

QUICKIES

**MtF
TRANSFORMATION**

Payback
CHAPTER 3

M M W I L S

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by M. Wills

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Chapter 3

Peyton dropped all his shopping onto the floor and slumped onto his couch. It hurt being so lovestruck for the asshole he'd just met and sucked off in the mall bathroom. More shopping had helped a tiny bit. The curse had made him just like his exes, who always believed in retail therapy. He'd come home with floral shampoo and fruity conditioner and an entire bag of skin care products. Still, it wasn't enough to completely make him forget blowing a stranger that he'd completely fallen for.

He dabbed at his eyes gently with a tissue, not wanting to ruin his makeup and send him into yet another spiral, this time for looking 'ugly'. His blonde body was anything but, but the magic had warped his mentality so that the least little flaws took outsized importance in his mind. He'd liked it when his girlfriends looked pretty and put together, and his ex's spells had ensured that he would have to live up to his own high standards all the time or face the emotional consequences.

He sniffed and called Madeline. She picked up after two rings.

"Why, Peyton," Madeline said with mock delight. "This is a surprise."

"Maddy," Peyton sniffed. "I'm sorry for everything."

"I bet you are," Madeline said, her voice suddenly cold. "After all the bullshit you put me through. Cheating. Gaslighting me. The constant negging. Pretty sure even my therapist hates you."

"Please, change me back."

Madeline laughed. “Couldn’t even make it a whole day as a woman, huh? This is just the start. You’ve got a whole year of this, at least. Or, you know, the rest of your life if you don’t get out there and start getting down on your knees or your back.”

“This isn’t fair,” Peyton gripped the phone tightly. “You can’t just fucking force people to change.”

“No one’s forcing you, Peyton. And, hey, lucky your name works for a woman, too, huh? Anyway, no one’s forcing you to do anything. You’ll just have to face consequences. I know that’s probably tough for you, never having faced them and all. If you want to break the spell you know what you have to do. Fuck a hundred guys, blow a hundred guys. Don’t call me whining again.”

She hung up. Peyton dropped his head into his hands and let out a choking sob. Everything seemed so hopeless. These goddamn emotions were just so overwhelming. He’d never cried before, and here he was crying for the fourth time in a day. He felt weak and...and...girly.

He pushed his silky hair out of his face and, still sniffling, he went into the kitchen and rummaged through the fridge. There was leftover Chinese takeout which he dumped onto a plate and warmed up in the microwave. Stuffing his stomach seemed to comfort him, and he polished off the entire plate. Cracking open a beer, he plopped down in front of the television and wandered mindlessly through his streaming services until he landed on a romantic comedy that piqued his interest. He used to hate this corny shit but now he drank it in, watching another and another as the sun set and darkness filled his apartment.

Peyton dragged himself to bed but couldn't sleep. He didn't feel right and it took some time before he realized why. He still had his makeup on. He hadn't done his skin care routine. Fuck. He even had to be perfect in his sleep.

He shampooed and conditioned his hair. Showered and scrubbed his body. He grew sudsy and slick as his hands wandered over every inch of his skin. His perfect little breasts were exciting, as was the emptiness between his legs. Strange that he still had his old male inclinations and desire to touch a female body when he was alone. But when there was a man around all he wanted was to be held.

Afterwards, Peyton combed and blow-dried his hair. Dabbed on a facemask. Brushed his teeth. Flossed. Moisturized. Finally, with all that done, he could sleep.

Peyton dreamed of his encounter in the bathroom. Only this time the guy had taken him in his arms. Kissed him. Married him. Given him children. His dream was blissfully happy but he awoke to the angry ring of his phone.

Peyton groped blindly about on the nightstand until he found his phone and flicked it on.

“Hello?”

“Jesus Christ,” Peyton's boss, Gerard, growled down the phone. “Where the hell is Peyton?”

“He’s...uh...still sick.”

Gerard barked rough laughter. “I take it to mean he’s not coming in today?”

“No. He can’t.”

“Great. Well, tell him not to worry about it ever again. He’s fired.”

“But...you can’t...”

“Honey,” Gerard cut him off with a condescending tone that made bright heat gather between Peyton’s thighs. “You’ve probably never run a business. But we can’t make money unless people come into work. Every day he’s out I lose a million dollars, you realize that?”

“He can’t come in. He’s really sick.”

“I’d love to believe that but this is the guy who only took half a day off to have his appendix removed. You telling me he’s now being a little pussy about a cold? What other firms is he talking to?”

“No other firms,” Peyton insisted. The conversation was spiraling outside of his control. “He does want to come to work. He just can’t. Can’t he work from home?”

“You’re cute. I can see why Peyton keeps you around. Tell him if he wants his shit he better come in today and pick it up or else I’m tossing it.”

Gerard hung up without waiting for a reply. Peyton lay back on the bed and stared blankly up at the ceiling. Now he had no job. How would he eat? How would he pay his mortgage? How would he buy cute clothes?

Maybe he could salvage his client list. Start his own firm.

Who was he kidding? No one would take on a woman like him with no experience, no background and no references. Still, there were definitely some things he wanted from his office. The signed NBA jerseys for one. If worst came to worst he could sell them.

That meant he would have to go into the office in his new body.

Peyton rose and moved to the bathroom. Flicking on the light, he was once again greeted with the reflection of the cute blonde he’d been turned into. He gazed blankly at the cute slip of a nose, the striking blue eyes, the pouty dicksucking lips. Fuck.

He cleansed and moisturized his face before attempting the complicated makeup job the department store woman had done on him yesterday. He made a mess of it and had to wipe it off and start over. His ex’s transformation spell hadn’t given him any knowledge of this.

After a few failed tries he retrieved his phone and looked for some makeup tutorials on the internet where he found a succession of chirpy teenagers spilling all their makeup secrets. With their instruction and several hours of time he finally got a look he was happy about. His lashes were beautifully curled, his eyes darkened suggestively, cheeks lightly blushed to hint at desire, lips a rich ruby red. He went to work on his blonde hair, curling it into luscious waves that framed his angelic face.

The spell made him intensely uncomfortable and depressed when he tried to slip into some sweatpants so he went digging through the clothes he purchased yesterday. The bra was a struggle to get into but eventually he figured out he could clasp it in front and then spin it around before tucking his breasts into each cup and adjusting the strap up his shoulder. He found a tight red skirt and top combo that squeezed his shape into a perfect hourglass and hugged his cute little rear. It left his long gorgeous legs on display and pushed his tits together so they were practically spilling out. Matching high heels completed the outfit. He admired himself in the mirror to make sure he looked delicious enough to eat, running his hand over the curve of his backside.

He took some practice laps around the house, working on balance in the high heels. Each step made his tits bounce suggestively. Several times he wobbled and nearly spilled over but soon he got the hang of it, chest pressed out, hips wiggling. Peyton wished he could go out in something less suggestive but anything less than perfection left him so miserable he was almost unable to cope.

By the time he arrived at his former office it was nearly lunchtime. The elevator opened onto the elegant lobby where three receptionists sat behind a huge chrome and glass desk. The whole place felt slightly off from his new smaller stature, as if it had grown overnight. He approached the receptionist desk, which was staff by three hot young women. Gerard insisted on staffing the front desk with bangable hotties, somehow managing to find something wrong in the

resumes of anyone else who would apply.

“Hi, I’m here to clean up Peyton’s desk,” he timidly said to Lisa, one of the receptionists.

She looked at him, took in his outfit, and raised an eyebrow. “Right. Is someone expecting you?”

“Um, Gerard,” Peyton said.

Lisa picked up the phone and held it to her ear, pausing before dialing. “And your name is?”

“Peytonnnn,” he said, his name slipping out and becoming exaggerated as he tried to stop himself mid-word but realized it was too late.

Lisa’s brow furrowed slightly but she maintained her pleasant demeanor, though he could sense her wanting to laugh. “Your name’s Peyton, too?”

“Yes.”

She dialed the phone and spoke into it a second later. “Hi, Mr. Blanc, there’s a Peyton here to clean up Peyton’s desk.” She paused as Gerard responded. “No, a woman named Peyton.”

Lisa hung up the phone. “He’ll be with you in a minute. Please have a seat.”

A minute later Gerard strode into the reception. He was a large man with a deeply craggy face. His dark hair was swept back and his immaculately tailored suit strained to contain his bulk. The air around him seemed to grow thick with his gravitas. Gerard had a special asshole quality about him that had made him unafraid to fuck people over to grow rich. It was that asshole quality that Peyton’s new body found so alluring. As soon as Gerard entered the room Peyton couldn’t take his eyes off the man. Lust and love welled up within him.

Gerard spoke to Lisa, who pointed to Peyton. Gerard looked over and his face brightened. Peyton felt him checking him out as he approached, his hand out.

“Peyton, huh?” Gerard said as he shook Peyton’s hand. His handshake was firm and warm, his massive fingers swallowing Peyton’s tiny hand and lighting a fire between Peyton’s legs. “Christ, I knew he was a narcissist but this takes the cake. Well, he’s your problem now. Come on.”

Peyton followed Gerard past reception and down the lushly carpeted hallway. A row of offices on the left all looked out over the city skyline, while to the right the juniors in the hedge fund were huddled in their grey cubicles.

“Couldn’t even come in himself, huh?” Gerard said. “Come on, tell me the truth. Which fund poached him?”

“No one poached him,” Peyton said. “He’s just taking a break. Looking to try

something different.”

“So a nervous breakdown, then?” Gerard laughed. “I’m just kidding. He must have something going for him if someone as gorgeous as you is willing to come in here and pick up his junk.”

Peyton chuckled nervously. Gerard stopped outside Peyton’s old office and gestured him inside. Peyton went in first, sure that Gerard’s eyes were locked on to his ass. Peyton put a little extra wiggle in it just for him, the spell making him really want Gerard’s approval.

Peyton went to the back wall and reached up to pull down the framed NBA jerseys he’d kept there, a gift from one of his clients. He got one of them down and turned to find Gerard watching him, a satisfied smile on his lips. Seeing Gerard’s attention focused on him gave Peyton a rush of blood to the head. The heat burned inside him. He rested the framed jersey on the desk and met Gerard’s gaze. For a second, Gerard’s gaze seared into Peyton, almost making him shiver. Peyton’s mouth was dry and he licked his lips slowly, realizing as he did it how seductive it must look to Gerard.

“Do you have a box or something I can put these in?” Peyton asked.

“Of course,” Gerard said, leaving and returning a moment later with a cardboard box. “Let me give you a hand with these, honey” he added, helping Peyton take down everything off the walls.

“How come I’ve never heard of you before?” Gerard asked. “Peyton’s not usually one to keep any sort of secret.”

“He’s gone through a lot of changes recently,” Peyton replied impishly, his lips quirking up in a smile. Gerard paused and they gazed at each other. Peyton was dizzy with lust, feeling Gerard’s smoldering desire through their brief eye contact. He blinked slowly as the silence stretched out between them. After a few seconds of tense silence, Peyton coughed and shook his head to clear it.

“Maybe,” Gerard said. “But a leopard doesn’t change their spots. Peyton’s got a poor history with women. I wouldn’t want you to become just another line on his list.”

“Thank you for worrying about me, Gerard,” Peyton said, their fingers touching as he took one of the frames from Gerard. “But I can take care of myself.” He turned and placed the frame into the box.

“Is that so?”

This last line was said low and so close to Peyton’s ear it made him jump and gasp. Slight shivers ran down his spine as Gerard’s hot breath whispered against his ear.

“Gerard, you frightened me,” Peyton said, half-turning as he placed a hand on his chest. He was so jumpy now. This body seemed tiny and delicate, while Gerard seemed big and imposing. The size difference made Peyton’s heart thump like mad and he wondered how Gerard’s huge hand would feel grazing up and down his ass.

No, no, no. This was Gerard. His boss. World's biggest asshole. Peyton was absolutely not going to fuck him. So why was he taking Gerard's hand and putting it on his chest?

"Feel how fast you've made my heart beat," Peyton said breathlessly.

It was no use fighting as Gerard's hot fingers landed on the bare skin just above Peyton's breasts, searing Peyton, making moisture dot his panties. Gerard was no doubt partly attracted to Peyton because he was a stunning blonde. But another major part of Gerard's attraction was likely the fact that he thought this hot blonde was Peyton's girlfriend, and he would rack up a victory over Peyton by fucking her. Peyton knew this and still wanted Gerard. He was attracted to Gerard because he was an asshole.

Peyton remained still, staring up at Gerard who towered over him, his eyes searching Gerard's face, breathlessly awaiting the next move. Gerard dipped his head the barest fraction, which was all the invitation Peyton needed to stand on his tiptoes and bring their lips together. Gerard's hot breath filled Peyton's mouth as their lips met and he opened for him. Peyton ran his hands up Gerard's suit, feeling the bulky body beneath before sliding his fingers into Gerard's hair.

Gerard reached around and grabbed Peyton's peach of an ass with one huge hand, while the other ran up and down Peyton's back. Peyton pressed himself against his boss, desirous for the strong body in front of him. Gerard's spicy masculine aftershave invaded Peyton's nostrils, shooting heat right to Peyton's core.

They made out madly as they caressed, hands exploring the body of the other. Peyton hated the feel of his boss's rough cheek on his, the spicy scent of Gerard's cologne in his nose, the bulky body beneath Peyton's fingers. But he

wanted Gerard's approval and love more than he wanted to pull away.

Gerard squeezed Peyton's tiny form, pulling him closer. His erection jutted up between them and Peyton sighed as he rubbed himself on Gerard's hidden manhood. Now bright heat sparked between Peyton's thighs. There was a jingle of Gerard's belt as it came undone, and then Peyton was sliding Gerard's pants down his legs. Their kisses grew more urgent, bodies growing desperate for each other. Gerard's hand came up to Peyton's tit and squeezed, urging a soft moan from Peyton's lips. His fucking body was reacting to Gerard on its own, growing warm and wet and ready. Peyton couldn't help himself.

Peyton's panties were soaking now, his entire body singing every time Gerard touched his bare skin. Peyton melted into his temporary lover, letting Gerard kiss and squeeze and caress him, giving Gerard total ownership over him, anything so that Gerard would love him as much as Peyton now loved Gerard. Peyton's hand came down between them and he found Gerard's manhood, urgent and warm and throbbing for him. He shuddered as his fingers landed on his boss's cock. The fantasy and the reality collided and suddenly Peyton was aware of what he was doing. The spell made him love his boss, but he didn't want to fuck the dirty old man. And yet...maybe that would make Gerard love him.

So when Gerard growled, "Turn around," Peyton obeyed, his body shaking with barely controlled desire as he bent over his old desk, his perfect ass in the air.

Gerard yanked up Peyton's skirt and rolled down his panties. "Jesus, look at that ass," he murmured appreciatively.

The compliment made Peyton hornier. He arched his back and wiggled his ass, clapping his legs together so that the lips of his pussy were visible to Gerard's gaze. Something warm and firm slid between his legs, not penetrating him yet

but following the line of Peyton's slit. Peyton's liquid lust made Gerard's cock slick. Peyton moaned as Gerard thrust slowly in and out, lubricating himself on Peyton until he finally slid out.

Gerard grabbed Peyton's perfect ass and spread him apart. His cock pressed against Peyton's entrance. Peyton closed his eyes and gritted his teeth, preparing to be penetrated for the first time. With a quick thrust Gerard slid inside. Peyton gasped as he lost his virginity. Gerard's cock travelled up through Peyton's tight cunt, each inch spreading him apart until Gerard was lodged deep inside, his groin resting against Peyton's firm buttocks. Such an alien feeling having another man's cock inside him, sliding in deep, following the slick line of Peyton's new canal.

Gerard gripped Peyton's hips and withdrew before thrusting in again. He buried himself fast and deep, rising only to thrust in again in a pounding rhythm that sent Peyton's tits bouncing. Peyton dropped onto the desk and gripped it tight as his former boss fucked him from behind. So strange to fill something inside him, filling him. Even stranger that it felt so good.

Peyton cried out breathlessly as Gerard thumped into him fast and hard, his groin slapping Peyton's ass with a sound like gunshots. It was all Peyton could do to grip the desk and hang on, his ass in the air as his body bounced and little gasps escaped him at each thrust. A woman was crying out breathless with lust and it took a second for Peyton to realize it was him. He was moaning like a whore, his body quickly approaching the edge of relief.

Gerard drilled into him and then with one long grunt sank balls deep and emptied himself into Peyton's quivering pussy. The heat burst forth from Peyton's thighs, a roaring, rushing release as blasts of wet heat filled Peyton. Gerard grunted as he came, bursts of rich creamy seed spilling into Peyton, love and lust combining to make him dizzy with relief. He shivered around Gerard's cock, a small orgasm lighting him up at the pure pleasure of Gerard's

warm member throbbing inside him.

When Gerard was done he pulled out, leaving Peyton anxious and empty as warm cum trickled down his thigh. Peyton stood and adjusted himself, rolling his panties back up and straightening his dress. He looked up at Gerard hopefully, knowing that this was the start of true love.

“I’ll leave you to it, then,” Gerard said, before walking out the door, satisfied that he’d notched up another conquest.

Peyton’s heart snapped again as the new love of his life disappeared from view. He’d given his heart to Gerard and all he had to show for it were some wet panties. Peyton finished packing up, barely holding back sobs. He sniffed back tears as he carried his box down the hall, hoping for one last glimpse of Gerard, but he’d locked himself in his office.

Peyton managed to make it all the way back to his apartment before he burst out in great gasping sobs. Why was he being so fucking stupid? He knew he had to fuck these assholes but, goddammit, why did the spell have to make him fall so deeply in love with them, too? His heart ached as if he’d been dumped by someone he’d been with for years.

Peyton curled up in a ball on the couch and cried, ashamed and heartbroken. Blindly reaching for his phone he called Leah. She’d shown him some sympathy after the spell had changed him. She’d always been so empathetic to everyone. It was, ironically, part of why they’d broken up. Peyton had seen himself as a realist while she was the dreamer.

Leah had been with him in college and they continued to date after graduation, when Peyton got his first job as the lowest of juniors at the hedge fund. She was so understanding when he started working round the clock, sleeping at the office, jetting off with the seniors to meet clients at a moment's notice. Peyton had his first six figure year and celebrated by taking her on a vacation to a tropical island. A vacation which had to be cut short so Peyton could rush home and make more money for the fund. The more money he made, the more Leah's empathy seemed to grate on him. Why did she care so much about people who contributed nothing? People who refused to work as hard as he did and expected things to be handed to them? He'd been more embarrassed than brokenhearted when he watched her sob as he broke up with her. The next day he'd turned around and gone to dinner with a model.

Leah had been with him through the hard times and he'd dumped her as soon as he got rich, going from cocky to arrogant as his bank account grew. She had every reason to hate him and yet she still showed sympathy that night of the spell. Peyton was desperate for any bit of hope.

"Peyton?" Leah said, upon answering the phone. She didn't sound pissed off, like Madeline had.

"L-Leah," Peyton sniffed. "Can you please break the spell? I can't do this."

"Oh, Peyton," Leah replied sadly. "I would but I can't. It takes all three of us to break it and the others, well, they really don't like you."

"They hate me, Leah. You can say it," Peyton said morosely. "It hurts so much. I've been with two guys already and after each one I've been through so much heartbreak. I know it's the spell making me fall in love with these assholes but it feels so real. Can you...can you come over?"

There was a long pause. So long Peyton thought Leah had hung up. Finally, she whispered, "Okay."

When she arrived about an hour later Peyton clung to her and the choking sobs overwhelmed him again. She sat him down on the couch and handed him tissues and listened to him complain about the two men he'd been with, of his lack of knowledge about feminine hygiene, of losing his job. He described in general terms what he'd done to Gerard in his old office as Leah commiserated. When he finished Leah sat there, clearly something on her mind.

"Peyton, did you use any form of birth control?"

"What?" Peyton asked, suddenly fearful. "I thought the spell..."

"The spell turned you into a real woman with everything that entails. You could get pregnant if you're not careful."

"Seriously?"

"Yes. Madeline wasn't about to turn you into a beautiful woman hassle free. Birth control. Exercise. Dieting."

"You mean I could lose my figure, too?" Peyton cried. He remembered the self-hatred he'd felt seeing himself disheveled and without makeup on that first day

as a woman. If he gained any weight the depression would be too much to bear.

“Everything you wanted your girlfriends to do, you have to do. Also, periods.”

“What?”

“Everything.”

“Leah, I have no idea what I’m doing. I don’t know how to be a woman. I know I have no right to ask you and, really, I’m amazed you’re here at all. But...will you help me?” Peyton grasped her hands and gazed into her eyes. “I’m sorry I was such an asshole to you.”

“You were an asshole to everyone,” she grinned.

“True.”

She stared at him for a few seconds in silence. Finally, she sighed. “I loved you so much. We wanted to make you feel as bad as you made us feel. You hurt me, Peyton. A lot. I was so angry every time I thought about it and then Madeline found me and, well, I wanted to hurt you. I’m sorry.”

“You shouldn’t be apologizing to me,” Peyton responded. “Hell, I would have done the same thing to me. I need your help breaking this spell. I need a friend.

I've lost more than just my body, I've lost my entire life."

"I don't know, Peyton," she shook her head. "I feel bad but...I can't forget how you mocked me for feeling bad about people."

"That was before those people were me," Peyton joked. Leah snorted. "For real, though. I'll take a maybe. Let me make it up to you. Don't answer now. I can be better. I swear."

"Then...maybe," Leah finally said.

It was a start. Peyton's problems still weren't over. Somehow he had to keep his body fit while looking for a new job. And he still had no ID. As far as the world was concerned, female Peyton didn't exist. And, of course, there were the demands of the spell. Two guys in two days was a start, but could he keep it up for a year? Could he live through the devastating heartbreak each time? Peyton didn't know, but maybe now he didn't have to do it alone.

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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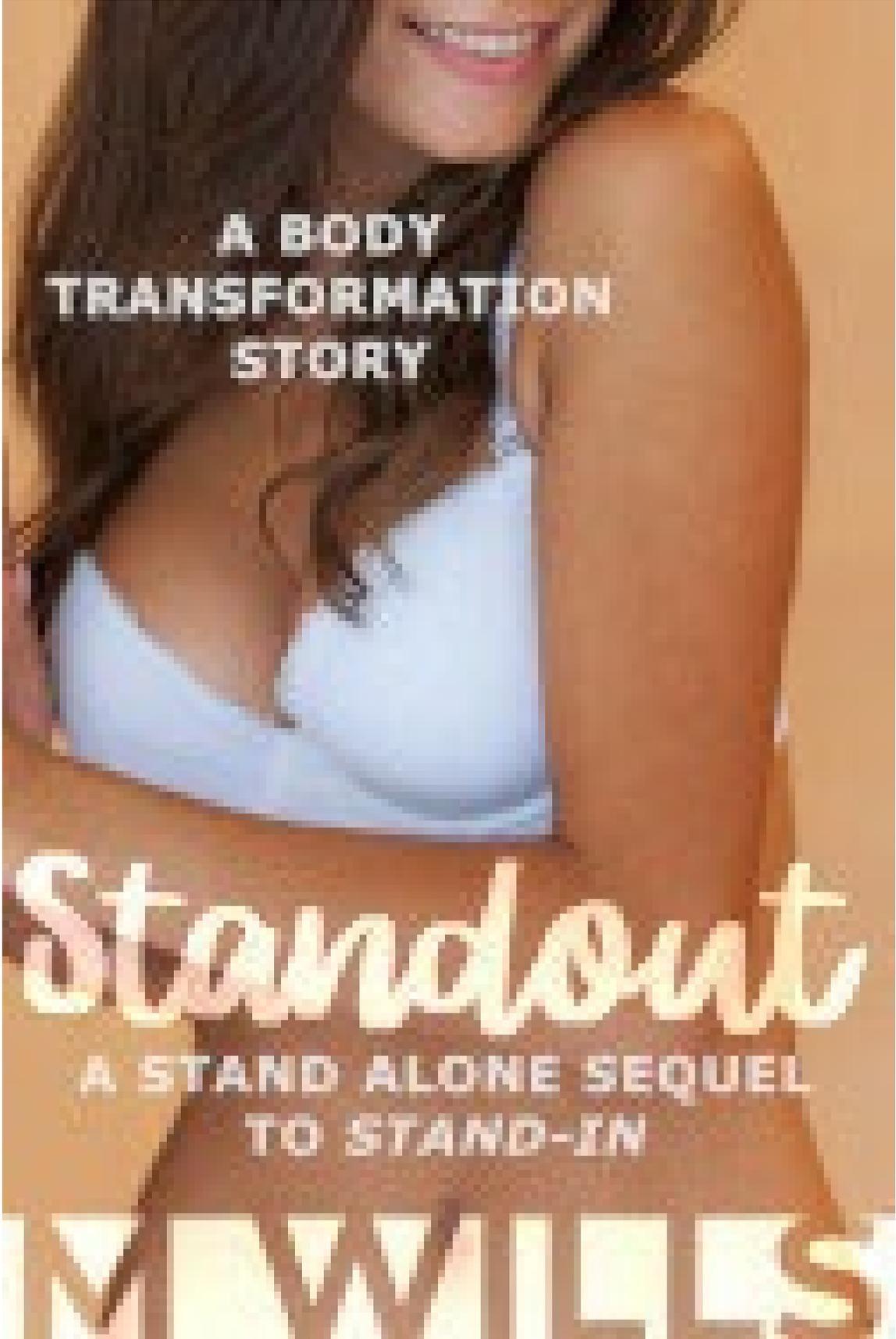
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A BODY
TRANSFORMATION
STORY

Standout

A STAND ALONE SEQUEL
TO STAND-IN

MWLES

Standout

In this standalone sequel to Stand-In, Adam brings a friend in on the secret of the bodysuit, and they have some fun as they live the wild lives of the two sexiest women on campus for a semester.

QUICKIES

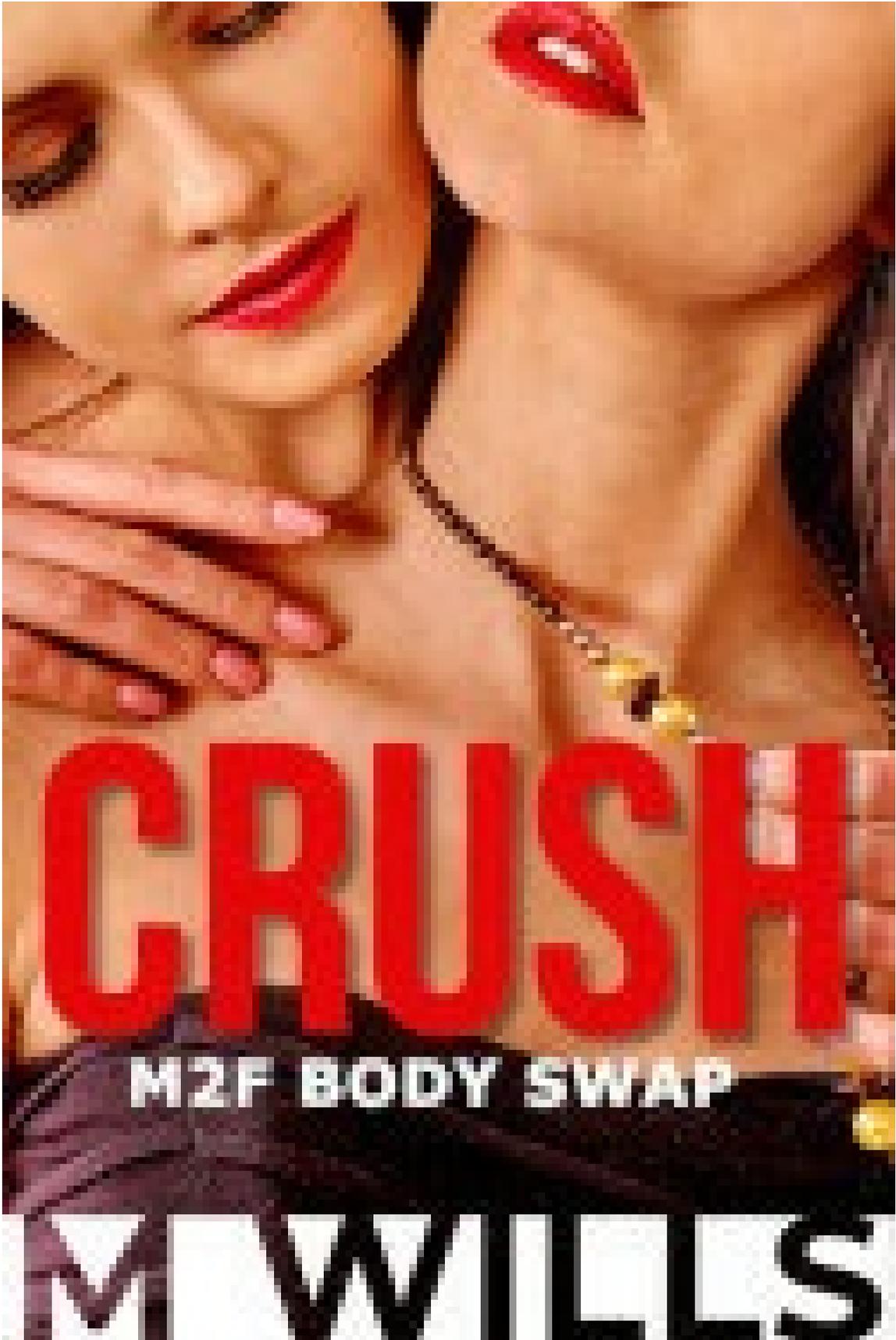
Payback
CHAPTER 2

MEF TRANSFORMATION



Payback (Chapter 2)

Peyton starts to come to terms with his transformation into a sexy woman, and has his first encounter with a man in order to try to break his curse.



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.

And many more!