

Every Day

A Body Transformation Story

by M. Wills

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Corey dribbled the ball up the court, sidestepping one defender after another with ease. At the top of the key he was brought up short by Mike, the tallest guy on the team.

Corey feinted right before stepping back around to his left, hoping for an opening to drive to the net. Mike kept right on top of him. A quick glance at the rest of the court showed all his team covered by other players and only a few seconds left on the clock.

“Bring it,” Mike panted.

Corey flicked his eyes to the left, keeping half an eye on Mike as he stared at the cheerleaders practicing just to the side of the court. Both groups had complained when they were forced to share a practice space but with the championship game coming up in a few days both groups needed all the practice they could get. Besides, practicing together had its perks. As Corey watched, the beautiful Megan Majors was getting launched up into the air, her sizable breasts struggling to break free of her sports bra. A cheer went up from the group as they caught her.

Mike's eyes followed Corey's, only a glance, but it was all he needed. Corey snapped around Mike's backside and drove unmolested to the net for an easy layup just as the buzzer for the scrimmage sounded.

Corey tossed the ball to Mike. “Eyes on the ball, man.”

Mike swore at him and the Coach interrupted. “All right guys, gather up.”

Mike jogged over to the sidelines with Corey, complaining all the while. “Do you have any idea how hard it is to practice in here with all that going on?” Mike gestured to the row of scantily clad cheerleaders now practicing splits, kicking their legs up to reveal miles of gorgeous, tanned leg.

“Good job today, guys,” Coach Thompson barked. Everything Coach said was barked loudly, even his compliments. Mike had a running joke where he would act out what it must be like for Coach's wife to have sex with him. (“Right there! Take it to the hole! Go, go, go! Good job! Bring it in.”)

“We face Derbyville this Friday. That gives you just five more days to get your shit together.” Coach continued. “They're good but we can beat those sons of bitches. You guys just need to concentrate and work together and keep your head in the game.” This last was directed at Mike. “I've already cleared some space in the cabinet for the trophy. That's how confident I am that you guys are gonna bring it home. Now get showered, go home, and get some rest. I don't want anyone getting sick on me this week. Bring it in.”

The team put their hands into the circle and gave a hearty cheer. Afterwards, they grabbed their water bottles and moved towards the locker room.

“Hey,” Corey said, turning away from the shower entrance to look back at the cheer team. “You go on ahead. I've got to talk with Megan about something.”

“I'll bet you do.” Mike gave a predatory grin. “Just remember what coach said.” He gave a long slow thrust of his hips. “Get some rest.”

Megan was talking to some of the other girls as Corey approached. She glanced over at him and gave a tiny wave. Her friends saw him coming and they split off, giggling to each other.

Megan had an elegant face with exquisite cheekbones and laughing eyes. Her body was toned from hours of practicing cheerleading and gymnastics, but she still had an exquisite hourglass figure with taut breasts that fit perfectly between Corey's lips. When she smiled at Corey it was like no one else was in the room.

"Hey handsome," she said. He pulled her in for a hug and she protested. "Don't hug me, I'm all sweaty."

"That's okay," Corey said, "you're beautiful when you're sweaty."

"Okay, correction," Megan laughed. "Don't hug me. *You're* all sweaty."

"That's okay, too." Corey said pressing his forehead against hers. "I'm *also* beautiful when I'm sweaty." He pulled back, his arms lightly on her hips as he gazed down at her.

"How was practice?" She asked, looking up at him with her brilliant blue eyes.

"Didn't you see? You won me the game."

"Did I now? Sounds like I'm a pretty good cheerleader then."

"The best." Corey grinned, pulling her in close again and slipping a loose strand of her hair back behind one perfect ear. "Do you want to come over tonight?"

"I wish. I could really use the break, but I've got to study."

"I thought you were doing a big cram session *last* night?"

"I was! I had this whole thing with Becky and Claire but, like, they just wanted to party all night and we got no studying done and I'm just not getting it. It's, like, science, math, sure, I understand it, it's a system, no problem. But history? It's just a big jumble of dates and events. And you know what Ms. Harper's tests are like."

"Maybe I could help you study. I do pretty well in history."

Megan laughed. "Are you kidding? We'd wind up spending the whole night making out like last time."

"That wasn't my fault!" Corey laughed.

"No, but it still happened." Megan smiled and ran her eyes over Corey's athletic form as her fingers traced his solid pecs. "Not that I'm complaining."

"Well, maybe we could get it out of our system now?" Corey raised an eyebrow. "That way we don't have to worry about it later."

Megan let out a heavy breath. Corey leaned down for a kiss, but Megan put a finger to his lips. She glanced around the gymnasium at the handful of people still loitering around. "God, you're such a bad influence on me." She took his hand and lead him back behind the bleachers.

When the bleachers were unfolded, like they were now, they offered tons of space beneath. The crisscrossing beams made one virtually invisible from the outside, and the abandoned chairs and tables that had been dumped in the makeshift storage area just behind the bleachers added an extra layer of protection. They threaded their way between the discarded desks until they were safely hidden.

Megan turned to him and they kissed. Corey's hands slid down Megan's back and caressed her solid ass. She melted into him and he felt himself growing hard. After a minute Megan pulled away and eyed him hungrily.

"I love your body." Megan traced a hand along Corey's broad chest. While most of the basketball team was lean, years of cross-training had given Corey the body of a linebacker. Not only was he tall, sure, and swift on the court, but he brought enough muscle to let the other team know that he was serious.

She pulled him down towards her, urgent now, desperate to taste him. Her lips were sweet, her breath hot. Corey's heart pounded in his chest as she pressed herself against his growing erection. He slipped his tongue past hers as he explored the familiar depths of her mouth. Her breathing became heavy as she ground her body harder against him.

Corey ran his fingers through her long blonde hair and then down her lithe, athletic body, rubbing every familiar curve, pulling her already needy form into the rock that was his body. Megan moaned into his mouth. She seemed as horny as he was and he hoped she was up for a quick blow job. They'd done it here a few times before and it was fantastic. The perfect stress reliever. Every one of his senses was on alert for someone approaching and they just seemed to make the whole thing hotter.

"Wait." Corey pulled back as a slight noise caught his attention. "What was that?"

"What was what?"

Corey swung his head around. "Listen."

"Come on," Megan looked around, huddling close to Corey. "Don't spook me like that."

Corey heard the noise again. The sound of a shoe gently scuffing the floor. Corey turned and looked behind him. There, leering at them from the darkness beneath the far end of the bleachers, was the heavyset form of George Anderson.

"Oh!" Megan shrieked as she followed his gaze.

Corey caught George's piggy eyes. George stared at him for a moment as if challenging him. Then he dropped his eyes and slunk away.

"Oh my god, that guy is such a creep." Megan shivered.

"Totally."

"He's the worst. He's always leering at the girls on the team. It's like he doesn't even care that he's being a total perv. Becky said she once caught him following her home after school. She had to call Jack to come pick her up."

"That *is* fucking creepy."

Corey had seen him around. George was one of the Goth kids—to Corey, anyone who wore all black was classified as 'Goth'. George was overweight, antisocial, ultra-nerdy. Everything Corey wasn't. Corey didn't understand those sorts of people. How could someone let themselves go like that? It was like they had no self-control. Plus his slightly menacing air was off-putting, like he was deliberately trying to antagonize people.

"No, yeah, he's a total creep. This isn't the first time I've caught him staring at me, either. It's just...yuck."

"Do you want me to do something about him? I can talk to him maybe?"

“Yeah, sure,” Megan laughed, “I’ll just have you beat him up for me, huh? I’m sure that would stop him.”

“Oh man, could you imagine?” Corey couldn’t help but smile. “It would be like punching a big ball of foam.”

“You’re my hero, you know that? But no, you’d better not. You wouldn’t want his smell rubbing off on you.”

Corey laughed, then leaned down to give Megan another kiss but Megan put her hands on his chest.

“Ugh, no, we’d better stop. That totally killed my mood. He could still be around somewhere for all we know, trying to peep on us. Save it for the moose this weekend.”

The moose was a running joke between the two of them. Megan's dad had a cabin up in the mountains with a giant moose head above the fireplace. Megan was always a little creeped out by it and thought it seemed to be watching her every move. The plan was for the two of them to go up to the cabin after the game. They'd either mourn their loss or celebrate their win.

As the two left the bleachers they saw George scowling at them. His look was dark and ominous. It gave Corey the shivers. He put his arm around Megan protectively and they headed away.

* * * * *

Corey shuffled around the food on his plate. He was struggling. Whole-grain penne primavera topped with strips of grilled steak. It wasn’t bad, but there was a lot of it. Protein and complex carbs. It was the family’s traditional pre-event meal leading up the big game. Corey’s father insisted. Also traditional was the speech about competition preparation, which his dad was in the middle of giving. It was the same lecture he always gave whenever Corey had a big game coming up.

Corey shared a look across the table with James, the English exchange student the family was currently hosting. James had been living with them for a few months and slotted right into the family with his love of all things sport. His solid physique matched Corey’s, which Corey suspected further endeared James to Corey’s dad. Corey and James commiserated about Corey’s dad’s ultra-competitiveness, which they both found too much at times.

“I think what your father is trying to say, sweetie,” said Corey’s mother, taking advantage of a moment’s hesitation as Corey’s father stopped to draw breath, “is that we know you’re going to do great. And win or lose, we’re all so incredibly proud of you.”

Corey’s father raised an eyebrow and shot his wife a glare. She smiled cheerily as she returned it. Corey's mom had been a cheerleader back when his dad had done varsity and she’d been his trophy wife ever since. Just one of the many awards currently decorating the living room. She seemed to relish her role and spent her time shopping, staying fit, and taking care of the house.

“Yeah, man,” agreed James. “But if you turn out to be a total loser I get your room.”

Corey dug an elbow into James’s side. James just laughed and elbowed him back.

“Hey! Hey! Cut it out!” roared Corey’s father. “Corey, you need to save your strength. And I don’t want you getting hurt or anything, either. God forbid something should happen to you before the game. There’s going to be scouts there. Scouts! Your whole life is going to depend on how well you do in that game.”

“Dad, come on,” said Corey “It’s just a game.”

“It's not just a game. This is going to set the course for the rest of your life. I wouldn't be where I am today if I'd lost my last high school game. Paul Smits was out sick and it was up to me to carry our team. We were down by seventeen at the half and the coach pulled us up and said...”

Corey zoned out as his dad launched into the story of How He Was Discovered. A thrilling tale featuring Corey's dad doing fantastical things. It was another story heard a thousand times before. Corey had half a mind to lose the game just so he wouldn't be tortured by his dad's endless demands for perfection. But, of course, Corey himself was a perfectionist and could do nothing less than his best.

That night, Corey tossed and turned, but he couldn't seem to sleep comfortably. It was too hot and too cold, and no matter how he rolled over he felt like there was a great weight pushing down upon him.

And then the morning came and everything changed.

Monday

Corey struggled as he sat up in bed. His sleep-addled body felt heavy and unfamiliar. He shook his head, but something about it seemed so ponderous and heavy. Something soft tickled down his face. There was a weight on his chest which seemed to be pulling him forward. Corey looked down and stared with wide eyes down cleavage composed of the biggest tits he'd ever seen that now hung from his own chest. They were round, and pale white and perfectly formed, held in place by a black velvet top with long sleeves and a neckline cut so low it almost split the top in half.

He reached up to grab the mammoth tits, panic flooding his brain. Why did he have tits? His hands landed on them and he felt them move, felt them land in his hand, felt them *bounce on his chest*. And his hands! The fingernails were painted a deep black and elegantly polished and curved. His skin soft and hairless. A woman's hands.

“The hell...?” Corey whispered. Even his voice had changed and was now luxuriously smoky and feminine.

Corey did his best to stand up, teetering on the black stiletto heels attached to his now dainty feet. As he stood, the skirt of his mini-dress fell down over his well-developed ass and shapely thighs. It barely covered the voluptuous body he now inhabited.

Okay... okay... he thought to himself, *this is all some kind of dream...*

He stumbled towards his bedroom door, nearly losing his balance in the heels and falling on his face. He managed to catch himself on his desk, but his breasts wobbled madly as he did so. Christ, these things were heavy.

Slowly, Corey opened his bedroom door. He could hear the tinkle of utensils from his mom making breakfast downstairs. James's door was closed. A good sign.

Stumbling as he adjusted to his new center of balance, Corey tried to move as quietly as he could. The carpet swallowed up the clicking of his heels but each step sent his breasts bouncing. His hips wiggled so damn much he felt like he was about to bounce against each wall. He soon made it to the bathroom and shut the door quietly, locking it tight behind him.

Corey turned to stare into the mirror. A foreign face stared back at him. It was familiar somehow. He was sure he had seen it before, but he just couldn't seem to place it. Pale skin. Dark eyebrows. Red lips. Face sexy in a Goth chic kind of way. And then it hit him. This was that chick that presented on late night cheesy horror shows that his dad used to love. Some sort of big-titted vampire-babe.

He ran a finger across his lips. He had blood red lipstick on. It wasn't just his body that had changed but his face, his clothing, and, oh god, his hair. His hair was in an elaborate up-do with a few strands that managed to fall artfully—and sexily—across his feminine face and down his back.

He wore some kind of black gothic-looking minidress with long black sleeves that left an enormous amount of cleavage on display above and most of his pale thighs bare below. In between was not much more than a scrap of fabric that covered the rest of him.

Corey's tits were massive, huge wobbly things that curved gently down beneath the black dress. It seemed that one wrong move would make them pop out of the dress and yet somehow they stayed on. A black leather belt crossed his waist, a pin in the shape of a jeweled dagger acting as its clasp. An enormous emerald ring graced his right hand and long gold earrings peeked through the hair that fell down each side of his Gothically lovely face.

"Fuck," he said, his voice sexy and alluring. The dark shadows drawn on his eyes made him look sexy yet dangerous in a decidedly feminine way. The only thing missing from the vampire look was the long incisors.

Corey grabbed his tits. No wonder he hadn't been able to sleep properly. They were huge. He bobbed them in his hands, watching them shift back and forth beneath his touch.

He dropped them and traced the curve of his body with his new hands, over his chest and down his waist then out again across his hips and ass. The sensation coming from the unfamiliar flesh was strange, but damned if it didn't feel good.

Hesitantly, he lifted his skirt. Lacey black panties greeted him, clinging to his ample thighs. He cautiously slipped his hand beneath his panties, following the coarse trail of pubic hair down between his legs. There was a slit there, the little lips parting slightly for his finger and he gasped as he sank lightly inside.

Corey struggled to suppress a moan as his fingers traced up and down his new delicate folds. The sensations flooding through his body were so alien yet so deliciously familiar. And extremely intense. More intense than they had any right to be with just a simple touch. Whatever had transformed him also seemed to have supercharged his sex drive. Each little touch sent tingles through him. They gathered between his legs as his body called out for more.

Careful not to scratch himself with his new fingernails he began tracing a line along his slit. It was a careful art. He had only ever done this a few times with Megan before. She'd seemed to like it. And this body Corey now possessed *really* seemed to like it. He could already feel himself growing wet and ready, a strange-wonderful sensation of his pussy lips beginning to slide together.

He pressed his finger softly inside, felt his folds envelope himself as he penetrated his new body for the first time. He sank slowly into his moistening warmth. His pussy lips clasped his finger. They velvety smooth and slightly moist. God, it was so weird having a finger *inside* his pussy. His eyes widened as he traced up and down his slit, which made the pleasure rebound through his body. His other hand explored one of his massive breast. They were so much bigger than Megan's and so fun to play with.

Corey continued rubbing his pussy softly, moving his finger around his unfamiliar body parts until he landed on a spot that rewarded him with a sudden throbbing pleasure. Desire spiked through him as his body suddenly became alive with desire. God, it was like this body only had two modes: cool and flaming hot. He slid his left hand beneath his top, finding the tiny nub of his pale pink nipple which he squeezed lightly. The throbbing pain joined the throbbing pleasure between his legs and brought a soft cry to his lips.

He needed more. His terror at finding himself like this was fast overwhelmed by the lust pulsing through him. Now he could hear his wetness, the sound of his digits squishing through his gorgeous pussy. He spread his legs and gazed into the mirror, staring at the pretty pink folds that appeared with each stroke.

Corey's breathing grew faster, his pretty cheeks flushed. He continued fingering the pussy he now possessed, enchanted at the delight flowing through him as he slid around and around his glistening folds. Corey bit his lip as he tried to hold back another moan. His body was so hot and his pussy had grown so wet so fast but this wasn't enough. He needed more. Almost on instinct, he brought

another finger against his clit, catching it between the two fingers. A flush of warmth burned through him. Fuck, that was amazing. Every move brought a fresh explosion of bliss. His pussy clasped his fingers as he circled his pleasure button. Bliss filled him, drawing his body taut like a guitar string.

Corey was lost in a sea of fantastic foreign sensation as the pleasure wrapped tighter, tighter, and then finally snapped into a sudden explosion of pleasure. With a soft cry his whole body tensed up, the fingers of one hand massaging his aching clit as he clutched a giant breast to his chest. Watching the beautiful woman in the mirror pleasure herself, feeling those sensations in his voluptuous new body drove him wild and he came hard, thrusting his hips and pushing his fingers as deep inside himself as he could. He was sopping wet and the slick sounds of his pussy were music to his ears. He cried out in a half-gasp as he shook with delight. The orgasm roared through him, making him moan again. His entire body trembled with a pleasure that made his knees weak. The orgasm peaked and then slowly receded.

Suddenly, Corey's sleep and sex-addled brain snapped to attention. Someone was pounding at the door.

"Jesus, dude, quit jerking off and hurry up in there! I gotta take a piss!" James's voice called out from the hallway.

Shit, thought Corey, how loud was I?

"J-just a minute." Corey replied, half on instinct. He blushed as he covered his mouth. His voice was different now too. Feminine, sultry.

He couldn't let James see him like this. But what was he going to do?

The pounding grew louder. Corey frantically looked around for any sign of escape. He doubted he could squeeze his body out of the tiny window. Especially not with these tits.

Corey took a deep breath. There was no hiding this. But maybe that was okay. After all it wasn't like what was happening was his fault or anything. Maybe James could help.

If he didn't mistake Corey for some kind of sexy cat burglar that was.

Corey opened the door, eyes closed in shame as he displayed his curvy new body to James.

"Took you long enough. Come on, I've got to go!"

"Huh?" Corey opened an eye. From his new, shorter perspective James looked positively huge. But James wasn't even looking at him.

"I said out of the way!"

James shoved Corey aside as he ran into the bathroom. Though he had hardly put any force behind it, it still sent Corey reeling out into the hallway.

"What the hell is happening?" Corey mumbled to himself as he stumbled back to his room.

James had completely ignored Corey's transformation. He'd acted like Corey hadn't been turned into some kind of lusty Gothic sexpot. Was Corey hallucinating? Maybe this was all some sort of bizarre brain thing causing him to see himself as something ridiculous. He would have to look it up online later. Maybe go see a doctor. God, how would he even begin to describe it?

As he pondered his options Corey pulled open his chest of drawers. The least he could do right now was change into something a little more comfortable.

"Oh, come on!" he cried.

Inside Corey's drawers were stacks and stacks of neatly arranged black dresses, all identical to the one he wore now. Where once were socks were now pantyhose. His watch had been replaced with a collection of the same bracelets, earrings and rings repeated over and over again. Even his underwear drawer was stuffed full of familiar looking black lace panties. Whatever was going on, it was thorough.

Kicking off his heels, Corey tip-toed over to James's room. James seemed unaffected by this...whatever it was. Maybe Corey could just borrow some of his clothes?

As quietly as he could, Corey dug around for some of James's old shirts. In his old body they were the same size, but from his new form everything seemed enormous. Still, there were lots of good options. He may not look like himself, but at least he didn't have to be advertising his tits to anyone who cared to look.

No sooner had Corey gotten the shirt past his head however, then the shirt began to shift in his hands, changing not only shape but texture. He pulled the thing down over his body only to discover that the shirt he had just tried to pull on was now another identical Gothic style minidress.

"Come on!" Corey stomped his tiny foot in frustration. Until then he hadn't even realized that at some point the heels had returned to his feet.

"Corey!" came his mom's voice from downstairs. "Hurry up! Breakfast!"

Corey took a deep breath. He was trembling. His mind kept racing to the unreality of what was happening. This wasn't possible. Except that there was no denying that it *was* happening.

Solemnly, Corey trekked down the stairs in his dangerously high heels.

"Hurry up and eat," said his mother, setting a plate of eggs on the table, "or you'll be late for school. Honestly, I don't know why it takes you so long to get ready in the morning."

His mom couldn't see his transformation either. Should he say something? Was *he* going crazy? Why couldn't anyone else see this?

"Mom, do I look different today?" Corey asked.

His mom paused and frowned, looking him up and down before shaking her head. "No. Why?"

"Not my outfit? Not anything?" He asked, shaking his chest so that his breasts jiggled madly.

"No. Same dress as always. Why?"

"Nothing." Corey lowered his head and dug in to his breakfast.

If everyone else was acting like this was normal he would have to play along until he found out what the hell was happening. Otherwise, *he* would be the crazy one in this fucked up scenario.

The drive to school was difficult. Corey had a different center of balance, a different height, and different sized legs, to say nothing of his high heels. So much about Corey's body was different and all of it made driving a chore.

"How the hell do girls drive in heels?" he groaned.

Every time he managed to kick the heels off he found them back on his feet a few moments later. He whimpered. This must be what it felt like to go insane.

Like he did every day, Corey stopped at Megan's place to pick her up. It was a little out of the way but it gave them an opportunity to spend some time together before school. Corey blushed as Megan stepped outside. He was embarrassed that she'd be seeing him like this, but what could he

do? Abandon her to get to school on her own? And, if the reaction of his family was anything to go by, she wouldn't notice a thing. Still, he was a bit trepidatious as she came towards him.

"Good morning, handsome!" she said as she hopped in the passenger seat, leaning over and giving Corey a long lingering kiss.

Blood surged through Corey's veins. Maybe it was the added softness of his own lips, but Megan's kiss felt impossibly sensual. Corey found himself leaning back, letting her take control of the kiss as the warmth of her flooded his body with pleasant sensations. He felt so delicate and vulnerable and oh-so-right.

When she broke away Corey was left wanting more. Never mind the fact that he had just gotten himself off in the bathroom less than an hour ago. One kiss and he was practically panting with desire. Fuck, this body really was something else.

"You're looking good today," Megan beamed.

"I am?" Corey said, looking down at his feminine form.

"Yeah!" Megan's eyes followed Corey's as they rolled down along the curves of his chest. "I love the way that dress shows off your tits."

"M-My what?" Corey asked.

"Your tits, baby. Your boobs. Your knockers, melons, fun bags. Sorry, sweetie, but if you don't want me complementing your body you've got to stop dressing to show it off. You look amazing."

"I do?" Corey blushed. Megan saw him as a girl but was treating him kind of like a guy.

"Is everything okay?" Megan laughed, a little nervously, like she was worried she was missing the joke or forgetting something important. "Since when are you so shy about this?"

"I just uh, I didn't know that you were so interested in um..." Corey waved his hand around trying to find the best word. "You know, *girls*." Megan had never been opposed to lesbians, but Corey had rather extensive experience proving that she was firmly and exclusively androphilic.

"Huh? What's liking my boyfriend's killer tits got to do with girls?"

Boyfriend. The word echoed through Corey's head. Did that mean she still regarded him as a guy, even though he looked anything but? What in the hell was going on?

"So, you don't notice anything unusual about me?" he pressed.

"Is this a trick question?" Megan ran a long appraising eye over Corey's succulent form. "Did you get a haircut?"

"What? No! How are you... how are you not noticing all this?" Corey gestured down at his body. "Look at me! I look like some kind of sexy nympho Goth minx!"

"I'll say." Megan bit her lip. "Baby, if this is about how amazingly sexy you look, that's nothing new. I mean, god, just look at those legs. Makes me just want to run my hands over every inch of your body."

Corey shivered as Megan ran a hand along his thigh, then he let out a soft gasp as her probing fingers slipped up the hem of his skirt.

Suddenly Megan pulled back, leaving Corey once again to crash against a rock of anticlimax. Corey groaned in frustration.

“Sorry handsome,” she shook her head. “As much as I’d love to have some fun, we should probably get to school. I’ve got Mr. Kensington first period and you know how he is with being late. Maybe we can pick that up some other time.”

* * * * *

That day of school was the most surreal experience of Corey’s life.

All morning Corey was on edge. He just couldn’t shake the idea that there would be some kind of follow up, some kind of explanation, that something would happen to make sense out of the bizarre position he had found himself in. But no. The day passed the same as any other. Everyone treated him as if he’d looked like this his entire life, even though they still treated him like a guy. The banality of it was driving him crazy.

It didn’t help that Corey was also painfully aware of every little girly detail of his new body. His mind kept focusing on each jiggle his chest made whenever he moved. The dark hair caressed his cheek whenever he turned his head. And he had to remember to clap his legs together when he sat so that no one would see his panties. His body was so unbelievably, unreasonably and undeniably feminine and it was all he could think about.

He was a freak. So how come no one was staring? But they weren’t. No one noticed. No one cared. And that just made it so much worse. Deep down there was an increasingly desperate side of him that wanted someone—anyone—to understand the situation he was in.

Instead, he had to sit through classes and take notes. He could barely focus with the way his tits jiggled and blocked his view of his notes whenever he looked down. Or how his enormous ass kept bumping into things. Or the increasingly frustrating manner in which his body kept threatening to slip out of the dress if he wasn’t constantly micromanaging it. He had never felt more awkward in his life. And, dammit, he sometimes found himself getting turned on by his new body.

Hanging out with Mike during lunch didn’t exactly make things any easier. Mike had a thing for large-chested women and he liked to rate the girls as they walked past.

“Don’t worry, Corey,” Mike casually assured him. “Your tits are still an 11.”

“Uh, thanks.”

Corey was the hottest girl in the school hands down. Guys would be going crazy over him if they didn’t still see him as a man somehow. But no one even gave Corey a second glance.

Except for that creep George.

Corey didn’t even notice at first with the way George hung out on the periphery of the bleachers staring at Corey and his friends. No, not Corey’s friends. George was staring at *Corey*. Corey almost brushed it aside. Maybe George was still angry about yesterday, or embarrassed or something.

Once Corey realized George was there he kept glancing over at the obese little nerd. He had to hand it to George, there was something about him that looked a lot better today. Maybe he had taken what they had said to heart. Maybe he had showered? Brushed his hair or something? It was hard to tell, but he had gone from ugly freak Goth kid to looking kind of alright. In fact, the whole Goth thing even made him look...kinda cute.

And then it hit him. George was staring at his tits. And he was grinning.

That son of a bitch. He knew. He was a part of this somehow.

In a flash of rage, Corey leapt to his feet, his breasts bouncing as he did so. With every ounce of strength Corey could muster from his buxom body Corey ran after George, but it was no good. George saw him coming and Corey could barely walk in his heels, let alone run. All Corey had succeeded in doing was make his boobs bounce out of his top for all the world to see. Corey blushed as he slowed to a stop, trying to cram his tits back into the stupid black dress. He was already out of breath.

George had gotten away but still, it was something. That ugly weasel knew what was happening. Corey needed to find him and figure out how he was connected to all this.

There was no trace of George for the rest of the day. Corey even skipped one of his classes to hunt him down, but to no avail. It was like he had just vanished.

At the bell for the end of the day, he tagged along with Mike as they both made their way towards the locker rooms. Mike was going on about the upcoming game, clearly expecting Corey to be playing, though Corey had no idea how he was supposed to play looking like he did.

Being in the locker room should have been like being the star of a cheesy porno. A beautiful, busty woman in a room full of naked teens. Yet no one even batted an eye.

To Corey's increasing frustration, the moment he tried to put on his workout gear it transformed into another copy of that stupid black mini-dress. He wouldn't have cared so much if it was literally anything else. He'd have happily wore one of Megan's laciest bras at that point as long as it offered even the faintest hint of support. These fucking tits were *heavy* and lugging them around all day was giving him back ache.

Never in his entire life had Corey performed so abysmally on the court. He couldn't run, he couldn't block, and he couldn't jump. Whenever he tried to shoot the ball it was like there was no strength behind any of his shots. He was throwing like an amateur, his form was sloppy, and to top it off his hair kept falling all about his face and his tits kept falling out of his dress.

Three times Mike stole the ball from him before Coach Peters took him aside.

"What the hell is going on out there?" demanded the coach. "I've got a 12-year-old daughter who handles the ball better than that!"

"I, uh," Corey mumbled, his flawlessly made-up eyes downcast in a look of horrified embarrassment. "I didn't get any sleep last night." It was a half-cocked excuse, but it was all Corey could manage.

"What did I tell you about taking it easy? That means you get lots of rest! What the hell do you think is going to happen if this is the kind of performance you bring on Friday, huh?"

"I--"

"I don't want to hear it! If you're not going to bring your A-game to practice, then I don't want you on my court. You're sitting this one out."

"But--"

"I don't want to hear it!"

Corey spent the rest of the practice wallowing in self-pity on the bench, watching the rest of the team play. Strangely, deep down he didn't seem to mind that much. There was just something about watching the hot sweaty athletes go at it that sparked him as way more interesting than normal. Man, even his thoughts were worrisome.

“Everything okay, beautiful?” asked Megan, sliding up next to him.

Corey wanted to tell Megan everything. He wanted to crawl into her arms and express to her how intensely vulnerable and hurt he was feeling and how close he was to a major meltdown. He had never felt so close to tears in his entire life. Sure, maybe it was a sensible reaction to having your life thrown upside down, or maybe this was another aspect of whatever curse had afflicted him.

Corey swallowed his pain. He wasn't going to let this beat him.

“Everything's great.” he said, his voice quavering. “I'm just not feeling like myself today. I just want to get home and sleep it off, you know?”

“Oh.” Megan replied, slightly taken aback. Corey was an awful liar. But if he wanted to keep it to himself she wasn't one to force him to open up. “Okay... but if you want to talk, just give me a call, okay?”

“Okay.”

Corey stumbled through the rest of the evening like a ghost. His father was furious at him for eating hardly any of his dinner but by that point Corey didn't care. He just wanted to get to his room and be alone. He wanted the humiliation to be over.

When he finally managed to get to bed all he could think about as he lay there was George and all the things he was going to do to him when he finally caught him.

And to his disgust, he found that those things weren't all bad.

Tuesday

Corey knelt submissively before the mysterious figure. He could tell from how sensuous he felt that he was still in his new body... or no, he was in a different new body, though one still just as feminine and sexy.

The figure—his master—was petting his hair. Corey nuzzled into his master's hand and luxuriated in the sensation. It felt so good to receive his attention.

The figure gestured towards his crotch and Corey leaned forward to pull down the figure's zipper. He licked his plump, juicy lips.

Excitement and trepidation built up within him as he pulled the stranger's beautiful, amazing cock from his pants. Waves of carnal need flushed through his body as he smiled and ran his soft pink tongue up along the shaft, circling the head and swallowing the pre-cum gratefully.

Truly, this was bliss. He couldn't think of anywhere he'd rather be. He couldn't think of *anyone* he'd rather be.

Corey woke with a start.

He slapped his hands against his skin trying to shake off the feelings of the dream as he shot out of bed like a bolt. It had felt so real...so right. And that's what scared him most.

Fumbling in the dark, Corey took stock of his body. His enormous boobs had gone. His muscles felt stronger. His body felt lean and powerful once again. Whatever had happened yesterday, he felt so different now. Maybe everything had gone back to normal?

Then he flicked on the light and found the black and gold bra and panties that he was wearing.

"Oh my god," he groaned. "What now?" His new voice was deeper than yesterday, with a richly feminine growl.

Corey rushed into the bathroom, almost tripping on the cumbersome thigh-high boots he was wearing.

Gone was the Gothic look of yesterday. Staring back at him from the mirror was a whole other kind of sexy.

Long dark hair fell down one shoulder. His bra and panties were studded with sparkling fake diamonds. He looked like a professional wrestler.

Well, he thought, looking on the bright side, *At least I have muscles back.*

His feminine body was incredible toned. There wasn't an ounce of fat on him and his tits defied gravity. Pretty clearly they were fake. Corey ran a hand along them. At least they were smaller this time. Or maybe that was just because they were so tightly confined by the sports bra-looking thing. His breath caught as he traced the outline of his sensitive skin. His nipples stiffened at the attention, becoming obvious even through the thick material.

Fuck, that stupid dream had left him so horny and *this* body felt just as primed for sex as the last one. Maybe he had time to explore his new body a bit? What would be the harm?

No. Corey clenched his fist. No. He may have been stuck in some strange body but he was still in control of his mind, still in control of his will. He wasn't going to give into his body's weird demands. Even in the face of how desperately his body wanted it, he managed to resist the urge.

The second morning passed the same as the first: breakfast, picking up Megan, school. It was no less disorienting in this wrestler's form than it had been as that vampire babe. At least his breasts were smaller and more contained. He didn't feel like his body was on full display. Just partially on display. And there was his power. He was even stronger now than when he'd been a guy, so that was something.

Corey was in a fog as he walked down the hallway between classes. His boots thumped with each step on the solid floor and his nipples jutted out from beneath his bra-like top. Every time the fabric brushed against them it felt so damn good. He still wasn't used to having his hair in bangs and kept angrily swiping it off his forehead. But at least he was getting better in heels.

What was happening and how could he stop it? And why the hell were all the guys looking so good today? Did they all get makeovers last night or something? For the first time he felt his mind wandering to what it would feel to touch someone else's dick. The dream flitted through his mind and he shuddered with half-remembered desire before forcing his thoughts away.

Corey was so distracted by his own thoughts that he nearly walked right by George, who was hanging out beneath the school stairs with some of his equally repulsive friends. George was gesturing pointedly towards Corey but his friends were unimpressed. As George turned his back, Corey closed in fast.

Corey caught snatches of the conversation as he approached: "...can't see that?"... "He's just a basketball player..."... and then... "Oh shit!" as Corey came up suddenly behind George, Corey's pretty face twisted in rage.

Corey grabbed George's shoulders and spun him around. George threw his body weight at Corey, bumping him away long enough to fly up the stairs as fast as his stubby legs could carry him. Corey was momentarily thrown off balance on his clumsy boots—if only he could take the damn things off!—but quickly recovered, taking the stairs two at a time with his long legs as George's friends hooted and hollered from below.

Corey was quicker today, his body more athletic, and by the time George had reached the landing of the second floor Corey was right on his heels. He managed to grab George by the scruff of the neck and twist him around, tripping him and knocking him heavily against one of the lockers.

Corey towered over George in his statuesque body. "You did this!" he spat, wishing his voice was a little less feminine and a little more menacing.

"No, man, I don't know what you're talking about," George whimpered, averting his eyes.

Corey slammed his fist into the locker next to George's head with a loud crash, leaving a fist sized dent. He grabbed George by the collar and got in his face. This close he could smell George's cologne. It reminded Corey of manliness and desire in a way he couldn't quite articulate, but he brushed such thoughts out of his mind.

"Whatever you did, you better undo it or I'll kick your ass!"

George's eyes flickered down Corey's powerfully feminine body, then back up. "Shit, you're Indya."

"What?"

“A professional wrestler.”

“I don't care.” Corey shoved him into the lockers again. “Fucking fix it.”

Corey raised his hand to try to swat George across the face, just a little warning blow. Still, it would be a shame to hurt such a pretty face. George averted his eyes. But Corey couldn't do it. Literally was unable. His arm came up, his hand upraised, and stopped, trembling as he tried to bring it across George's face. After a second George looked up at Corey's trembling hand, saw Corey eyeing his own hand in rage, and George grinned.

“Oh thank God.” George said.

“What's-- what's happening?”

George smiled, his eyes twinkling with mischief. Corey thought George actually wasn't that bad looking. Handsome even. Then caught himself. Where were these thoughts coming from?

“The spell's getting stronger. It's preventing you from hurting me anymore.” George said, pushing Corey's hands down.

Corey stood in front of George in the empty hallway, still towering over him but suddenly feeling very much the smaller of the two.

“Spell?”

“Yeah, motherfucker. Spell.” George pushed Corey off him. “I'm like a wizard and shit now. You're my first target. I figure you made fun of me and ran around school always getting the girl, well, it's my turn to get the girl. And you're the girl now. How's it feel?”

“So this is your rich sense of irony? You think you're going to change me into this... whoever this is and I'm just going to suddenly want you?” Corey crossed his arms and eyed George, suddenly realizing that George was actually very clever.

Corey got humiliated and George got his dream girl. It wouldn't be so bad being with George. He'd probably be great in bed, having fantasized about women so much. There was a flash of an image through Corey's mind: George lying on the floor, Corey straddling George and rocking his long, lean body back and forth, his hair bouncing crazily as he--

Corey shut his eyes and shook his head. What the hell was he thinking?

George seemed to sense Corey's thoughts. “Come on, I'm not all bad. *You'll* enjoy it.”

George traced a pudgy finger over Corey's chest, landing on the nipple of Corey's bra. Corey turned away and covered himself, but a part of him wanted to let George continue.

George laughed. “It's ok. You're gonna be my sex slave and it will be great. You'll get a new body every day and I'll get to bone it.”

“You can't do this!” Corey wailed, trembling at the thought of what was in his future.

“Hey, every spell has a catch, that's the nature of this kind of trickster magic. And here's yours: If you can win the championship game this Friday the spell is broken and you can have your life back. If you can't... well... you get to have this.” George grabbed his crotch and laughed. “I do like to give a *sporting* chance.”

Corey laughed at George's wit and, without thinking, leaned forward and kissed him. George's thick lips tasted heavenly, felt so powerful and full against Corey's beautiful mouth. And then Corey recoiled in disgust and backed away before turning to run down the stairs and as far away from George as he could get.

All the while, the unnervingly delicious taste of George lingered on his lips and urged a bright spark of heat between his legs.

Corey stopped shaking by the time he reached the locker rooms. Now that he had some distance from George he could think clearly. It was more important than ever for him to win Friday's game.

During practice that afternoon, Corey was unsurprised to find his change of clothes had also transformed into the identical wrestling outfit he'd been wearing all day. Once again, none of his teammates noticed when he hit the floor still in a pair of wrestling boots and an outfit that was more a lingerie set than sportswear. But Corey was driven today. His life depended on this game and he urged his teammates on, shouting encouragement and pushing his body to the limit.

It was difficult playing basketball like this but today's body was faster and more muscular than his previous one. It did still bother him that sometimes when one of his teammates guarded him closely he felt the heat of a hand on his bare buttocks or on the curve of his back and it reminded him even more of the form he inhabited and how much he wanted a man. Still, his muscles gave him a huge advantage and he powered through the opponents during the scrimmage.

It wasn't Corey's greatest practice ever but it was enough for Coach Peters to give him a curt nod and an "Attaboy!" at the final whistle, which was the most any of them ever expected from the coach. Maybe Corey could do this after all. It would be a lot easier if he could take off these damn boots but, especially in a body like this, he still had his skills. He only hoped Friday's body would be as powerful and energetic.

The team filed into the locker room and changed, Corey exchanging one identical outfit for another. He went as quickly as possible so his eyes wouldn't linger on the swell of his breasts, or the trim stomach leading down to the mystery between his powerful thighs. He was intensely curious having felt what it was like to orgasm in his previous body, but in the middle of the guy's locker room was hardly the place to feel himself up.

At one point Mike gave him an odd look. "You feeling okay?"

"Yeah. Why?" Corey replied, rolling the form fitting leather bottoms up his long legs.

"You weren't playing as well and you look...different."

"What do you mean I look different?"

Mike shrugged and pulled his pants up. "I don't know. You look, like, sick or something. Don't be getting sick on us now! If you're out we don't stand a chance against Derbyville."

"No, I'm all right. Same as I ever was." Corey said, adjusting his breasts into his sports bra.

Despite everything that happened he felt better today. He had the sense that he could get the hang of his new bodies enough to break the spell so why not have a little fun in the meantime? It was with this inflated feeling of confidence that he strutted out of the locker room and found Megan.

"Hey, babe," he said, leaning in to kiss her.

Her soft lips pressed against his own and he could smell the wonderful jasmine-scented face cream she used. Where he would normally feel a stirring in his crotch he instead became pleasantly warm. Megan's lips stayed pressed to his and his light kiss became a deep-throated makeout session. His tongue pushed its way into her mouth and she sucked on him, her hands coming up to slide across his soft cheek and into his long hair.

"Get a room," one of the cheer squad called out, and Megan pushed him away, a blush creeping up her pretty cheeks.

“You must be feeling better,” she smiled. And God, her smile made him so wet.

He pressed his body against hers and slipped his arm around her back. “Why don't we go somewhere a little more private,” he whispered into her ear. His own voice had become husky, a deep note of lust creeping in. She took his hand in hers and together they walked back to his car.

They drove back to Megan's house, parking a block away so they could sneak in unnoticed. Megan's house was huge. A three story monstrosity that screamed money rather than taste with turrets and gabled roofs and separate wings of the house. Megan went in first and when the coast was clear they hurried up the back staircase, Corey's eyes on her jiggling blonde ponytail and her perfect ass bobbing back and forth in front of him. They quickly ducked into Megan's bedroom and shut the door, both giggling like schoolgirls.

As soon as the door shut their hands were all over each other. Megan's soft lips pressed against Corey, their hot breath mingling as they devoured each other with the voraciousness of the teenaged and horny. Megan's hands traveled up and down Corey's skin, gripping and squeezing his ass. Corey's new body grew warm. Rather than a tightening within his pants he felt almost the opposite, like he was growing open and wet in anticipation. He had no idea how he was supposed to use his new equipment but right now he didn't care; he just wanted Megan so much.

His lips traveled over her cheeks, across the upturned tip of her nose, and then they pressed their foreheads together and gazed into each other's eyes. His fingers slid across her face, memorizing the softness of her cheek, the perfect curve of her jaw. Megan's piercing blue gaze was so sexy. Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she let her fingers slide around and graze across Corey's crotch. How could she not feel the heat radiating from his pussy? Corey was tingling all over now, a full body feeling of anticipation, so different than the almost laser focused desire of his former cock.

Megan peeled the clothes off Corey and he stood naked, towering over Megan in his long, muscular body. He looked down at himself, at the hard, firm breasts framing his torso, the nipples already erect in desire. His rippling muscles were exquisite.

Megan placed her lips on his tits and sucked gently. The sight of his girlfriend fulfilling his lesbian fantasy caused his body to shiver in delight. Megan glanced up at him and laughed, then returned to his tit, flicking his nipples with her tongue as he sighed. He never knew she was so good with tits.

She lay him on the bed and then pulled off her own top and bra, revealing her full, heavy breasts that were the envy of everyone else. Even Corey, now. Corey's hands came up to his breasts and he wrapped his fingers around the weighty warmth of himself. How had he not been playing with his tits all day? It felt wonderful as he slid his fingers over and under them, his masculine desires still alive despite his feminine body. Strange to be so muscular and yet so soft, his body yielding to his touch but still with that hidden strength.

Megan gently spread his legs and knelt between them. Corey stopped rubbing his own tits and nervously looked down at her as she circled her tongue round his new slit. He was unbelievably warm and tense and was nervous at what to expect. Megan slipped her tongue across his entrance and licked slowly. Corey sighed, keeping his eyes open so he could watch his own pussy be pleased, watch his girlfriend slide her tongue into a stranger's cunt. Megan stared up at him from between his legs as she licked. Corey moaned, his legs writhing back and forth. He finally closed his eyes as she pleased him, licking harder, pressing her tongue against his clit.

Her tongue was heavenly, sliding into his moist pussy. She flicked his folds, licking light patterns across him as he grew anxious and needy.

There was a pause, and a shift, and then two fingers slid inside him. Corey gasped at the unfamiliar feeling and gaped down at his girlfriend as she fingered his pussy. He could feel her inside, pulsing against the warm walls of his canal. It was surreal and utterly, utterly blissful. Corey lay back, his

whole body vibrating with tension. He moaned and thrust his hips up towards her fingers, making her sink deeper into him. She kept her tongue on his clit, lapping in an exotic rhythm that wound his body tighter. She curved her fingers around inside him, hit the textured inner wall of his G-spot, and he exploded, the tension snapping inside him.

He cried out as he came, gripping Megan's fingers tightly in his virginal pussy. The orgasm burned through him as his cries rose in pitch, deep feminine yowls of pleasure that just served to underline the complete transformation of his body.

As soon as he felt himself coming back down, Megan thrust her fingers back in, sinking deep into his cunt and sending him back into the stratosphere. He writhed and moaned, feeling his body flush with heat and wetness, crying out as Megan fingered him to orgasm once more. Watching her with her fingers deep inside his pussy was blissful. The physical sensations combined with the delightful proudness of owning this new body, along with the joy at hearing the wet sounds of his cunt and his own blissfully feminine throaty cries.

Megan slowly flexed her fingers inside him as he came back down. He became aware of how wet he was, how loose and warm and wonderful his new body felt. Megan crawled up along his body and spooned him, pressing her bare breasts against his naked back and holding his tit in her other hand. Corey could still smell himself on her fingers, the deep, deliciously musky scent of his own pussy.

“You needed that, huh?” Megan whispered into his back.

He did. He still did.

Even on the short drive back home he found his thoughts curling back around to what Megan had did to him. Flickering on the outside of his consciousness was a tiny thought that he wished it had been George instead of Megan.

By the time he got home his mom was just putting dinner on the table. He joined the rest of the family.

“You're looking a little red, son, you going to be okay for this Friday?” His dad asked.

“Yeah, yeah. I'm fine,” Corey said, brushing his long hair back behind him.

James eyed him suspiciously. “Did you have a little after school workout with Megan?”

Corey kicked James under the table.

“Corey,” his dad exhorted him, “You can't be thinking about girls, that's how you're going to lose. You think I was thinking about your mom when I won my ring?”

“No.” Corey mumbled, having heard this story a hundred times,

“No,” his dad went on, “I spent every single day on that court. I ate on that court. I slept on that court. They don't let you do that anymore. But you still need to focus one hundred percent to win.”

“But if you don't win we'll still love you,” Corey's mom chimed in, “Isn't that right, dear?”

Corey's dad passed him another steak. “Eat up. Gotta stay strong for the game.”

Corey went to sleep that night confident he was going to beat George's spell.

Wednesday

In Corey's dream he was lying on Megan's bed, his body racing with desire. His own hands circled around his massive tits, lightly gripping each nipple and pulling it up until the pain throbbed into pleasure before releasing them to let them bob back onto his chest. Two strong hands gripped his thighs and spread his legs. God, he wanted this so bad. His body was on fire with lust. He was already moaning when the stranger pressed the head of his cock against Corey's sopping pussy.

Wait, where was Megan?

Corey looked between his legs, saw the gorgeously huge bulk of George, the bulbous head of his cock already spreading Corey's wet opening to slide inside him.

Stop! No! He tried to cry out, but his soft feminine voice instead cried "Yes! Please!"

George raised Corey's legs and reared his hips back, just about to plunge his veiny cock inside Corey's dripping body, when Corey woke up with a gasp.

His gasp was sultry and exquisitely feminine. He knew he was in trouble even before he opened his eyes and saw the impossibly smooth skin of his arms and the blonde hair that poured like a silk waterfall down either side of his face. There was something odd about his whole body, besides the obvious female characteristics, and it took him a few blinks to realize he was seeing himself correctly. He was a cartoon character. Literally. His body was drawn of pen and ink, perfectly smooth, perfectly colored and shaded, like he'd stepped out of an adult cartoon.

Corey sat up and his blonde hair tickled his forehead. Looking down at himself he saw perfectly buoyant breasts held up by a simple black and white bra, a waist so small a man could encircle it with both hands, and an ass that was drawn to be pinchable. He was a walking wet dream, an animated version of some basic male fantasy.

Shit. This was definitely a step backward. How was he supposed to play basketball in this?

As he walked towards his bedroom door his body swayed in a deliciously sultry way. Shit, he couldn't *not* be sexy if he tried. And he did try. But there was no hiding the sway of his ass and the fact that the curves of his body practically begged for attention. He gaped at himself in the mirror. Corey's bra and panties were literally drawn on with one bra strap perpetually dangling halfway down his arm. No matter how much he tried he couldn't slip it back up his shoulder and was stuck in a state of half-undress. His huge eyes sat beneath slender but expressive eyebrows, his nose little more than a slip of a line. And the way he moved was orgasmic. Jesus, the way he worked the toothbrush in his mouth, watching his image in the mirror as this cartoon sextop wrapped her perfect lips around the brush. It was all too much.

He passed James in the hallway on his way downstairs.

"Morning, Corey," James said, a lecherous grin on his face as he eyed Corey's transformed figure.

"Morning," Corey mumbled in a sultry purr that caused James to harden beneath his boxer shorts even as Corey turned away.

Worst of all, Corey *liked* the attention. It was nice seeing the power his body had over men. They were so simple. And they had *everything* he wanted. He struggled to shake the thought off. This was not who he was.

“How's my princess?” Corey's dad asked as Corey poured himself a bowl of cereal.

Hearing his dad not mention the game was almost as shocking as waking up in the body of a cartoon character.

“Fine,” Corey shrugged, sending his breasts bouncing.

Several times Corey caught his dad staring over at him and shifting in his chair. Shit, he was even turning on his own dad. He could almost feel the lust radiating from his dad and it caused his own body to warm in response. He again tried and failed to keep the bra strap from slipping down and half-exposing a breast.

First James. Now his dad. The spell was picking up steam. They weren't treating him as normal Corey anymore. They were beginning to treat him like the women he was becoming. He ate as fast as he could and headed out to pick up Megan.

“God, you always look so perfect, you know that?” Megan said, sliding into the passenger seat and ogling him. “I wish I had your body.”

It wasn't something Corey would have ever wanted Megan to say.

“You're welcome to it,” Corey replied, trying to sound flippant but only coming across as sexy. Megan leaned over and kissed him with cherry flavored lips.

“Don't temp me,” she whispered, dragging her hand down his body to rest between his legs.

Corey just smiled and flicked his head back, momentarily tossing the hair out of his eyes. It was an unconscious gesture that was quickly becoming normal. Megan's hand between his legs wasn't revving him up as much as it had yesterday. He wished her hand was bigger. Thicker. Like George's hand.

Fuck. That goddamn spell was getting worse. Friday couldn't come soon enough.

As Corey walked through the hallway to his first class he passed Freddie. Freddie was a squat, thick kid from the wrestling team who always reminded Corey of a toad.

“Hey, Corey.” Freddie said, looking Corey up and down as he passed.

“What's up, Freddie?” Corey replied.

Corey hadn't even slowed down his walk but Freddie had apparently taken that simple greeting as an excuse to match pace with him down the hall. To be fair, with his new voice everything sounded like an invitation. He sounded deceptively easy and ready to be taken.

“Good luck at the game, Friday, we're all rooting for you.”

“Thanks.”

“A pretty girl like you should smile more often.”

“Not in the mood, Freddie.”

Freddie turned and blocked Corey's path. “I can make you in the mood. Maybe what you need is some good old vitamin F.” Freddie said, grabbing his crotch.

Was this what being a hot girl was like?

“Sorry, I’m on my period,” Corey lied. Jesus, how did even *that* sound like a come-on?

Corey ducked around Freddie and dodged into the girl’s bathrooms, waiting there until the bell sounded for the start of next class.

* * * * *

Corey finally sulked into calculus—the last class of the day, fortunately—and dropped into his chair, his every move fluid and sexy despite himself. Even his sulk was sexy. He’d caught a glimpse of himself in the bathroom mirrors: his little face screwed up, a wrinkle appearing across the bridge of his tiny nose, his wide toothy grin just inviting attention. If he was a man seeing a woman like this he would have done anything she said just for a chance with her.

He flicked the hair out of his eyes in annoyance and crossed his arms beneath his heavy breasts. Every single guy said hi to him as they walked into the classroom, subtly ogling him and waiting for even a glimmer of acknowledgment. Corey sat silently; he’d already made that mistake once. All he had to do was stay silent for the rest of the day and wait until tomorrow when he’d be someone else. Hopefully someone less sexy.

Unfortunately, his teacher, Mr. Peraro had other plans.

“Corey, why don’t you come up here and show us on the board how you worked out the first problem?”

Corey sighed and walked to the front, feeling every single eye on his ass as he turned to the whiteboard and began writing. Corey’s subsequent explanation of how he’d found the derivative nearly made Mr. Peraro cum in his pants. Fucking perv. When Corey was done, he placed the marker down and walked quickly back to his seat. No sooner had he sat down than Mr. Peraro called him back up for another problem.

To make matters worse, he found his body was enjoying the attention. When he turned around and saw a class full of people staring at his chest, a blush crept up his cheeks and he lost his place. He giggled nervously—a deliciously fun and carefree sound—before resuming where he left off.

And so it went. All class he was up and down, the entire room ogling him as he dutifully completed one problem after another until he could feel his panties grow damp between his thighs. Each time he explained what he’d done in his squeaky voice, the class rapt with attention. At this rate he could probably get away with the same crimes this body did on the cartoon it came from. Corey was on the precipice of an orgasm when the bell rang, saving him from further humiliation.

“Ok, everyone,” Mr. Peraro said over the noise of bags being zipped up, “Do chapters thirteen and fifteen for tomorrow.” Then he turned to Corey and patted him on the ass, “Good job today, Corey.”

Corey nearly came at Mr. Peraro’s touch. Not because Mr. Peraro was particularly handsome, but because his body was so wound up from the male gaze that the touch of a man nearly pushed him over the edge. He gasped and bit his lip to stifle a moan.

“You know,” Mr. Peraro continued, “If you need some extra tutoring just come by my room after school.”

Corey nodded and hurried out into the hallway, afraid of losing control right there. His thighs were warm and damp, his body vibrating with desire. He needed some release.

It was at that moment that George stepped into his path.

“Hello, honey,” George smirked, looking him up and down. “I think this is your prettiest body yet.”

Corey blushed and flicked his hair out of his eyes so he could better gaze at the gorgeous man in front of him. George was talking to him. *George!* He of the squat body and short, oblong legs. George was almost completely spherical, the perfect shape to roll around on. His muddy eyes glinted with a malicious intent that sent thrilling shivers down Corey's spine.

“Oh, George, I think I'm just drawn to you” Corey giggled. Pleasant goosebumps shot up and down his body at George's wonderful nasally laugh and the lack of sparkle from George's perfect yellowish teeth.

“I know an empty classroom where I could fuck you over the teacher's desk.”

Corey thought how lucky it was that a man so witty and charming as George was attracted to him. George held out his hand, sweaty palm up. Corey reached for it, ready to give himself over to this perfect specimen of manhood when Megan marched up.

“Corey, come on, we're going to be late.” Megan said, grabbing his hand and pulling him away from George.

Corey was caught off balance and struggled to keep up as Megan stomped down the hallway with him in tow. It was only when George was out of sight that Corey came back to his senses and realized what his body was warming up to do.

“What the hell were you doing with *him?*” Megan fumed.

“Nothing, I wasn't doing anything.” Corey said, shaking his head to flip the hair from his eyes and to try to escape the remnants of the lustful thought swirling through his mind.

“Oh really? *I think I'm just drawn to you?*” Megan said, doing a fairly accurate imitation of his sultry voice. “If you want to break up with me just say it. Don't go cheating behind my back.”

“Megan, wait.” Corey pulled up and Megan turned to look at him, a scowl across her gorgeous face. “I don't want anyone but you. You're the prettiest, kindest, most perfect girl in the world and I'm more in love with you every day.”

Corey leaned down and kissed her. After a brief hesitation Megan reciprocated, slipping her tongue into Corey's mouth. He sucked on her, tasting her, feeling her body press against his breasts. After a few seconds they broke away.

“It's just...” Megan began, “You're so gorgeous I get jealous. I mean, look at you, you're like a twenty on a scale of one to ten. It's a little intimidating, you know? Anyway, we've got to get to practice.”

* * * * *

If anyone had asked Corey whether the character he'd become could have played basketball well, he would have said no. And practice that day would have proved him right. It was impossible to get a grip on the ball with his tiny fingers. His tits were bouncing almost as much as the ball. His bra had zero support it was only cartoon magic that was keeping him covered. Well, perpetually half-covered at any rate. It was almost as bad as the first day. But at least this time he had the advantage of distraction.

The rest of the team was just as bad as he was, so focused on Corey's bouncing breasts that they missed easy shots and let the ball slip through fumbling fingers over and over again. It wasn't too surprising. Corey's body didn't sweat, his hair stayed immaculate, and his breasts were hypnotic.

“What you got? What you got?” Mike taunted as Corey brought the ball up the court, concentrating on not letting it slip out of his slender hands.

Corey faked left and spun to the right. This body was slow, built for sex not speed, and Mike was a step ahead of him. Mike's hands slipped across Corey's breast, and as Corey backed against Mike he could feel the erection through Mike's shorts. Corey turned to look for an open teammate and suddenly there was another person covering him. Hands grabbing for the ball “just happened” to slap against Corey's tits. Corey couldn't escape, and he almost didn't want to. Unbelievably, he was getting turned on at the sweaty eighteen-year-olds pawing at his body. And where was Coach while all this fragrant fouling was going on?

When the ball was finally prized from his hands and Mike—reluctantly—followed after it, Corey had a quick breather. He glanced back towards the other end of the gym where Megan was practicing. Her back was to him and she didn't even glance in his direction. Despite what she'd said, it was obvious she was still angry and jealous of his body. And she should be. Corey was drawn to be the perfect male fantasy: gorgeous, sexy, and turned on by male attention.

Corey's reverie was interrupted by the whistle.

“Corey!” Coach called, “What the hell are you looking at? Get over here.”

Corey jogged over to where the rest of the team had assembled, holding his aching breasts in both hands, little caring what the guys thought. These things hurt to run with.

Coach spent a good ten minutes berating them, throwing around words like “awful”, and “utterly shit”, and phrases like “as energetic as two sacks full of crap”. Coach wasn't great at coming up with new insults.

Corey hardly listened, his eyes were traveling over the rest of the team. He could smell their testosterone, enjoyed the sight of their muscular bodies sheened with sweat. More than one met his eyes and blushed, as if they could read his thoughts. Corey thought he probably should have just fucked George that afternoon, maybe it would have given him some relief from his over-sexed body.

Speaking of George, Corey noticed him skulking around the outside of the bleachers. Corey had to stay away, there was no telling what he would let George do to him if he caught him a second time. Even seeing him from afar was making Corey's cartoon pussy wet.

When Coach finished yelling at them they were free to go. Corey had no intention of showering with the guys, not with the looks they were giving him. Clearly, no one was treating him like a man anymore.

He rushed into the locker room, grabbed his things and snuck out the other entrance, away from George. He felt bad about ditching Megan but there was no way he was going to chance running into George.

Corey texted Megan when he got to his car:

sry have to go. C u tomorrow. Love u.

There was no reply.

* * * * *

Corey picked at his dinner, pushing the spinach around his plate without eating as his dad grilled him about his health.

“The arm doing okay? You resting your arm?”

“It's fine, dad,” Corey squeaked.

“Yeah, Phil Hoepner thought his arm was okay back in our championship game of '77. You know what happened?” Corey's dad said, stabbing at his chicken.

“He broke it.” James muttered.

“He broke it!” Corey's dad said. “Could've won the game. Goddamn shame.”

“But more importantly,” Corey's mom chimed in, “We don't want you getting hurt.” She patted Corey on the shoulder and gave him a sad smile.

“How's the rest of you, sweetie?”

“Fine.”

Corey's dad had never asked him how he was doing, preferring instead to dole out sports wisdom. And he'd *never* called Corey ‘sweetie’.

“Yeah, she's doing fine. She was practically making out with George Jefferson in the hallway.” James grinned.

“What? How would you know that?” Corey asked, glowering at James.

“Word gets around.” James gloated.

“Sounds like a good kid,” Corey's dad said, “Anyone who's dating my daughter must have good taste.”

“We're not dating!” Corey squealed. “He just wanted to drag me into a classroom and have sex with me!”

“Oh, that sounds wonderful,” Corey's mom said, shooting him a smile.

“I haven't heard of this George kid before but he sounds like a keeper.” Corey's dad added.

The spell was getting worse.

Corey pushed his chair back from the table and stormed upstairs. He needed to get away from everyone. The spell had changed his appearance and it now seemed to be changing his life, even changing his parents' attitude. Everything was bending towards George.

To make matters worse Corey was still unbelievably horny. It didn't help that his breasts jiggled with each step and he couldn't stop his hips and ass from swaying back and forth in a way that was even enticing to *him*.

Corey shut the door to his room and lay on his bed, his long legs stretched out beneath him, his breasts defying gravity. Corey couldn't get comfortable. He was too warm. Too willing. His body was vibrating for a man's touch. He'd resisted his urges all day and was ready to explode.

A few minutes later there was a knock on his door. Corey opened it to find James standing there. Corey leaned against the door sill, looking sultry and sexy despite his best efforts.

“Hey, babe,” James said, his eyes slipping down to Corey's breasts then back up, “You okay?”

“I don't know.”

James touched him on the arm to comfort him and that was all it took. The desire rushed through him and suddenly his lips were on James. James didn't hesitate, just wrapped Corey's body in his solid arms and kissed him back urgently. Corey's body melted in James's arms, surrounded by the masculine sweat and sandalwood scent of him.

James's hands wandered around Corey's perfect body, groping and squeezing his peach of an ass. Corey moaned into James's mouth, his eyes shut as pleasure filled him. James's hands slipped under Corey's shorts and across his buttocks, the desire bursting through them both. His hands were so warm and he felt huge from Corey's tiny stature. Corey's body quivered with lust.

James yanked down Corey's top and buried himself in Corey's perfect, bouncy tits. His head disappeared between the massive breasts, James's stubble brushing so wonderfully against Corey's sensitive skin. Corey sighed as James licked and sucked on his tits, the warm breath hitting his nipples and making them spike out. Lust made his entire body grow taut. “Ohh” Corey squeaked as James took a handful of his breasts and squeezed, still devouring his body. Their needs were urgent, both their bodies crying out for the other.

Corey jumped into his James's arms, wrapping his legs around his torso and feeling the delightful bulge of his stepbrother's erection press up from beneath his pants. James gripped Corey's ass in his hands and carried him through the doorway and tossed him onto the bed. Corey wriggled and sighed, yanking up his top as his brother yanked down his shorts and then grabbed Corey's bulbous tits. Corey placed a hand over James's hand and guided his nipple into his cartoon mouth. He sucked, enjoying the warm taste of himself, the hot breath making his nipple spike out in utter lust.

God, so this was what it felt like to taste your own tits. His body trembled with pleasure, a little moan escaping his lips. As he sucked on his nipple he gazed down at his body, eyes pausing on the trim line of blonde hair between his cartoon legs, framing two glistening pink pussy lips. Fuck, he was sopping wet.

James pulled his pants down and his cock sprung out, veiny and huge, the head pointed towards Corey. Corey had never seen anything so beautiful and he came once, just seeing it. “Ooh” a breathy sigh escaped his lips and he bit his nipple harder, his body bursting with pain-tinged pleasure. The orgasm made him shake and he closed his eyes as pleasure pulsed through him. He dripped down his own thighs, so wet with lust for a man, for *this* man.

James knelt between Corey's legs and gazed down into his Corey's unfolded slit for a few seconds, just admiring the beauty of him. Then he pushed the head of his cock inside. Corey was so wet there was very little resistance and his cunt wrapped around James, tightening as the cock penetrated him, his body adjusting to become the perfect fit. Corey felt every inch of James's shaft as he buried himself to the hilt inside Corey's busty cartoon body, the thick head coming to rest perfectly against Corey's G-spot. It was delightful being so full of dick. Just what his body craved. He cried out around his tit, eyes rolling back in his head as pleasure robbed him of all thought.

“Oh, fuck me,” Corey dropped his breast and squealed. His body was uncontrollable, wanting only to be pounded, to be taken fully and completely by a man.

James withdrew and thrust in again, a look of intense concentration across his face as he gazed down at Corey. It felt magnificent to have his pussy lips clasp that perfect cock, to feel it slide inside him, fill his canal, pause when the two were connected, and then repeat. James spread Corey's legs and watched his cock slide in and out of Corey's sopping wet pussy.

James picked up his rhythm as Corey's hands continued to knead his own heavy tits. Corey lay back and pushed his hips up to meet his stepbrother's oncoming thrust, crying out in delight as the cock

slammed inside him. And then James slipped his hands under Corey's ass and began pounding, viciously, lustily, in pure desire for Corey's body.

James was animalistic, grunting as he slammed into Corey's pussy again and again as Corey cried out for more, his voice rising in pitch as he came once, twice, his body throbbing with pleasure, only desiring to please the man inside him like the whore he now was. He was screaming now, his eyes shut as he cried out, orgasm after orgasm wracking his body until he begged James to fill him. "Cum inside me. Oh god, cum inside me!" and James had no choice but to obey that sex-soaked bimbo voice.

James thrust hard, deep, and throbbed inside Corey's exquisitely sensitive cunt, flooding Corey's transformed body with hot seed and they both came together. Corey felt so gloriously, unbelievably full and perfect, finally finding the thing he'd been missing all day. He gripped his soft tits tight as he cried out one final time, milking his stepbrother's cock with his pussy until James was empty and Corey was full.

James pulled out and Corey sighed as the emptiness returned. James stood and started to dress, but watching him, with his cock still thick and wet with their mingled juices, Corey needed one more thing. He knelt in front of his James and took his cock in his cartoon mouth, tasting their mingled musky-salty essence as he licked James's cock clean. Every drop was delicious, the most wonderful thing he'd ever tasted. The dick was warm and perfect between his lips. Corey felt James's seed dripping from his thighs as he licked him clean. Then Corey lay back on the bed, finally satisfied. Though, even now, the lust was creeping back into his body. God, he was insatiable. He *knew* that only George could fully satisfy him. The thought made him ache once.

James grinned and left Corey lying there, warm and horny. He soon fell into a blissful asleep.

Thursday

In Corey's dreams he replayed getting drilled over and over again, a cock sliding to fit perfectly within his slippery folds as he writhed and moaned in abject pleasure. His body was sore and exhausted and he still hadn't plumbed the full depths of his pleasure. When he looked down at the man who was even now plunging deep inside it was George. Perfect George with his thick cock and heavyset body, the weight pressing down wonderfully on Corey's tiny form until he thought he might be crushed, enfolded in George's body forever. Corey didn't care; he just needed to be fucked again and again and again.

When Corey awoke he felt better than he had all week. In fact, he felt better than he had in his whole life. He jumped out of bed, wavy black hair tumbling across his face, and stood in the middle of the room, his body naturally assuming a fighting stance with feet planted and fists up. He looked down at himself and saw beautiful golden skin and rippling feminine muscles. It was like the wrestler's body except somehow even more powerful. Super-powerful, in fact.

There was a patterned red, white and blue corset looking thing covering his trim belly and supporting his breasts. Around his waist he wore spandex panties featuring white stars on a blue background. His long, powerful legs led down to thigh-high red and white heeled boots. Each wrist wore a thick gold bracelet that looked like it could stop bullets. He felt so vibrant and alive and when he went to open his door he accidentally wrenched it off the hinges with barely any effort.

"Whoops," he whispered, placing the door against the wall.

Corey passed James in the hall. There was a look of respect and...fear?...in James's eyes as James skirted carefully around Corey's towering, powerful form. The lust was tempered by awe and the fear of Corey's raw power.

Corey smirked and stepped into the bathroom where he flexed in the mirror. The woman of wonder in the reflection copied his moves, her body powerful and sure. He was trim, with large yet feminine muscles. Not an inch of fat on him. His adorable face belied the brute strength of his body. Though how anyone could fight crime in an outfit like this was beyond him.

Corey leaped down the stairs and landed with hardly an effort. As he was stepping into his car a thought occurred to him. He knelt beside the car, his ass nearly touching the ground. Then he pushed off, leaping high into the air and flying up past the rooftops of the houses around him. He yipped in delight as he rose through the air until the entire neighborhood was spread out beneath him and the figures and cars looked like little toys. He was flying! He reached the peak of his arc and then began dropping back down. He wasn't flying so much as leaping and—now—falling uncontrollably.

He flailed his arms wildly as he plummeted back towards the ground, windmilling his limbs around in an attempt to avoid landing on the roof of a fast-approaching house. He cleared the gutters and slammed into the ground, gouging a crater in the earth and rolling to a stop against the fence. He was completely unhurt and got up laughing.

A woman in a bathrobe blinked at him in surprise from an upstairs window. Corey waved, steadied himself on the ground, and jumped once more. After a couple of jumps he soon got the hang of it and could sort of control his direction and come in for a gentle landing sprint while remaining upright.

Corey managed to orient himself while in the air and in a few bounds he made it to Megan's house. Corey swung up the side of the house, climbing easily until he made it to Megan's third floor bedroom. He crouched on the roof outside and knocked on the window, making sure to knock extremely gently so as not to break the glass. She was doing her makeup in front of the mirror and she turned to him in surprise.

"Hey, Megan," Corey grinned, when she slid open the window.

"Hi...Corey?" Megan asked, blushing wildly. She looked out behind him and down to the yard. "Where's George?"

Corey was taken aback. "George?"

"Yeah, you two are usually inseparable."

"No. No way."

But even as he said it, Corey could "remember" dancing with George at every school dance, could "remember" pressing his body against George's and thrusting his tongue down George's throat at every opportunity. His body had memorized George's intoxicating taste, could feel his touch even now as the wind caressed his body. Corey was so powerful and yet George could make his knees so weak.

Layered beneath those memories were the real memories that now seemed more dreamlike than his time with George: the evenings spent with Megan, the time they'd driven out to the lake alone for the weekend and she'd given him her virginity, the days after practice when they were too exhausted to do anything except lie in each other's arms and laugh stupidly at cat videos on the internet. Corey shook his head, trying to empty the memories of George.

"No," he said again, and then as if trying to convince himself: "You and I are the ones who are together."

Megan smiled sadly, "Corey, we haven't dated each other since you met George your sophomore year. Don't you remember?"

He reached for her, grabbed her wrist gently. "Megan," he pleaded, "Listen to me. George put a spell on me. He's changed my body...changed reality. You and I are supposed to be together."

"A spell?" Megan sniffed, "You realize that sounds crazy, right?"

"Crazy? And you don't think there's anything odd about a super powered woman crouching outside your window?"

She shrugged. "That's just normal."

Corey tried again. "Come with me. Spend the day with me. We'll skip school, we'll go to your favorite place...your dad's cabin."

"How do you know about my dad's cabin?"

"We went there two months ago."

"No."

“Yes. There's a...a...” Corey racked his brain. What was special about the cabin? And then suddenly he remembered: “A moose above the fireplace that watches you.”

Megan frowned, a crease appearing across her perfect brow. “How do you know that?”

“We went there. That's where you and I had sex for the first time.”

Megan blushed crimson and turned away. “You should go.”

“Megan--”

“No, I couldn't do that to George.”

She closed the window and hurried away. Corey remained crouching there on the roof, wondering if he shouldn't just burst through the door and take her away, show her the truth. But what *was* the truth? Reality had been altered. Was still changing, in fact. And it was because of George. George. Corey gritted his teeth. George did this, and George needed to be taken care of.

Corey took flight again, jumping from Megan's roof to the school parking lot. He landed with a bang, throwing up chunks of concrete. His eyes blazing he ripped the gym door off its hinges as he swept inside.

“George!” he cried, peeling the seats of the bleachers apart. He knew George hung out back here with his friends. He could “remember” hanging here with him and doing all manner of unspeakable things to this body. George had made him feel so good under here.

No. He had to concentrate.

The grating sound of metal filled the air as Corey ripped straight through the seats until he came to George. He was wide-eyed with terror.

“You're a dead man,” Corey growled.

“N-no, the spell!” George stammered.

“Fuck the spell. Fuck you.”

George took off towards the exits but he was no match for Corey's body. In a flash Corey swept him up in his arms and burst through the gym walls into the air. With George still held tightly in his arms he leaped again, aiming towards the tree line at the far end of campus. George screamed in terror as they flew through the air.

“Please, put me down! Stop!” He begged as Corey strode into the thick woods, still holding George in his arms.

“I'll put you down all right,” Corey snarled, his body quivering with heat and rage. Corey was going to make George pay for transforming him. Corey was in charge and George was his helpless prisoner.

Corey placed George on the forest floor and gripped George's pants in both hands. He split them down the middle and pulled them off before tossing them away. George looked up at Corey, wide-eyed, his black shirt hanging over his gut, his tight underpants the only thing standing in Corey's way.

Corey ripped these off, too. They tore easily in his super strength. Corey was breathing rapidly as he stared down at George's naked form.

“I'm your fantasy am I? Would a fantasy do this?” Corey asked, getting down on his hands and knees and taking George's cock between his lips. He went to work eagerly, sucking and licking up and down George's shaft. George's dick grew hard in Corey's mouth until it pressed against the back

of his throat. Corey forced his lips down, down the slick shaft until his nose was nestled into George's pubic hair. He undulated his tongue across the sensitive underside of George's shaft and sucked as George moaned above him. This was what he was made to do: suck his lover's cock with his super skills.

The cock tasted divine in Corey's mouth. The salty taste of pre-cum landed on the back of his tongue and he swallowed eagerly. He could feel George start to throb in his mouth and he clamped his lips gently but solidly over the bottom of his shaft, holding him tight until George got himself under control. Corey didn't want him coming yet. He wanted to torture this little nerd.

Corey resumed his patient licks, swallowing George's cock again and again, bringing George to the precipice and then backing down until George was moaning in exquisite agony. "Oh, God, fuck," he cried, burying his hands in Corey's curly hair. And still Corey drove on, sucking faster, driving his own feminine body wild with desire until finally George relented, "Let me cum, please!" and Corey slipped his lips and tongue down for his reward as George throbbed.

Corey held George's cock between his slender lips as the hot seed jetted across his tongue and down his throat. Corey swallowed every drop, slurping on George's dick in his warm, wet mouth until he was sure George was empty. It was the most delicious thing he'd tasted and it burned down his throat like good liquor.

Corey released him and looked triumphantly down at George, who lay panting on the forest floor.

"Oh, goddamn, that was amazing," George sighed.

And then it hit Corey what he'd just done. His mouth dropped open in shock, a drop of cum sliding down his chin. He stood and wiped his lips. He felt gross, terrified, and oh-so-horny. He leaped away before he could humiliate himself any further.

Corey bounded through town, jumping from roof to roof until he made it to downtown and took refuge on the roof of the tallest building around: a ten story office building. No one would find him up here. This far away, surely George's spell wouldn't influence him?

And yet even as Corey paced the rooftop he kept running his tongue along the inside of his mouth, eager to find any leftover drop of George's delicious cum. The taste and the feeling of pleasure the beautiful fat slob were able to cause was divine. Corey knew, logically, that he wanted to get back to his old body and his old life. But the need wasn't as urgent as yesterday. It wouldn't be so bad being George's sex slave would it?

He shook his head, the dark curly hair brushing across his face. No, he couldn't think like that. He had to win the game tomorrow and break the spell. He stared down at his long legs and solid thighs, at his slender arms that hid such powerful muscles. His body was utterly feminine and with an otherworldly strength. Winning the game would be a cinch in this body. He'd be unstoppable. And there was no way of telling who he would become tomorrow. Maybe the spell only activated when he went to sleep. Maybe if he stayed up all night, he could remain as this superhero. Her superhuman powers would more than make up for any lack of sleep.

Corey spent the rest of the day enjoying his newfound powers. He jumped from one side of the city and back, stopping at a construction yard to try lifting a steamroller over his head. He did it with ease, laughing gaily as the construction workers gaped at him.

In this reality Megan hardly knew him at all. Corey didn't know if he could still trust his other friends, so when the sun set he returned to the tallest building downtown and gazed out over the city as the lights came on in the houses along the river. Across the street and below him was the town hall. It had a large clock tower Corey used to count off the hours. Resting one foot on the ledge, his arms resting on one of his smooth thighs, he watched the hours pass, occasionally jogging around the roof to keep awake.

At midnight the clock tower tolled out the hour. At the final stroke, between one blink and the next, Corey ended up back in his own bed.

Friday

When Corey awoke he was clearheaded and logical. He pushed the covers aside and rose to do his morning routine. His high-heeled boots clunked softly against the carpet, and the maroon spandex catsuit clinging to his body caused his thighs to swish with each step. When Corey stepped in front of the mirror he wasn't surprised—wasn't anything but careful and methodical, in fact—to see the severe face of a beautiful blonde cyborg staring back at him.

She looked like a normal woman but for a ring of metal around her left eye that glistened in the harsh bathroom light. Her lips were full, perfect dick sucking lips, her face angular and pretty, her blonde hair pulled back in a tight bun. The expression on her face was one of cold calculation, as if she'd seen so many things while trekking across the stars that nothing fazed her anymore. The maroon catsuit amplified the natural curves of her body, making her ass appear more rounded and perfect. The suit clung to her bouncy tits and tucked her ass into a beautiful curve.

George would be very pleased with him today.

There was a small part of his mind that rebelled at that thought. With some effort he pushed it back down before trekking downstairs and out to his car. This was as it should be.

Corey drove over to George's house to pick him up on the way to school as he did every morning. George opened the door with a huge grin.

“Oh my god! Turn around, let me look at you.”

Corey obeyed and George eagerly squeezed his ass. When he'd done a full circle George gripped one of Corey's tits.

“Honk!” he laughed as he squeezed Corey's breast. Corey laughed with him, pleased to be making his lover so happy.

“Holy shit,” George continued, “When my mom told me you were picking me up for school *like always* I almost shit myself. I didn't know the spell was this powerful!”

Spell? Corey arched one eyebrow quizzically. Why would George put a spell on him? The thought was washed away as George pulled him in for kiss, darting his tongue between Corey's luscious lips and into his mouth. Their breath mingled and George's hands wandered over Corey's face, exploring his new contours. George's fumbling exploration made Corey's body sing like he'd been programmed to enjoy desire whenever George touched him. When George eventually pulled back, Corey's cheeks were flushed and his body warm. He wanted more.

“Come on. We're going to do one thing before school.” George said, taking Corey's arm and pulling him downstairs to George's basement bedroom.

The room was dimly light, with weak rays of light pushing through the small windows. The entire room was done up in black: walls, ceiling, floor. Various books and mystical looking objects littered the floor. George swept his clothes off the bed and turned to Corey.

“I've been waiting all week to fuck you like my little bitch.”

George unzipped the back of Corey's catsuit and yanked it down, letting Corey's breasts bounce free. As Corey methodically freed his arms George latched on to Corey's tits with both hands and burrowed his face between Corey's breasts. He licked and kissed his way back and forth across Corey's trembling tits. Corey gave himself to George, sighing in delight as George roughly pawed at him, smacking his breasts around and staring in glee as they wobbled hypnotically back in forth. Corey's body was delightful and he wanted nothing more than for George to enjoy it. George's pleasure would be Corey's pleasure.

A part of Corey's mind quaked, tried to fight what was happening to him. His hands paused and for a moment he nearly pushed George away. But before he could, George spun him around and yanked the catsuit all the way down past his ass before pushing him onto the bed. Corey landed on the bed, suspended on his arms, his ass in the air, presenting himself to George. Corey heard George unzip his pants and turned to run away, but all struggle was forgotten when he caught a glimpse of George's magnificent cock. Corey began salivating at the sight of that magnificent dick. That moment of hesitation was all George needed. He guided his cock between the lips of Corey's sopping pussy from behind.

Corey felt his pussy spread for his lover's cock, the head inching between those sopping wet lips. Then George gripped Corey's hips and *thrust* inside. Corey moaned with raw pleasure as George penetrated him. His cunt wrapped around George's cock, fitting him like a glove as George burrowed deep into his aching wet folds. He cried out in pleasure as George's cock slid apart the wet walls of his canal, filling him inch by inch. George thrust hard and fast, little caring how Corey felt. But Corey wanted what George wanted, and being taken hard and fast like this made Corey burn with need.

The hands on Corey's ass gripped hard, pulling him deep onto George's dick. Corey was so beautifully full as the cockhead slid deep into his canal and held there for a blissful eternity. When George pulled out Corey was left so painfully empty he whimpered, only sated when George thrust in again. George began moving in a quick rhythm. The slap of George's groin against Corey's thick ass filled the room. Little tremors of delight spiked through Corey with each thrust. His body jiggled madly and he cried out, begging for more, more.

"Please, fuck me. I am programmed for your pleasure."

"Yeah, you like that you little bitch?" George grunted between gritted teeth.

"Yes! Yes!"

Corey moaned like a whore, arching his back and pushing backwards so George could sink deeper inside. He was a slave to George's cock as it brought him to new heights of pleasure. He looked down between his own legs, past his swinging tits to watch his body get pounded. Corey's voice rose in pitch, growing loud and needy as George continued using his body for his own pleasure. George's perfect dick was just what Corey needed.

And then there was a grunt from behind him, the hands on Corey's ass squeezed and the cock slammed into him, throbbing as it did, filling Corey's aching pussy with George's seed and making Corey dizzy with orgasm. Corey howled out his pleasure, his entire body quivering with delight as the orgasm exploded through him. The warm, wonderful throbbing of George's cock seemed to go on forever and Corey enjoyed the eternity of utter delight that filled his body, until the pumping slowed and finally stopped.

George pulled out and Corey moaned in disappointment. He fell onto the bed, his little ass in the air as the room rocked back and forth. He'd been truly fucked dizzy. He'd never had that much pleasure before. He rolled over and looked back up at his lover with half-lidded eyes.

Only when George pulled up his pants and hid his cock was Corey's trance broken. Not enough to make him run from the room, but enough to make him realize this wasn't how things used to be. But it was how things were now. So *now* must be right and *then* must be wrong. Right?

"Clean yourself up," George said, "I'm gonna show you to my friends."

* * * * *

When George strolled up in the hallways with Corey the reaction from his three friends was underwhelming. Mostly just nods and shrugs.

"You guys, look!" George said, presenting Corey like a trophy.

"So?" One of them remarked. "You guys have been dating since, like, forever."

Another one added: "It would be different if you were dating, like, Deanna Troi. No offense, Corey."

"None taken," Corey replied calmly, still standing at parade rest behind George, his legs slightly spread, hands clasped gently behind his back and resting on the curve of his ass. He was calm and logical, as usual. Only George could make him lose his cool. Beautifully fat, slovenly George.

"Yeah," the third one added. "If you got Deanna to come to school I'd worship you like some sort of God."

Corey glanced over at George and saw his jaw tighten.

"Seriously?" George yelled. "I've got a fucking sci-fi fantasy woman here and you guys just shrug?"

"It's normal, George. I'm here every day so there's nothing unusual." Corey said.

Corey was unusually delighted to see George scowl. That little voice in his head spoke up again, warning that things were not as they should be. This time Corey didn't quash it. He was thinking some unusual thoughts. Maybe his sub-conscious *was* trying to tell him something.

"Yeah," the first of George's friends agreed. "Anyway, you guys see the trailer for that new cat game? It looks sick."

As George and his friends launched into a discussion of the game, Corey let his gaze wander around the halls. There were tons of posters up urging the school to come out and cheer their team on at tonight's game. As the star player, there were quite a lot of posters featuring Corey. His unsmiling, angular face stared out menacingly.

Students milled about in the hall. A blonde wearing a cheerleader skirt in the school's colors caught his eye. She gave a little wave and an embarrassed smile. Corey pulled her name from his mind: Megan. She was a gorgeous cheerleader and smart as well. Not as gorgeous and smart as George, but maybe a close second.

Corey nodded curtly to Megan and watched her disappear down the hallway. There was something very familiar about her. If Corey thought hard and chased some of the thoughts flitting around the edges of his mind he could "remember" kissing Megan and being smitten by her charms. But that was...highly illogical.

"Yo, Corey, let's go." George snapped his fingers and Corey's head snapped back to his boyfriend. "We're gonna leave these losers and go make out. Come on, we're going back to my place."

George placed his hand on Corey's butt and started guiding him away.

“But...” Corey paused, “My presence is required at the game tonight.”

“Don't worry about that. I'll keep you busy all night.”

Corey was conflicted. On one hand, he had a duty to the fleet...or rather, the basketball team and the school. On the other hand: George. George may have won out if there wasn't some sliver of a rebellion in Corey's methodical mind. Something pushing him towards the game and giving him the strength to resist.

“No.” Corey whispered.

“What?” George asked. “We're going.”

“No,” Corey repeated, a little more emphatically. “I have a mission that needs to be fulfilled. I have a duty to the team. To abandon them now would be unacceptable.”

George gave up his attempts to sway Corey, perhaps put off by the look of stern consternation on Corey's face. His jaw was set. He'd made his decision.

“Fine. Play in the game.” A wicked smile spread across George's face. “But if you lose for me, I'll let you suck my dick.”

Corey licked his plump lips. He was conflicted. His new body had an intense desire to obey just for the chance to suck on George's perfect manhood. But the old part of him was screaming to focus on making this torment end before it got any worse.

Corey spent the rest of the day in his classes silently contemplating his choices. He responded to the other students wishing him luck with a slight nod of his head. The school was counting on him. But every time he imagined his lips wrapped around George's cock he grew warm, so much so that by warm ups that evening he had a damp patch growing around his crotch and his body itched to pleasure himself to thoughts of George.

There was a palpable nervousness in the locker room as the team gathered in preparation for the game. In Corey's locker he found a blue catsuit with heels that matched the color of the school. He peeled off his maroon uniform, drawing some approving looks from the other guys, which he ignored as he stepped into his blue catsuit. Mike helped zip him into the uniform and Corey adjusted his heavy breasts as Coach gathered them round for a pep talk. There was lots of talk of the “killer instinct” and “keep your heads together” but Corey was still distracted by thoughts of George. Soon they were running out onto the court as a cheer went up around them from the rest of the school.

Corey searched the crowd until he found George. He was easy to find. His ample bulk was settled on the bleachers just behind one of the baskets. He waved at Corey as their eyes met, then grabbed his crotch and leered. Corey licked his lips, torn between the promise George held in his hands and his duty to the team.

From the opening tip-off Corey was in top shape, completely comfortable in his body and dominating the court. Though he had the disadvantage of playing in heeled boots, he used his feminine body to the fullest, pressing it against the other team, letting his slender fingers surreptitiously caress their cocks as he guarded them. They were distracted by him, allowing him to get the better of them, sliding past for a lay-up, or grabbing the ball as it slipped out of their hands, or backing up and pressing the curve of his ass into their rising hard-ons before twisting away for another basket.

Corey was methodical in his execution, but he was sometimes distracted. Whenever he made the mistake of looking up and seeing George his thoughts wandered and he felt the conflicting desire to

deliberately lose to satisfy his lover. With three seconds left Corey's team was down by two. They used their final timeout to set up for a Hail Mary pass from the opposite end of the court.

The team set up on the floor. Corey was stationed at mid-court with their entire team guarded man to man. The whistle blew and Corey twisted and turned, soon losing his man enough to get open for the ball to be thrown down to him. He snagged it out of the air, dodged and weaved, pushing forward until he was at the three point line with his opponent at his back. Time seemed to slow down as he took in the court. There was less than a second left, no time to pass, his only option was to sink it from way out here.

He saw George in the crowd behind the net, his hand patting his crotch, promising the endless delights that were in store for him should he miss. Corey longed to please him, longed to feel George fill every one of Corey's holes to bursting with his hot seed, to be his pleasure slave forever, living only to serve. And then his eyes fell on Megan. Her mouth open in mid-cheer, her pretty blue eyes gazing at him, one hand stretched in the air, the pom-pom dancing in her fingers, the pleasant curve of her breasts wriggling as she moved. There was something pulling Corey towards this girl, something that didn't want to disappoint her.

Corey jumped and released the ball into the air as the buzzer sounded. The ball soared in an arc towards the basket. The entire crowd held its breath. It was less than a second but seemed to spin out to an eternity, the silence filling Corey's body as he tingled with anticipation watching the ball fly towards the basket. It hit the backboard, bounced off and hit the rim sending it hopping up in the air, almost overshooting before falling against the other side of the rim and then into the net.

The gymnasium erupted in celebration. Corey's teammates swarmed him and lifted him up in the air. At the same time, the fog fell from Corey's brain, the false memories of the years together with George evaporated and his mind was once again his own. He pushed his way through his teammates and found Megan. He wrapped her in his arms and kissed her, their breasts pressing together as students rushed on to the court to clap him on the back. His body was still not his own but at least he had his mind back. For now that was enough.

The celebration and award ceremony followed. Corey was no longer as comfortable in his female cyborg body, no longer as steady on his heels. He was once again unaccustomed to the sway of his hips and the jiggle of his breasts. Along with the memories of his years with George, his memories of his transformed body had evaporated and he was again wearing a body he'd only discovered that morning. Corey did, however, remember everything he'd done that week. He remembered having sex with James, gorging himself on George's cock, and then being taken from behind by the creepy nerd in the body he was now wearing. Corey shuddered at the thoughts and tried to push them out of his head.

George disappeared after the game and though Corey would have liked to track him down and beat the hell out of him, Megan had latched onto him and kept whispering into his ear about all the things she wanted to do to him. It was several hours of celebration later before Corey and Megan finally escaped from the party at Mike's house and snuck back to Megan's bedroom.

Megan closed the door behind them and Corey swept her up, kissing her madly, their hands roaming across each other's soft bodies. Corey gripped Megan's ass and she squealed in delight, bringing her own hands up to squeeze Corey's tits, knowing how he always liked that.

Corey gasped into her mouth as a fire burned between his legs. He slipped his hands down Megan's body, over her skirt, onto her warm thigh, and then up beneath the skirt to play against her panties. As they made out, he pushed the lacy panties aside and pressed his fingers against her moist pussy, feeling her shiver with pleasure. His own lust was making him wet, a feeling he still wasn't quite used to, an itching desire to fill his body with something.

Megan kissed her way down his soft jaw and across the nape of his neck. Corey dropped his head back, shutting his eyes as tremors of anticipation filled him. Megan unzipped his uniform and helped peel it off him, revealing his perfect golden skin. Suddenly needing to see her in her entirety, Corey pulled her skirt and panties down, then pulled her top off over her head before gazing at her perfect, naked body.

The two women were hungry for each other, kissing and caressing their warm, nubile bodies. Megan dropped her lips to his tits, sucking on his nipples, biting and licking his warm skin. Her hand found its way between his legs, pressing against his slit. Megan's fingers traveled slowly inside, penetrating him, rubbing his velvety folds gently and spreading the heat through his entire body.

Corey loved looking down at the swell of his breasts, at the sight of two women madly exploring each other. He gasped as a sudden spike of pleasure jolted him from Megan's fingers.

She pulled away, smiling seductively. "I've got a surprise for you."

She rummaged through her closet and came back out with some sort of harness that had two dildos attached, oblong purple objects each vaguely shaped like large dicks. Megan stepped through the legs of the harness and pulled it up. She sat on the bed and spread her legs before grasping one of the dildos and pushing it inside herself, looking up at Corey and biting her lip as she did so. Corey stared, delighted to watch the lips of Megan's pussy spread open and reveal her inner folds, quickly filled by the hard dildo. When her end was completely inside her, the other dildo sat erect from her crotch, as if she, herself, had a cock. She motioned coyly to Corey and he stepped forward.

Corey straddled her and lowered himself slowly. The dildo pressed against his waiting pussy. He bore down, the pressure building, building, until it slid inside him. He moaned as he sat on her lap, pressing his body down as the hardness filled his dripping pussy. His hands came up to Megan's breasts, squeezing and caressing, then back to his own.

They rocked like this, Corey straddling Megan, the dildo inside them both, pressing and pounding with each small movement. Corey's heavy breasts bobbed back and forth, sliding against Megan's own tits. His mouth latched onto hers, his soft nose pressing against her cheek and inhaling her delightful scent.

The pleasure grew as they rocked, lust burning through both their bodies, driving them hotter. He dripped down onto Megan and moaned as he tasted her. He rocked on top of her, luxuriating in the hard dildo as it filled him, pressing up against his innermost pleasure. His warm skin rested on Megan's, their soft curves pressing together, desire burning through them everywhere they touched. They grew hotter and wetter until the desire burst out of them with loud cries, exploding with full force. Their twin feminine moans filled the room as they thrust into each other. Megan gripped Corey's full ass and yanked him closer, thrusting the dildo deeper into his needy body. He cried out as the orgasm burst through him and he tried to fill himself, over and over.

They fucked for what seemed like hours, in every conceivable position, Corey's body always needing more, more. His utter delight was magnified by the sight and the sound and the delicious musky scent of his own body as they pushed each other to orgasm after orgasm.

When they were both done they collapsed onto the bed. Megan finally slipped off him and cuddled him, their bodies sweaty and exhausted. Her hands played with his nipples as her hot breath brushed across his ear. Already, Corey felt himself growing wet once more. God, this body was insatiable.

They soon fell asleep, wrapped in each other's arms, victorious and fulfilled.

Saturday

Corey opened his eyes blearily. His sleep had been sound, untroubled by dreams. As he looked around he saw an unfamiliar room, decorated in pinks and golds. The curtains were lacy and floral and a skirt and top lay discarded on the floor. A definite girls room. His heart jumped in his throat—the spell was supposed to be broken!—and then realized he was in Megan's room.

Corey held up his arm and was delighted to find it was his own once more. He had the bronzed muscles and thick fingers of his own familiar body. He glanced to his left and saw Megan still sleeping. Her perfect face was slack, gorgeous.

Corey's hands slid under the covers and he grabbed his cock. Man, how he'd missed that! He held it between his fingers and felt it leap to attention. There was a stirring beside him. Megan cracked open her eyelids and smiled up at him. She nestled close to his body and her fingers found his morning wood.

“Oooh, someone's ready for more,” she murmured sleepily.

For now, Corey was happy to just have her in his arms, to feel the strength of his masculine body, and let his hands play with his growing erection.

Corey knew at some point he would have to confront George. But he'd have to be quick and careful. He'd already seen what George was capable of and Corey didn't want to be a victim a second time.

These thoughts dissipated as Megan's fingers wrapped around his cock and began stroking slowly. And soon enough, his only thought was of being inside her once more.

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Thank you!

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