



LET ME
Stay

**MtF BODY
THEFT**

MMFLES

Let Me Stay

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Will sat in the tiny makeshift recording studio Shane had partitioned out of the larger bedroom closet. The headphone cord jiggled as he nodded his head to the rhythm. Even with his eyes closed Will could sense Shane behind him, waiting for some sign of what his friend thought of the latest vocal track he'd laid down that afternoon. Will wanted this moment to last forever, just living in the music and enjoying his friend's presence before the real world tackled him again. The bass line of the track was just this small, funky thing Will had been toying with, but Shane had produced the shit out of it and made it sound ten times better than it had when Will first sent over the digital file. Shane hovered behind Will in the tiny space as, through the headphones, Shane's dulcet voice murmured into Will's ears:

You tied me up and left me in your basement So you could go out flirtin' and to chase men

Girl can't you see that this ain't what love meant?

When the track ended Will slid the headphones off his head and ruffled his thick brown hair.

"That sounds awesome, man."

Shane grinned bashfully. "Thanks. It's only awesome 'cause of your beats. The lyrics are a work in progress."

"No, yeah, it was really good."

Will could hardly move in the chair without bumping into Shane, and there was little air circulation, so it was a relief when Shane slid aside the door and they went out through the closet. The remaining half of the closet was still taken up with Alicia's clothes: bags, blouses, scandalously tiny mini-skirts, sundresses, tees, purses in a rainbow of colors, cocktail dresses, cutoff shorts, stylishly tattered jeans, khaki shorts, work pants (despite the fact she didn't work), spaghetti straps, throws, wraps and shoes of all description: high heels, low tops, sneakers, low slung boots, shin high boots, thigh highs, slippers, high heels, flat tops and sandals. Will had to admit that even though Shane's wife was annoying as fuck she had style.. As they passed through the closet and back into the bedroom Will asked Shane, half-jokingly,

"Does Alicia let you use any of the closet?" Shane turned to him and ran his hands through his close cropped black hair. "Naw. She says I turned my half of the closet into a studio so it's on me."

Shane had been blessed with good genes that gave him a rather muscular physique despite an (at best) semi-regular workout routine. His face was rugged, with the handsome, square jawed

look of a romance cover model. Will thought that it was pretty obvious why Alicia stayed with him: she liked pretty things. What Will didn't really understand was why Shane stayed with her. Sure, she was gorgeous, in an ice queen kind of way, but that was about the only thing she had going for her. Shane was smart and knowledgeable and quietly funny, whereas Alicia...wasn't any of that. She only seemed to care about two things: her looks, and what people thought of her looks. Plus, Will could hear the near-nightly arguments through the thin walls that separated his apartment from theirs. Will didn't think it was his place to say anything to his best friend against his wife, so he just presented a sympathetic ear whenever he came to hang out, which was more often these days now that Will was out of a job. One day, maybe Shane would open his eyes to just how horrible Alicia was to him.

Shane slid open the glass doors leading to the balcony and they sat down in the white, plastic molded chairs. Will struggled to get comfortable in them. Like most of the furniture Alicia had picked out they were chosen more for their design than any actual usability. It felt like they had been exactly molded to make comfort impossible. Beautiful but horrid. An apt metaphor for Alicia.

"You hear that new Vince Vandal track?" Shane asked. "Yeah," Will nodded, "It's pretty banging. I like the hook."

Shane and Will continued on in easy conversation. Will didn't have any illusions that he'd be a nerd rap superstar, and he didn't think Shane did either. They just liked to create music together for fun. They tossed some vague ideas around about releasing an album (easier to do nowadays with all the low cost professional equipment) or playing some clubs (harder to do without contacts). But for now they were just content to create for the act of creating and showing off to family and friends.

Shane was just starting on some other lyrics he'd been working on when Alicia came through the front door, carrying a rolled up yoga mat under her arm and a crisp white paper bag with the name of some high end boutique embroidered on it in gold lettering. Shane slid open the balcony door and called out to her.

"Hey, babe."

She crossed the room and pushed a sharp, black lock of hair out of her eyes with one vivid blue fingernail to allow Shane to give her a peck on the cheek, then turned her icy blue eyes on Will. "Hi, Will," she said, in a way that suggested she was not glad to see him. "Hey, Alicia," Will chirped, as if he could make up for her lack of enthusiasm by doubling his own.

Alicia was hot; there was no doubt about that. Her face was exquisitely sculpted, with a delicate slip of a nose and dark, jagged eyebrows that arched over wide sky blue eyes. Her raven black hair was cut short in back and long in front, so that it arced over the left side of her face, nearly obscuring one eye. The tips were dyed electric blue to match her eyes. Fresh from the gym, she wore a black Lycra top that hugged her large, firm breasts and left her trim tummy bare. The

matching yoga pants clasped a perfect, heart shaped ass you could bounce a quarter off, the leggings ending midway down her calves, revealing her silky smooth legs. Will's eyes flicked down to the little drop of sweat making its way from her bronzed stomach down towards her leggings, briefly jealous of where it had come from and where it was going. Alicia kept her incredible body toned and cared for with a near daily regime of manicures and pedicures and waxing and Pilates. She'd quit her job just before her wedding to Shane in order to better plan for the event, a decision that had resulted in another shouting match-and had apparently devoted herself full time since then to being gorgeous.

Alicia turned back to Shane, apparently done with Will. "Did you pick up my package?" "Oh, shit, no, sorry, I was working on a new track with Will. You should hear.."

"You know I was waiting for that moisturizer," she glared at him, suddenly in full on bitch mode. "Then maybe you should go get it yourself. I'm with my boy here." Shane snapped and sat heavily beside Will.

"Don't turn your back on me. I've been out all day.." "Shopping, it looks like. Spending the money I earned at work."

Shane was back on his feet and the two were soon engulfed in a loud tiff that was on its way to becoming a verbal altercation and would end up as an angry shouting match. "I'll come back later," Will mumbled, dodging around the two. Shane glanced at him with sad eyes as Alicia harangued him, but he didn't object to his departure.

Will closed the door to their apartment behind him but he could still hear their angry voices. The walls of the building were paper thin and Will knew he would still be able to hear them from his own apartment. He heard everything. And he shared a bedroom wall with them so he heard everything. When the two made up after a fight they had wild sex, and Alicia's cries of delight made Will hard, despite knowing that he would never want to stick his dick in that kind of crazy. Instead of returning to his room he went down through the lobby and outside to wander around the neighborhood until Shane and Alicia had time to cool way, way down. Will's apartment building was in the middle of a neighborhood on its way to becoming gentrified. Over the last several years the warehouses and car repair places had shuttered, replaced with coffee shops and bars that kept the same themes as the businesses they'd replaced. The Food Garage had a cocktail that Will was partial to called an Oil Slick, a splash of black liqueur sitting atop a mud colored whiskey. The fried chicken and waffles place was, miraculously, still around, comfortably inviting both the established neighborhood clientele and the new hipsters. With his hands in his pockets and his head down Will trudged through the streets, thinking how much better Shane and Will's lives would be, how much more they could accomplish, how much happier Shane would be, if Alicia wasn't such a stone cold bitch. Shane deserved better. If Will was married to him a fantasy Will sometimes entertained when he lay in bed at night, listening to their passion on the other side of the wall and imagining himself in her body being pleased so adroitly by his husband-he would understand the special guy he had and treat Shane right. Along his walk there was still the occasional abandoned building or vacant shop, and it was in an alley between

a boarded up antiques store and a laundromat that Will heard a yowling screech. He looked up to see two mangy black dogs who had cornered a scrawny tabby cat on top of a trash can. The dogs growled at the tabby, hopping up and snapping at him, but the tabby swiped at them every time they lunged and in so doing had managed to keep them at bay. Will didn't particularly have a soft spot for cats but he couldn't just leave this one to get ripped apart by dogs.

He picked up a long wooden board lying on the ground and, brandishing it, called out to the dogs. "Hey. Stop! Down!"

The dogs glanced at him, then returned their attention to the tabby. Will advanced on the two dogs, slamming the board against the trashcan nearest him with a loud bang. This time the dogs stopped and turned to him.

"Get out of here!" Will yelled, still advancing and swinging the board. One of the dogs stepped towards him, growling.

"Don't you fucking growl at me you fucker!" Will shouted, acting braver than he felt.

He swung the board, narrowly missing one dog's nose. The other dog lunged at him but Will swept the board back and caught it in the jaw. It shook its head and, whimpering, fled down the alley, followed by its friend. Will tossed the board to the ground, his hands shaking.

"I hope you appreciated that, little fella," he said to the cat.

He turned to walk away when he heard a rather dapper British accent. "Oh, I did. Thank you very much, kind sir."

Will turned back and looked around. There was no one there. Just the tabby cat sitting on the top of the trash can staring at him.

"Hello?" Will said, still looking around. "Hello," the cat cocked its head.

The cat's mouth hadn't moved but Will could swear the voice was coming from it anyway. Will crept closer to the cat, bending down until he was at eye level. He could swear there was some sort of deep intelligence in the cat's eyes.

"I know what you are thinking, my boy," the voice said, and this time it was unmistakably coming from the cat, "You're thinking, holy hell a talking cat."

Will's mouth dropped open. "I was actually thinking holy shit a talking cat."

The tabby licked its paw and ran it across its face, cleaning itself. "Yes, well, I didn't wish to be so crude. Be that as it may, Will, you are correct. I do appear to have taken on the appearance of a cat."

Will opened and closed his mouth several times as the cat blinked up at him. "The appearance? How do you know my--?"

"It's quite a complicated piece of magic that I seem to have slightly bugged up."

Will stood up and rubbed his eyes with one hand. "This is crazy." "I assure you it is not," the tabby replied. "At any rate, I can now continue my search for the entrance back to my reality without being torn apart by dogs. For that, I am grateful to you. To show my gratitude, take this spell. It will help your friend out exactly as you wished." "This-? 1--?" Will looked down at his hand and realized he was suddenly holding a small scrap of paper. "What will it do?"

"You wanted to be married to Will. And for that to happen, you have to be Alicia."

"1-Huh?"

Will had never seen a cat roll its eyes before. "If I have to spell it out: it will cause you and Alicia to swap bodies. Toodaloo," the cat sang out, jumping down from the trashcan and scurrying away.

Will looked down at the words on the scrap of paper, which appeared to consist of nonsense sounds. His wish had just been handed to him, but could he really become Alicia? Did he want to? He would sure as fuck do a better job of it than she could. Will pondered it on the walk back to his apartment, glancing down at the strange words written on the weathered scrap of paper. "This is fucking crazy," Will muttered.

He returned to his building, still puzzling over everything he'd seen. By the time he got back up to his apartment he could hear Alicia and Shane making up loudly and rhythmically next door. He wondered what she'd thrown at him this time. He wondered what it would feel like to be her. Multi-orgasmic from the sounds of it.

He held up the scrap of paper, whispering the words out loud to himself as he read, puzzling through them. They were just disconnected sounds, none of them any actual words that he could tell. As soon as he'd finished, the words disappeared, leaving the paper blank. Will blinked a few times at the sudden disappearance, then dropped the piece of paper as if it were on fire and looked around.

Nothing seemed to have changed. He didn't feel any different. Except, suddenly, incredibly sleepy. He skipped dinner and collapsed face down on the bed.

Half asleep the next morning, it took awhile for the noise of the running shower to filter through Will's brain. He lived alone, so it was strange that anyone else should be in the shower. He rolled over in a bed that seemed much bigger and plusher than he remembered. As he moved, a weight shifted on his chest and something swept across the top of his face, bringing with it the sweet scent of tropical shampoo. Will blinked his eyes open and squinted around. None of the furniture seemed familiar. The doors and windows were on the wrong side of the room.

His alarm growing, he pushed himself up onto one elbow, something weighty and warm draping across his arm as he did so. Looking down, he discovered a perfect pair of breasts hanging from his chest. They were incredibly sculpted, bulbous and firm, rising to pale pink areolae. Will's heart jumped in his chest and he sat up suddenly. The two breasts swung pendulously down his front, bouncing and obscuring the view into his lap. Jesus, he had tits. And they were fucking in credible. Tossing off the covers, he saw long, luxurious legs, ending in petite toes, each one painted a vivid blue. Fuck, his legs were gorgeous. The skin creamy and soft.

Will's hands shot up to his breasts. He gripped them and dropped them almost immediately. They were very, very real. His hands were now delicate little things, the nails perfectly manicured and painted a blue that matched his toes. As he looked down something obscured half of his face and he reached up to find silky black hair on his head. Will was in a state of shock and hadn't realized the shower had stopped until the bathroom door opened and a man entered, a towel wrapped around his waist. Will pulled the covers back over his naked form just as the man leaned down and kissed him on the cheek. The man's smell was familiar. Spicy and masculine. Will looked up into Shane's soulful brown eyes.

"Morning, babe," Shane smiled.

Will paused a beat before trusting himself to respond, "M-morning." God his voice. It was sultry and deliciously throaty. And it belonged to Alicia. The fucking spell had worked! Will smiled and grabbed Shane's arm before he could stand up. Will pressed his soft lips against his friend's, his little nose pressed against Shane's cheek, inhaling his friend's fresh masculine smell. They made out, Shane melting into Will, his hand coming down to caress Will's leg. After a few seconds Shane pulled away. "Wish I could stay, but I have to get ready for work." Shane apologized.

Will's eyes flicked down to Shane's towel covered lap, where he saw the stirrings of Shane's erection, Shane was getting hard for him. It was a delicious thought that made Will warm. Will pouted. "Hmm. Tonight then."

"Absolutely," Shane agreed.

Will propped his head up on the pillows and lay back to watch his friend get dressed. Shane dropped his towel and Will's eyes skated appreciatively over his body, across Shane's broad

chest, down his solid biceps, lingering on the thick cock dangling from the unruly dark hair between his legs. Shane saw him watching and quirked his eyebrow. "Something wrong?"

"Just watching the show," Will giggled.

Beneath the covers, Will slid his hands down Alicia's tummy, nestling between her legs. His fingers grazed the coarse hair of her little landing slip and he stroked himself softly, enjoying the feel of his soft new body while he watched his friend and husband get dressed. Shane picked out his shirt and pants from the flimsy metal clothes rack that served as his closet, bending and sliding on the clothes to Will's delight.

Will's other hand came up to his breast, fingers sliding across his soft skin as he cupped himself. Alicia's breasts were more than a handful. He grabbed as much as he could and squeezed softly, the little nipple warm against his palm as he manipulated his new body. His breasts were firm but with some give. Fun to play with. His entire body was vibrating now as a pleasant heat made itself known between his legs.

Shane did up his tie and Will froze as Shane turned and gave him a playful wink before heading out the door and down the hallway. Finally alone, Will threw off the covers and gazed down at himself. Alicia's perfect body stretched out beneath him, one dainty hand squeezing a tit, the fingers dimpling the soft skin, the other hand tickling the entrance between his legs. His little slit looked so delicate and already felt so tingly, hinting at the pleasures that awaited him.

He let his fingers glide up and down his slit while he played with his breasts, jiggling each of them one at a time, squeezing them hard up against his chest so they bulged out before releasing them to let them fall back down against his arms. As he played with his tits, his nipples grew hard, sharpening to spikes, each sensitive to the touch.

Now his pussy was growing warmer, becoming looser even as a pleasant tension wound up through him. He watched as he dipped his finger inside himself for the first time. His pussy lips spread apart and he could feel himself from the inside. His folds were warm and moist, and he spread his growing dew up and down his pussy. The sight of Alicia spread out for him and fingering herself sent another jolt of warmth through him and ratcheted up the tension. He added another finger inside, slipping up and down, tracing his entrance until he landed on his clit. A sigh escaped his lips and he was rewarded with a brief burst of delight..

Resting his palm on his mound, he circled his fingers across his clit in a steady rhythm. His other hand worked his breasts, moving back and forth, squeezing harder. Between his legs he saw little flashes of pink as his pussy lips opened even more. Now the tension consumed him and he wiggled his little butt, anticipating the release. He fingered himself faster, little sighs escaping his lips as he followed his growing desire. The soft, wet noises of his cunt filled his ears. He circled faster, harder, and suddenly his legs flexed and he flung his head back against the pillow as the tension snapped and he came in a surprising, heaving orgasm.

"Oh!" Will sighed in a tiny voice as his body lit with ecstasy. He shut his eyes as pleasure flooded him, wriggling his delicate body. The orgasm filled him, wiping away everything but pleasure. It lasted so much longer than when he was a guy. He had time to luxuriate in it, to enjoy the fingers inside his pussy, to feel every inch of his body before the orgasm released him.

He sank back down into the bed, his fingers still wandering through his pussy, continuing to caress his little clit. Alicia's body was still horny. He stroked faster this time, harder. Every inch of his body was delightful and crying out for more. He brought his hand down his chest, feeling up his stomach, curving down underneath him to squeeze his taut ass, groping himself with one hand, taking the opportunity to feel up Alicia, to make her touch and stroke and finger herself, just enjoying being inside her body. His voice rose in pitch again as he crested, his body aflame with desire.

The next orgasm came suddenly and was much more intense. He uttered a strangled cry as the pleasure burned through him. His pussy was gushing now, his fingers sopping with his juices. He pressed his hips up, thrusting against his fingers, finger fucking this delicious body for all he was worth as the pleasure consumed him.

When he came down this time he was flushed and so calm. He could finally think again without the buzzing insistence of Alicia's cunt calling him to touch it. He pulled his fingers out of himself before pushing off the bed and heading to the shower.

He caught sight of Alicia in the bathroom mirror. Her cheeks were flushed, her hair mussed. She looked wonderfully sexy, if one were into that sort of thing. Will had (obviously) never seen her naked before and she was divine, with perky round tits and legs that went on forever. Her face, now that it wasn't set in her usual half scowl, was actually sort of delicate and angelic. Basically, Will thought, I'm hot as fuck.

In the shower, Will let his hands roam around Alicia's body, exploring his new form as he cleaned. When he was done he stepped out and wrapped a towel around himself, folding it across his ample breasts. He tried combing out and blow drying his hair but he couldn't get it as perfect and put-together as Alicia. The cabinet above the sink was stuffed full of hair products and makeup, but Will didn't know where to begin. In the end, he just put on some of her rich red lip gloss, because that was easy to figure out. Though it did take some practice to get right so he didn't look like the Joker.

Will had flicked on the light in the closet and was wondering where to start with Alicia's clothes when he heard a muffled commotion out in the corridor followed by a loud thumping on the front door. Will heard Shane open it and then a man's voice yelling. It took a second to realize that the man's voice was that of his former body.

"He stole my body! He took it! Shane, do something!" Will's voice was yelling.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on." Shane said.

Will secured his towel around himself and crept out to the living room, peeking around the corner. Shane was blocking the door as Will's former body, looking equal parts terrified and pissed off, raged in the hallway outside.

"I woke up looking like this. I can't-- He did this to me. Can't you see? Babe?"

Shane had his massive hand laid on Will's shoulder in an attempt to calm him. "Will, man, calm down a second."

Alicia—for Will now had no doubt it was her—shrugged Shane's arm off and continued ranting, a little more calmly this time. Will stepped out into the living room, clutching the towel to his chest. He swiped his hair back out of his eyes and flipped her off. That just set her off again. Shane glanced back at Will—who by now had dropped his hand and effected a wide eyed look of astonishment for Shane's benefit—at the same time as Alicia pushed forward, almost snarling with fury, attempting to reach Will. Shane grappled with her, calling out to Will.

"Call an ambulance and lock yourself in the bedroom! Will's having some sort of episode."

Will hurried back to the bedroom, shutting and locking the door behind him. He picked up Alicia's phone from the bedside table and flicked it on. Fortunately she'd set it to facial recognition so he didn't need a password. He dialed an ambulance and asked them to hurry. Hearing Alicia's sexy voice falling from his own lips was somewhat distracting. When he was done, he sat listening to Shane trying to get Alicia under control out in the living room. She was begging him to believe her, alternately crying and screaming. She'd really lost it.

Will calmly got dressed, smiling to himself. He dropped his towel to the floor and absently stroked his breasts as he searched through her closet. Alicia's underwear drawer consisted almost entirely of thongs, so he slipped one on, wiggling his cute butt and pulling the little strap out from between his ass cheek. The bra was a struggle, but in the end he put it on backwards, clasped it, then turned it back around and pulled up each strap to slip his arm through. He finished with a white belly tee with a simple black logo in the middle—some fancy designer he'd never heard of—that plunged down over his breasts and dangled halfway down his stomach, leaving a gorgeous view of his torso. For bottoms he found some tiny cutoff jean shorts that made his ass look incredible and his legs look even longer. Will had never been one for clothes, but man it was fun dressing Alicia's little body.

By then Alicia was sobbing in the living room, and Will was grateful when the ambulance crew finally ran in to calm her down. In the end they had to sedate her and strap her down to a stretcher.

Will came out and stood behind Shane as she was wheeled out, wrapping his arms around his friend and pulling Alicia's lithe body against him. Will saw her glance back, one last glance of recognition, before she was gone.

"You okay, babe?" Will asked.

Shane turned to him, wrapping his strong arms around Will's delicate form. He seemed so much taller from Will's new perspective. "That was fucking weird. What do you think happened?"

Will shrugged. "He just went psycho." "Yeah." Shane glanced at the clock on the kitchen microwave. "Shit. And I'm going to be late."

"I'm sure work will understand. Have a good day."

Will stood on his tiptoes and kissed Shane, enjoying the minty taste of his new husband as their bodies pressed together. Shane cocked his head and gave Will a crooked smile, as if trying to figure something out. Then he hurried out of the apartment, leaving Will alone.

Will wandered through the apartment, poking through the cupboards and figuring out where everything was, the better to adjust to his new life. In the bottom of Alicia's chest of drawers he found some handcuffs, a big, black dildo and a bottle of lube. Good to know. Turning to the closet, he found that even with half of it devoted to Shane's makeshift studio, it was still large enough for both of their clothes, provided he threw out a bunch of Alicia's stuff. He started searching through her clothes, but then it occurred to him that he had no idea how long this spell would last. Maybe he'd be halfway to the dump and they'd swap back? Should he be doing something else with his time in her body? If he was only here temporarily he'd need to ruin her. Get some pictures, pass them around, maybe fuck a few people. If he was here for good, if he was with Shane forever, well, that was a much more pleasant thought.

Will needed answers. He slipped on some sandals, grabbed Alicia's phone and keys, and headed out the door to return to the alley and speak to the cat.

It was entirely different walking around as a woman than it had been as a man. For one, his tits jiggled with each step, and he had a slinky way of walking that made his cute butt wiggle back and forth. Whenever he caught sight of himself in a store window he had to check himself out. Lots of other people apparently felt the same. He could sense them looking as he strode down the street. He'd look up every now and then to catch some guy's eye. Sometimes they'd glance away and pretend they weren't ogling him. Other times they caught his gaze and held it with a little smile. Will was starting to second guess his outfit. While it did look hot as hell on Alicia's body, he also felt pretty naked. Much more of his body was on display than he was used to and the attention was a little unnerving.

Soon he reached the alleyway and, to his great relief, found the tabby in the same spot he'd been the night before, crouched on the trashcan. This time he was scratching some sort of symbol into the old brick, but paused when he saw Will come around the corner. "Oh, it's you. Meow! You look incredible. The spell worked, I see." The cat said, returning to his strange etching.

"How did you know never mind." Of all the questions on Will's mind, that was the least important. Will licked his lips, tasting Alicia's waxy gloss. "I need to know more about this spell."

"What about it?"

"Well, for one, how long does it last?"

"Three days," the cat said, then paused. "Unless, um..."

"Unless what?"

The cat stopped scratching on the wall and turned to him. Will had never seen a cat blush before, but he was pretty sure that's what the cat was doing now.

"Unless you can convince your true love to have intercourse. To completion, if you see what I'm saying."

Will stroked his smooth chin. "You're saying if Shane...cums inside me the spell is permanent." "I don't wish to be crude. But, precisely. Ah."

This last comment wasn't directed at Will, but rather at the brick wall, for the cat's paw had now passed through it as though it was a mirage. The cat turned back to Will and saluted. "This is my stop. I do thank you again for saving me, and I hope things work out for you. Toodaloo!"

Then the cat leaped through the brick wall. Curious, Will maneuvered around to the place the cat had disappeared and touched the bricks but they were solid. Whatever magic the cat had used was gone.

Will returned to the street with a spring in his step. He could stay as Alicia forever! All he had to do was...mmmm, the thought of Shane inside him sent a little warm thrill through his body. His phone dinged with a message and he pulled it out of the tiny back pocket of his shorts where he'd stashed it. It was from someone named Andre and it said: hey where are you at?

Will typed back (harder with these damn long nails): just hanging

The response was quick: get that sexy ass over here

Who the fuck was this? Flipping back up through the history, Will found a chain of flirty texts back and forth with this stranger. They'd apparently hooked up repeatedly. It somehow didn't surprise Will that not only was Alicia a frosty bitch, but she was also cheating on Shane. Not anymore.

Will: I don't want to do this anymore. I love my husband.

Andre: LOL

Will: I'm serious. We're over. Don't try to contact me again. I'm blocking your number.

Will blocked the number before Andre could respond. Then he texted Shane: Miss you babe xxx

After that he flipped through Alicia's email with one manicured finger, finding out all about her.

Her writing was as vapid and banal as he expected. Lots of moaning about money (despite the fact that Shane did pretty well) and bragging to girlfriends about new clothes or shoes. Her calendar was full of bullshit as well: lunch with Clarissa (whoever that was), Pilates, nails, wax, massage, lunch with Charlie (ditto), haircut, nails (again)...the list went on and on. The first thing Will did was cancel the lunch dates, sending a quick message saying he was sick and couldn't go. No way did he want to sit there with one of Alicia's most likely awful friends as they went on and on about nothing.

Just as he finished, Alicia's phone dinged with a message from Shane: luv you too

Will smiled. Love. Shane loved him. Even if it wasn't really Will he was talking to. It didn't matter.

Will had been waiting to hear that for a long time.

He was nearly floating with happiness. On the way back to the apartment he stopped at a little cafe for something to drink. The guy behind the register flirted mercilessly with him. Will was a little taken aback but still pleased. There was something nice and still novel about being desired. With his coffee in hand, Will returned to his apartment building. There was a man leaning against the wall when Will came up. He was tall, with a rugged face and an athletic body, and he gave off a slight air of menace. He pushed himself off the wall as Will approached.

"Hey, baby, what's going on? I thought we should talk."

Will was taken aback at first, wondering who this guy was and how he could know Alicia when it hit him. "Listen, Andre," he said, judging from the guy's reaction that he'd guessed correctly, "No means no. We're through."

"Aw, baby," Andre tried to take his arm but Will pulled away. Andre's demeanor changed instantly, suddenly growing cold. "What the fuck, Alicia? You ain't mean to tell me you suddenly love your husband."

"That's exactly what I'm saying. I was wrong seeing you, and I'm correcting that now."

"Come on, baby, think about it. How loving you think your husband's gonna be when I send him all those messages you sent me? And the pictures?"

Andre smirked menacingly, little realizing he was getting played.

"You don't have the balls!" Will sneered, tossing his hair back with a shake of his head, before sniffing and turning his back on Andre. He sashayed into his apartment building while Andre screamed obscenities at him.

Once back in Alicia's apartment, Will figured it was time to start cleaning up Alicia's home life.

He began by reorganizing the closet, pulling out shoes and outfits he would never wear.

Eventually, Alicia's wardrobe was slimmed down and there was room for Shane's stuff. Will methodically arranged Shane's clothes in the closet before taking apart the flimsy hanger Shane had been using and storing it away.

As he was doing this, he formed the beginnings of a beat in his head, and had to stop halfway through to slip into Shane's makeshift studio, open up the music program and record it. It was just a rough idea, and it sounded different in Alicia's voice than it had in his head. Alicia's lips and vocal chords weren't as well trained and it took some time for him to get it right. But after some experimentation he ended up with the beginnings of something he was happy with.

By then it was lunch time. Searching through the fridge, Will found the remains of Chinese takeaway from the place down the street, which he unceremoniously dumped onto a plate and stuck in the microwave. Maybe it was Alicia's sense of smell, or her taste buds, but the food was incredible. He licked his lips, savoring the rich spices he could pick out. His eyes were bigger than Alicia's stomach, however, because he was full before he'd made much of a dent in the pile of food.

He dumped the dishes in the sink and returned to Shane's computer. He had nothing but time on his hands and the ideas were flowing fast. Will wasn't expected at any job. He wasn't expected anywhere. There was a tiny bit of him that wondered what would happen if he couldn't seal the spell, but he put it out of his mind as he fiddled with the music software. Around late afternoon his stomach rumbled again. Shane would be getting home in another hour or two and he'd be hungry as well. Will knew very well that Alicia was a shit cook, but he had skills. A short shopping trip later and Will had the makings of a surprise dinner.

By the time Shane arrived home the aroma of macaroni and cheese baking in the oven filled the entire house. Shane had a somewhat dejected look as he came in, but grew confused as he looked around the apartment, apparently stunned at the cleanliness of the place and the fact that Alicia was in the kitchen doing actual work. And holding a beer in one hand.

"Sweetie!" Will called out, taking a last sip and thinking the bottle down on the counter before traipsing towards his friend.

He'd dressed Alicia's fantastic body in only a cute little red apron looped around his neck with a single knot holding the slim straps across his back. He was naked underneath it, otherwise only clad in matching red heels that it had taken the better part of an hour to adjust to. He actually still hadn't mastered them but he could make his way to the door to throw his arms around Shane and kiss him. Shane kissed back on impulse, his hand slipping around to clutch Will's ass. When his fingers landed on Will's bare skin and he realized there was nothing under the apron, he pulled back from Will's lips and cocked his head.

"What's going on, Alicia?"

"It's your favorite dinner, mac and cheese!" Will beamed.

Before Shane could say anything the timer went off and Will turned to pull it out of the stove, giving Shane an excellent view of his nearly bare backside. Will crouched to pull out the tray from the oven, fully aware as he did so how enticing Alicia looked from behind, half naked and with her perfect ass bouncing free.

"You don't cook." Shane said.

"You're right," Will nodded, tossing the oven mitt aside and pulling out a beer from the fridge.

"But I'm going to start."

Will handed the beer to Shane. It was a little craft brew. One of Shane's favorites.

Shane looked like he was struggling to figure out what to say next, but he finally blurted out:

"How long have you been fucking around behind my back?"

"You mean, how long has Alicia been fucking around? I don't know. The messages go back a few weeks."

"Alicia? You--? What?"

Will sighed. "I was hoping this could wait until after dinner. Have a seat, Shane." Will said, gesturing to the small dining nook table, which had been set for the two of them.

"No, I won't fucking sit down. How long have you been fucking this guy? He sent me pictures for fuck's sake." Shane leaned against the wall, looking angry and hurt.

"Shane. I'm not Alicia. I'm Will. Alicia – me – the guy yelling in the hallway – my old body or whatever. That's Alicia. We swapped bodies. Will didn't go crazy. I'm Will."

Shane opened his mouth to argue. Closed it. Opened it again. "What?"

Will came up to him, smiling. "It's true. I found a spell that let me take her body. She was such a bitch to you, Shane. She didn't deserve you. I can be everything she was but better."

Will took Shane's hand, enjoying the feel of his calloused fingers against Alicia's smooth skin.

"Prove it." Shane said, sullenly.

"Ok," Will bit his lip, thinking. "Ah. Follow me."

Still holding Shane's hand, Will led him down to the bedroom.

"Where's all my stuff?" Shane asked.

Will just smiled and opened the closet door, revealing their clothes neatly organized. Shane gawked.

"There's more. Listen to this. I think it's pretty fucking tight."

Will slid open the door to the tiny studio and bent over the keyboard to pull up the demo track he'd laid down that afternoon. As he did so, the apron fell forward, making him feel so divinely naked. He pushed play and Alicia's voice came through the speakers, mixed to a bouncing beat. Will watched Shane as he nodded along, his eyes widening as he stared up and down at Alicia's body.

"Would Alicia do this?" Will asked, his eyes gleaming.

Shane shook his head slowly in amazement. "No."

"I'll show you something else you told me this prissy bitch would never do."

Will got to his knees in the closet and reached for Shane's belt buckle. Shane took a half step back but Will pulled him back towards him before tugging down his pants and underwear. Now Shane's cock hung heavy in front of Will's little nose. He grabbed it, giggling and biting his lower lip as he did so. Shane's dick was so warm beneath his little fingers. It pulsed once as Will stroked it, slowly growing hard beneath his touch. In no time it rose up, thick and powerful. Maybe it was Will's smaller body, but the cock seemed so large. He couldn't take his eyes off it as he ran his fingers up and down the shaft. Shane didn't protest. He just stared down with wide eyes as Will stroked his dick.

Will leaned closer, kissing the head of Shane's cock, letting the tip slide just between his plump lips. He kissed his way down the shaft, inhaling Shane's delicious musk as he buried Alicia's tiny nose in Shane's pubic hair. Then he kissed his way back up the shaft and opened his mouth wide, taking his friend inside. Shane's dick was warm and wonderful as it slid across Will's tongue and he sucked gently, lowering his lips down, down Shane's cock, taking him all in until the dick hit the back of his throat. Holding his friend entirely in his mouth, he undulated his tongue against the underside of the shaft. Shane gripped his head in two hands and moaned. Now Will's body was warming. He continued sliding his lips up and down the glorious shaft, filling and emptying himself, pausing only to untie the neck of the apron and let it fall down, spilling his large tits out. They bounced beneath him as he sucked Shane's dick, growing faster, little muffled moans escaping his lips. While he sucked Shane's dick he played with his tits, well aware of how hot Shane would find it. He followed Shane's rhythm, moving faster and faster, stopping when Shane was just on the precipice of orgasm, letting him catch his breath, pulling his mouth out and stroking his heavy breasts before resuming his cocksucking.

"Oh, fuck, that's incredible," Shane whispered, thrusting gently towards Will's face.

Will gripped Shane's ass and pulled him closer, shoving the cock down his own throat. It tasted divine, the salty pre-cum trickling across his tongue as he held the dick firmly between his lips. When he sensed Shane was about to cum he pulled his lips off and stroked the cock faster with one hand, the saliva lubricating his friend's dick.

"Cum on my face," Will begged, "I know you want to."

"Oh god!" Shane cried, this last request sending him over the edge.

The cock in Will's hand throbbed and he aimed it at Alicia's pretty face just in time for it to explode over him. spurts of warm cum landed on his forehead, his nose, his little cheeks. He closed his eyes, sticking out his tongue and jerking off Shane's dick, making sure to catch every

drop of cum on Alicia's face. It dripped down his face, the spurts slowly dying, until Shane was finished and he'd covered his bitchy wife in cum.

Will wiped it from his eyes and sucked it off his fingers, savoring the salty deliciousness of his husband. Then he wiped the rest from his face, gathering it in his dainty fingers and smearing it over his bouncy breasts, dirtying himself with Shane's cum as he moaned, his body warm and horny. Shane stood over him, staring down, his eyes half-lidded.

"Holy shit. You were telling the truth."

After Will cleaned himself off they both sat at the table eating. Will told Shane most of the story, leaving out the part about him wanting to be Alicia and how he could make it permanent. Then Shane peppered him with questions, Will answering as best he could:

No, he didn't have any of Alicia's memories. Yes, it was fun having tits. Yes, he'd already given himself an orgasm in Alicia's body. No, he wasn't really worried about what Alicia would do in his body.

"My life wasn't going great, you know?" Will said between mouthfuls. "How is she going to ruin it? Get me fired from unemployment?"

"When this ends in three days won't it be weird going back to your own body knowing she was inside it?"

"Well...maybe I won't go back."

"You want to be her forever?"

Will blushed, put down his fork and took Shane's hand across the table. "If it means being with you, yes."

"Whoa." Shane said, putting his fork down and rubbing his forehead.

"It's perfect," Will rushed, "Now we can be lovers and friends. A husband and wife music team. How many times do you guys fight a week? Let's be real, your marriage was heading towards an end, but now you get the best of all worlds. Alicia's incredible body with my mind. I mean, she was cheating on you. You don't owe her anything."

"But...I mean...how can you even stay?"

Will scooted over and sat in Shane's lap, stroking the back of Shane's neck. Shane didn't fight it, but he didn't look completely comfortable, either. "If you cum inside me, it will seal the spell."

Will pushed his black bangs off his cheek and leaned down to kiss Shane. After a second Shane pulled away and gently pushed Will off his lap, then put his head in his hands.

"This is surreal," Shane muttered.

"I know. But I can be the Alicia you've always wanted instead of the one you have."

"What about the real Alicia?"

"Honestly?" Will shrugged. "I didn't want to say anything, but she's a bitch. She treated you like shit, took you for granted, didn't do a damn thing but spend your money and complain."

"I need to think about this."

"We've got some time."

Will stood and cleaned up the table. He still wore only his apron, and every time he turned his back to Shane he put some wiggle in his ass. He glanced back once and caught Shane staring.

"Would this help you think?" Will asked, smiling as he untied the apron and let it drop to the floor. He was completely naked, the cool air caressing his soft skin. He turned back to the kitchen without waiting for a response.

After dinner, Will suggested they work on some music. Shane sat at his desk while Will draped himself behind the chair, letting his huge breasts fall to either side of Shane's head. Shane was initially distracted by Will's body, particularly the breasts that bounced down in front of his face whenever Will leaned forward to point something out on the screen. But they soon both became absorbed into what they were doing.

Two hours passed like this, before Will stretched his lithe body and yawned. "What time is it?"

"It's almost eleven. Shit. I've got work in the morning."

Shane closed down the computer and they both got ready for bed. They lay beside each other and Will rolled over, throwing a leg across Shane's torso and stroking his cheek. He could feel Shane's cock twitch.

"Let me stay," Will whispered into Shane's ear as he tickled Shane's chest with his long fingernails.

Shane grabbed his hand gently. "I need to think. Give me some time."

"Call in sick tomorrow. Let's go have some fun."

* * *

Shane did call in sick the next day and it was wonderful. They went out to breakfast like a couple, laughing and talking together. It was like old times, except Will was more confident about touching Shane, finding an excuse to stroke his shoulder or touch his knee. Shane was alternately accepting and standoffish, evidently still adjusting to his friend's mind being in his wife's body.

There were several times he made a comment and then grimaced, looking at Will as if he would start haranguing him for something. But when Will didn't respond in Alicia's normal manner Shane relaxed. By mid-afternoon Shane even let Will hold his hand.

"This feels so...I don't know...nice." Shane admitted. "Like when Alicia and I were first dating and everything was magical. Before it all turned to shit."

Will just smiled and tucked his black bangs behind an ear.

They hung out all day together, visiting their favorite pizza place, watching the latest sci-fi movies, making music. All the things Alicia hated but Will and Shane loved.

When at last they fell into bed together that night, it was Shane who leaned over on one elbow and kissed Will. Will took his friend's cheek, stroking with his fingers, feeling Shane's masculine stubble as their tongues gently danced together. Will felt Shane growing hard, the warm cock pressing against his leg. Alicia's body was on fire, his legs twisting and flexing, eager for Shane's body. It was an immense relief when Shane finally plunged inside and Will felt him sliding in through his wet canal.

Will clutched him, holding his head close as Shane thrust in and out, his heavy, comforting weight stretched on top of Will's dainty form.

"Let me stay," Will whispered in his ear.

Shane thrust twice and Will could feel the cock start to tremble inside, but then Shane pulled out, groaning as he came, spilling his hot seed over Will's belly. Still leaning over him, his cock resting on Will's mound, Shane whispered:

"I don't know if I'm ready."

"Okay. There's still time."

But Will was getting worried. At the end of tomorrow there was a very real possibility that he would lose his best friend and lover, and be back to his former tired life. There had to be a way to convince Shane.

The answer came to him the next day. Shane was at work and Will was practicing putting on a bra when he heard voices in the hallway. One of them was familiar, because until a few days

ago it had been his own. He paused, one strap hanging down his arm, a breast half out, and listened.

“Yes, I know, I've got it,” Will's former voice said irritably.

“Jesus, Will, I'm just trying to help. Maybe I should just send you back to the psych ward.”

The other voice was that of his father. They were never particularly close and hadn't spoken in months. Will's dad was a gruff, no-nonsense man who had no time for Will's music shit when there were real jobs to be had. Will didn't miss him. It sounded like even getting his son out of the hospital hadn't made him any more empathetic.

The two bickered as they shuffled down the hallway to Will's old apartment, their voices growing muffled but still audible as they went inside. They deserved each other. Both of them were so hung up on their own appearance: hers physical, his social. It was even more evident now that Alicia had been stripped of her delectable body that she was nothing more than an empty-headed whining brat. Shane needed to see that.

Shortly before Shane was to come home, Will got dressed and put on some makeup. He'd been practicing all day with the help of internet tutorials and thought he'd finally figured most of it out. It had actually been pretty fun to dress up this body and make himself pretty. Looking in the mirror he shined a bright smile to see the gorgeous sex goddess smiling back at him.

He left his apartment and knocked on the door of his former place. A few seconds later Will's dad opened the door. He was a squat man with a sour face and he peered out suspiciously at Will.

“Yeah?” He said gruffly.

Will put on Alicia's best smile. “Hi, I'm Will's neighbor. I heard what happened to him and I just wanted to make sure he's okay.”

“He's okay,” Will's dad replied.

“I'd really love to speak to him. And I think he'd love to speak to me.” Will batted his eyes and after a second, his dad relented.

“Will. Someone to see you!” He called out to the apartment.

Alicia shuffled into the living room, her eyes narrowing when she saw who it was. She had a small bandage on her upper arm, no doubt from where they'd had to put an IV. Her hair was messy and she looked scruffy and unkempt.

“Hi, Will.” Will chirped. “I hope you're well. Shane and I were very worried about you.”

Alicia's eyes flicked to her dad, who'd retreated back into the room and out of Will's line of sight.

“Yes, I'm fine. Just an episode.”

“That's good,” Will said, pushing his hair back behind an ear and letting his hand trail down his neck to briefly cup his breast.

Alicia gritted her teeth and stepped closer. “Get your hands off my body you fucking pervert,” she whispered.

Will just smiled. “It's not your body anymore. You lost it for being a bitch. This is all mine now.”

“I will get you for this,” she growled, moving closer, reminding Will of a mad dog.

“No. You won't. Shane's going to seal the spell tonight, making this permanent. Enjoy being unemployed, single and ugly.”

“No!” Alicia yelled, jumping at Will.

Will had anticipated her reaction and he leaped out of the way as Alicia launched out of the door and crashed into the wall across the hallway. Will backed away down the corridor as his dad came out of the apartment.

“Will, what the fuck are you doing?” He moved toward Alicia.

“That’s my body!” She snarled, pushing past him and racing towards Will, who now stood in front of his own door.

His dad caught her by the arm, making her spin around and lose her balance. At that moment there was a ding from the elevator behind Will. He turned to see Shane stepping out, his eyes going wide at the commotion in the hallway. Alicia bounced off the wall and spun back to Will. She saw Shane behind him and ran at him.

“You did this to me! You plotted against me! I will fucking ruin you!”

Shane put his hands up to defend himself even as Will shoved Alicia while she ran past him, sending her rebounding against the wall and giving Shane enough time to recover. By now Will’s dad was on her, grabbing her hands and trying to pin her down as she flailed at Shane.

“Will. Get hold of yourself. This is embarrassing.” Will’s dad yelled.

Alicia was still fighting, so Shane grabbed her other arm while Will’s dad shuffled around to sit on her, pinning both arms to the floor.

Shane stared down at Alicia, still gripping her wrist. “Alic-- Will, calm down, man.”

She looked up at him and went weak, her anger dissolving to tears. “You know it’s true. Tell them who I am. You’re my husband. You love me.”

Shane looked into her eyes and for a moment Will thought he might break.

“No. Sorry, Will,” Shane said. “I hope you get the help you need.” He looked up at Will’s dad. “I’ll call the ambulance.”

Will’s dad nodded. “Thanks.”

Shane stood and gathered up Will, slipping his arm around his waist he shuffled him back to their apartment. Shane pulled out his phone and called the ambulance as Will stood in front of him. When Shane was done he dropped the phone on the counter and looked at Will.

“I want to be your Alicia,” Will whispered.

Shane stepped forward and kissed him, his hand wrapping through Will’s hair and pulling their lips together. Their kiss was urgent, their tongues probing, bodies pressed together, hands clutching, gliding, exploring each other. They kissed their way down the hallway towards the bedroom, shedding clothes as they went before tumbling into bed naked.

Will lay on top of Shane, his breasts resting on Shane’s chest as their tongues continued dancing.

Shane gripped Will’s exquisite body, warm calloused hands coming up to squeeze Will’s slender waist, fingers gripping the tender flesh of Will’s ass. Will leaned on Shane’s chest, his fingers splayed on the strong pecs of his friend as the heat of their bodies mingled. Will felt Shane growing hard beneath him even as his own body grew warm and wet. Shane’s cock pressed up between Will’s legs. Their desire drove them both on to grope and kiss each other with growing desperation.

Will shuffled down, kissing across Shane’s solid jaw and down his neck, until Shane’s cock lay across his entrance and his mouth lay on his friend’s chest. Will rocked up and down, letting

Shane's shaft slid up and down his slit, lubricating it on his wetness as the cockhead pushed against Will's pleasure button. Will reached down between his silky legs and took hold of Shane's cock, guiding it in between his legs and up against his opening. Will's pussy lips spread as the cockhead pressed inside him, meeting resistance, the pressure growing, soon released as Will sighed and Shane slid fully into him.

Will lowered himself onto Shane's cock, luxuriating in every hot, beautiful inch. It was so tight between the walls of his canal, fitting like a glove. Will pushed himself up so that he was straddling Shane, knees on either side of his friend as he sank down, closing his eyes and cooing as the shaft filled him, stopping just as it touched his center. Shane's hands gripped Will's waist and Will looked down to see Shane staring up at him, a cocky grin on his face. Will gripped his tits, squeezing them and letting them bounce as he rode Shane, back and forth, letting the cock ease in and out of his slippery cunt. His body moved with grace and ease, beautiful in its fluid motion as he fucked his friend.

"Yesss," Shane groaned as he drove up into Will. "Suck on those tits for me."

Will took hold of both breasts and lowered his head, bringing one nipple to his mouth. He sucked on it, savoring the warmth, a little tingle traveling through him as his tongue slid across his sensitive nipple. Shane stared up at him, trapped in utter desire, a desire that made Will even warmer and wetter than the simple physical pleasure. He rode faster, teeth nipping at his little nipple while he stroked his other tit with his other hand. He played with his tits for Shane's benefit, bobbling them together, squeezing them and letting them bounce back down, sucking on one, then the other, before tweaking his saliva-slick nipples with his fingers. All the time he grew wetter, dripping down Shane.

A moan escaped his lips as Shane began thrusting up deep. He took short sharp thrusts, desire hurrying him on. Each time the head of his cock filled Will, struck his center and brought another gasping moan from his lips until they were rocking together, Will's moans becoming whimpers becoming cries, his voice rising in pitch. He clutched Shane's chest and jiggled his ass up and down the wonderful thick shaft, riding his friend hard and fast. Shane grunted beneath him, still holding on, still fucking him, not letting go. His cock was so perfect inside, each thrust driving Will ever closer to the point of ecstasy.

Will leaned down and whispered into Shane's ear. "Let me stay."

Shane dug his fingers into Will's fleshy ass and yanked him down hard while thrusting up. Will threw back his head and cried out as the orgasm flashed through him even as Shane's cock exploded inside. Will clutched his breasts hard while spurt after spurt of hot cum filled his aching pussy, riding his friend to a massive, head-spinning orgasm. He howled out in Alicia's lust filled voice while Shane grunted beneath him, emptying his cock into Will's tight pussy until he was utterly and completely full.

Will's head was spinning as he came down from the orgasmic high, and he rested on Shane's broad chest, clutching him as his body shuddered with the aftershocks and the cock slowly wilted inside. Will wanted to lie there forever, Shane inside him. His head pressed to his friend's chest,

Will could hear Shane's heart pounding. Shane stroked Will's hair and kissed him on the head. Will raised himself up and stared down into Shane's eyes. They kissed again, slowly and deliberately as, somewhere outside in the hallway, Alicia howled in despair.