



**QUICKIES**

*Payback*  
**CHAPTER 1**

**MtF TRANSFORMATION**

**MWLS**



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# Payback

# *Chapter 1*

**by M. Wills**

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This title is for adults only. It contains explicit sex acts, adult themes, and material that some might find offensive.

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# Chapter 1

“What do you think, bro?” Peyton asked, nodding at his date as she made her way to the toilets at the back of the bar. “Is that a hot ass or what?”

“Fuck yeah, bro,” Jake said, ogling her retreating backside as it swayed away. “You hit that yet?”

“I just met her this afternoon,” Peyton said, tossing back his beer and slamming the bottle back on the table.

“I repeat,” Jake grinned. “Did you hit that yet?”

Peyton laughed. “I will. I’m gonna go get another round. You find any tail you like around here?”

“Naw, bro, it’s dry tonight. You got the hottest one here.”

“Fuck yeah I do,” Peyton grinned. “Looks like you got your tips bleached for nothing.”

Peyton did a quick drum roll on the table with his hands and then swaggered to the bar for more drinks. He pushed his way through the crowd, taking the opportunity to squeeze a particularly juicy looking ass as he passed. The woman jumped and turned around but Peyton feigned innocence, pretending not to know anything was amiss as he shuffled past her while she looked around, bewildered and alarmed. It was her fault for wearing such a tight skirt. What did she expect?

Peyton reached the bar and leaned on it, using his broad shoulders to slowly but firmly nudge the other people aside. He ordered some more beers for him and Jake, plus another cocktail for...fuck, what was his date's name? He'd have to ask Jake to find out for him.

As he waited for the bartender to notice him he checked her out. She had tattoos running up and down one arm and a piercing in her nose. Not really his type but her body was banging in some tight black pants and a tight top that squeezed her—unfortunately small—rack up into modest proportions. Still, if you don't play you don't score.

He flirted with her, watching her spin the bottle around her hand as she poured the cocktail.

“You're pretty fancy with that bottle. You know...for a girl,” he gave his best grin, all white teeth and dimples. Chicks loved it when he negged them.

She shook her head but he saw the hint of a smile on her lips. “I'd like to see you sling drinks for four hours,” she retorted.

“You wouldn't want me behind the bar. The only drinks I'd be slinging were the ones I'd sling down my throat. Not great for business.”

She chuckled and set the drink on the bar. He handed her his credit card and after she slid it through the reader and returned it he asked, “You got a pen?”

She handed him one. Peyton flipped over coaster and scrawled his number on the back then handed it to her.

“Call me if you need a shitty bartender. Or, you know, you need anything else.”

Peyton winked and collected his drinks without waiting for a reply. His date was back from the toilets and waiting at the table when he returned. She was a hot-as-hell little blonde, perfectly made-up and squeezed into a tight black top and jeans. Peyton slid the drinks onto the table and draped his arm around the blonde’s shoulder, making sure to flex so she could feel his bicep.

“You been hitting on my date, bro?” Peyton laughed at Jake.

He proceeded to talk with Jake and practically ignore his date. She chimed in every so often with some banal comment which Peyton would alternately tease and flatter her about. You had to keep them guessing. She got more talkative the more drinks she got in her but Peyton wasn’t interested in her mouth. Well, he was but not for anything coming out of it.

He teased her about her age, accusing her of being older than she was then jokingly demanding to see her driver’s license to prove it. That’s how he found out her name was Yasmine. Once he started talking to her she wouldn’t shut up, like she had so much to say and was just waiting for him to show interest.

Finally, to shut her up he turned to her and started flirting madly, alternately complimenting and negging her, making excuses to touch her shoulder or her

waist. She drank him in, her pupils wide. And why shouldn't she be interested in him? He was a catch. Young, rich, confident, and with a rocking bod and a dick that was life-changing.

Yasmine still kept chiming in, saying something about some bullshit. Peyton wasn't listening. To really shut her up he kissed her. She tasted sweet, like the fruity cocktail she'd been drinking, and her hot breath mingled with his, making his manhood throb. It was easy to convince her to come back to his place. She demurred at first but he persisted until she felt like she had to agree.

Finally, when Peyton was ready he slipped his arm around Yasmine's waist and turned to Jake. "Yo, I'm taking Yasmine back to my place. If I wake up in a bathtub full of ice with my kidney missing you'll know who to blame."

He led her out to the parking lot and into his red Model S. (He liked to joke with the other guys in the hedge fund that they got wet for the S and he got wet for their A's). The ride home was a blur, helped greatly by the self-drive feature. He rolled the windows down to sober himself up and jacked up the music so he didn't have to listen to her talk.

When they arrived and the elevator slid open on to his luxury apartment he threw his arms in the air, presenting it to her. "Welcome to the Peyton Palace. This is where the magic happens."

Without further ado pulled her into his arms and leaned down to kiss her. She yielded to him, her hands coming up to clutch him. He ran his hands around her tight curves, down to her perfect ass and then back up as his tongue sought out hers. His Peyton Jr. was already at full mast from her kiss.

They pulled away from each other's mouths only long enough to toss off their pants and their shirts, leaving a trail of discarded clothes to the bedroom. Peyton sat on the edge of the bed, forcing Yasmine to awkwardly lean down to kiss him. He stroked her cheek and moved his hand through her hair, pulling away from her lips to gently but firmly push her head down until she got the hint and got to her knees in front of him.

She wrapped her cherry-red lips around his dick and sucked for all she was worth. Fuck, it was delightful watching her work his shaft, feeling his cock disappear into her warm wet mouth, watching it reappear slick with saliva. She was pretty good. Not the best because she wasn't great at deep-throating but she was doing something with her tongue on the underside of his shaft that drove him wild. He grunted, his hand firmly in her hair, guiding her up and down his length. The lewd sounds of her mouth on his cock were hot as hell, and the way her tight ass stuck out behind her was intoxicating. He reached down and gave it a quick slap, feeling her jump on his dick.

When he was almost on the edge he yanked her head off and she looked up at him with those big brown eyes, ready for more.

“Stand up. I want to fuck you from behind so I can see that hot little ass of yours.”

“Do you have a condom?”

Fuck. Bitches and condoms. “I hate condoms. I can't feel anything when I wear them. I ain't got diseases or anything. Do you?”

“No. I just...I really don't want to have sex without a condom.”

Double fuck. Peyton was so horny at this point he couldn't just stop now. With a heavy sigh he yanked open his nightstand and pulled out a condom. She helped him slip it on over his dick and then stroked his shaft a few times to get it nice and hard. He was sick of all this slow as shit so he stood and grabbed her waist, spinning her around and grabbing her from behind. His hands stretched around her tight titties, squeezing hard, digging into her skin as he kissed her neck and dragged his cock up and down the swell of her ass. Peyton knew chicks loved being manhandled like that. They were into all that rough shit even when they pretended not to be.

When he was good and hard and had had his fun with her tits he slid his hands down to her hips and shoved his cock in between her legs. She leaned on the bed and arched her back. Peyton went wild at the sight of her perfect ass wiggling beneath him. He aimed his dick at her entrance and found her wet and ready. With a quick thrust he slid in and began pounding her, digging his fingers into her hips as he pumped into her tight pussy.

The slap of his groin on her ass filled the room. Her tits shuddered beneath her at each thrust. She moaned and begged for more like a porn star, which just grew Peyton's excitement.

“You like that cock in your tight twat?” He grunted.

“Oh yes, baby. Give it to me!” She cried maybe too-theatrically, as though she wanted to urge him on just to get it over with. Peyton didn't really give a fuck because he felt good as hell.

He gripped her waist tight so he could yank her back and impale her on his cock, slamming into her tight cunt over and over again as the pressure built inside him and he came. He grunted as his cock throbbed, sliding up through her tight canal. She felt him coming and moaned with him, urging him on as he unloaded inside her.

When he was done he pulled out and rolled the condom off his cock before tossing it into the nearby trashcan. She turned, looking up at him with love in her eyes. He bent and kissed her softly, stroking her cheek.

“I gotta get up early tomorrow so...” Peyton said.

“Oh,” she nodded, disappointed and suddenly ashamed.

Peyton lay back on his bed as she gathered her clothes up and got dressed, watching as the last of her hot naked body disappeared beneath her clothes. Then he accompanied her to the door to make sure she didn't steal anything. She stepped outside in the hallway and turned to him.

“So...call me?” She asked, hopefully.

“Sure. I'll text you sometime.”

She walked down the hallway and Peyton closed and locked the door. He took a quick shower and then tumbled into his bed, falling asleep in moments.

\* \* \*

Something damp slapped Peyton in the face and a familiar female voice growled, “Wake up, asshole.”

Peyton snapped open his eyes and saw three of his ex-girlfriends leaning over him: Madeline, Paige and Leah. Madeline was holding his damp bath towel, having just slapped him awake. When she saw his eyes opened she threw the towel down and unzipped a bag that she had slung over one of her shoulders.

“What the fuck?” Peyton asked.

His arms were held in the air on either side of him and when he tried to jerk them down so he could sit up there was a jingle of metal on wood and his arms wouldn't move. Glancing up he saw that he'd been handcuffed to his headboard.

“Good, you're awake. I don't want you to sleep through this,” Madeline said, pulling out a few vials and setting them up on the nightstand.

Peyton looked at the three of them as they loomed over the bed. Madeline and Page were on one side of the bed, Leah on the other. They looked similar because Peyton definitely had a type: skinny blondes with tight bodies and ample busts. They were all dressed in black and Madeline had that winged eyeliner job that Peyton found hot despite the circumstances. Her mouth was set

in a tight line. Leah fidgeted with some sort of book while Page just leered at him.

“You better unlock these or you’re going to be in a shit ton of trouble.”

They tittered.

“Oh, no, Peyton,” Page said. “You’re the one in trouble.”

“How long you gonna keep me locked up here?”

“As long as it takes,” Madeline replied. “Ten minutes or so. Then you’ll be free.”

“Sort of,” Page added with a laugh.

Peyton lay back on the bed, affecting an air of calm. “Page. How long has it been?”

“A year and a half since you cheated on me.”

“Right. Thought so. You’re looking a little chunkier,” he said, eyeing the tight top hugging her new muffin top.

“What a fucking pig,” she scowled.

“Madeline,” Peyton said. “Love the makeup. Maybe if you looked like that all the time we wouldn’t have broken up.”

“Fuck off,” she said, opening the bottles and rummaging through her pack for a book.

Peyton turned to Leah. Unlike Page and Madeline, who’d split with him in a rage, Leah had seemed really hurt when he broke up with her. It wasn’t that he didn’t like her. He just wanted to play the field and maybe find someone better. She’d been with him before he made it big and it was so much easier to bang chicks when one had tons of money.

“Leah, come on. Let me out of here. I’m sorry. I didn’t deserve you.”

Leah bit her lip and looked like she was going to respond but Page jumped in. “Don’t listen to him. He’s doing that same ‘poor me’ bullshit. Remember, it’s an act.”

“Come on, Leah, I—Ow!” Peyton had tried again but Madeline reached under the covers and twisted his nipple hard. “Fucking bitch!”

“There’s the Peyton I know and hate,” Madeline laughed.

Page grabbed the covers and tossed them off Peyton. He lay naked on the bed, his rippling abs bare, his cock visible to all three of them as it lay nestled in his mass of dark hair. The little guy was already rising to attention at the sight of his three exes, as if it thought they showed up in the middle of the night and locked him to the bed so they could all fuck him.

“Down boy,” Page said to his cock.

“It’ll be down soon enough,” Madeline said darkly. “Come on, girls.”

They all flipped through their books. Madeline picked up a vial and sprinkled some sort of orange-scented oil over Peyton’s naked body while they chanted.

“Oh, god, is this more of your Wiccan bullshit?” Peyton asked Madeline. He turned to Leah, “Don’t tell me you’re into this, too. This was why I broke up with her.”

The three women kept chanting and every now and then Madeline would pour something from one of the vials onto him. After a few minutes they stopped and stared down at him.

“Ok, now what?” Peyton asked.

His legs started to feel kind of itchy and he used his foot to scratch one leg. It

felt weirdly smooth and he lifted his head to look at his legs. The hair on his legs was gone, leaving his shins smooth.

“What is this?” Peyton asked, beginning to get worried. “What did you pour on me? Some sort of acid?”

The three women said nothing, just watched as Peyton’s body began changing. A ripple passed through him, up his chest and across his arms. As he looked down at himself he saw his mid-section shifting, slimming. At the same time, his thighs grew slightly wider and his legs lost their muscle mass, shortening and becoming slender. Feminine. The skin smoothed out and became a creamy bronze while his thighs also became slightly plumper.

He felt the changes travelling up his arms, slimming the contours, dropping the mass and becoming lithe and elegant. His hardened chest softened as two mounds rose from his pecs, growing larger, softer, becoming a large pair of tits that spilled down either side of his chest. Each was capped with a strawberry pink areola.

Peyton was frozen in shock as something tickled down his face and then long, blonde hair appeared in his vision. His face tickled as it shifted, shrank and grew smoother, his nose slimming, cheeks growing rounder, even his ears shrank. And then he felt something shift between his legs. Peyton’s mouth opened in horror and he gaped down at his crotch. The three women followed his gaze and began giggling as his cock grew flaccid, then continued shrinking. His proud eight inches diminished quickly to barely a nub, and then disappeared altogether. Before Peyton could make a sound he felt something between his thighs splitting open, the hair around his former cock lightening to a honey blonde before partly retracting into his body until it left only a perfect triangle pointing to the pussy that now sat between his legs. His insides roiled as they readjusted to match the feminine outer appearance.

“What did you do to me?” He asked, in a voice that was light and sweet.

Leah stretched her hand out over his chest. “You will only be attracted to men who are like yourself.”

Page stretched out her hand. “You will only like yourself when you look like your perfect woman.”

Madeline stretched out her hand. “You will be trapped in this form for the rest of your life unless, within one year, you can have sex with one hundred different guys.”

“And blow a hundred more,” Page added, and the two laughed cruelly as Leah looked on with a sad smile.

“Let it be done,” Madeline said.

There was a puff of smoke and something like an electric current sizzled briefly through Peyton’s new body. He lay back on the bed in shock as the women unlocked his handcuffs.

“You needed a taste of your own medicine you selfish asshole,” Madeline said.

Peyton ignored her and pushed himself into a sitting position. Silky blonde hair tumbled down his head and he pushed it out of his eyes to gaze at the feminine body he now possessed. Two perfect breasts hung from his chest, ripe and full. His body was slender. Tight. Just like Yasmine. Just like Leah's and Madeline's and...well, not Page's because she was a little chub now, but like Page used to be.

“No way is he going to be able to break the spell,” Page said.

“Well, if he wants to be a man he's going to have to learn to service men like him. Assholes who camouflage their arrogance as confidence,” Madeline said as she stuffed her vials into her purse.

They began to walk out. Peyton snapped out of his daze and crawled to the edge of the bed. “You can't leave me like this! Change me back! I'll be good, I promise!”

“Whatever,” Madeline laughed, as she and Page left the room.

Peyton jumped off the bed, his tits swinging awkwardly, his hips swaying, and grabbed Leah's hand. Leah still loved him. She would help him.

“Leah. Please. I'm sorry.” He begged.

He watched her soften, but then Madeline returned and took her arm. “Come on, honey, remember, he's a piece of shit who deserves this.”

Leah nodded sadly before hurrying out the door behind Madeline and Page. A few seconds later the front door to his apartment closed behind them, leaving Peyton alone and in his new form. He ran to the bathroom and flicked on the light. There in the mirror a reflection of a beautiful blonde gawked back at him.

“Those crazy fucking bitches,” Peyton muttered as he gazed up and down his slender body.

He had incredible curves, ample breasts, a squeezable ass. His face was soft and sweet. Innocent, almost, with a soft nose, round cheeks, and big, enticing eyes. Silky blonde hair hung down his back in gentle waves. He was his own perfect woman.

“This can’t be real,” he said in his soft, feminine voice.

He rubbed his eyes and felt the smooth contours of his face and when he opened his eyes he was still very much a woman. He reached up to grab his tits. They were firm and bouncy. He squeezed them together experimentally before letting them swing back down his chest. He half turned to check out his ass, running his hand across the wonderful contour. How many women like this had he brought back to his apartment for one night stands?

The words of their curse rang in his head. He had one year to fuck one hundred guys and blow one hundred more. No fucking way. They’d given him the body of a woman but he still had his own mind. And he sure as shit wasn’t into dudes. Now a year as a lesbo, that he could do. But sucking off a guy? Gross. He stuck out his little pink tongue just thinking about it, though perhaps that was an act. Perhaps he wasn’t quite as averse to having a cock between this luscious lips as

he thought. As he gazed in the mirror he began to imagine the women in the reflection on her knees with a dick in her mouth. She'd look pretty damn good.

Peyton shook his head. No. That woman was him. No way was he going to blow a bunch of random dudes. But that meant he'd be stuck as a woman for the rest of his life, which was even worse.

“At least I got a hot bitch in my pad,” he muttered to himself, staring down at his body.

He reached up to grab his tits again and squeezed them like he'd squeezed so many others. They were more sensitive than he thought and he winced as his nails bit in to his skin. He lightened his touch, running his fingers around the circumference of his breasts as his nipples swelled into sharp diamonds. It was pretty hot watching this chick touch herself. She felt nice. Soft. Tight.

He reached back and slapped his ass, yelping and jumping. Again he felt more sensitive in this body. He rubbed his butt where it was turning red, fingers whispering across the wide expanse of his buttocks. Before he knew it his hands were tickling up and down his hourglass figure, over his belly, down between his thighs to tease the light tufts of hair between his legs. Watching the chick in the mirror touch herself was hot as hell. Shit, feeling his boobies swaying on his chest, watching his reflection get slapped and squeezed was making him horny.

Peyton's fingers found his pussy and slipped lightly inside, landing on his moistened folds. He stroked himself up and down the line of his slit as his pussy lips clutched at him. His touch was too light at first, in the wrong place, the wrong rhythm, but with some experimentation he found just the right pressure on his hood to make his body purr. He stroked in tight circles, his other hand coming up to clutch his tits, bat at them, treating his own body like a plaything.

“Finger me in my tight little cunt,” he said to himself, a little warm thrill spilling through him at the blonde reflection’s dirty talk.

There was a tight warmth blossoming between his thighs, growing with every stroke and squeeze. His pussy grew slicker and when he drew his fingers down and back up he landed on his budded clit and moaned.

“Ohhh, fuuuck,” he whispered.

He stroked himself faster, fingers either side of his silky pleasure button while he gripped his nipple. The juicy sounds of his sex hit his ears and he gazed at the beautiful blonde pleasuring herself. His insides felt hot and tense, a pressure filling him that was building to a beautiful release. The beautiful woman in the mirror had her eyes open wide, a ‘fuck me’ look on her face, her lips parted just enough to reveal a glimpse of her teeth, looking beautiful and brainless, just how Peyton liked them.

He stoked himself harder, his fingers sopping wet, his thighs dripping. He bobbed his tits, watching them swing, clutching them, dropping them, playing with his new body until the tension inside him suddenly exploded. He threw his head back and cried out in a quivering voice as his body shook around his wet fingers, pussy clenching as the orgasm vibrated through him. It seemed to last forever and he was slow to come down.

When he finally did he stood hunched over the mirror, staring at the pretty girl he’d now become, so close to his reflection he could see the cute spray of freckles across her nose.

Could he do this? Could he break the curse. The thought of what he had to do to break the curse was unappealing, but the thought of staying like this, a helpless, cute woman was worse.

To be continued...

**Thank you!**

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

Yes, I do commissions! You can always email me at [bodyswapstories@gmail.com](mailto:bodyswapstories@gmail.com) or visit my website for more info and pricing, plus weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

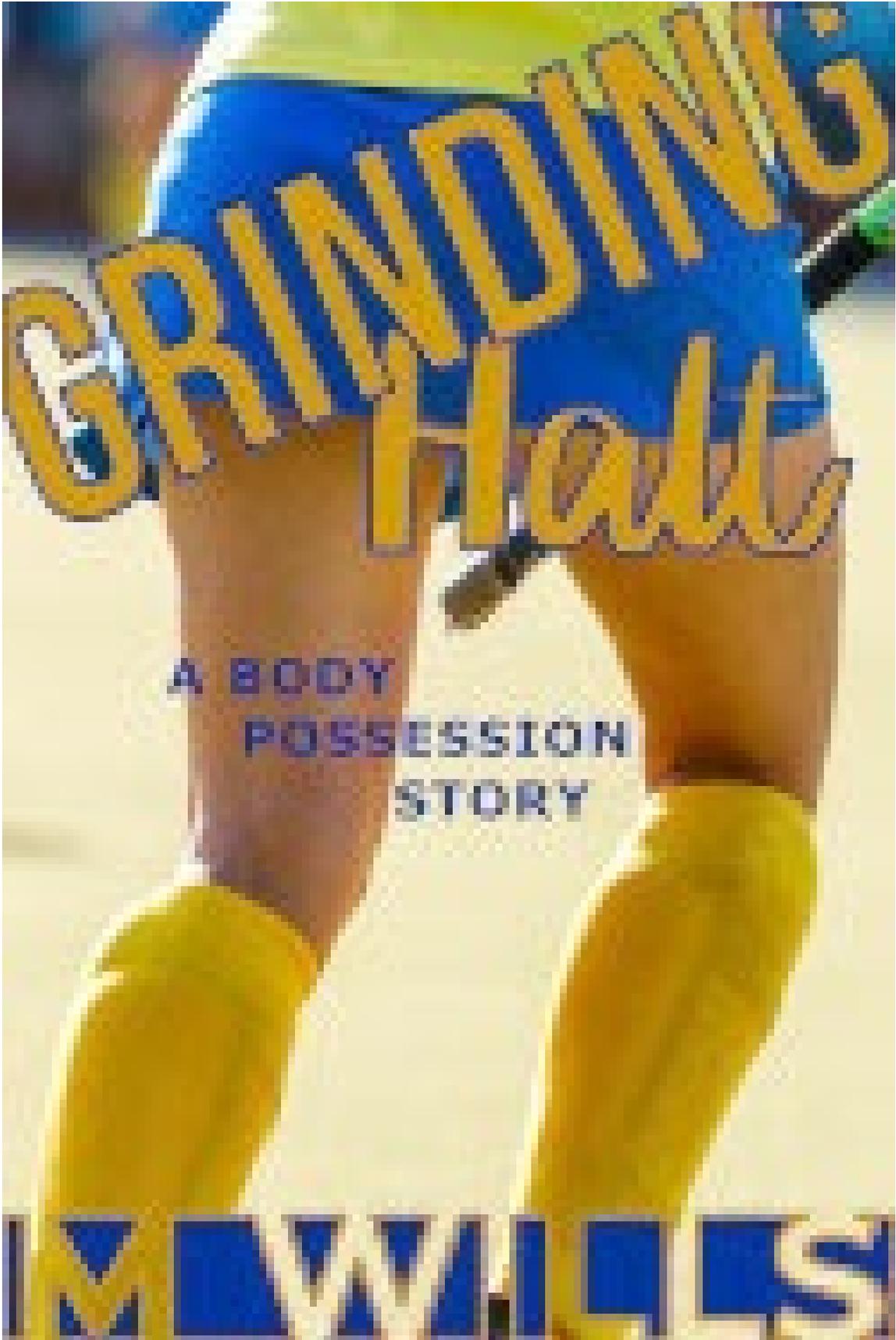
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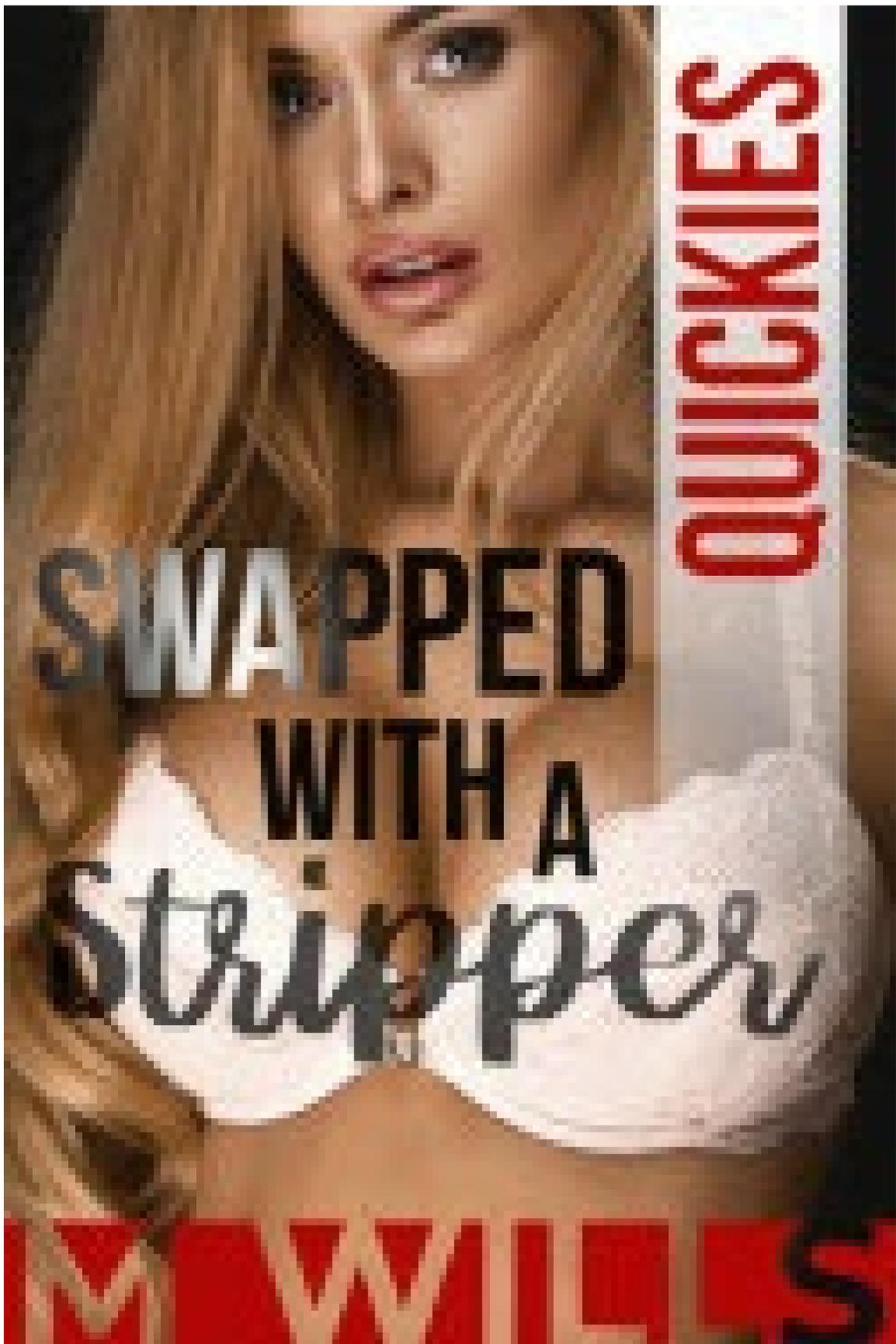
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## **Grinding Halt**

I've used my body hopping powers to take over a sexy young field hockey player and have the time of her life, exploring her sensual body both by myself and with some help.



SWAPPED  
WITH A  
Stripper

QUICKIES

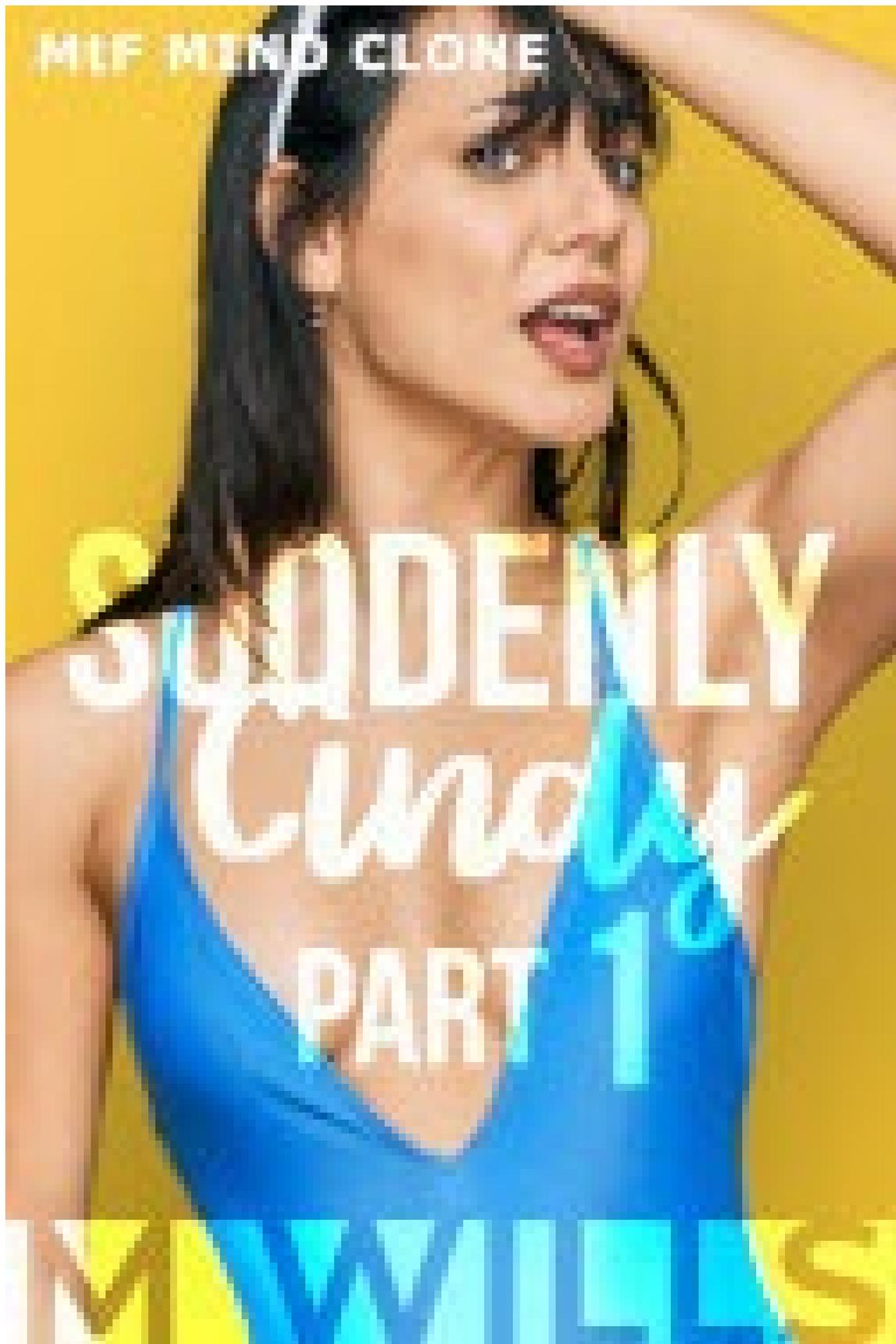
MILK

## Swapped with a Stripper

I was at a strip club for my bachelor party when a sudden global event made most people in the world swap bodies. Now I'm in the body of the incredibly busty strip club headliner.

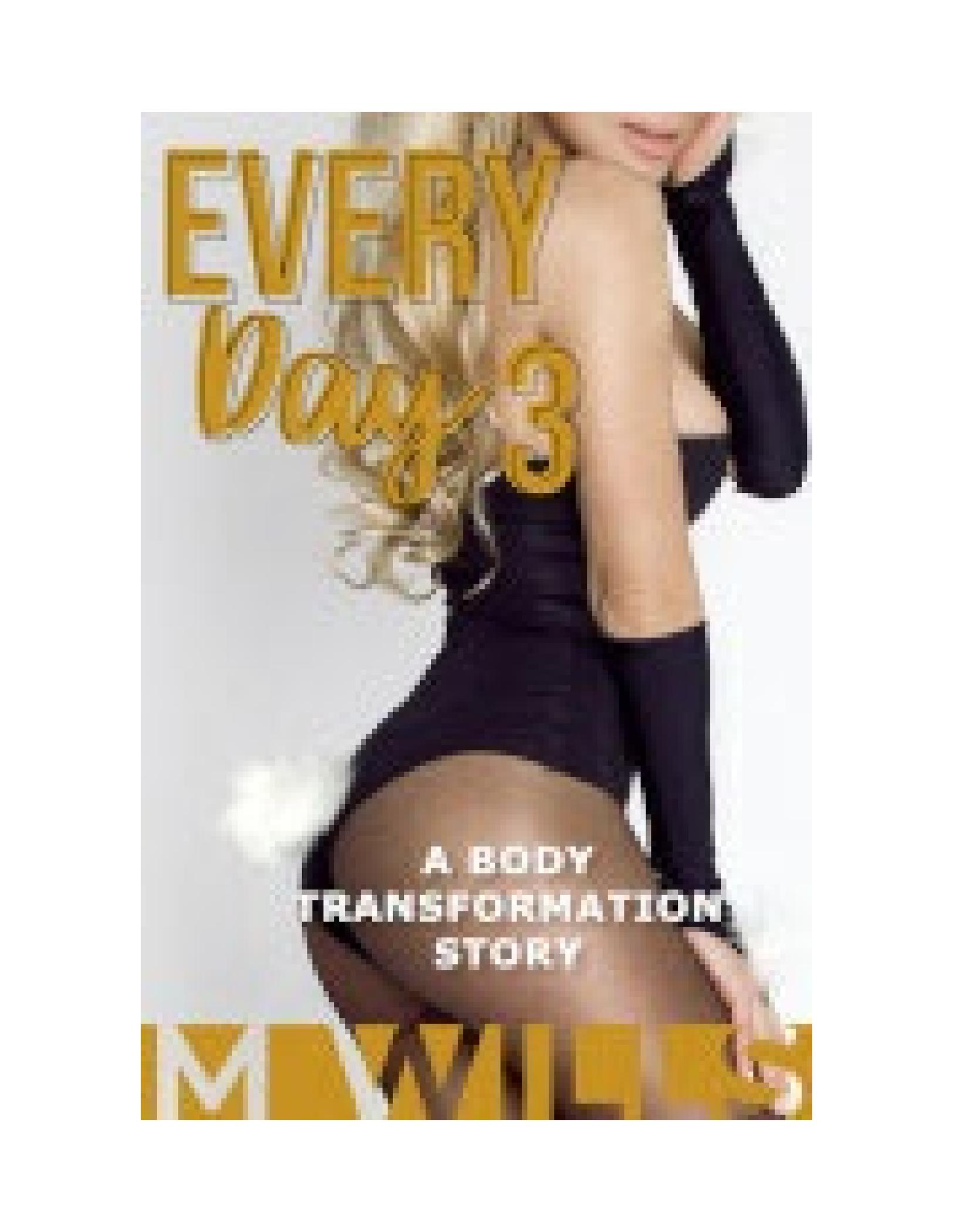
MY MIND CLONE

SUDDENLY  
CINOW  
PART 1



## Suddenly Cindy 1

Sebastian wakes up one morning in the body of Cindy, a cute young woman who lives in the dorm room below him. But his own (former?) body is still moving around, completely oblivious to Sebastian's confusion. What's more, Cindy is still conscious and thinks every sexy thing she's done is of her own free will.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black leotard, is posing in a studio. She is standing with one leg raised and bent. In the background, there are gold balloons and a banner that reads "EVERY DAY 3".

EVERY

Day 3

A BODY  
TRANSFORMATION  
STORY

### **Every Day 3**

In the conclusion to the Every Day series, Corey thought he'd escaped the spell but it's come back with a vengeance, now transforming both his girlfriend, Caitlin, and the bully into sexy women stereotypes.

**And many more!**