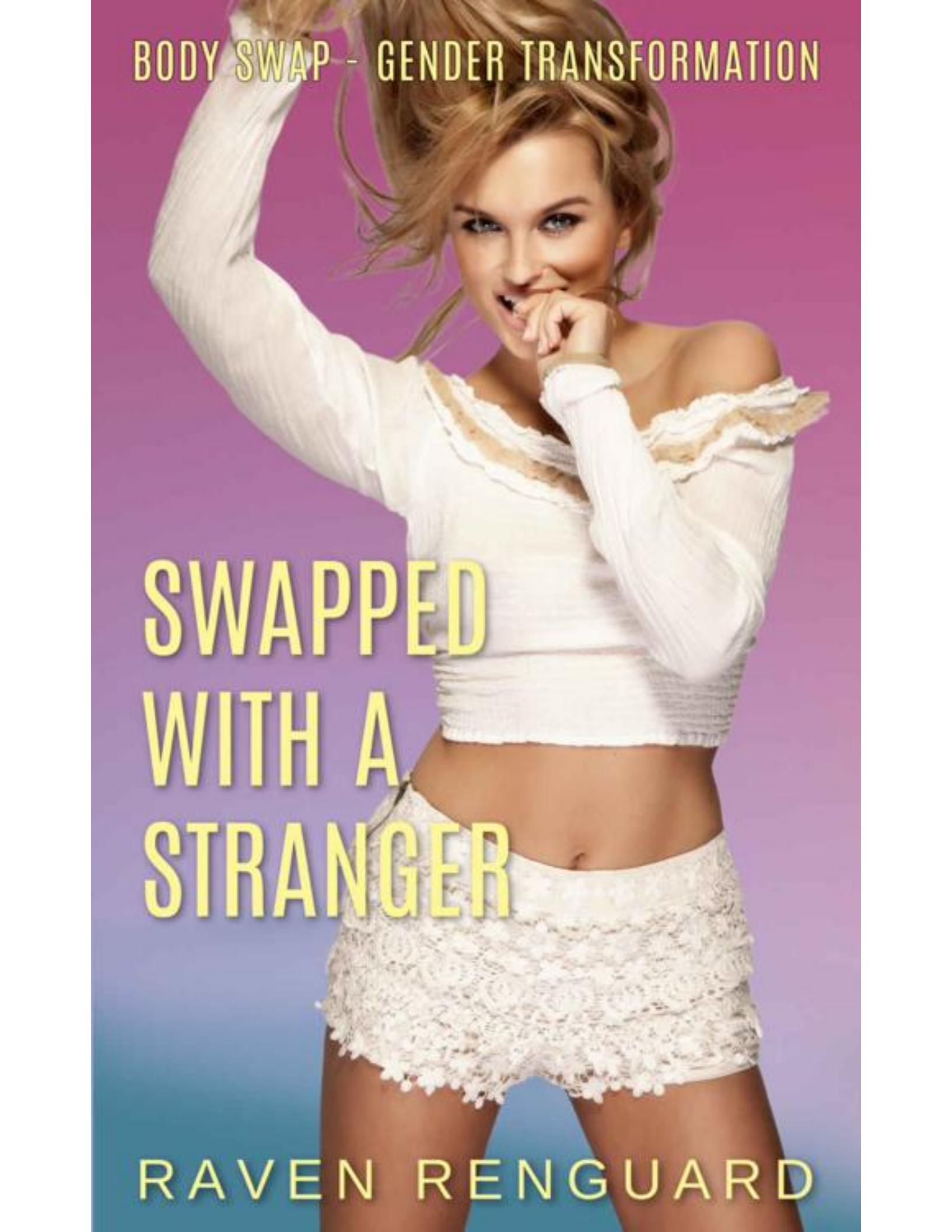




BODY SWAP - GENDER TRANSFORMATION

SWAPPED
WITH A
STRANGER

RAVEN RENGUARD

Swapped with a Stranger

Body Swap - Gender Transformation

Raven Renguard

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SWAPPED WITH A STRANGER

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Written by Raven Renguard.

Amelia has been sad lately, but leave it up to her best friend, Jules, to try to cheer her up in ways she's never experienced before. The girls have a fantastic night together, but then, Amelia wakes up in a man's body—a *really* sexy man's body with a big, fat cock. And then, leave it up to her best friend, to cheer her up once again.

Swapped with a Stranger is a gender transformation story with a female-to-male (FtM) body swap. Before the swap, there is F/F explicit play. And after the swap, there is FtM on female play. Mature audiences only.

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[CHAPTER ONE](#)

“UH, THANKS,” AMELIA said. She stared down at the earrings she’d just opened from her aunt. They were heavy and a dirty silver, nothing that Amelia would ever actually choose to wear. But she smiled up at her aunt anyway, feigning excitement. “They’re pretty. Thanks, Auntie.”

Her aunt waved her hand at her, dismissing her false enthusiasm. “You don’t fool me, sugar plum. I know what you girls like these days and one-hundred-year-old earrings aren’t one of them. But they were your grandmother’s and I figured you’d like them for sentimental reasons.”

“Oh,” Amelia said, staring down at the earrings with a new appreciation. A lump formed in her throat. Still, six months later, she missed her grandmother terribly. “Thank you, Auntie. I’ll cherish them. I will.” Amelia stood, hugging her aunt around her neck, the earrings squeezed tight into her hand.

“You’re welcome, sugar plum. I know how much your grandmother meant to you. And she’d want you to have the earrings.”

Amelia spent the rest of the evening in a numb daze. She knew she should have tried to smile more, to enjoy the birthday dinner her parents had prepared for her, but all she could do was think about Granny. She missed her awful. She’d been living in this hazy numbness since she died, the reality of life’s end seeming to stab her in the heart like a double-edged sword. Granny had lived such a full life, she knew that, but Amelia felt like she’d never experienced anything even worth talking about.

After dinner, she helped clear the table, then solemnly walked her aunt to the front door. She hugged her, thanking her for coming to dinner and for gifting her the earrings. And then, as she shut the door tight behind her, she hurried upstairs to her room, calling out a quick goodnight to her parents as she went.

Amelia sat down, cross-legged on her bed. She stared at the earrings in her hand. Their design was intricately carved, something she hadn’t taken the time to admire at first. She wondered where her grandmother had originally gotten them. She knew she was born in New Orleans and hadn’t moved to New York with Grandpop until they turned eighteen. Amelia slid her thumb across the ancient metal, it seeming to glow when her skin slid across it. She hurried to her desk, turning her desk light to the spot in front of her. She’d shine up the metal, then they’d be a set of earrings she’d be proud to wear. Amelia opened her jewelry kit, taking out the tub of polish and her polishing rag. She gently shined the ancient jewelry back to life. The earrings glistened in the bright light, glowing almost ethereally. Amelia’s eyes opened wide in awe. “I love them, Granny,” she said, pressing the earrings to her chest. They warmed in her hands, and she

opened her palm, surprised at how clear the carvings now looked. She hurried to her long mirror, slipping the earrings into her earlobes. They glistened, brightening her cheeks into a pearlescent glow.

Amelia flopped down on her bed, the earrings swinging wildly. She swiped open her phone, quickly calling up her best friend. "Hey, Jules," she said when she heard her friend answer. "Jules?" she asked again when all she heard was scuffling on the other end of the phone. "What are you doing?"

"Sorry," her friend mumbled. There were some more rummaging sounds, and then she heard her friend's panted breath through the phone. "Sorry about that. You caught me in the middle of a sleeping pose."

"You know you don't need to do yoga twenty-four hours a day, right?" Amelia giggled, knowing that Jules would just tell her that *she* should be doing yoga with her. Amelia had to admit, her friend went from hot to super-hot after she started her yoga obsession last summer.

"So, what's up? Did you have a nice birthday dinner with your aunt?"

"Yeah..."

"Hey, what's wrong?" Jules asked.

"Nothing. I mean, it was nice. But also, kind of sad."

"Cuz of Grandma Jean?"

Amelia was silent a moment. Jules knew how hard it was on her when her grandmother died. Hell, it was hard on Jules too. The two girls had been best friends since the second grade. Jules almost spent as much time with Amelia's grandmother as she did. And due to her grandmother's loving nature, Jules was always made to feel part of the family.

Amelia swallowed down the heavy lump in her throat. She didn't want to talk about the sadness around her grandmother's death anymore. She wanted to remember the wonderful times they shared instead.

"Do you want to come over?" Amelia asked instead. "I mean, I know it's late already, but—"

"Amelia June Bixby, I don't want to hear any of that nonsense. You know damn well that if you need me to come over, I'll be there. Give me fifteen."

Jules hung up the phone, and Amelia knew she'd be rushing to pack an overnight bag to get to Amelia's house to comfort her. Jules was the best friend a girl could ever ask for. Amelia could rely on her no matter what.

Amelia dropped the phone next to her, staring down at her empty hands. She'd been in such a funk lately and she didn't know how to get out of it.

She washed up for the night, slipping into a pair of bedclothes. As she stepped from her bathroom, she heard a banging at her window, and then Jules

flopped through the window and onto her bedroom floor. She hurried over to help her friend.

"You know you can use the front door?" she chastised her as she helped her untangle her limbs.

"Yeah," said Jules, her face lighting. "But what fun would that be?"

Amelia rolled her eyes at her best friend. She was a weirdo and she loved everything about her. She wrapped Jules into her arms, pulling her in for a hug. "Thank you," she said against her neck.

"Aww, come on Em, you know I'd do anything for you. Now stop slobbering all over my shirt."

Amelia giggled, wiping the tear from her eye. "You're the best."

"Whatever," Jules said, with a big, exaggerated roll of her eyes. "Oh, hey," she said, suddenly. "Are those new?" She reached forward, cupping one of the earrings in her hand. "They're so pretty."

Amelia nodded. "Auntie gave them to me. Said they were Granny's."

"Aww. That's so great." She turned her eyes to Amelia. "Cheer up, sugar plum, Granny would want you to have them."

"I know," Amelia said, shrugging. "I love them, but they just make me miss her more."

"You know it's okay to miss her, right?" Jules squeezed her friend's arm, giving her a little shake when she didn't react. "Earth to Em. I said it's okay to miss her. Stop feeling so down on yourself."

"I know," Amelia said. "I'm just ready for this heavy sadness to go away." She scrubbed her hand across her chest. "It hurts in here."

"You can't stop living your life. Granny wouldn't want that. I mean, what's up with you not even having a birthday party? That's messed up." Jules grinned wickedly at her friend, comically wiggling her eyebrows.

Amelia snorted at her friend's ridiculousness. "You're that mad that I didn't have a party?"

"Hell yeah, I'm mad. How am I supposed to scope out all the hotties if we just sit up here sulking all the time?"

"Don't you have enough hotties under your belt?"

Jules punched her friend lightly in her arm. "Take that back," she chastised. "There is no such thing as too many hotties."

"Okay. Okay. I guess you're right. I mean, Granny wouldn't want me to sit around sulking."

"Exactly!" exclaimed Jules. "Granny would want us to *par-tay!*"

Amelia shook her head. "I don't think that's what Granny would want at all, but if you want to have a party, we should have a party."

"This weekend," Jules said, nodding her head enthusiastically. "My parents will be out of town, so we'll have it at my house. It'll be a pool party! So... yes? Yes!" she said excitedly, shaking Amelia's arm.

"Okay, okay, just stop shaking me! We can have a party at your house this weekend. Just... don't go overboard."

"*Pffah*," Jules said, flipping her hand at Amelia. "Don't you worry. I'll handle everything, you just need to show up."

AMELIA NERVOUSLY WALKED around to the backyard of Jules's house. She could hear the raucous noise already. Her eyes widened in shock as she pushed through the back fence. Her entire senior class had to be here. Someone cannonballed into the pool, splashing water over Amelia's legs.

"Hey! Em!" Jules hollered from across the pool. She waved at the DJ and the *Happy Birthday* song started blaring through the speakers. Heat spread through Amelia's chest, and her eyes widened as everyone turned to her, singing *Happy Birthday* at the top of their lungs.

Jules hurried to Amelia's side, and Amelia growled at her under her breath. "You didn't say you were inviting everyone."

"Hey, you said I could have a party."

Amelia plastered a smile on her face, waving as everyone finished serenading her.

"Wow," she said. "That wasn't embarrassing at all."

She squinted in distaste at Jules, but she was ignoring her, instead, she grabbed her arm and pulled her across the yard to the massive buffet she had set up under the porch's overhang.

"How did you afford all this?" Amelia asked in awe.

"Ah," she said, dismissing her friend's concern. "I told Daddy I wanted to throw you a party and he told me to spare no expense." She wrapped her friend in her arms. "My family is your family too," she whispered in her ear. "Now stop being such a grump and let's go have some fun."

Jules took off across the pool deck, executing a perfect swan dive into the deep end of the pool. She surfaced, holding her hand against her chest, trying valiantly to keep her breasts in her bathing suit top. "Whoops," she said when she caught Amelia shaking her head at her. "Kinda forgot I wasn't in my workout suit. Tie me, will ya?"

Amelia dropped her bathing suit coverup into a chair, and slid into the water next to her friend, helping her recapture her breasts.

"You should contain those things better," Amelia admonished her. "They're spilling out the sides."

"Jealous much?" Jules teased her.

Amelia had to admit that her friend had an enviable set of tits. Even though she worked out about twenty-three hours a day, her breasts seemed to continue to grow.

“Amelia?” Jules asked.

“Huh?” Amelia questioned, her cheeks blushing as she’d been caught staring so blatantly at her friend’s chest. “Shut up,” she said, flicking water at her friend.

Jules squealed wildly. She screamed, “Water fight!” and then about twenty people jumped into the pool. A massive water fight ensued, and Amelia wondered if Jules would have to refill the pool with more water afterward.

She was thankful for her loyal friend, even if she hadn’t expected her to invite their entire class to her party. It felt good to get out of the house and be surrounded by joyful people. For the first time in quite a long time, she forgot to be sad and just had fun. There were so many people there, she didn’t even have a moment of silence. Everyone made sure to wish her a happy birthday, even if she didn’t know who they were. Slowly, around eleven, the party died down, and only a few stragglers were left. Jules shooed the rest of them out by midnight and the girls both happily headed upstairs for the night.

AMELIA LAY CURLED UP on Jules's bed, the thick comforter wrapped around her body. She shivered against the cool breeze of the air conditioner, her body running on nerves and excitement. "You cold?" asked Jules as she stepped from the bathroom. She stood there, towel drying her hair, the rest of her body exposed. Amelia's heart quickened at the sight of her friend's toned body, her full breasts even more spectacular than she imagined.

"Um, just a bit," Amelia said, her body now vibrating beneath the covers.

"You look more than a little bit cold," Jules admonished. She threw her wet towel back into the bathroom, her wet hair hanging down over her breasts. "I'll warm you up!" she said, and she took a running leap onto the bed. Amelia laughed as she bounced, and Jules quickly scurried beneath the covers. Her friend wrapped her arms around her body, squeezing her to her chest. Even though Amelia was dressed in bedclothes, she could feel her friend's hard nipples against her chest. Her abdomen warmed at the sensation, her body never reacting to Jules in such a way before.

"Better yet?" Jules asked as she stroked her hands up and down Amelia's back.

Amelia nodded, too afraid to speak. She relaxed into her friend's arms, allowing the familiarity of her touch to bring her comfort. But when Jules slid her hand down onto Amelia's hip, she knew she'd never touched her quite like that before.

"Jules?" she asked, her words breathless. Her heart pounded so hard she was certain Jules could feel it against her breasts.

"Hmm?" Jules asked, as her hands continued to slide up and down Amelia's body.

"I, umm..." Her words were cut off as Jules lifted Amelia's leg, sliding it over top of her own. With her legs opened, Amelia could feel the throbbing at her center. She wanted her friend to touch her. She desperately wanted her friend to touch her. "I..." Amelia tried to start speaking again but she couldn't remember what words she wanted to say.

"Do you want to touch them?" Jules asked. She pulled the covers down, exposing her naked breasts.

Amelia sucked her lip between her teeth as she stared down lustfully at her pert breasts and hard nipples.

"Go ahead." Jules urged. "I want you to."

Amelia's hand slowly slid up from between their bodies. Her fingers grazed across the soft skin of Jules's breast, and her friend gasped at the sensation. A hot, swirling heat shot through Amelia's pussy, and she writhed beneath the covers as the lust for her friend bubbled to the surface.

Jules smiled at her, her full lips still pink from the hot shower. Her tongue ran across her lip, and slowly, she slid beneath the covers until her head reached Amelia's breasts. Amelia's heart pounded so hard that she was afraid her chest would burst. Jules's tongue reached out slowly, the soft warmth tickling against her nipple. Amelia's breath panted out, and when Jules grasped her breast in her hand, a moan slipped free from her lips.

"I... *uhhhmmm*," she murmured, her words getting swallowed as Jules sucked her full nipple in between her lips. Her tongue flicked against the hard bud, bursts of heat lighting up her insides. Amelia had never thought about Jules in this way before, but from the way she touched her body, she didn't want her to ever stop. She knew that Jules had plenty of boyfriends in the past, but now she wondered if she'd had some girlfriends that she hadn't told Amelia about. A hot breath of air burst from between Amelia's lips. Jules had slid her hand down between their bodies, and her fingers now gently explored the full lips of her pussy.

"Touch me too," Jules said from beneath the covers. Amelia tentatively reached for her friend, her hand first grazing against her shoulder, but then she slid it down her body, her fingers tickling against her breasts. Amelia loved how big they were—how if she wrapped her entire hand around them, they were still too big to contain. She squeezed lightly, testing how Jules reacted to the pressure. She discovered that what really turned her on was when she pinched her nipple between her fingers, for when she did that, Jules's mouth fell open, her breath panting against Amelia's nipple. Amelia then trailed her hand down her body, but she was unable to reach Jules's center. Jules realized what she wanted, and she slid up from underneath the covers, her face inches from her own.

"You good?" Jules asked. Amelia nodded, her lips pinched between her teeth, too afraid to even talk.

"I want to touch you too," Amelia finally said. "But I've never..."

Jules giggled, grasping Amelia's hand beneath the covers and guiding it to her warm, wet pussy. "It's okay," she whispered. "I'll show you."

She cupped Amelia's hand around her pussy, then guided two of her fingers inside. "Yes," Jules said, stroking her hand against Amelia's. "Just like that."

When Jules moved her hand away from Amelia's, Amelia kept stroking against her friend's pussy. She dipped her fingers in deeper, Jules's pussy growing wetter the more she stroked against her.

“Good?” she asked Jules nervously.

“Uh-huh,” Jules moaned. She pressed Amelia’s hand even tighter against her pussy, stroking her hand against her clit in pleasure. “More fingers,” she said. Her breath panted out. And Amelia’s pussy pulsed in anticipation of bringing her friend to orgasm. “*Oooohhh-ohh*,” she moaned. “Harder. Harder.” Her voice became higher pitched with each stroke of Amelia’s hand. She stroked faster against her friend’s pussy, sinking her fingers deeper inside of her. “*Oohh*,” she moaned again. “Oh my god. Em, you’re going to make me cum.” Her head dipped backward, her body shaking as Amelia pumped her fingers in and out of her friend’s pussy, pushing them as deep as they would go. She worked her hand faster, until Jules gripped onto her arm, stopping her motion as a scream ripped free from her lips. Her pussy clenched against her fingers and Jules came upon her hand. Jules’s breasts heaved wildly, and Amelia’s lust grew as she watched those beautiful mounds tremble before her.

Jules panted out heavy breaths, her body slowly relaxing from the intense pleasure. “Holy shit,” she said, smiling wickedly at Amelia. “That was awesome.”

Amelia smiled nervously, uncertain what her reaction should be. Her own pussy pounded in lustful eagerness. She hoped Amelia would touch her too.

“Ready for me to make you cum?” her friend asked with a wicked glint in her eye.

Amelia nodded her head vigorously, her pussy throbbing so hard it almost hurt. Jules slid down beneath the covers, and at first, Amelia was uncertain what she was about to do. But then she felt her warm breath against the engorged lips of her pussy, and her body writhed in anticipation. “*I—umm—*” Amelia stammered nervously. “*Ohhh*.” A hot burst of pleasure fell from her lips as Jules’s mouth wrapped around the mounds of her pussy. Her tongue stroked between her mounds, slipping into her center, tasting the warmth of her pussy. She licked upward, her tongue finding her clit and sucking it between her lips. Amelia gasped, her mouth falling open and panted breaths bursting from her lips. Jules continued to suck and lick and finger her pussy while she writhed in overwhelming ecstasy. An orgasm ripped free from her pussy, her body trembling uncontrollably, but Jules just flipped her onto her back, spreading her legs wide, and burying her head between her legs. Amelia didn’t know what to do at first, but then when a swirling heat spread through her abdomen, she spread her legs even wider, willing Jules to push her fingers deep inside her. As Jules licked against her throbbing pussy, she felt her fingers tickle against her center. She squeezed her eyes shut, hoping, *begging* that she’d push them into her before she came again. Her fingers tickled against her, slow and teasing. She felt her pleasure building, knowing that within moments another orgasm

would rip free from her body. Then, Jules slid her fingers deep inside her wet pussy, pushing them deep, pushing a heavy pleasure into her center. Amelia moaned, the pleasure so overwhelming that she threw her arms open wide, tossing her head backward. She bit into the inside of her cheek so hard she tasted blood. A scream welled inside her chest. "I'm..." she panted out. Jules pushed her fingers deeper, pounding them into her pussy as she sucked her clit into her mouth, sucking upon the soft mound. Amelia screamed, the wave of pleasure slamming free from her body like a wave upon the shore. Her pleasure burst from within her, her body jerking upon the bed as the scream of pleasure continued to let loose from her lips. Jules slowed her movements, allowing her to come back down from her overwhelming peak.

Jules slid back up from beneath the covers. "Good?" she giggled. Her lips curled in amusement at the wild look on Amelia's face.

"Good," Amelia agreed as she nodded her head stupidly. "Yes. Good."

"Hey," Jules said, looking at Amelia confusedly. She leaned forward, and Amelia sat up, suddenly nervous.

"What's wrong?"

Jules brushed Amelia's hair from her face, first examining one side of her face and then the other. "You're missing an earring."

"Oh! Oh, no!" Amelia exclaimed. She leaped from the bed, pushing Jules out of the way. "I don't see it. I don't see it anywhere." They continued to search through the bed but didn't find it anywhere.

"Did I have it before we started?" Hot heat spread through her cheeks at her nervousness over what they'd just done, but more than that, she desperately needed to find her grandmother's earring.

Jules shook her head. "I don't know. I can't remember."

"Well, try to remember!" Amelia's voice was high-pitched, becoming frantic.

"Hey," Jules said, setting her hand on her friend's arm. "We'll find it. We'll turn the entire house upside down if we have to."

"Yeah. Okay," Amelia said. She knew Jules wouldn't stop searching until her grandmother's earring was found, but still, a tear slid down her cheek. She'd been given such a precious gift, and already she lost it.

"Bathroom!" Jules announced suddenly. "Maybe you lost it in the shower."

Both girls hurried into the bathroom, shaking out towels and rummaging through the bathing suits that they had tossed aside.

"Shit," Jules muttered.

"Yeah. If I lost it outside, it could be anywhere."

The girls moved to the bedroom window, their naked skin lighting a soft blue against the light of the moon. They stared down in apprehension at the aftermath of the party. While all the trash was contained, there were still six full trash bags and an entire pool to search through.

“We have to find it,” Amelia said under her breath.

“We’ll find it. We’ll look until we find it.”

Amelia stared sadly out the window. She didn’t know what time it was, but the sun had set hours ago. The pool was only lit by a few porch lights and the soft glow of the moon. “We’ll never find it tonight.”

“No, Em. We’ll find it. We’ll search the pool and the yard and every inch of trash.” Jules turned from the window, grabbed an oversized t-shirt from the side table, and slipped it over her head.

“No,” said Amelia, stopping her. “Let’s wait ‘til morning. There’s no way we’ll find it in the dark.”

“Are you sure?” Jules asked.

Amelia nodded. She knew Jules would rush right outside and dump every single one of the trash bags out and dig through every inch of trash until she found her earring, but there was no sense of them searching in the dark. She fingered the lone earring in her ear, the metal cold to the touch, the warmth it once held no longer there. “I’m sure,” she said. “Let’s go to sleep.”

AMELIA ROLLED OVER, her mind slowly coming up from a deep and restful slumber. Jules lay before her, her face peaceful with sleep. Her eyes blinked slowly, and then, she woke, staring directly into Amelia's eyes.

"Hey," Amelia said, her voice sounding hoarse.

Jules's eyes flew open and she screamed. She flailed backward out of bed and thumped heavily onto the floor. She continued to scream, backpedaling until she had pushed herself into a corner.

"What is wrong with you?" Amelia asked. Once again, her voice came out harsh and deep, and Jules screamed even louder. Amelia brought her hand to her throat, wondering if the late-night swim had gotten her sick. "*Uhh....uhhh....*" her voice stammered out as her hand wrapped around a thick neck. "*Uhhh....*" She palpated the throat under her hand, feeling a fat Adam's apple. She squealed, her voice more a roar than a scream. Jules trembled upon the floor, trying desperately to cover her exposed body with her t-shirt.

Amelia sprung up from the bed, bolting into the bathroom. She slid across the slick floor, grabbing onto the sink to stop her motion. The power of her body twisted the sink. She looked down at the hands that almost ripped the sink from the wall, turning them over in wonder. They were large and powerful hands, nowhere near the size of her normal, petite hands.

She didn't want to look at her reflection, but she knew she had to. She squeezed her eyes shut, not opening them until she knew she looked directly into the mirror. A strong, handsome face stared back at her. She squeezed her eyes shut, then opened them again. The same unfamiliar male face stared at her, but this time, Jules stood behind her with a baseball bat in her hand.

"Whoa! Whoa!" Amelia exclaimed, pushing herself into the sink and holding her hands up in surrender. "It's me! Jules, it's me!"

"Me who?" Jules squinted her eyes, the bat held tight in her grasp, her muscles rippling with effort.

"Amelia. It's me, Amelia."

"Ha!" laughed Jules. "I think I know what my best friend looks like. And a big-as-fuck dude isn't it."

"I promise." Amelia made the mistake of taking a step forward, and Jules wound up the bat, ready to take a swing. "No, no," she said, taking a step back. "I promise. It's me. Ask me something. Ask me anything."

“Okay,” said Jules. “If you’re Amelia, how many times did I make you cum last night?”

Amelia's cheeks flushed pink, but she answered. “Two times.”

“Hmm,” Jules said, contemplating this outcome. “Still not good enough,” she decided. “You could be a peeping perv.”

“Am not!” Amelia exclaimed. But then she held up her hands in surrender. From the look on Jules’s face as she ran her eyes down her new body, she suddenly realized that since she’d gone to bed naked last night, she was still naked now. “Hey!” She held her hands over her penis, bashful of Jules’s perusal.

Jules shrugged nonchalantly. Then squinted her eyes in thought. “Okay,” she said. “Who was our second-grade teacher?” Amelia opened her mouth to answer, but Jules held up her hand, stopping her. “Not our substitute who turned into our teacher, but the teacher we started with before she transferred schools.”

“Oh... *umm...*”

Jules raised an eyebrow, certain the man before her was an imposter.

“Hey, come on, give me a second. That was over ten years ago. Shit,” she muttered. “I remember what she looked like. Dark brown, almost black hair. Super curly... Aww, come on, ask me another one.”

“Hmm, okay, half point for knowing what she looked like at least.”

“Thank,” said Amelia, but she wasn’t certain Jules was any closer to believing her. Hell, she wasn’t sure if she believed *herself*, and she was the one inside this body.

“Okay, I have another one. What happened to Amy Sickler at the sixth-grade talent show?”

Amelia remembered that one immediately. She had felt so bad for the girl. “She performed a ballet number and she tripped over one of the cords on the stage.” Amelia shook her head. “It was a beautiful performance otherwise.”

Jules remained silent but she relaxed her grip.

“Thanks,” Amelia said, relieved that she’d at least lowered the bat. “So, do you believe me?”

“I don’t know if I believe you. I mean, you’re telling me that you woke up in some man’s body, and that’s a pretty unbelievable story.”

Amelia nodded, risking at least standing upright, instead of being pushed back against the sink. From the look of her new body, she could have thrown Jules across the room with just one push, but the last thing she needed was to scare her best friend to death or risk a baseball bat to the skull.

"It's okay," Amelia said. "I understand that it doesn't make sense. But I promise you it's me inside this body." Amelia looked down at the body's strong abs, thick cock, and powerful legs. "It's a good body," she admitted. Then, a thought crossed her mind. "Shit! You don't think I'm like a murderer or a convicted felon or something do you?"

Jules scrutinized her. "Are you feeling *murder*?" she asked.

"No," said Amelia, a bit apprehensively. "I think I'm just feeling naked. And hungry." She felt a bit horny too, but she wasn't going to tell Jules that. She barely knew what to do with a vagina, she sure as hell didn't know what to do with a penis.

"Turn around," Jules instructed her.

Amelia slowly turned around as Jules inspected her. "You don't have any tattoos. You'd think that you'd have some tattoos if you'd been in prison."

"Yeah," Amelia agreed, turning back to her friend. "I think you're right. Maybe we could put up some lost signs or something."

"Are you crazy? Like you want me to put up some 'lost body' signs? Do you know how quickly the police would show up at my house? I'd be arrested by lunchtime."

"Okay, okay," Amelia said. "So what do you suggest?"

"What do I suggest? I suggest the first step is finding you some clothes, so you stop showing off that big, fat cock of yours."

"What!?" Amelia squealed. But then her eyes ran down her body, stopping at the bulge between her legs. "Huh," she said. "I guess it is a pretty decent-sized cock."

"Massive," Jules concluded. "And I've seen a lot of cocks."

Amelia rolled her eyes at her friend. "Well, you're right about one thing, I need some clothes. I can't go walking around naked. Then *I'll* be the one who gets arrested."

"Unless it's a female cop."

"Huh?" Amelia asked.

"You're hot as fuck. And that's what's going to happen to you if you walk around naked. You'll get fucked."

"Could we please stop objectifying my body?"

"Whatever. Spoilsport," she murmured. "Either way, you're not going to find any clothes that fit at this house. You're like a foot taller than my dad and..." Her eyes ran lustfully over Amelia's new body. "Like seventy pounds heavier."

"Shit. You're right. So what do we do?"

Jules turned, tossing Amelia a towel. "This will have to do for now. I guess we'll need to measure you and we'll go buy you something. At least I still have my dad's card. I bet clothes your size cost a fortune. Shit. Do they even sell clothes your size in a normal store?"

"I don't know," Amelia snapped, getting more upset by this situation by the minute. "I've never been in a dude's body before."

"Hey," Jules said, soothingly. "We'll figure this out together. Just like we always do. Okay?"

She reached out, placing her hand on Amelia's forearm. Her fingers kneaded into Amelia's new muscles, and Jules bit her lip, trying to quell the sensation rising within her. Amelia felt a warmth between her legs, and she looked down, tipping her head to the side in confusion as her new cock seemed to move on its own.

Jules's eyes followed her gaze, and then she laughed at Amelia's perplexed look. "You're turned on, honey."

"I am not!" Amelia exclaimed.

"Oh yeah? So, I licked your pussy last night. Made you cum—twice—yet as a man, it is out of the realm of possibilities, that I may still turn you on?"

Amelia pinched her lips closed, pissed that Jules was right. But either way, she had no interest in standing before Jules in this strange body with a hardon. She tightly wrapped the towel around her waist before her cock got any thoughts of hardening further.

Amelia's stomach grumbled audibly. "I'm starving," she suddenly realized.

Jules reluctantly looked away from the slight bulge beneath Amelia's towel. "Hmm?" she asked, absentmindedly.

"I said, I'm starving. My stomach is growling."

"Oh, yeah. Okay. Well how about I put in a delivery order from Sally's Diner?"

"Sounds good," Amelia said, her stomach seeming to rumble more by the minute. "Let's measure me for some clothes too. Just something simple. I don't plan on being in this body long."

She didn't want to say aloud that she was clueless about how she got this way and even more clueless how she'd *un*-get this way, but she knew from the look on Jules's face that she felt the same feeling that she did—she may not be getting her old body back.

Amelia followed her friend back into her bedroom, feeling weird and awkward in the space in her new masculine body. And from the way she almost ripped the sink clean off the wall, she was afraid to even touch anything.

Jules swiped through her phone, looking for the number to the diner. She glanced up at Amelia. "You're allowed to move," she said, as she caught her friend awkwardly standing with her hands over her chest. "Seriously," she said when Amelia didn't move. "Sit or something. You're making me nervous."

Amelia reluctantly moved to the bed, the only place to sit in the room. She sat down carefully, but even still, Jules bounced to the side when she put her whole weight on the bed. "Sorry," she muttered as Jules caught herself from completely falling over.

Someone answered on the other end of the phone, and Jules ordered two breakfast platters. She paused a moment, looking at Amelia. "Better make that three," she said, before hanging up the phone. "It'll be here in thirty. Think you'll make it until then?"

"Yeah," Amelia said, although, from the sensations coming from her stomach, she wasn't so sure.

For the next half hour, the girls decided to occupy their time by measuring Amelia's new body and ordering her a set of clothes from the local thread shop. Jules was on the swim team with the owner's daughter, so she knew they'd be quick and discrete about the order. Jules tried not to think about the heat that came from Amelia's new body as her hand had run up and down the length of her, and Amelia tried not to think about how tender Jules's hand felt against her skin. Hell, not only would she not know what to do with this body, she had an actual fear of crushing Jules if... She shook her head. She shouldn't be thinking about that; they needed to figure out how she got swapped into this body and how to get her old body back. She knew she could hide at Jules's house for the weekend, but after that, her parents would not be okay with a strange man telling them he was their daughter. And, even as cool as Jules's parents were, she doubted they'd take on the responsibility of raising a twenty-something-year-old man. Amelia would need to get a job and her own place to live and her parents... What would her parents think happened to her? A tear slid down her cheek.

"Aww, come on, let's not think about that now," said Jules, who forever could read her best friend's mind. She dropped the bags of food onto the counter, the smells instantly lighting Amelia's hunger into overdrive. She moved to Amelia, then without hesitation, she threw her arms around her friend's neck. "It'll be okay," she said. "I'll be here with you, no matter what."

Amelia wrapped her arm up around Jules's back, carefully squeezing her friend to her side.

"Ooh," Jules squealed. And Amelia released her.

"I don't know my own strength," she said. "Whoever's body this is, they take some serious care of it." She twisted her wrist, watching how the muscles in her

forearm rippled.

“*Umm... hmm.... yes,*” said Jules, who Amelia suspected was about to drool.

Amelia rolled her eyes at her friend, and then ripped open the delivery bags, diving right into the breakfast platter. They ate for a while in silence, Amelia quickly finishing one of the platters before starting on the next. She hoped the guy whose body this was would forgive the way she was eating. She wished she knew what he normally ate. All she knew is that she was voracious, and her hunger didn’t quell until she was halfway through the second platter. She finished the whole thing too, mostly just because she could. She couldn’t help that her new body fascinated her.

“Amelia!” Jules exclaimed, suddenly startled. “Your earring, it’s...” she tipped her head, uncertain. “Changing?” Her words came out as a question, for even though she’d already had her friend change into a man today, and that was certainly a first for her, she’d also never seen an earring morph into a new form.

Amelia’s hand flew to her ear, she grasped the earring, feeling it ripple in her hand. “*Arrgh,*” she squealed. “Get it off. Get it off!”

Jules hurried to her to remove the earring from her ear.

“Ouch!” Amelia exclaimed. “Ouch! Stop! It’s stuck.”

She rubbed at her sore earlobe, and Jules leaned forward, inspecting where the metal loop slid into her earlobe. “It’s like there isn’t a hole,” she finally said. “Like it’s fused into your ear.” She thought a moment. “Do you think it’s because the owner of this body didn’t have pierced ears?”

“*Umm,* I don’t know. I mean, if I’d been wearing clothes, would they have stayed with me or gone to him?”

“Well, I think you’d have woken up in your clothes. Not that I’m an expert about body swaps or anything.” Jules wrinkled her nose. “It would have been horrible if you’d woken up in your regular clothes.”

“Oh, yeah. Oh, that would have been awful. I guess if there’s one thing to be grateful about going to bed naked, that’s it.”

Jules chuckled. “I think you have two reasons to be grateful you went to bed naked.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Amelia said, still a bit embarrassed that Jules had made her cum twice last night. Her new cock tingled, and she placed her arms in her lap, afraid that it would get hard. She shook the thoughts from her head. “Whether I should have woken up in clothes or not, we still have the issue of the what...? A magical earring?” She winced, wishing she could pull the thing from her ear.

“Well, maybe that’s what caused you to lose your body.”

“Yeah...” Amelia said tentatively, trying to mull over this thought. “Maybe because I lost the earring?”

“But what would that do? Like the earring punished you for losing it?”

“No, you’re right, that sounds stupid.”

Jules flicked her in the arm. “Don’t say that. We’re talking about *magic* here. It’s not like either of us has had any experience with it before.”

“You’re right,” admitted Amelia. “There could be a million reasons I lost my body.” She cringed. “I really hope I didn’t lose my body.”

“Misplaced?” suggested Jules. “That sounds a bit better.”

Amelia sighed, her large chest blowing out a heavy burst of air. “Why would Auntie give me these earrings?”

“Maybe she didn’t know. I mean, she *probably* didn’t know. She wasn’t into all that voodoo stuff like Granny was.”

“Granny wouldn’t have wanted this to happen to me.” Amelia buried her head in her hands, her massive palms covering her face.

“Hey,” Jules said, tugging on her wrist, trying to break the grip she had on her head. “Let’s not think like that. Let’s figure this out. Okay? Amelia,” she said, still trying to capture her friend’s attention. “We’ll figure this out.”

Amelia pulled her hands away from her face, looking into her friend’s sorrowful eyes. She hated to see her friend sad. “We’ll figure this out,” Amelia said.

“Good, now let’s think logically about this. Have you ever seen Granny wearing these earrings before? Because I don’t remember them.”

Amelia wrinkled her brow a moment, but then she spoke. “No, I can’t say that I have. When I opened the box, I just thought Auntie gave me a pair of old, ugly earrings. I didn’t have any thoughts about Granny.”

“Okay...”

Both girls remained silent for a moment.

“I’m not sure if that helps us at all,” Amelia finally admitted.

“No,” agreed Jules. “I have no other ideas either.”

“And you definitely don’t recognize me?”

“No,” said Jules. “You would be someone I’d remember.”

“That’s what I was afraid of. I had this little bit of hope that I—he... that whoever I am had been at the party last night. Like maybe they found my earring and... I don’t know, they took it and we swapped.” She shook her head. “That sounded even more stupid when I said it aloud.”

“No!” said Jules excitedly. “That doesn’t sound stupid at all. If we’re going to stick with the theory that it’s these spooky earrings that caused the change, it would make sense that someone found the other one and that’s who you switched with.”

“Could we please not call my grandma’s earrings creepy?”

“Spooky,” Jules confirmed. “I said spooky. And earrings that change shape are spooky no matter who used to own them.”

Amelia tried to rub the increasing pain out of her forehead. This was all too much. She hadn’t even liked the thought of Santa Claus as a kid. A big jolly man that slid down your chimney and delivered toys all over the world in one night—to her, that was creepy. And magic-changing earrings were completely overwhelming. But she knew she had to power through this. She wasn’t ready to call it quits and keep this new body forever.

“What do you think we should do? Like, do we post a picture of me and hope somebody recognizes me? *Him*. That somebody recognizes *him*?”

“Yeah, I mean, sure. We could.”

Amelia gave a quick smile and Jules snapped her picture. Amelia took the phone from her, cropping the photo until it was only her face. She didn’t need Jules posting her naked picture online.

“I think our best bet is that somebody from the party last night found the other earring. And since you’re not in the body of anybody from our class, we have to assume it’s somebody’s boyfriend or brother or something.”

Both girls were silent, pondering this. Amelia felt weird thinking about what the life of this person was really like. Like, was he banging one of her classmates? And what if he was sleeping with somebody that she thought was totally gross? She suddenly felt icky inside the body. She abruptly stood from her seat, sending the stool clattering back against the floor.

“I’m sorry,” she sputtered, “but I need a shower. I need a shower like right this very second.”

“Okay, okay,” Jules said, holding up her hands, knowing her friend was about two seconds away from a freak-out. “You go get showered, and I’ll go pick up your clothes from Thalia’s Threads. They should be ready by now.”

Amelia hurried to the shower, and Jules couldn’t help but watch her as she left the room. She shook the filthy thoughts from her head and ran upstairs to get ready to head to the clothes shop.

"I HAVE YOUR CLOTHES!" Jules hollered up the stairs. When she didn't hear a reply, she jogged up the stairs and into her bedroom. Amelia lay on her bed, sprawled out and completely naked. "*Umm*," Jules stammered. "*Umm...* clothes." She held out the bag of clothes, squeezing her eyes shut and then squinting one open as she felt Amelia reach for the bag. God how she wanted to run her tongue all over her body. She was the most delicious hunk of man meat that Jules had ever seen in real life. She didn't care whose brother he might be or even if he had a girlfriend, she just wanted to touch his body and never stop.

"Uh, Jules?"

Jules looked up from her admiration of her friend's new body. She blinked like she couldn't remember where she was or what she'd been doing.

"Hmm?" she asked, absentmindedly.

"You're hot for me," Amelia said, admonishing her friend for her lustful gaze.

"Well, what do you expect?!" Jules exclaimed. "I was hot for you when you were a girl, and now you're.... *fuck*," she growled, "I don't know what you are or who you are, but you're hot as fuck and all I can think about is how many dirty things I want you to do to my body." She blew out a burst of shaky air, like her confession had been pent up since the first time she laid eyes on Amelia's new body this morning.

Amelia dropped the bag of clothes down onto the ground and Jules's eyes followed the discarded bag. Amelia could see her pulse pounding in her neck. She stepped cautiously toward her friend. Amelia's body was warm and slick from her fresh shower.

"Go ahead," she said when she stood before Jules. "Touch me."

"Amelia, I..."

"No," said Amelia. She grabbed her friend's hand, pulling it up to her chest, spreading her fingers wide across her powerful muscles. "I want you to."

Jules's hand trembled against her, her nerves seeming to send electric pulses through her body. Amelia smiled down at her, enjoying the way her friend's fingers ran lustfully across her body. Amelia slipped her hand up the side of Jules's neck, her massive hand engulfing her cheek. Jules's eyes burned with passion. She quickly pulled her shirt from her body, tossing it onto the floor. Amelia's heart pounded at the sight of her full breasts barely contained by her thin bra. As if her lips were remembering the sensation of Jules's nipples in her mouth, her tongue ran over her lips.

She was about to pull Jules into her arms when her phone dinged with a message. Jules looked down stupidly at her phone, so caught up in the moment that she didn't seem to comprehend what the sound meant. She blinked, her brain seeming to come back into focus. "That's my messenger app," she said, her voice quiet. She looked up at Amelia, sadness in her eyes. "I posted your picture when I left to pick up your clothes."

She looked back down at her phone, seeming too scared to open the message.

"Gimme," said Amelia, offering her hand to her friend.

Jules dropped her phone into her outstretched hand, and Amelia opened the message. There was a picture of her wearing one of the earrings. And not, man her, but regular body her, wearing an earring. "Holy shit," she gasped, the phone almost dropping free from her hand.

Jules took the phone from her, staring down at the picture. "That's you," she said, dumbfounded. "I mean, holy shit. We know where your body is. They're wearing the other earring."

Amelia nodded, her mind overwhelmed with emotions. Not a few minutes before, she could think of nothing else but finding her body, but now, she wasn't quite ready to give her new body up.

"Who is the message from?" Amelia asked, realizing she hadn't even looked at the message past seeing her picture.

Jules looked down slowly at the phone like the answer would suddenly change everything between her and Amelia. She was silent for a moment and she read through the message. "It's from Brent Waldren." She looked up and Amelia, who nodded, acknowledging that she did know who Brent was. "He said that his older cousin is staying with them and that he woke up looking like you." Jules showed Amelia the photo he sent, like she didn't remember what she looked like. "Anyway," she said, "Brent said he dumped his beach bag out this morning and the earring fell out of the bag. He was goofing with his cousin and put it in an old piercing he had in his ear from high school. They stayed up late playing video games and his cousin came back from a bathroom break looking like you. They both screamed for a bit, but then he says he spent the rest of the night kicking his cousin's ass at games because, and I quote, *Amelia must suck ass at video games because for the first time ever, I annihilated him.*

"Honestly," Jules said, "he doesn't sound all that upset. More relieved that at least he knows who has his cousin's body. He asks if we'll meet them at his house in the morning because he plans on killing Jake at Halo tonight." Jules shrugged. "Whatever that means." She looked back down to the message. "Oh,

PS- Jake said to enjoy his body. He takes good care of it. And, PPS- You're hot."

Amelia blushed. "Jake," Amelia said, testing out the name. "Hmm, okay. I see how I could be a Jake." Amelia wrinkled her nose. "I need to give this body back. I'm having too many thoughts that aren't my own. I can't keep it," she said, more to herself than to Jules.

"But..." Jules said, tentatively. "He did say they didn't want to meet until the morning..."

Amelia rolled her eyes down to her friend, who still stood topless before her. The outline of her nipples against the soft fabric of her bra stirred a heavy desire in Amelia's chest.

"I mean, if they don't want to meet until the morning, I guess that would be okay."

Amelia plopped down onto the bed, the mattress sinking beneath her weight. She looked up sadly at Jules when she approached her. "I can't go home like this," she said.

Jules moved closer, stepping in between Amelia's parted legs. Amelia could feel the heat from her friend's body, and she nervously looked up at her face.

"Do you really think I'd kick you out?" Jules asked.

Amelia slid her arms around her friend's back, pulling her against her.

"Even though you're now a giant man, I still love you just the same."

Amelia squeezed her friend until she squealed. She effortlessly scooped her up in her arms and tossed her on the bed. Her breasts jiggled wildly, and Amelia crawled down into the bed next to her. She pulled Jules into her naked body, her breasts pressing into her chest. "I love you just the same even though you're a teeny tiny girl," she whispered into her neck.

Jules wrapped her arms around her back, wiggling her body even closer against her. Amelia could feel her cock harden, and as she went to pull it away from pushing against Jules, Jules slid her hand down in between them and stroked her hand against Amelia's cock. Lights seemed to flash before Amelia's eyes as Jules's hand slowly caressed her.

"Do you like that?" Jules asked. Her voice was low and sultry, and it was all Amelia could do to not rip her bra from her breasts. She desperately wanted to taste them again, to capture her full nipples between her lips.

"I like it very much," Amelia answered. Her cock throbbed in Jules's hand. Jules slid her other hand down between them, unable to contain the massive phallus with just one hand.

"You're so big," Jules purred. "So fucking big."

Her body writhed against Amelia's, her body desperate to be touched, desperate to be consumed.

Amelia wrapped her massive arms around Jules's back, pulling her desperately tight against her. She gripped her ass, her warm pussy now pressing into her throbbing cock.

"Do things to me," Jules begged her. "Please. Do all the things to me."

Amelia slid her friend's panties down her legs, revealing her hot center to her. Amelia tentatively slid a finger between the warm lips of Jules's pussy, cautious to not be too rough. Jules moaned as she slid a finger inside of her, Amelia's large fingers fully penetrating her. She wanted Jules to come like she'd made Amelia cum last night. She wanted her friend to see stars.

She stroked in and out of her, sinking her fingers deep inside her. Jules stroked into her hand, and soon, her body was trembling, her pussy dripping as she came against Amelia's hand.

"More," she panted out. "I want you to fuck me. Please. Amelia. I want you to fuck me so bad."

Jules flipped over onto her stomach, revealing her pert ass to Amelia.

"I'll crush you," Amelia said, concerned over her size.

Jules moved, placing herself on all fours, her ass now sticking into the air. "Take me from behind," she begged.

Amelia crawled behind her, her heart pounding even heavier at the sight of Jules's pink, wet center.

"I just, umm, I just grab it and slide it in there?"

Jules giggled. "Skootch up to me," she said. "I'll do it."

Amelia slid closer to her, her fat cock now inches away from Jules's awaiting pussy. Jules reached down between her legs, gripping Amelia's cock in her hand. Slowly she pushed the fat, swollen head between her pussy lips, a gasp leaving her lips as Amelia's cock stretched her pussy and entered her.

"Ooohh," she panted out. "You're so fucking big."

Amelia's breath came out in quick bursts. The sensation of Jules's pussy wrapped around her fat cock almost overwhelmed her senses and she hadn't even moved yet. She was afraid to hurt Jules, but even more afraid that she'd cum before they'd even started.

Jules slowly, tentatively stroked against her, sliding her pussy along the length of Amelia's cock. She rolled her hips upward, which allowed Amelia's cock to fully enter her. "It's okay," she told her friend. "Go ahead. Fuck me."

Amelia carefully gripped Jules's hips and stroked her cock in and out of Jules. "I... it... it feels too good," Amelia said. "It's throbbing. My cock is

throbbing so hard.”

Jules giggled. “That’s a good thing, Em. Now jam that fucking cock into me and fuck me!”

Fire lit through Amelia’s stomach and as Jules sunk back against her cock, she gripped tighter into her hips. Her fingers sunk into Jules’s soft skin, and she rocked slowly against her.

“More,” Jules growled. “Fuck me, Amelia. Use that fat cock and fuck me.”

“I don’t want to hurt you,” she whined.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake. Jam that fat cock into me right now.”

Amelia rammed her cock into Jules’s pussy, her hips slamming into her ass. Jules squealed and then begged her for more. Amelia continued to pound into her friend’s pussy, harder and harder and deeper until Jules’s body started to tremble with overwhelming pleasure. Her pussy clamped down onto Amelia’s cock and a feral roar ripped free from Amelia’s lips. “Oh my god!” she hollered. “I’m going to cum. Tell me where to cum!”

Jules’s body convulsed on Amelia’s cock, her orgasm seeming to go on for minutes. “Ahh!” she hollered with one last burst of release. Then she quickly moved forward, releasing herself from Amelia’s cock. She flopped over onto her back, sliding down toward Amelia’s throbbing member. “Cum all over me,” she commanded. “I want you to cum all over me.”

Amelia looked down uncertainly at her pulsating cock. It shone with Jules’s moisture, the veins along its length throbbing. Jules reached upward, grabbing her fat cock with both hands. Her skin slid easily against it with its slickness. She stroked Amelia’s cock, pumping her hands wildly up and down.

“Oooh shit,” Amelia growled. Her thighs began to tremble, her cock throbbing so hard it almost hurt. “It’s coming. I think it’s coming.”

Her head tipped back, a guttural moan releasing from her lips as her entire body seemed to explode with pleasure. With a heavy burst, her cock released pulsating rivers of cum. The thick liquid spewed from her cock, raining down over Jules’s naked, trembling body. Jules continued to stroke her, pulling out every last drop of her seed. Amelia blew out a heavy burst of air. She looked down at her friend who was covered in her hot cum.

“That was fucking amazing,” Jules purred. She swirled her finger through the cum dripping from her breasts. “There’s so much fucking cum.”

Amelia could barely see straight; black dots floated through her vision.

“You okay?” Jules asked, concerned.

“I... *ummm, hpffmm*,” she answered unintelligibly. She’d never had such an all-consuming orgasm before. And she wanted to have another hundred before

she needed to return this amazing body. "Can we do that again?" she asked Jules.

Jules laughed at the disorientated look on her friend's face. "It looks to me like you need a little break."

"But I need more," Amelia said. "I have to do that again." She shook her head wildly. "I'm not giving this body back until we do that again."

"Okay, there crazy-pants. We don't get to keep a stranger's body."

Amelia shook her head, trying to release herself from the euphoria of her orgasm.

"Amelia? Answer me. We're not keeping this body."

"I... I know. It's just... amazing. This..." she said tentatively, pointing at her and Jules. "This is amazing."

"Amelia, honey, it doesn't need to stop just because you give back this body."

Jules sat upright, the thick cum sliding down her breasts.

"I like you in your regular body too. I think you should remember last night."

"Yeah," Amelia said, nodding wildly. "I remember that. I want more of that too."

"Geez," Jules giggled. "Give a girl a couple of orgasms and she turns into a nympho."

"Do you think I've rested enough?" Amelia asked, completely ignoring Jules.

Jules looked down at Amelia's soft cock. She tickled her fingers against it. It writhed but didn't harden. "He needs a rest," she confirmed.

"Hmm," Amelia said, pondering this. "We'll eat, and then he'll be ready. Let's go eat."

Amelia leaped from the bed, grabbing her bag of new clothes and heading to the shower. "We'll go eat," she hollered from the bathroom. "And then we'll do that again." She paused for a moment. "And then again after that!"

Jules chuckled at her friend's new eagerness for life. It was nice seeing her not so sad anymore. She thought maybe she had a magical pussy that had fixed all that, but then she decided that maybe it was because she and Amelia had been best friends forever and were a perfect match no matter what they looked like. She liked that thought even better.

With thick rivers of cum sliding from her body, she hurried into the bathroom, jumping into the shower with Amelia, eager to enjoy every moment of their lives together, no matter what.

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PREVIEW CUPID'S VALENTINE

FUTANARI FANTASY ROMANCE

Eros, the Greek God of Love, roams the earth as the sexy **Cupid**, a man destined to spend his days shooting humans with his magic golden arrows, matching them with their true loves. As yet another **Valentine's Day** approaches, Cupid grows frustrated with his job, sick of finding love for others.

Through a simple mistake, he's forced to right a wrong, throwing a beautiful woman into his life, a woman whose true love he's forced to find. But Cupid soon realizes the woman **is different in ways he'd never imagined.**

Will the God of Love perform his godly duties, or decide to keep this woman all to himself?

CHAPTER ONE

THE MAN BLEW OUT A heavy breath of frustration. His thin, silk boxers rode up his thickly muscled legs as he plopped quite unceremoniously onto the park bench. He wiggled his silky shorts down, trying to maintain what was left of his dignity as a beautiful woman walked by, dressed in a perfectly tailored business suit, a leather briefcase in her hands. She wiggled her fingers at him.

“Hey, Cupid,” she purred.

Cupid smiled and lifted a hand in greeting, but there was no emotion behind his gesture. A normal man would be leaping off the bench to go greet the woman, but Cupid knew she wanted nothing to do with him; she just wanted his gold, pointy arrow jabbed in her ass. And no, it’s not what you’re thinking. She wanted to be shot by a *literal* arrow, Cupid’s magic arrow that gives you your true love.

Cupid—or Aros to his friends—grumbled under his breath and adjusted his white silk shorts once again as the dammed things managed to slide themselves into his butt crack even further. He wrapped his long trench coat over his muscular frame, not because he felt the brisk winter air swirling over him, but because he was sick and tired of walking around town in nothing but his white boxers. He’d begged his mother, Aphrodite, to allow him to wear something else, but he got the speech filled with *time-honored tradition*, *blah blah* like he always did. “Well, times have changed, mother!” he hollered toward the sky.

A man with his daughter skirted around the belligerent Cupid, and he didn’t blame them. He’d been extra ornery lately. Of course, it was almost Valentine’s Day. The day for Cupid. But nothing sucked worse than a single Cupid. Single for his thirty-fourth Valentines.

And why couldn’t Cupid just go stab him his own woman? Well, the dammed arrows didn’t work that way. Cupid was forbidden from shooting himself a soul mate. He could not have true and direct intent when bagging himself a mate. She needed to come to him. And guess what, no woman in her right mind approached a grown-ass man wandering around in nothing but silk boxers with a golden bow and arrow strung to his back.

His knuckles burned as he gripped the bow, anger and frustration, and... sadness coursing through his body. He knew his cheeks glowed red, they always did when he was upset, like a little beacon into his emotions. He tried to relax, releasing the grip on his bow.

“*Hey-ey*,” came a sing-song voice, startling him. He turned to the voice at the same time his hand slipped off his bow. A golden arrow shot out, past the woman standing next to him, and across the park.

“For the love of the gods,” he groaned. He jumped to his feet, startling the woman before him. “*Umm... gotta go!*” he exclaimed. “People to shoot and love to bring!”

He scurried off across the park, his golden quiver bouncing against his back as he picked up his pace, jogging across the grassy knoll and toward the shops where he’d last seen his arrow heading.

He stopped dead in his tracks once he hit the sidewalk. There, on a raised platform in front of Sally’s Playtime Boutique, stood a row of women, all dressed like.... presents.

Bright red silk ribbons wrapped their bodies, their arms currently poised above their heads like mannequins on display. The two women on the left held their pose, but the woman on the right looked confused. She’d twisted her body around, her pert backside facing the street. The cute little ass, wrapped as a present, currently held Cupid’s golden arrow.

She appeared bewildered at the sight, like she tried to work through the thought of if she’d last remembered her ass with an arrow in it or not. Cupid stepped forward, ripping the magical arrow from her bottom.

“Umm, thanks,” she said, shaking her head like he’d just knocked her out of a trace. Her doe-like brown eyes stared down warmly at him.

“Yeah, *ummm...* you better come with me.” Cupid grabbed her by the wrist, pulling her down off the platform.

She stumbled as her legs could barely move with the thick, red ribbon wrapped around her. There wasn’t much left to the imagination, and Cupid turned from her as she tried to settle the ribbon back down over her hips.

He desperately searched the streets, trying to find a suitable mate for the woman he’d just shot. Too many women with children and too many people who just didn’t seem right for her.

Right for her? He’d only just met her. He tried to clear his mind. He tried to erase the memory of her full breasts pulled tight with the silky red ribbon. He tried to ignore the curious doe eyes he felt staring at his back. *Think. Think. Find her a partner.* He squeezed his eyes shut, readying to open them and shoot the first single person he saw when he felt a tap on his shoulder.

He opened his eyes, turning to the girl behind him. “Excuse me,” she said, her arms wrapped around her middle, her breasts spilling across her arms. “Shouldn’t I have a say in this?”

"I need to find you a partner. I can't just shoot you; that's not how this works."

"Did you... did you find my soul mate?" she asked, nervously.

Cupid wrinkled his brow, afraid of his confession. "I..." he didn't want to disappoint the woman who stood before him, the woman who stared at him expectantly with those big brown eyes, but he had to tell her the truth. "It was kind of an accident."

She jammed her hands on her hips, her barely contained breasts jiggling with the movement. "You did what?" she asked loudly.

"*Shh...*" Cupid said, wishing she'd keep her voice down. "You'll get me in trouble."

"Oh, *I'll* get *you* in trouble?" she said haughtily. "It seems to me that *you* got *yourself* in trouble."

Cupid opened his mouth to speak but she pulled his bow from his hands, startling him with her boldness.

"You will not shoot a random person as my soul mate," she said angrily.

"You can't take my bow!" Cupid exclaimed, trying to reach behind her and retrieve his magical weapon.

She slapped his hand away from her, taking a step back from him.

Cupid grumbled. He was going to be in so much trouble. It was Valentine's season for the gods' sake. He couldn't walk around without his bow.

"Okay," he said, holding up his hands in surrender. "I'm sorry for accidentally shooting you with my arrow."

"Good," she said. "I accept your apology."

Cupid held out his hand and she just stared down at his empty palm.

"What?" she asked after a moment.

"*Umm...*" Cupid said. "I need my bow."

"Absolutely not," she said. She shuffled her tied body behind the platform, pulling out a long wool coat. She slipped into the coat before reaching beneath it and shimmying the red ribbon up her thighs. After a couple of tugs and a few incoherent mutterings, she whipped the long ribbon out from underneath her coat. After relieving herself of her bondage, she moved forward, standing toe to toe with Cupid. Even though he stood at least a foot taller than her, her presence almost made him step backward. "You will not be getting your bow back until you find me a proper mate."

Cupid's mouth fell open, but then he closed it. He should have just shot the first single person he saw after he shot her, and then he wouldn't be in this mess.

"It's just that... I find people their soul mates and *then* I shoot them with my arrows. It just doesn't work the other way around. The next arrow is set for your mate. I won't be able to use my bow until I find a..." Cupid looked down at the woman, wondering, hoping that it was a man she was looking for. *Shut up*, he told himself. *It doesn't matter to you. You're not part of the competition.* "Man?" Cupid finally asked.

The woman nodded slowly, her eyes never leaving Cupid's.

"Okay," Cupid said. "I promise I won't shoot any arrows until we've found your soul mate."

"Good," said the woman, her eyes lighting with excitement. She reluctantly handed Cupid his bow, her excitement seeming to suddenly shatter into nerves.

"It's not painful," Cupid said, seeing the fear on the woman's face. He shrugged. "I've already shot you. Now we just need to find the man you're supposed to be with." He looked down, his eyes trailing over the delicate features of her face. She really was beautiful. "It shouldn't be that hard of a task."

"Yeah," said the woman, her voice soft.

Cupid nodded to her, and turned to leave, happy he'd at least recovered his bow from the woman. He'd gotten a few feet down the sidewalk when he realized he was being followed.

He turned, looking down at the clunky high heels on the woman's feet. *Man, she could stomp—*

She cleared her throat, and his eyes rose to her face.

"What are you doing?" she asked him.

"What are *you* doing?' he countered.

"I'm following you," she said.

Cupid snorted. "I hope you weren't trying to be stealthy in those damn loud shoes."

She scowled at him. "What's your problem? Shouldn't the man who brings people love be a bit more cheerful?"

No, Cupid thought, but he kept the words to himself. He was just grumpy knowing he'd spend yet another Valentine's alone. He knew he shouldn't be taking it out on the woman he'd just shot.

"Okay," he conceded. "But at least walk by my side so you don't look so creepy following me down the street."

The woman raised her eyebrows at him. "Says the man walking around town in nothing but silk boxers and a trench coat. You look like you're about to

start flashing people.”

Cupid grumbled. “Come on,” he said. “We can go back to my place. I need to make a plan.”

Cupid moved forward but realized at once that the woman wasn’t following him. He stopped, turning toward her.

“What’s the matter now?” he asked.

“Back to your place?” she questioned.

“Well, yeah,” he said. “I have a home.”

“Oh,” the woman said, like the concept of him living like a real person completely surprised her. “We need to stop at my place first though. I can’t spend the rest of the day wearing nothing but a ribbon.”

Cupid involuntarily laughed, but he quickly pressed his lips shut. “If you don’t have a change of clothes on you, what did you wear here?”

The woman opened her coat, revealing the matching set of a red bra and panties. She quickly reclosed her coat as Cupid’s eyes widened.

He swallowed hard, turning from her as he felt a stirring within his shorts. *A job*, he reminded himself. *This is just a job. Find her soul mate and you can get back to your life.*

“Well?” the girl asked. “We can stop at my apartment first?”

“Uh, yeah,” said Cupid. “Yeah.”

“So,” the woman said after they started walking toward her apartment.

“What should I call you?”

“Ahh, just Cupid.”

The woman giggled, her voice soft and cheerful. “I like it,” she said. “You certainly won’t get mixed up with anyone else.”

“You mean because I walk around mostly naked in the middle of winter?”

She tipped her head back, her laughter ringing through the streets. The couple passing them by stared a moment, but as they moved past, the woman slipped her hand into her wife’s, giving Cupid a nod and a smile. Cupid remembered them from five years prior. He remembered all the couples he helped.

He followed in silence as they walked down Main Street. Soft slush filled the edges of the street, the ground wet as the day had risen above freezing. Even the air itself seemed wet, and Cupid inhaled deeply, trapping the cool, moist air in his lungs. It’d been a while since he just took in the scenery. Usually, he was too busy sorting everybody into couples. But for now, he only needed to keep an eye out for the woman’s partner. No one else mattered right now.

“Hey,” he said suddenly. “I never asked your name.”

The woman looked back at him, her strawberry hair falling over her shoulder. “Do you know the names of all the women you shoot?” she asked, her voice light yet Cupid heard the suspicion in her question.

“Nah,” he said. “I suppose not.”

They continued on in silence for a moment more, before she said, “It’s Alexxia.”

“Hmm,” Cupid said, his voice low and throaty. He liked the way the name sounded. Strong yet feminine.

Alexxia turned down West Broadway, and Cupid followed. They seemed like an odd pair, so different yet the same, him hiding silk boxers beneath his coat, and her hiding red silk panties beneath hers. He couldn’t help but think back to the vision of her opening her coat, showing off the matching undergarments. He’d liked how soft her skin seemed to be, how pale it was against the bright red fabric. Cupid pulled his own coat tighter as his body warmed with thoughts of pleasure. It’d been a long, long time since he’d bothered to enjoy the pleasure of another human. Hell, the last person to even put the moves on him had been the bouncer down at St. Elmo’s Bar in Redhook. And he’d just wanted to convince Cupid to go looking for his true mate. Of course, the person destined for him was none other than St. Elmo’s barmaid. The fool had just been too blind to see what was right in front of his face. The last Cupid had checked, they had set a wedding date for the spring.

“Here we are,” said Alexxia as she stopped outside of a three-story brownstone with a set of steps leading up to the first floor. Cupid looked up at the building, seeing that it’d been converted into apartments some time during its long life. The buildings on this street were over a hundred years old, wrought with old memories and lead pipes.

Cupid moved to walk up the stairs, yet she held him back. “I’m good,” she said hurriedly. “I’m just going to change and pack a couple of things, and I’ll meet you back here.” Just then, a cold drizzle started. Alexxia wrinkled her nose, her dark eyes squinting in distaste. She sighed heavily. “Okay,” she said. “You can come with me. Just don’t...” she looked down at the god of love from the top step, eyeing him suspiciously. “Just don’t touch anything.”

“Cross my heart,” said Cupid as he drew an invisible X across his chest.

Alexxia led the way up the two flights of stairs to her apartment. Cupid couldn’t help it; he liked the way her legs sashayed in exaggerated movements. When she stopped at her door to fish her keys from her coat pocket, he almost slammed into her back.

He cleared his throat, looking around the third-floor walkup like he'd just been distracted by the house's décor. Alexxia unlocked the door, pushing it open to a large apartment. "Not bad," he said, eyeing her minimally decorated apartment as they entered the front door. The aesthetic was a lot more muted than he expected from a woman who'd just spent her afternoon decorated in nothing but a bright red ribbon. She turned to him, scowling as if she could read his thoughts.

"I don't always spend my days wrapped in red ribbon," she retorted when she saw the amused look on his face.

"That's—" Cupid pressed his lips together tightly. He'd almost said, *that's too bad*. He wasn't supposed to be hitting on the poor woman he'd just shot; he was supposed to be finding her life partner. She was already slated for someone else. He just needed to find out who.

After one last suspicious glance his way, Alexxia moved through the apartment, entering what Cupid assumed was her bedroom. He tried to distract himself with his surrounding as thoughts of her removing her coat to reveal her red panties swirled through his mind. He looked up at the ceiling, trying to logic out some sort of plan to find her intended partner and then move on with his life. Every minute his bow sat on standby was another person who wouldn't get their special sweetheart for Valentine's Day—and forever. Plus, the longer he spent around this woman the more distracted he became. He needed to get back to his place, back to familiar surroundings where he could think and figure this whole mess out.

Alexxia stepped from the room, her soft, strawberry hair pulled loosely on top of her head. A thick sweatshirt hung down over tight black leggings. She moved to Cupid, silent on her bare feet. "What are you staring at?" she asked, startling him.

She stared up at the ceiling where he'd been looking but saw nothing.

Although her sweatshirt was oversized and baggy, it did nothing to hide the swell of her breasts beneath it. Cupid pulled his coat tight around him, turning from her and toward the kitchen.

"Are you hungry?" she asked as she caught him eyeing her fridge.

His stomach took that moment to growl audibly, and a giggle escaped Alexxia's mouth before she covered her lips with her hand. "I'll take that as a yes," she said, her eyes lighting with amusement.

"We could just order takeout," Cupid said, unwilling to put her out by cooking him something homemade.

Alexxia waved her hand at him as she made her way to the kitchen. "No sense buying something. I can cook."

Cupid smiled, making his way to the bar stools on the opposite side of the counter.

“Nuh-uh,” she said as he started to lower himself onto one of the stools. “If you want to eat, you need to help.”

Cupid looked at her aghast. “I can’t cook!” he exclaimed.

Alexxia shook her head. “Another bachelor that can’t take care of himself.”

He opened his mouth to retort, but then pressed his lips shut. “I guess I could help,” he said.

“You bet your ass you can help,” she said, giving him a firm swat on his backside as he moved to her side of the counter.

The pain and the pleasure of her hand on his ass spread through his body and up through his face. He turned from her before she could see the red warmth spreading across his cheeks.

Alexxia started pulling ingredients from the fridge and piling them on the counter. She reached down, opening the bottom drawer, while Cupid watched her pert ass in her tight leggings. He noticed a bulge at the front of her pants, wondering if it was just the angle that made her pussy seem so plump. He turned his eyes away quickly as she stood with the last of the ingredients. “Like Thai food?” she asked as she dropped a container of bean sprouts on the counter and turned to fetch a jar of peanut butter from the cabinets.

“Umm,” said Cupid nervously as he eyed the weird ingredients. “I like the food they send me from the Thai Palace.”

Alexxia shook her head at him, amused by his seemingly innocent view of the world. “Well, lover boy, you’re about to make your own Thai food, so get chopping.”

She passed him a heavy wooden cutting board and a knife that put his golden arrows to shame. He set his bow on the countertop, careful that it remained within his reach. The last thing he needed was Alexxia taking it from him again. He sensed the girl was more than she appeared on the surface and that the sweet girl wrapped in a silk ribbon was just an act.

Cupid got into a rhythm with his chopping, and Alexxia had set to stir-frying the veggies in a big pan. “Soo…” he said after a while of them preparing the food in silence. He cleared the lump from his throat. “What is it that you do when you’re not wrapped up in a red silk ribbon?” Heat rose up the sides of Cupid’s cheeks. He hadn’t meant to make his question so sexual, but from the fiery heat he thought he saw in Alexxia’s eyes, she’d felt the same way about his choice of words.

She turned from him, going back to stirring the vegetables. She kept her eyes on the pan as she answered him. “I’m kind of in-between jobs at the

moment.” She didn’t say more, but Cupid remained silent, feeling as if she still wanted to tell him something. “My last boss and I, we had our differences,” she said. “I’m still trying to figure out what I really want to do with myself, but for now, I’m enjoying the temp jobs I’m getting from the agency.”

Cupid didn’t know what to say at first. She was hard to read. He couldn’t tell if she was happy or sad about bouncing around from job to job. He felt a tinge of jealousy over her freedom. He’d had the same job for his entire life— being Cupid.

Alexxia moved to him. She placed one of her hands on his arm, her eyes looking up sadly into his own. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“Nah,” said Cupid, trying to shrug off his discomfort. “It’s okay. I see how humans struggle with work. I’m content to always know I have a job.” Even his own words didn’t seem to ring true on his ears, but when he turned toward Alexxia, he smiled. He tried to turn the subject back to her. “So, what’s it like being wrapped up in ribbons all day?”

Alexxia’s face lit up with a smile before she turned back to stir the contents of the frying pan. “I like the attention,” she said. “It’s kind of freeing in a weird way. Instead of worrying that I’m being stared at for some bizarre reason, I don’t know, but up there, the point is that I’m there to get stared at.”

She shook her head, worried that what she said made no sense.

“Yeah,” said Cupid, his voice lower, huskier than before. “I can understand that.”

“Can you?” she asked, turning to him.

Cupid slid his coat off his shoulders, revealing powerfully muscled arms and rippling abs. Alexxia’s face heated and a warmth stirred between her legs. She thought she should turn from him, but before she could, he turned away from her. There on his back, right between two heavily muscled shoulder blades was a set of red wings.

Alexxia snorted, her voice echoing through the tiny kitchen. Cupid turned back to her, embarrassed by her reaction. She laughed, shaking her head at him. “You teased me for dressing up in a red silk ribbon and you have *actual* red wings on your back?”

Before he could stop her, she moved to him. “Can I touch them?” she asked in awe. Cupid nodded and then she reached up, stroking her hand down the silky soft feathers. “Oh my,” she purred. “They are literally the softest thing I’ve ever felt in my entire life.”

Cupid turned back toward her, his embarrassment gone as he saw the look of wonderment and desire on her face. Without thinking, he reached forward,

cupping her cheek in his hand, her face pressing into his palm as she rested it there.

She reached for him, her hands exploring his strong chest as he stood there only in his white silk boxers. Alexxia traced her hands down his arm, her nails sending shivers across his skin. His cock throbbed with desire, and he pressed his hand between his legs, trying to quell the hardness that threatened to overtake it.

She looked up at him, her lips parted into a soft O. He leaned forward, pressing his lips against hers. His tongue reached out, tasting the sweet and salty sauce on her lips. She moaned into his mouth, and he pulled her body tight, pressing her soft form into his own hard body. She suddenly turned her body away from him, breaking their connection. She tipped her head down, touching her finger against her lips. She swallowed heavily before stepping back from him.

"I'm... I'm sorry," she said.

"No," he said, his voice deep and husky with desire. "I'm the one who should be sorry. I shouldn't be mixing business with pleasure." He almost choked on the last word, wishing he'd kept his trench coat on so he could hide the raging boner he was trying to ignore.

And then, just to make things worse, as Alexxia's eyes trailed down to the bulge in his boxers, the front door of the apartment slammed open. Cupid's eyes widened in horror as he stood there exposed, wearing only white silk boxers, a massive hard-on trying to poke out of his shorts, and his wings unfurled on his back. The whole world was paparazzi now that all phones had cameras on them. He did not need this kind of publicity, especially around Valentine's Day.

"I can't be seen here like this," he hissed under his breath.

But Alexxia already had the same thought. She grabbed him by his arm, and he could only grab his coat before she hurried him into her bedroom, softly pressing the door shut behind them.

Just then he heard footsteps coming down the hall, a soft, feminine voice calling out for Alexxia. Then a moment later the voice called out in panic. "Your food is burning! Alexxia!"

They heard pots rattling in the kitchen and Alexxia turned to Cupid, fear in her eyes. Not just fear, but terror. "Listen," she said sternly. "I don't let people in my private space. Ever. Don't look. Don't touch. Just stay put and be good until I go talk to my roommate and I can get us out of here unseen. You will *not* show your face and you will *not* tell her that you're here to find my soul mate. Do you understand me?"

Cupid nodded his head, uncertain what else to do. Alexxia inched open her door, looking quickly into the hallway, before slipping out the door and shutting it tightly behind her.

Cupid sighed heavily, flopping down across Alexxia's bed. A waft of her scent stirred up from the comforter, soft and fruity, like a warm cup of hot tea. Cupid sat up quickly, scrubbing his hand across his face. It was too corny for even the love god himself to think of someone akin to a comforting cup of hot tea. He had to get out of here.

A low grumble sounded in his throat as he realized his situation. He couldn't just leave, his bow and arrows were sitting on Alexxia's counter.

He listened to their hurried voices as they disposed of the burned meal. His stomach still grumbled, reminding him that he hadn't eaten since the bagel he'd grabbed from the bakery early this morning. If he was going to sort this mess out, he needed to get out of her apartment. He couldn't think straight with her smells swirling around him and the thoughts of her lips on his. He was an idiot to kiss her. *Or had she kissed him?* Right now, he couldn't even remember. He only remembered looking down at her lips and then they were pressed hotly against his own.

He stood quickly from the bed, grabbing his coat and buttoning it up over his bare chest. He needed to leave. He moved to open the door when it suddenly flung open and Alexxia pushed her way into the room. "Where do you think you're going?" she asked.

"I need to leave," he said.

"Keep your voice down," she growled. "I don't want to explain to my roommate why there's a man in my room."

He raised his eyebrows. "You've never had a man here?"

"I just— it's none of your business what I do and don't do here."

Just then he realized she had his bow and arrow behind her back. He pulled it from her hands, looping the quiver over his shoulder, and holding the bow in a death grip. He wasn't letting that thing out of his sight ever again. He was already in enough trouble for one day.

"I'm leaving," he said, moving for the door.

Alexxia stepped in front of him, pushing a hand into his chest. "You're not going anywhere."

"Yes, I am," he insisted.

"You're not even wearing pants!" she hissed, before lowering her voice to a whisper. "You're not even wearing pants," she said, her whisper harsh between her teeth.

“Well, I don’t carry pants with me when I’m working any more than you carry clothes with you when *you’re* working. I can’t spend all night in here. I need to find you your soul mate so I can shoot him and get on with my life.”

Alexxia’s hand slid down from his chest. She stared sadly down at her feet. “Yeah,” she said quietly. “I guess someone getting who they’re meant to spend the rest of their life with is no big deal for someone like you.” She shrugged. “It’s a big deal for me though.”

Cupid left off a heavy breath as he hung his head. “I’m sorry,” he said. “I know it’s a big deal. Most people don’t even know it’s coming because I’ve already found their mate before I’ve shot them with my arrow. But you, you’re a bit...”

“Different?” Alexxia questioned.

“Yeah,” Cupid said, quietly. “Different.”

Alexxia raised her head, searching for something in his eyes. He wanted to reach for her, feel her soft lips on his once again, but he knew he couldn’t. She wasn’t for him. She was meant for someone else. He just needed to find him.

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