared his taste. Finally, Phil pulled away and knelt above Veronica to dribble his mouthful of cum across her face. Shane looked up and opened his eyes, gasping at the hot seed hit his nose and rolled off his glasses and down his cheeks. He rubbed it into his skin, coating his neck and tits with Chris's cum, dirtying Veronica's delicate body and making Phil burn with lust.

He thrust two fingers into his aching cunt and fingered himself as he watched Veronica touch herself, her sticky fingers leaving trails across her bare tits and her breasts, down to her own slick pussy. Phil pushed Shane onto his back and dove his head between Veronica's legs, his tongue circling her folds madly as his own fingers slid deep into his slick canal. He fucked himself as he ate out Veronica, their moans growing in tandem, rising in pitch until they came together. He shuddered in Veronica's cunt as she quivered around his head. The salty taste of her filled Phil's tongue and the pressure in his own body burst, flooding him with exquisite delight.

They orgasm hard, letting the convulsions burn out as they came down slowly. Phil helped Shane into a sitting position and they both looked up at Chris.

"Seems like you girls had fun," he grinned.

Shane and Phil got dressed and made the walk of shame back to their campus. They were giggly, laughing about their recent conquest.

"Fuck, that was so hot," Phil said.

“And we can do that whenever we want,” Shane laughed
Veronica’s tingling laugh.

“Ok. Maybe the wish wasn’t such a bad idea.”

Shane nudged him. “There’s the Phil I know. Come on, I think
I still have another orgasm in me tonight.”

Phil did, too. As Phil came happily around his friend’s head,
he finally put to rest the idea that the original Jenna would
ever return. He was Jenna forever now. And he would be a
great one.

###

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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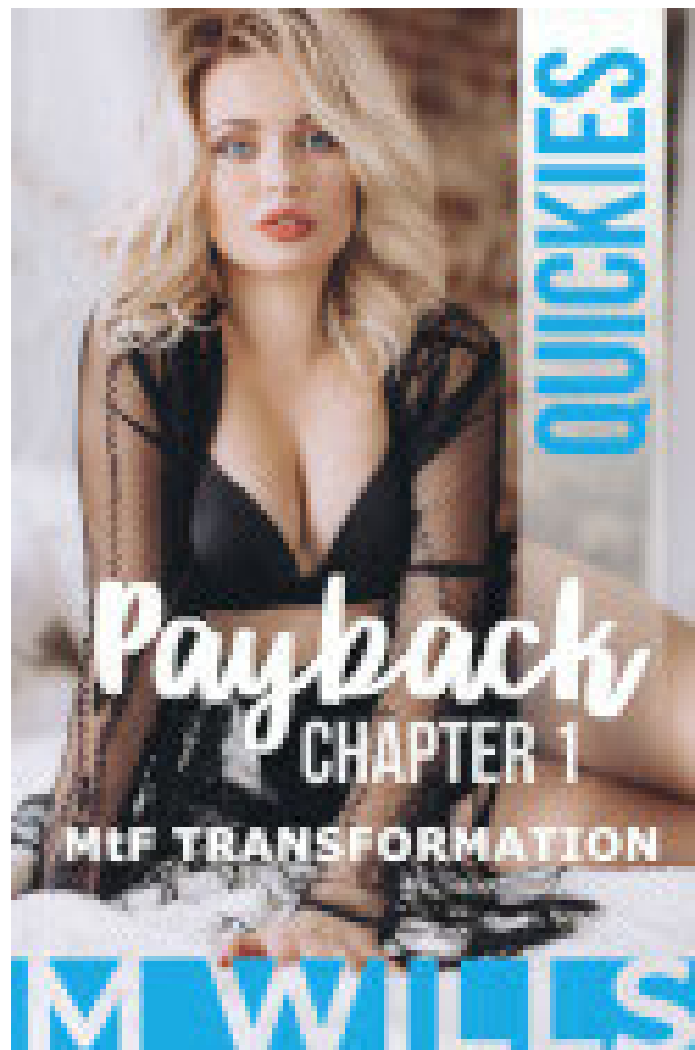
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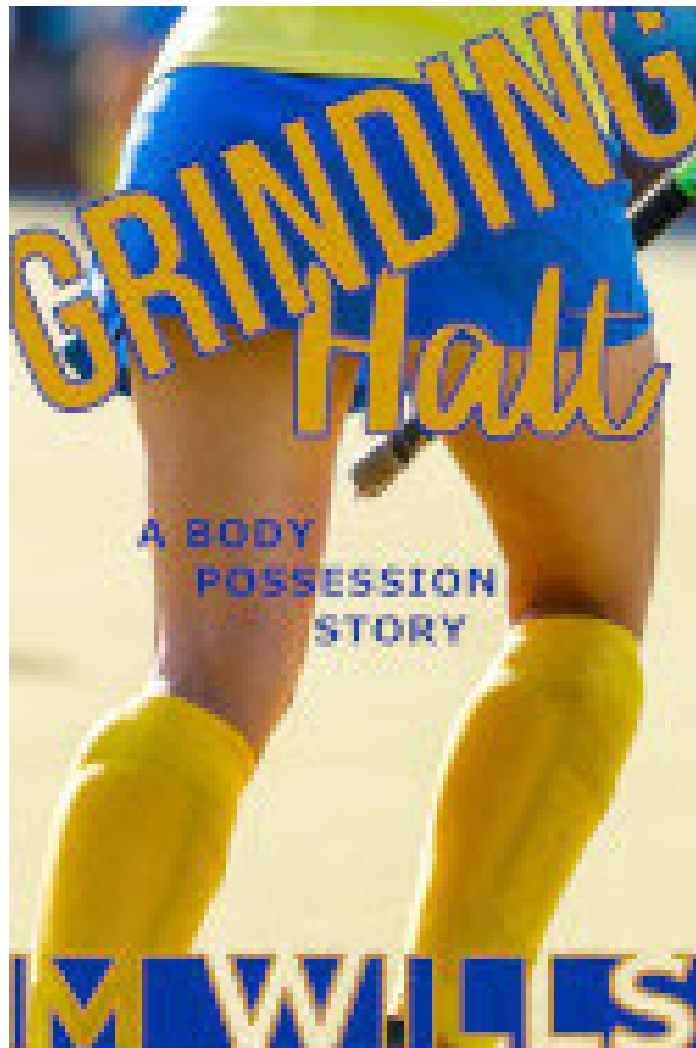
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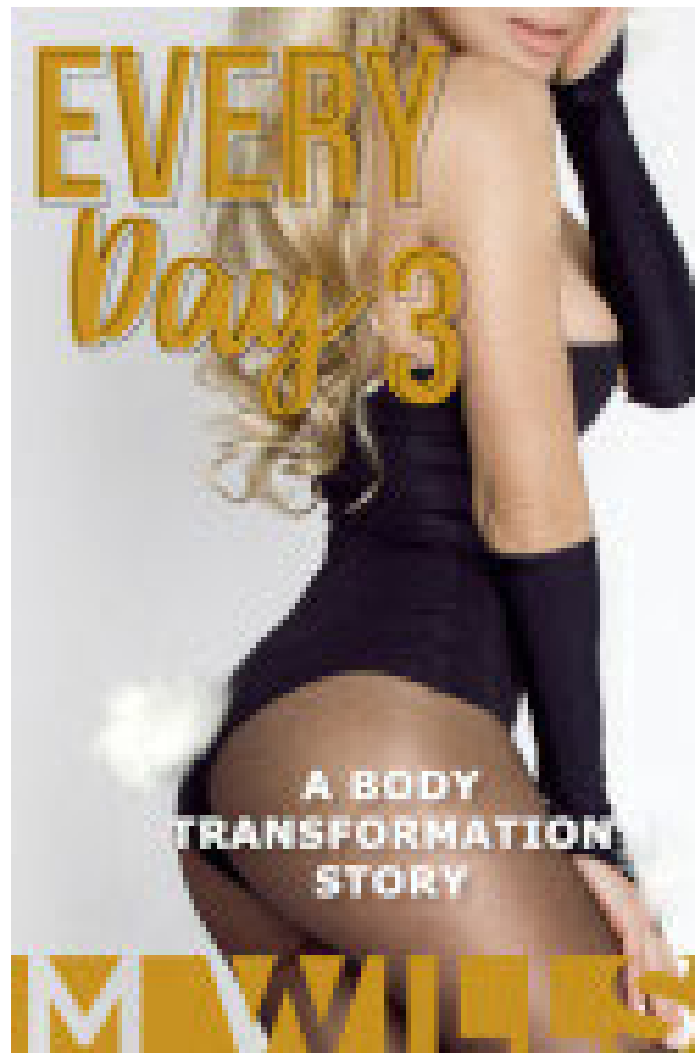
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