



QUICKIES

Payback
CHAPTER 2

MtF TRANSFORMATION

MWILTS



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by M. Wills

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Chapter 2

Peyton couldn't go out in the body of a sexy blonde, but he couldn't not go out in this body or he'd be stuck in it forever. He spent most of the day in denial, pacing back and forth in his condo and leaving Page and Madeline and Leah increasingly unhinged voicemails. He cycled between anger and fear and terror until at last he sank down onto his couch, head in hands, and cried for the first time in his adult life.

God, he even cried like a little bitch, sniffing as tears rolled down his cheeks no matter how often he wiped them away. This flood of emotions was like nothing he'd experienced before. It used to be easy enough to hold himself in check because he could just pretend nothing mattered and it was all a game. But this mattered.

The funny thing was that when he was all cried out he felt, well, not good, exactly. But better. More coherent. He had to take those witch bitches at their word, that if he lived up to their challenge he could change back. But that was the problem, wasn't it? Peyton didn't suck anyone's dick and he certainly didn't bend over for anyone. He was the one who dominated them, not the other way around.

Except Peyton didn't feel he could dominate anyone in his diminutive female form. He looked down at himself in disgust tinged with excitement. God, it was confusing seeing such a hot body and being attracted to it but also being inside it.

When his tears were gone and only the sniffles remained, his head felt clear enough to formulate a plan. He couldn't very well go into work like this. How would that conversation possibly go?

Hi, boss, I've turned into a chick, but don't worry I can still crush.

He wouldn't even make it into the CEO's office. On second thought, he might if he was confused with one of the CEO's call girls. Jesus, the thought of sucking off his cocky asshole of a boss was disgusting.

Peyton put it off by emailing in that he was sick. It was a lousy excuse but he had no other options and it would at least buy him some time until he could figure out something better. Or so he thought. His phone rang almost immediately, the screen lighting up with the name of Peyton's boss: Gerard Dickinson.

Peyton hesitated, his thumb over the slider to answer it. If he didn't pick up he'd almost certainly be fired. After a second, he answered.

"Peyton's phone," he said, hating his breathy voice.

"Where the hell's Peyton?" Gerard thundered.

"He's sick."

"Let me speak to him."

"He's...completely lost his voice. He looks bad. I'm worried about him."

“Is that right?” Gerard said, softening slightly. “All right. Listen, honey, you tell him I need to see him first thing tomorrow morning. Okay?”

“Um...”

“This is where you say ‘yes, sir’ and hang up.”

Gerard was being such patronizing asshole. Peyton gripped the phone harder, his heart beating a little faster as he hung on Gerard’s every word. The damn spell was making him love this degrading treatment.

“Yes, sir,” Peyton said softly.

“Good girl.” Gerard hung up.

Fuck, Peyton’s pussy was moist just from that short conversation with his asshole of a boss. He tried to shake it away and concentrate on the problem at hand: he needed clothes.

The witches had changed his physical appearance but nothing else. He still had a closet full of expensive suits and several wardrobe’s worth of clothes that no longer fit him. If he was going to—yech—catch a man, he needed to dress the part. But before he could even go out to buy new clothes he had to find something to wear here.

The closest fit he found was some of his gym clothes. The grey tee shirt that was usually tight across his massive pecs now hung loose down his slender body and draped over his new rack. He had to yank the tie on his gym shorts tight so it wouldn't wiggle down his hips. Without panties, if he sat wrong everyone would get a glimpse of his little bush. Too-big flipflops completed the ridiculous outfit.

Peyton had to take a piss before leaving. He squatted on the seat like a fucking girl and listened to the humiliating tinkle. As he was washing his hands he stared at himself in the mirror.

His outfit was awful, dwarfing his body. He looked ridiculous. Stupid. Awful. Visceral revulsion filled him.

He leaned on the sink, looking sickly at his new reflection. The clothes were wrong. The hair was wrong. The makeup was wrong. He felt...ugly. He hated looking at his reflection like this. All he could see were the flaws. Depression welled up inside him. He would never be pretty. No one would ever love him.

Peyton wiped his eyes and sniffed. Why the hell was he feeling like this? Then it hit him. Page had cursed him with the line You will only like yourself when you look like your perfect woman. That must mean well-dressed. Perfectly groomed. A picture of his own female fantasy. Otherwise he would feel like this. Like the shittiest, most worthless person on the planet.

He felt the tears coming again and turned from the mirror. "Fucking witches," he muttered, his voice breaking into a sob.

He sank down on the bed for another crying spell. Of course, that only made things worse. The little makeup he was wearing ran off down his face and stained the bed covers. When he finally got himself under control he realized he had to wash his face off. Going out without makeup was only marginally better than going out looking like a clown.

Peyton grabbed a wash cloth and washed his face quickly and methodically. He gritted his teeth and willed himself to not look at those little blemishes that needed covering up, a the little dots he hoped to god weren't pimples, the way his eyes seemed so bland when devoid of eyeliner. His face was fucking gorgeous but he couldn't stop focusing on the tiny things. It was almost enough to set him off crying again.

He grabbed his keys and stormed out of his condo and down to the parking garage, trying to ignore the disgust and embarrassment roiling him because of his looks. Each step was a slog, his body crying out for him to turn around, hide, bury himself in cheesy romantic movies and ice cream just like his exes used to do. God, it sucked to be on the other side.

His Tesla no longer recognized his voice so he had to do everything manually. When he got in he had to adjust the seat to his smaller stature, raising it and inching it forward so his feet could reach the pedals and he could see over the top of the wheel. Because his body was a different shape the whole world seemed off.

As a result, he didn't quite know where the car ended and almost ran over a mailbox. He fumbled with the autopilot, forgetting to push 'confirm' and almost sideswiping someone. They flipped him the bird and mouthed 'dumb bitch' as they roared past him. Christ, he'd become the stereotype he always laughed with the guys about. Blonde, ditzy and unable to drive even with a car that drove itself. Next time he'd take a cab.

Somehow he got to the department store in one piece. He parked and gripped the wheel, trying to steady his breathing. He was going out for the first time in public in this body. But the worse part was how badly he was dressed and the lack of makeup. He wiped his eyes and slapped his cheeks.

“Come on. Stop. You can do this,” he said.

Finally, he stepped out of his car and made his way inside. The only thing that helped keep his mind off of how ugly he appeared was how his body felt. Everything moved different. Things seemed taller from his shorter stature and bigger beneath his smaller fingers. His tits bounced with each step and the fabric rustling against his nipples made them rise to sharp points, spiking out beneath the cotton fabric, the tiny bumps visible to all. His hips swayed seductively and forcing them to stop sent him off balance. His long blonde hair tickled against his neck and cheeks and he kept swiping it back behind a tiny ear, grazing the smooth contours of his new face as he did so. He was his own walking wet dream and he couldn't even enjoy it.

He went straight up the escalator to the women's level. The floor appeared slowly, a gauntlet of makeup and perfume counters either side of a shiny faux marble pathway leading back to the clothes. As he walked through, a woman behind a makeup counter caught his eye and called out to him.

“Would you like to try our new line of blemish-free skin care products?”

Fuck yes, he would. It hadn't occurred to him until just then how exciting it would be to talk about makeup for hours.

He took a seat and the woman got to work, demonstrating new looks on him before presenting a mirror so he could check himself out. Thanks to the spell, it seemed the passion he'd formerly reserved for sports was now for makeup. He was endlessly fascinated as the sales lady regaled him with techniques and products.

He paid for a full makeover right there and then. She brought him back behind the counter and sat him down in a comfy chair.

“What kind of look where you going for?” She asked.

“I want to be hot as hell,” Peyton grinned.

The lady laughed and got to work, bringing out vials and small tins and tubes and brushes and pencils and tiny tubs. She explained everything as she went and Peyton drank in every word as she transformed him. After an hour she presented him with a mirror and his jaw dropped. The girl in the reflection was the most gorgeous creature he'd ever seen. Perfectly made up. Eyes dark and sensual. Lips red and luscious. Cheeks flushed with delight. For the first time all day he felt good about himself, until she set the mirror back and he looked down at his disgusting outfit.

Peyton bought it all. Hundreds of dollars of makeup and perfume. He lugged his purchases into the clothing aisle. As a man, nothing in the world had seemed more boring than shopping. He'd had his clothes tailored and delivered to him. But his exes loved shopping and now, too, did Peyton.

He found himself walking past the plain tees and jeans with hardly a glance. His eyes were on the tiny dresses, the skimpy shorts, the belly shirts. Anything the least bit plain didn't appeal. Like picking a bra off the rack when he was a guy, he wouldn't even touch the ugly clothes. Instead, he tried on a variety of the sexiest outfits he could find. It took a few tries to find his size but he didn't mind.

When he slid into his first little black dress in the changing room he was filled with relief. The fabric hugged his lithe form, accentuating his bust and the perfect hourglass of his hips while a cut down the side revealed acres of creamy leg. He smiled, finally happy. No, relieved. This was what he needed to look like all the time. He couldn't bear to change out of the dress to hunt for more clothes so he left it on and floated through the store. While flipping through a rack of cute mini-skirts he felt someone's eyes on him.

Looking up, he saw a handsome, dark-haired guy. Spiked hair. Fratboy chic. Their eyes met. The guy gave a slight smile and Peyton felt nothing, returning his smile with a blank look. Then a girl came up to the guy and said something to him. He rolled his eyes and she gave him a kiss on the cheek before disappearing into the change room. The guy looked back at him and smiled confidently. Suddenly, knowing that the guy had a girlfriend he barely put up with and looked ready to cheat on, Peyton was smitten.

Peyton's cheeks flushed and he looked back down at the rack of clothes. Every few minutes he would glance back up and meet eyes with the guy again. Jesus, what a dirtbag. Jesus, how Peyton ached for him.

Peyton wandered away on the hunt for more clothes and was only able to forget the guy when he was out of sight and Peyton was in the midst of racks and racks of tiny tops that he just had to try on. And then the shoes. Oh, God, the shoes! He was obsessed in the exact way that his exes had been obsessed and he hated himself for wallowing in this indulgence. After a few hours of this, he had a

massive collection of hot clothes for all occasions. Even the “casual” pajamas were skin tight and sexy.

Laden with bags, he began making his way back down the escalator when he found the bra section. Fuck, of course he would need one of those.

A blonde broad was in charge of this section and she came up to ask if Peyton needed any help. The blonde was a little older than Peyton usually preferred but she had a large set of tits on her.

“I don’t really know my size,” Peyton admitted.

“Let’s measure you.”

It was hot having this big-titted blonde touch him and measure him. At one point her cleavage was right in his face and he could have leaned down and kissed her tits. He. Still had a man’s desires and the woman measuring him had no idea how bad he wanted her right now. Christ, he felt himself growing wet at the thought of the two of them kissing.

But when he left the bra section and ran into the handsome young guy who’d been making eyes at him earlier, Peyton learned that his attraction to women was nothing compared to his attraction for men. Specifically, assholes like this. A guy who, even with his arm around his girlfriend as she perused jewelry, glanced over and gave Peyton a lazy wink. Peyton giggled—actually giggled!—and winked back. He couldn’t believe he was doing it but he also couldn’t not do it.

With an effort, Peyton pulled away and went to his car, intending to go back to his apartment. Instead, after shoving the bags in the back he hesitated. He couldn't forget the face of that guy. Butterflies filled his stomach.

Peyton returned to the department store, telling himself that this had absolutely nothing to do with the handsome young guy who'd been making eyes at him behind his girlfriend's back. And yet he moved through the departments quickly, his eyes searching this way and that.

He'd long ago discarded the baggy outfit he'd arrived in. Now he strutted through the store in a tiny mini-skirt and skin-tight top. His breasts bounced enticingly at each step as his long high heels clacked across the floor. Peyton caught sight of himself in a nearby mirror. Except for his hair he was perfect, but the sight of his hot new body in the mirror didn't excite him as it should have done.

One of the department store exits led to the rest of a shopping mall. A bustling nail salon was right across the hall and, sitting on a planter in the middle of the floor was the guy. His back was to Peyton and his eyes were on his phone as he aimlessly scrolled through, no doubt waiting for his girlfriend to finish having her nails done.

Peyton strutted over to him. "Is this seat taken?" he asked.

The guy looked up at him and his smile widened, shark-like and greedy. "Hey, girl, what are you doing here?"

"Just browsing. And I think I see something I like."

The guy glanced towards the nail salon and then stood, gesturing with his head for Peyton to follow him. “Come on, let’s go somewhere.”

“What about your girlfriend?”

“Naw, girl, she’s cool. We’ve got an open relationship.”

It was an obvious lie but it made Peyton fall head over heels. He was smitten with this asshole. He would go anywhere, do anything for him. It was scary how much he wanted to throw himself at this total stranger who’d proven to be completely untrustworthy. Fuck, was this love?

They walked quickly towards the corridor where the toilets were located. The universal access toilet was a large room with plenty of space and a lockable door. As soon as the guy locked the door he turned to Peyton.

“Damn, girl, you’re fine as hell.”

Peyton blushed. He knew what was coming. He both did and didn’t want it. His old homophobia still existed, and the thought of doing anything with a man didn’t appeal to him intellectually. He didn’t want to kiss a dude, didn’t want to see someone else’s dick. But physically it was a different story. His body burned for this guy and Peyton hated that he wanted it so badly but he couldn’t resist.

The guy took him into his arms and kissed him. Peyton's tiny body melted in the frat boy's solid arms as the guy's tongue invaded his mouth. The man's hands were all over him, wandering and squeezing, roaming across his back and down to Peyton's peach of an ass. Peyton inhaled him, his body warming with delight, fighting the disgust as his nose pressed against the man's sharp stubble and he inhaled the spicy masculine scent.

Peyton kept his hands on the man's arms, not wanting to touch any more of him than he had to. But everywhere the man's hands landed Peyton's body sung. Their kisses became more desperate. Peyton's breath quickened as the warmth in his body concentrated in his core.

"Let me see them titties," the guy murmured between kisses.

Peyton raised his arms in the air as the man tugged off his top and dropped it to the floor. Peyton swept his silky blonde hair out of his eyes and turned around for the guy to unhook his bra. Peyton paused, his mind reluctant to show his body to this stranger. His body craved it. Needed it like a drug. So Peyton let the bra slide down each arm and let his tits swing free.

The guy's eyes widened. "God damn, girl, you got some awesome titties."

The guy launched himself onto Peyton's tits, squeezing and kissing. His hot breath whispered across Peyton's sensitive skin and Peyton felt himself getting wet despite his discomfort. The more the man feasted on his body the wetter he got. A breathy moan escaped his lips. He sounded like a slut. Hell, he was acting like a slut but he couldn't help it. He was desperately in love and would do anything for this guy who was so enamored with Peyton's body.

Peyton looked down and watched the guy suck on his delightful body, popping Peyton's pink nipple into his mouth, teasing it with his tongue until it spiked out in desire. Peyton ran his fingers through the guy's hair and sighed softly, enjoying the sight of the guy enjoying his body, the sight of those perfect tits swinging and being squeezed.

When the guy was rock hard he stood up and kissed Peyton one more time, then reached up and slid his hands through Peyton's hair and gently pushed him down to the floor. Peyton sank to his knees beneath the man's hand. The guy unbuckled his belt and Peyton yanked down his pants. The man's cock sprang up to meet him and Peyton recoiled. Fuck, no, he wasn't going to suck a cock. He was not. The pressure on his head increased, pushing him closer to the glistening head of the cock.

Peyton should have been home banging chicks, not giving a BJ to a stranger in a toilet. And yet he had to if he ever wanted to get his body back. He closed his eyes and grimaced but opened his mouth. The head of the cock was warm on his lips. Peyton kept his eyes shut and opened wider. The cockhead slid in between his lips and skated over his tongue. Oh, fuck, the dude's cock was inside his mouth now. The musky scent of him filled Peyton's nose at each breath. If it wasn't for the steady pressure on the back of Peyton's head he would have given up and pulled off. But the guy was forcing his lips further down his length, and forcing the cock deeper into Peyton's mouth.

Then his tiny nose was deep in the guy's pubic hair and he held the cock deep in his mouth. The guy withdrew his head and then shoved his lips back down, groaning as he made Peyton suck him off. The back of the cock hit Peyton's throat, making him choke. He began to pull off but the man's steady grip on his head kept Peyton's dainty lips wrapped around the dick.

Peyton had never even thought about sucking a guy's dick, but here he was now on his knees doing just that. The girth of the man's dick spread Peyton's lips

wide. All Peyton could think of was the taste and the strange feel of the warm, soft-hard object ramming its way down his throat. But despite his discomfort, his tiny new body ached for this. With a start, Peyton realized he was wet, practically soaking as he deep throated the dick with wet slurps.

He sucked the cock like a good little slut, like he'd always wanted his exes to do, until the man grunted. Without further warning, the cock throbbed between Peyton's lips. Hot cum jetted out in bursts and Peyton forced himself to swallow the salty-sweet cream down, gulping the load quickly and desperately trying not to think about what he was doing. He felt so humiliated as he took the guy's entire load. Humiliated but so in love.

When Peyton was done he raised his head and looked up at the guy standing over him. He was dizzy with excitement. This was love. They would start dating and get married and he would be the best wife in the world.

The guy pulled up his pants. "That was awesome, girl, but I gotta get back out there."

Peyton stood and wiped his lip. "Can I get your number?" He asked, hopefully.

It was stupid to ask. He needed to blow one hundred different guys and having a boyfriend would only get in the way. But the stupid, magically-girly part of his brain had formed a deep bond with this guy.

The guy shook his head, ruefully. "Naw, baby girl. You take care."

The guy left and Peyton's heart broke. He put his hands to his face and wept for the second time that day. He realized it was dumb to cry. He didn't know the guy. He was just trying to break the spell. But he fucking loved him. Peyton had planned out their future in his head and now he was devastated.

Peyton yanked off some toilet paper and tried to wipe the tears away so as not to smear his makeup. The last thing he needed was to be heartbroken on top of feeling like shit for his appearance. He gripped the sink and stared at his pretty face in the mirror, gritting his teeth.

"Come on, Peyton. Get it together," he told himself.

He managed to reduce the crying to sniffles, though the weight of his recent breakup with what's-his-name still hung heavy on his chest.

When he was under control enough he slid his bra back on—not without some effort—and then his top. The taste of his lover was still in his mouth as he exited the bathroom. Now that the guy was gone, Peyton returned to his senses. Jesus, had he just blown some stranger in a bathroom and felt awful about it?

If this was what being with every guy was going to be like it was going to be a long year.

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.

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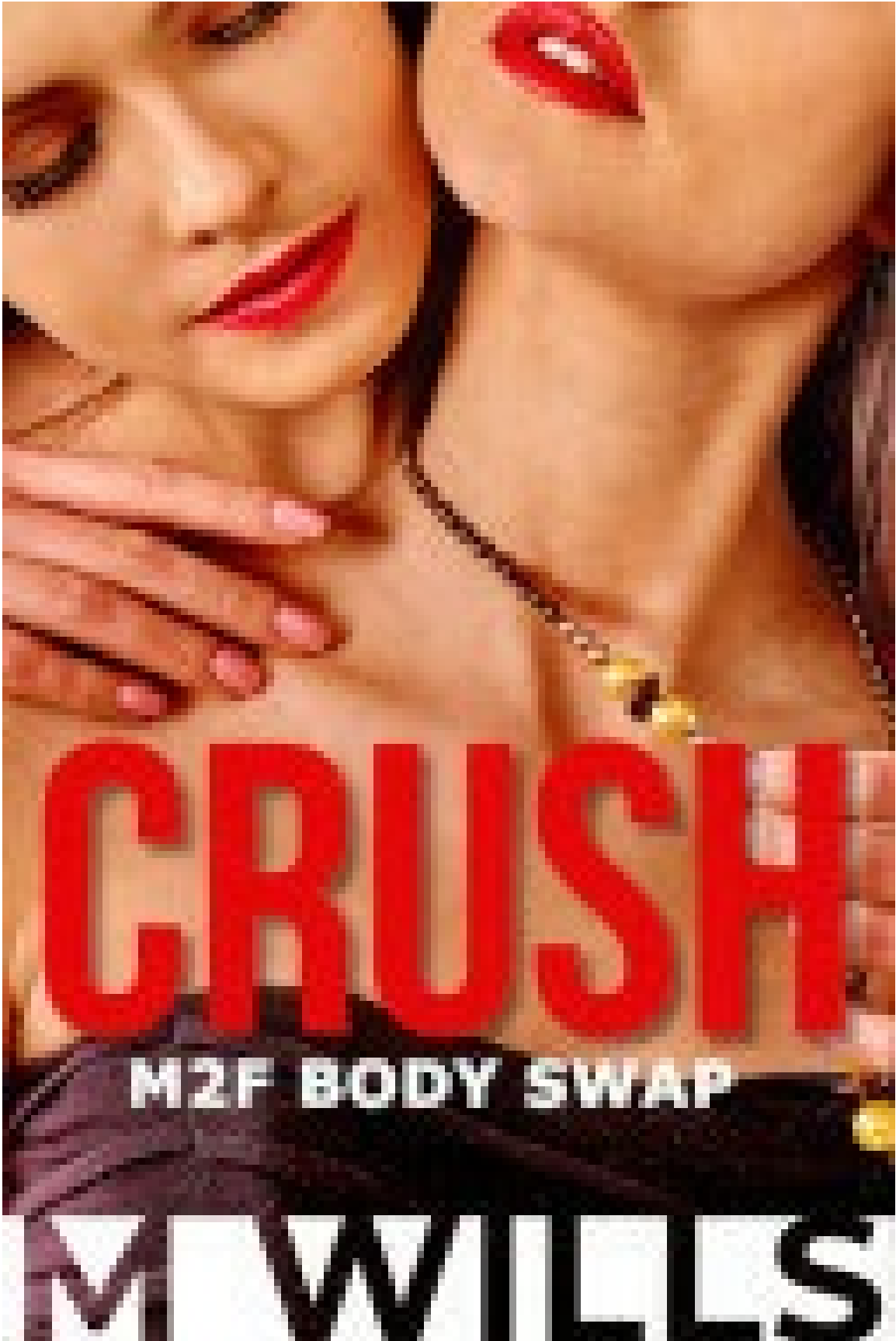
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CRUSH

M2F BODY SWAP

MILLS

Crush

A poorly worded wish sees two college guys switched into their female crushes and having to live their lives.

QUICKIES

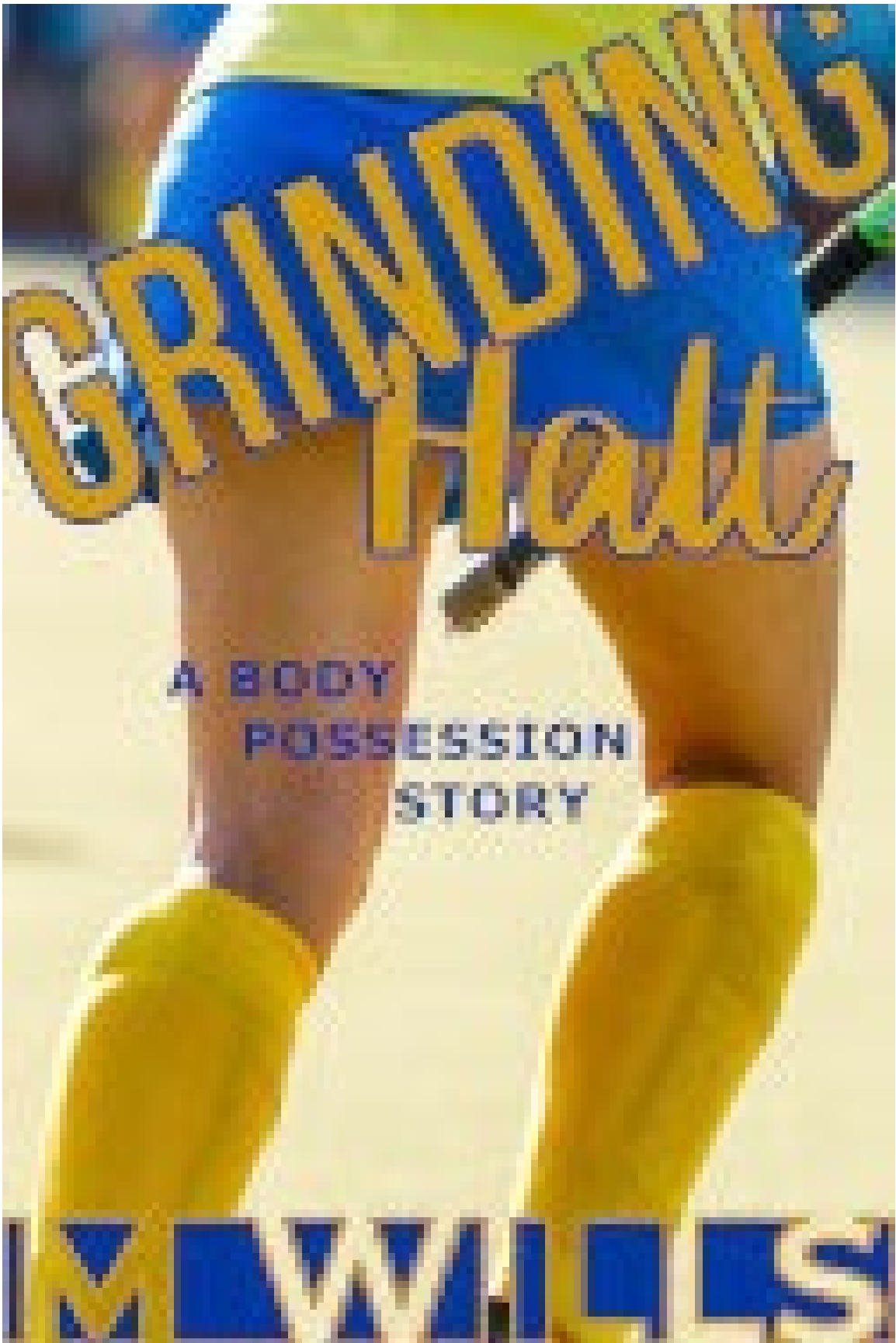
Payback
CHAPTER 1

MEF TRANSFORMATION

MWLS

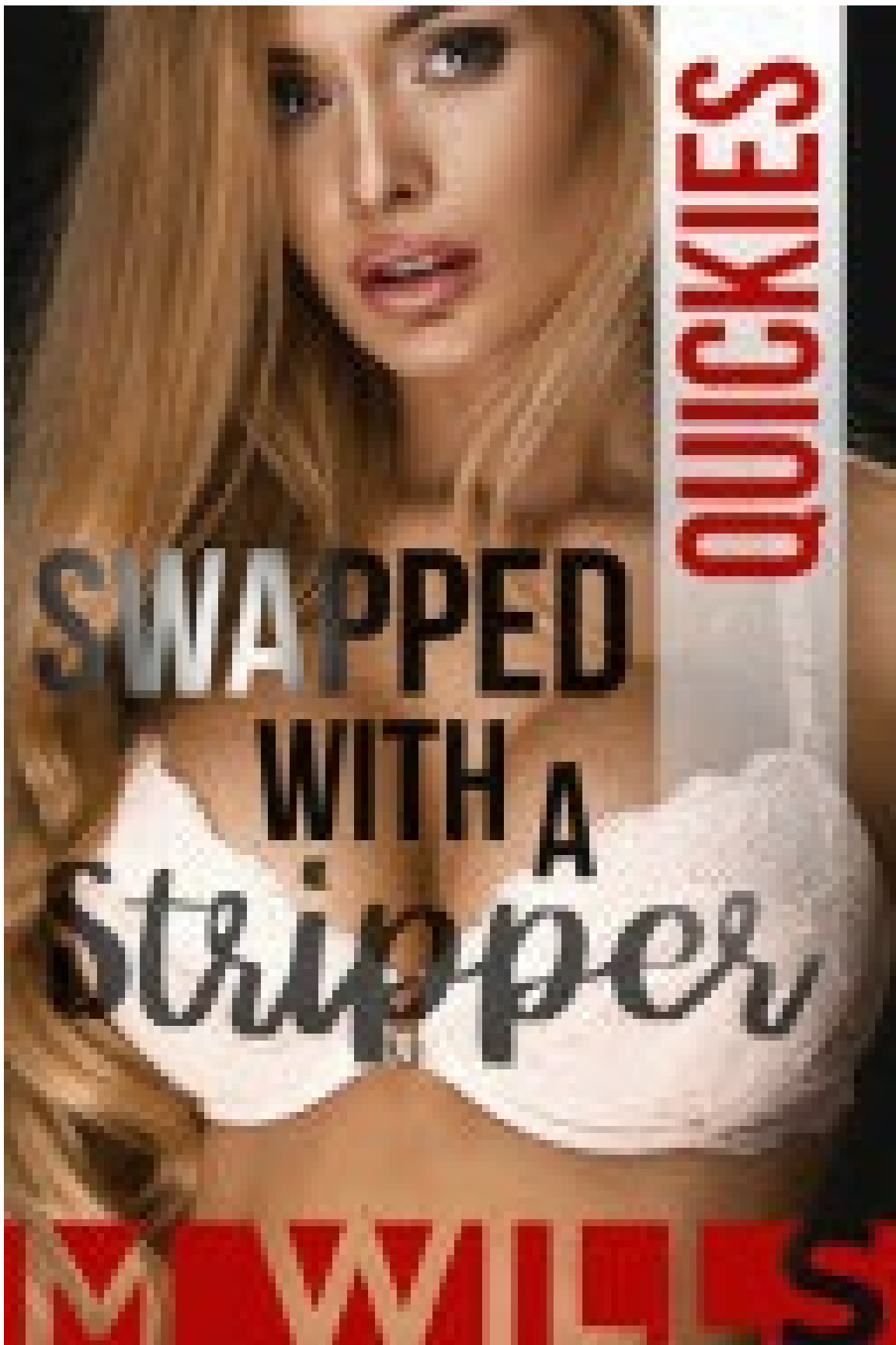
Payback (Chapter 1)

An arrogant womanizer is magically transformed into a woman and the only way back to his old life is to have sex with 100 men and blow 100 more in one year.



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.

And many more!