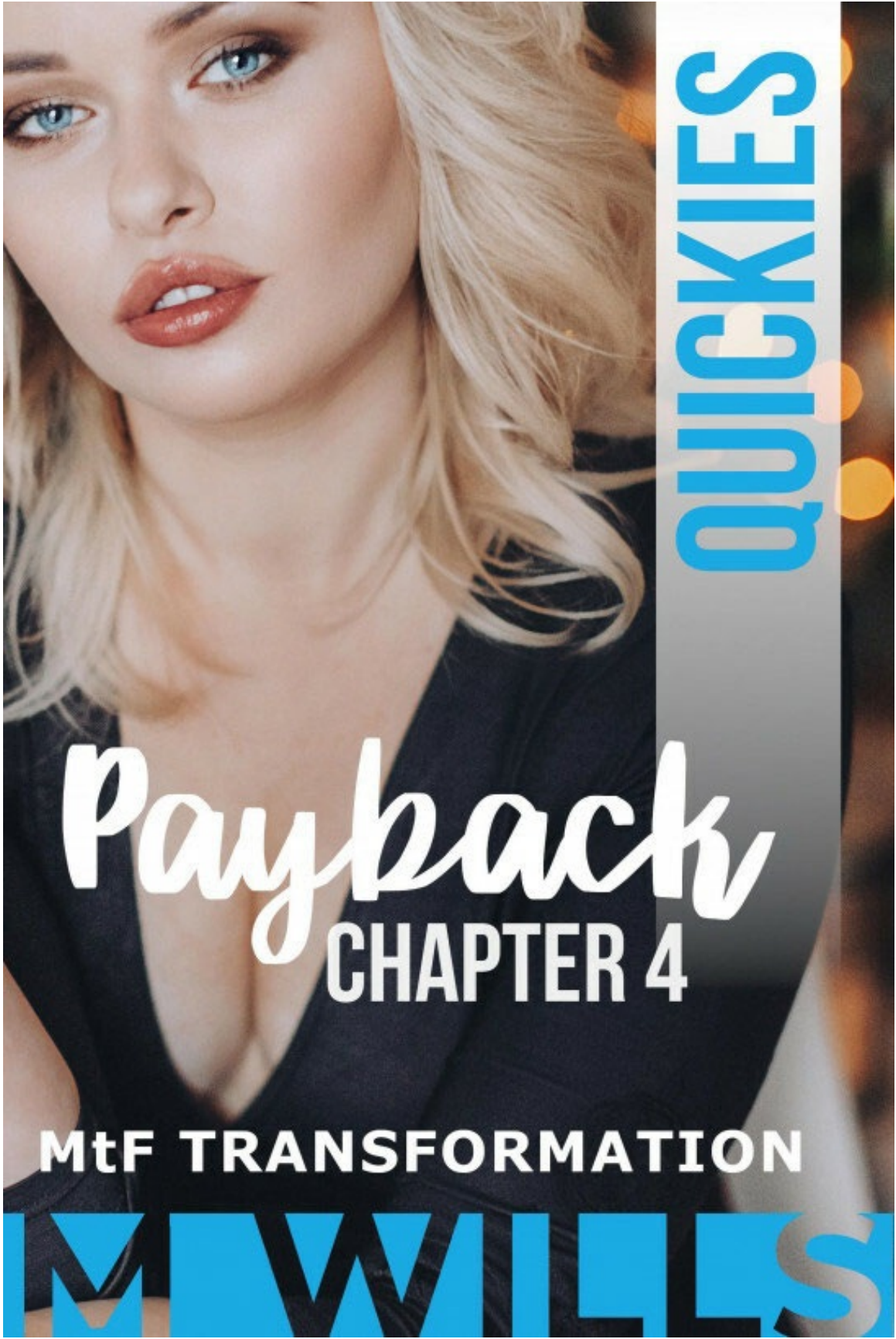


QUICKIES

Payback
CHAPTER 4

MtF TRANSFORMATION

MWTS



QUICKIES

Payback
CHAPTER 4

MtF TRANSFORMATION

MWILTS

Payback

Chapter 4

by M. Wills

© 2024 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com /

Cover Design: Evie Foy

Visit bodyswapfiction.com for stories, captions and commissions

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events reside solely in the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual people, alive or dead, is purely coincidental. All characters are eighteen years of age or older.

No portion of this work can be reproduced in any way without the prior written consent from the author with the exception for a fair use excerpt for review and editorial purposes.

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

Table of Contents

[Chapter 4](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by](#)

Chapter 4

After being comforted by Leah, Peyton thought he was on track. But the next morning he awoke with a stomach ache. He rolled over and pushed the hair out of his eyes, trying to find a comfortable position. It was a weird stomach ache. Not nausea, exactly. More like a throbbing pain somewhere deep in his gut, joined by a headache that throbbed off and on. He hadn't had anything to drink last night, though.

Peyton groaned as he sat up, pausing for a moment to let his stomach settle before hoisting himself to his feet and shuffling to the bathroom. His whole body felt off, bloated somehow, like his feet sometimes got after flying in a plane. He sat on the toilet and put his head in his hands as he peed.

He couldn't stand up straight without a deep throb of pain. Even still, he was compelled to make himself up, otherwise he would feel even more miserable. He combed out his hair until it fell in waves down his face, dabbed on his facial moisturizer and all the assorted makeups. He was dabbing on some blush when he paused and peered closer at himself. Oh shit, was that a pimple forming? Some concealer helped but his eyes kept straying to that tiny blemish on his otherwise perfect face, worrying about it.

After his makeup was finished, he tore his eyes away from the mirror and returned to the bedroom. Sorting through his outfits for something cute, he came up with some cut-off shorts and a tight tee shirt. It was one of the few outfits he could wear braless. He'd always enjoyed the sight of his ex's nipples poking up beneath a tee shirt like this so, naturally, it was an outfit the spell made him comfortable in.

Peyton shuffled to the kitchen for something to eat, still clutching his stomach. He was restless and hungry but his fridge was almost empty and he had no interest in eggs or cereal. He wanted something sweet like...chocolate. Oh, god, that was exactly what he wanted! As soon as he thought of it he couldn't think of

anything else.

He popped some painkillers to try to soothe his stomach before heading out the door. He stepped into the mirrored elevator and began the long descent from his upper floor apartment. His eyes flicked over the reflection of the hot blonde in the mirror. Back when he was a man he would have given anything to bend a woman like this over his bed and fuck her hard. But despite his apparent perfection, his eyes kept straying to that blemish on his face, a little voice inside his head telling him that everyone would stare at it and that he was ugly. The constant cramp didn't help, nor did the craving for chocolate. His self-esteem plunged along with the elevator.

At the fifteenth floor a man stepped on. Probably somewhere in his early twenties wearing a new suit that was slightly too small. The guy had a confidence in his face that belied his ill-fitting outfit and reminded Peyton of himself when he was younger. New to the city and eager to prove himself and make shitloads of money. His eyes flickered down Peyton's body, checking him out. The cocky self-assuredness and the briefly lude look make Peyton blush shyly. The spell ensured that the more of an asshole a man was, the more Peyton desired him.

The guy smiled at him and Peyton smiled politely back, which was all the invitation the guy needed.

"Haven't seen you here before. Did you just move in?" He asked as the elevator resumed heading down.

"Sort of," Peyton replied noncommittally.

“I think I would have noticed a woman as hot as you before.”

The clumsy compliment should have been eye-roll inducing but he said it with such a confident grin and a knowing look that Peyton felt himself responding. Despite the ache in his stomach and his low self-esteem there was a part of him that wanted to cuddle up with this guy. Just wanted the attention. Peyton could imagine the man’s hands on his body, rough and greedy.

“I’m Ben,” the man said, sticking out his hand.

“Peyton,” Peyton replied, taking the man’s hand. It was huge and rough and warm and sent exciting prickles through Peyton’s body.

“Maybe you could give me your number and I could show you around the neighborhood.”

“I don’t know if my boyfriend would approve,” Peyton lied, trying to throw off the guy despite every part of his body wanting him more and more.

“Okay, I get it,” the guy said. “If you ever change your mind I’m in apartment 1510.”

The fucking nerve of that asshole made Peyton wet. Here was a guy who would finally see past the blemishes and who would love Peyton. They could get married and Peyton could live a wonderful life as his housewife. His only job to stay fit and sexually attracted to his husband.

Fortunately, they reached the ground floor and the guy stepped off before Peyton could respond. As the man strolled away, the ache resettled in Peyton's gut and he once again felt ugly and bloated and miserable and sad. Had he missed his chance for happiness?

No. That was the spell talking. Goddammit. Why the fuck did his body hurt so much? His fucking exes would pay for this. The sudden explosion of anger made him tense and he gritted his teeth with fury as he went out into the street and hurried across to the nearby convenience store.

He bought a chocolate bar, then added another and another, along with some chips and a soft drink. It was like his body was craving every single fatty thing he saw. After paying, he scooped it all up and returned to his apartment where he lounged about on the couch, eating his candy and watching crappy romance movies while feeling sorry for himself.

The chocolate made him feel better temporarily, but eating everything he'd bought made him feel like a fat, worthless failure. And the romance movies that he'd dismissed as a guy now had him bawling. He sniffed into a tissue and tossed it onto a growing mound of others.

Around midday his gut seemed to have settled somewhat but he needed real food. Eschewing the elevator for fear of meeting another asshole to fall in love with, he took the stairs down to the ground floor and headed towards his favorite Mexican place. Maybe some comfort food was what he needed to calm this strange whirlwind of emotions.

Peyton was halfway across the street when he felt something wet pooling in his

panties. Had he pissed himself? Looking down, he found it was so much worse. The bottom of his shorts had turned a dark red. Suddenly everything clicked. The mood swings. The yearning for chocolate. The ache. The bloating. He was on his fucking period.

He choked back a sob, completely embarrassed to be in public looking like this. All his insecurities came roaring back. His eyes started flooding with tears as he hurried back across the street, ignoring the angry horns. He just wanted to be out of sight. Curled up. Alone. He wanted to be a man again.

Peyton bashed the elevator button for his floor and hurried into his apartment. He tossed off his clothes and showered off the mess, all the while he alternated between feeling miserable, angry and ashamed. When he got out he dressed and, with no other ideas, stuffed wads of toilet paper into his panties. He then soothed his feelings with more food, ordering the greasiest takeaway he could find along with whatever desserts they had.

He ate in misery, hating himself for each bite while also craving it. He couldn't finish everything and when he was full he felt even more bloated than before. Curling up on the couch, he flicked through movies to try to distract himself before finally picking up his phone and calling Leah again.

“Hey, Peyton,” Leah answered and, god, it was so nice to hear her voice.

“Hey, Leah,” Peyton said morosely. “I’ve, um, I think I had my first period.”

He heard her snort laughter which she immediately cut off. “Sorry, it’s not funny, I just never thought I’d ever hear you say something like that.”

“Yeah, me either,” Peyton replied agreeably. “I don’t really know what to do. I mean, I don’t have any ladies...um...”

“Tampons. You can say the word, Peyton.” There was a smile in her voice.

“Do you think you could...I mean...could you please buy some for me? I have no idea what I’m doing.” In his former life he would have mercilessly mocked any man who sounded like he did just now. Pathetic and needy. But his confidence was gone, and what he really wanted was a friend.

“You want me to give you some more lessons in how to be a woman?”

“I guess, yeah, that’s what I need.”

“Sure, I can do that. I’m just...I’m at work right now so you’ll have to wait until I get off.”

“Meet me over here. We can order takeaway. My treat.”

“Ok. I gotta go but I’ll text you tonight when I’m on my way.”

It was another miserable few hours before Leah arrived. When she did, Peyton

was overjoyed to see her. She arrived still in her work clothes: black work pants and a white blouse with her brunette hair gathered up and pinned in a fancy bun, one lock of hair swooping across her forehead.

“You look gorgeous,” Peyton said, as he took her hand. He paused, on the verge of kissing her as he’d done back when they were still dating but paused, unsure quite how to interact in his new form.

She smiled her beautiful crooked smile at him and handed him a brown paper bag. “Delivery for you.” He peered into the bag and saw the labels. She saw his hesitation. “Instructions are in the box.”

Peyton thanked her and took the package into the bathroom to puzzle over the instructions. Unwrap here. Twist there. Place up here. With occasional instructions from Leah – who stood outside the bathroom door – Peyton was finally able to figure it out. It was uncomfortable at first, but it wasn’t as if this was the first thing he’d ever had inside him.

He and Leah sat on the couch and talked, Peyton constantly keeping the conversation going so she wouldn’t have an excuse to leave. He needed the company. She didn’t seem to mind and accepted a glass of wine when he offered. It was the first time Peyton had ever had a real conversation with a woman he was attracted to. He wasn’t just trying to fuck her. He’d forgotten how funny and charming Leah could be. True, she wasn’t as hot as some of the supermodels he’d dated, but she was here for him now and where were they? They would probably laugh like hell at his predicament.

At a break in the conversation Leah peered at him over her glass of wine, her mocha brown eyes twinkling. “This is so weird. I don’t think we’ve ever talked like this.”

“Sure we did. Back when we first started dating we used to stay up almost all night.”

“True, but that was so long ago. And then life happened and you...” She trailed off.

“I became the world’s biggest asshole.”

“You said it,” she giggled.

“I’ve only been a woman for a few days and I’ve already figured out that men are pigs. The men this body is attracted to, anyway.”

“The men like you.”

“The men like me,” he agreed.

When the food arrived they both tucked in, Peyton filling his plate like he always did. Leah watched him shovel it in for a moment or two, her lips pressed tightly together as if she was trying to figure out how to give him some advice in the politest way possible. He looked up at her, a noodle dangling from his lips.

“What’s up?”

“Well...I don’t know how else to say it so I’m going to just say it. You can’t keep eating like that.”

“What?”

“Yeah. Look at the abs we gave you.” She lifted his shirt to reveal the smooth expanse of his belly with barely an inch of fat on it. “That’s not going to stay like that if you keep eating like this.”

“I’ll just work out.”

“It’s going to take more than that to keep the body you’ve got. Do you think your exes liked starving themselves and working out all the time? No. But the spell is going to ensure that if you don’t live up to your same impossibly high beauty standards you’ll be miserable and no guys will want you. If you gain more than a pound you could spiral into a depression and be stuck like this forever.”

Peyton placed his plate on the coffee table and looked down at his belly. Did it look a little more tubby than he remembered? The thought made his face fall. God, he was fat and ugly and no one would ever want him. He’d taken this body for granted because he’d been magicked into it, but it was clear that if he didn’t properly care for himself he’d be stuck. Leah must have sensed his spiraling mood because she squeezed his hand reassuringly.

“Shit. I didn’t even think about that,” Peyton mumbled.

“Yeah, well, you’ve just been thrown into womanhood. Some of us have lived it our whole lives.”

Peyton and Leah talked for a few more hours. Peyton even found himself laughing sometimes. It was almost like how the two of them had been before he’d joined the firm. Leah even seemed to like him, which Peyton’s mind kept translating into physical attraction. He couldn’t fathom being interested in a woman and not wanting to fuck her and yet that seemed to be exactly what was happening. When she left he still felt okay about himself for a little while, as if her presence had set his mind on the right path.

He awoke the next morning with their conversation still in his mind and with fears about weight gain running through his head. Just the thought of gaining weight threatened to spiral him into a depression so deep he would never get out of it. He focused on doing his makeup and picking out a cute gym outfit consisting of pink sweatpants and a matching belly shirt top above a workout bra. He tied his hair back in a ponytail and examined himself in the mirror, tiny lips quirking into a satisfied grin as he assured himself he looked completely fuckable before tossing a towel over his shoulder and heading out into the world.

Peyton still had a membership to the gym a few blocks from his apartment building, and he swiped in with his old keycard. The floor was packed with weight training machines, mostly empty at this time of the morning. Peyton had no idea where to start but he noticed some other women strolling past him into a glass-walled aerobics studio. He joined their class, filing into the room and taking up a position near the back. Some of the others formed little groups to chat as Peyton stood nervously by himself.

After a few minutes, a perky blonde instructor clapped her hands and began leading them in a routine. Though Peyton had been gifted an exquisite body, he didn't quite know how to use it. He was awkward with the movements, unsure of his body's stamina and balance as he tried to follow the instructor as best he could. He felt so out of place and the only thing that kept him there was the fear of what might happen to him if he gave up.

After about forty five minutes the class ended. Peyton was red-faced and sweating and hurried out to the water fountain to drink, not stopping to talk with anyone. There were a few guys dotted about the gym but they did nothing for Peyton. Apparently they weren't asshole enough for his new attraction.

Returning to his apartment, Peyton hopped into his car and drove to the grocery store, where he picked out fruit and vegetables and lean meats. He dumped everything in his apartment that was the least bit sugary or fatty. He couldn't risk temptation. He had to live like a monk. Well, except for all the sucking and fucking he needed to do.

Peyton returned to the gym later in the day for a personal training session. A grinning, broad-shoulder blond trainer named Zach led him around the machines.

"I like to work from the legs up," Zach said as he pointed out the equipment.

Try as he might, Peyton just couldn't make himself attracted to Zach. He knew the guy was good looking, but he was too nice. Zach didn't peak glances at Peyton's tits and ass. He didn't touch him without asking permission. He didn't talk down to Peyton as if Peyton was a moron who couldn't understand anatomy. In short, Zach wasn't an asshole.

So when Peyton flirted with Zach because he knew he needed another notch in his belt, there was no lust in his body. Everything felt forced and awkward. In the end, despite Peyton's copious hints, they parted without even a hug. Peyton was secretly relieved, though he had spent an hour in the gym with the guy and all he'd received for his trouble was a workout routine and knowledge about his new muscles. Peyton didn't know whether it was the spell preventing him from having sex with a non-asshole, or whether Zach just wasn't interested. If it was the spell, that meant Peyton had a long road ahead of him dealing with men who treated him like dirt and wanted him just for his warm holes.

To calm his nerves, he went shopping yet again. The spell had given him all the obsessions that had annoyed him about some of his exes. It was soothing to pick out cute dresses and fun tops that showed off his body.

And yet, he still couldn't bring himself to go out on the hunt for guys. The thought of sucking dick was as unappealing in the abstract as when he was a man. Yeah, it had been different when the cock was right there, but his solo fantasies still involved women.

He couldn't pass up the nail salon – literally couldn't – and ducked in to pay an outrageous sum to have his nails perfected. No color but the girliest pink would do. Any color more subdued made him sick to his stomach.

Peyton returned to his place and rode the elevator up from the basement, his hands full of shopping bags. The elevator stopped at the lobby and Ben stepped on. Handsome, cocky Ben. He grinned at Peyton.

"Peyton isn't it? We have to stop meeting like this," Ben laughed. Peyton felt his

face light up with a grin at Ben's witless wit. "You need a hand with those bags?"

Peyton didn't really but he found himself agreeing and awkwardly handing off a few of the bags. "Thank you so much," Peyton gushed, wishing he could just shut up and stop leading this asshole on. Unfortunately, the spell had taken hold and Peyton couldn't drag his eyes off Ben's face. He felt his cheeks burning, growing flustered beneath Ben's gaze.

"You've been busy, huh? What do we have in here?" Ben asked, opening one of the lingerie bags and peering inside at the silky negligee that lay there. He whistled. "Wow, I bet you'd look amazing in that. But I bet you'd look even more amazing out of it."

A non-douchebag wouldn't have peeked at Peyton's shopping. A non-douchebag wouldn't have uttered such a cheesy line. A non-douchebag wouldn't have made Peyton's panties so wet.

"Wouldn't you like to see," Peyton said.

"I would," Ben agreed.

When they stepped out of the elevator Peyton was so horny for Ben. He hurried down the hallway and unlocked his door to follow Ben through. They set the bags down on the floor and Ben looked around the spacious apartment.

“Wow. Nice place.”

“Thank you,” Peyton said, his heart hammering in his chest. He was so nervous around his new lover. His self-esteem had plummeted and was now completely dependent on how Ben felt about him. “Let me...let me show you the bedroom.”

Ben’s grin widened. He followed behind as Peyton swished to the bedroom. They’d barely stepped into the room when Peyton felt a pinch on his ass. He yelped and turned around to face Ben.

“God, I’ve been wanting to pinch that sweet ass since I saw it yesterday,” Ben said.

Peyton was lovestruck. Ben truly wanted him! He blushed and Ben kissed him, his hands already eager for Peyton’s body. Ben slid his tongue into Peyton’s mouth as he groped his slender body, fingers roaming up and down Peyton’s back, coming down to squeeze his ass.

Peyton ran his hands across Ben’s chest, following the contours of the hard muscles beneath the button down shirt. He unbuttoned Ben’s shirt as they made out and pressed his fingers against Ben’s warm chest. He moaned into Ben’s mouth, closing his eyes, his body so wonderfully warm at Ben’s touch.

Ben was rough and fast, greedy for Peyton’s body, little caring how Peyton felt and looking out only for his own pleasure. He tore off Peyton’s top and wrapped his lips around one of Peyton’s nipples while he painfully squeezed Peyton’s other slender breast. Ben bit and sucked, his stubble scratching across Peyton’s soft skin as he moved from one tit to the next, moaning as he feasted on Peyton’s

delicious body.

Peyton felt the delicious tension burst through him. He moaned, growing wetter and wilder the harsher his new lover treated his body.

Ben grabbed both of Peyton's tits and thrust his head between them, bobbing them around his face as he kissed. Peyton laughed – a laugh that turned into a deep sigh – and clutched Ben to his chest, fingers twining through Ben's hair. Ben was using Peyton for his own pleasure and Peyton loved it.

Ben pulled off Peyton's tits and kissed him again, tongue swirling around Peyton's mouth. Ben's spicy scent filled Peyton's nose and mouth, and he groaned, eyes closed with ecstasy. Ben pulled away and held Peyton's cheeks, staring deeply into his eyes.

"I want you to suck my dick," Ben growled.

Peyton nodded. Ben smiled and released him. Peyton sank to his knees as Ben dropped his pants. Peyton scrambled for Peyton's cock, freeing it from his underwear so it stood at attention right in front of Peyton's little slip of a nose. Peyton wrapped his tiny hand around it and stroked, gasping in wonder as he slid his fingers down his lover's shaft. His eyes were wide with delight. It was so big.

Peyton wanted Ben with every inch of his body. Wanted to pleasure him. Give him anything he asked.

Peyton was apparently too slow for Ben, because Ben slid his fingers through Peyton's silky hair and pulled Peyton's face closer. Peyton had no choice but to open his mouth and swallow Ben's fat cock. The head of the cock travelled across his tongue, the sticky residue of precum leaving a salty trail as it slid to the back of Peyton's throat. He swirled his tongue beneath the shaft as it filled his mouth, lips sinking down, down, until he held Ben inside him. Still, the pressure on the back of his head forced him down further. The cock slid deeper into his mouth and he willed himself not to choke. Ben didn't ease up until Peyton's cute nose was buried in his pubic hair and his solid cock felt halfway down Peyton's throat.

Peyton's eyes watered as he fought not to choke, the musky scent of Ben filling his mouth and nose. Ben groaned and yanked Peyton's head back. Peyton pulled his lips off Ben's cock, sputtering as he recovered. Ben's cock was slick with Peyton's saliva, and a strand connected the tip of Ben's dick to Peyton's lips. He'd barely recovered before Ben pushed him back down and Peyton was again forced to swallow the entire length.

Ben pulled and pushed Peyton's head up and down his cock, thrusting forward to slide deeper down Peyton's throat. He was heedless of Peyton's choking gasps – or maybe they turned him on more – because he kept going. He used Peyton like a mindless fucktoy, making him swallow his cock over and over as he choked, as if they were in some sort of porno. And yet being used made Peyton so wet. He was dripping onto his own floor, his panties soaking in his juices. And yet he knew Ben would not let him have that pleasurable release.

Peyton had just thought that at least this would count towards his blowjob total when Ben yanked his head back off his cock. Suddenly Peyton's mouth was empty and he opened his eyes to look up at Ben.

“I want to ruin that pretty face,” Ben growled.

“Oh, yeah,” Peyton moaned, eager to please his lover’s every request.

Saliva ran down Peyton’s chin as his head was held tight and Ben began jacking himself off with his free hand. Belatedly, Peyton understood exactly what Ben wanted to do. It only took two pumps before Ben came.

Peyton grunted in frustration as Ben’s cock erupted above him, spurting hot cum over Peyton’s eyes and nose and lips. He tried to raise his mouth, tried to swallow some of that cum, hoping he would make it count but Ben held his hair in a tight fist. Ben erupted on Peyton, drenching him in warm cum that dripped down his face. He could only close his eyes and wait as Ben slowed and then stopped. Only then did he release Peyton.

Fuck! All of that and it didn’t count towards Peyton’s total. All it did was leave him a humiliated mess. At least he didn’t have the deep love towards Ben that a full sexual encounter would have left him with.

Peyton wiped the cum from his face as best he could as he staggered to his feet. “What the fuck? Gross! Get out,” Peyton squealed.

“I thought you wanted it,” Ben said.

“I didn’t want you to cum on my face!”

“Oh, so you’re happy to suck my dick but can’t take a little jizz on your face?”

“Exactly!” Peyton cried, enraged

“Jesus. What’s wrong with you, you fucking psycho? You on the rag or something? I warned you I wanted to ruin your face.” Ben towered over Peyton, scowling.

He looked so huge towering over Peyton’s tiny form. It stopped Peyton’s argument in his tracks. This guy was so much more powerful than Peyton and he dared not make Ben angrier for fear of what else he could do. Peyton had never experienced such helplessness. Usually he was the bug guy taking what he wanted, but now here he was on the other side of that act and he just felt small.

“Please leave,” Peyton begged.

“No problem you fucking whore,” Ben shot back.

To Peyton’s relief, ben stalked out the front door. Peyton slammed the door and locked it behind him, leaning against the door with relief and vibrating with fear. God, he could still feel the cum dripping down his cheek. With none of the spell’s love magic he was acutely aware of what he’d just done and was utterly disgusted by it. Men really did suck, and Peyton still had to deal with at least 198 more of them.

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 or visit my website for more info and pricing, plus weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions and the latest stories or to hire me to write a story for you.

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available through my author page on Smashwords:

A woman is shown from the chest down, wearing a black bikini. She is holding a black bikini top in her right hand, which is raised towards her face. The background is a solid blue color. The text "M2F POSSESSION" is overlaid in the upper right, and "ANOTHER LIFE" is overlaid in the lower center.

M2F
POSSESSION

ANOTHER
LIFE

Another Life

I'm meeting up with my longtime crush for the first time in years, and I'm going to use my bodyhopping powers to enjoy her amazing body to the fullest.

QUICKIES

MtF
TRANSFORMATION

Payback
CHAPTER 3



Payback (Chapter 3)

A continuing serial about an arrogant womanizer who 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.



A BODY
TRANSFORMATION
STORY

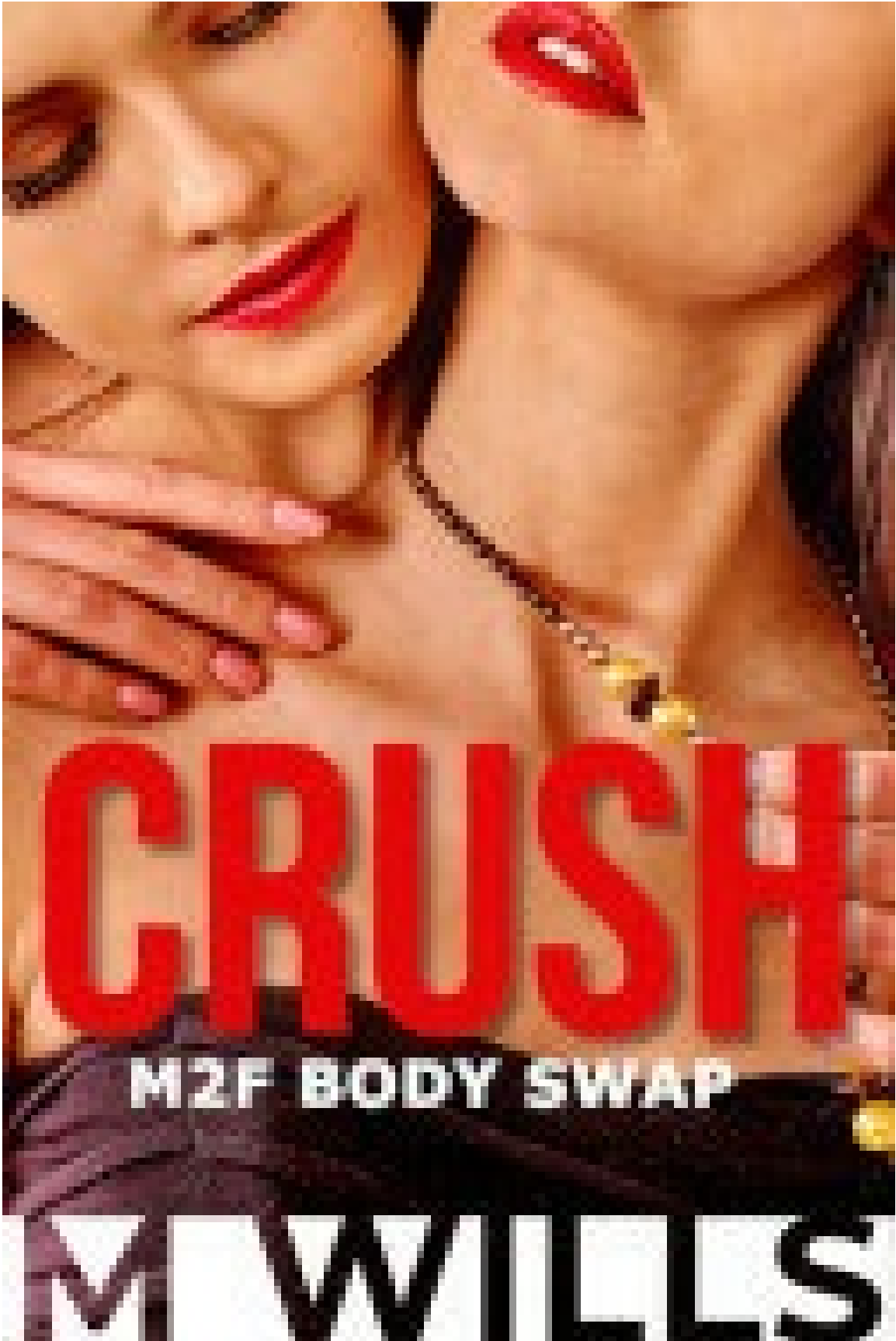
Standout

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.



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.

And many more!