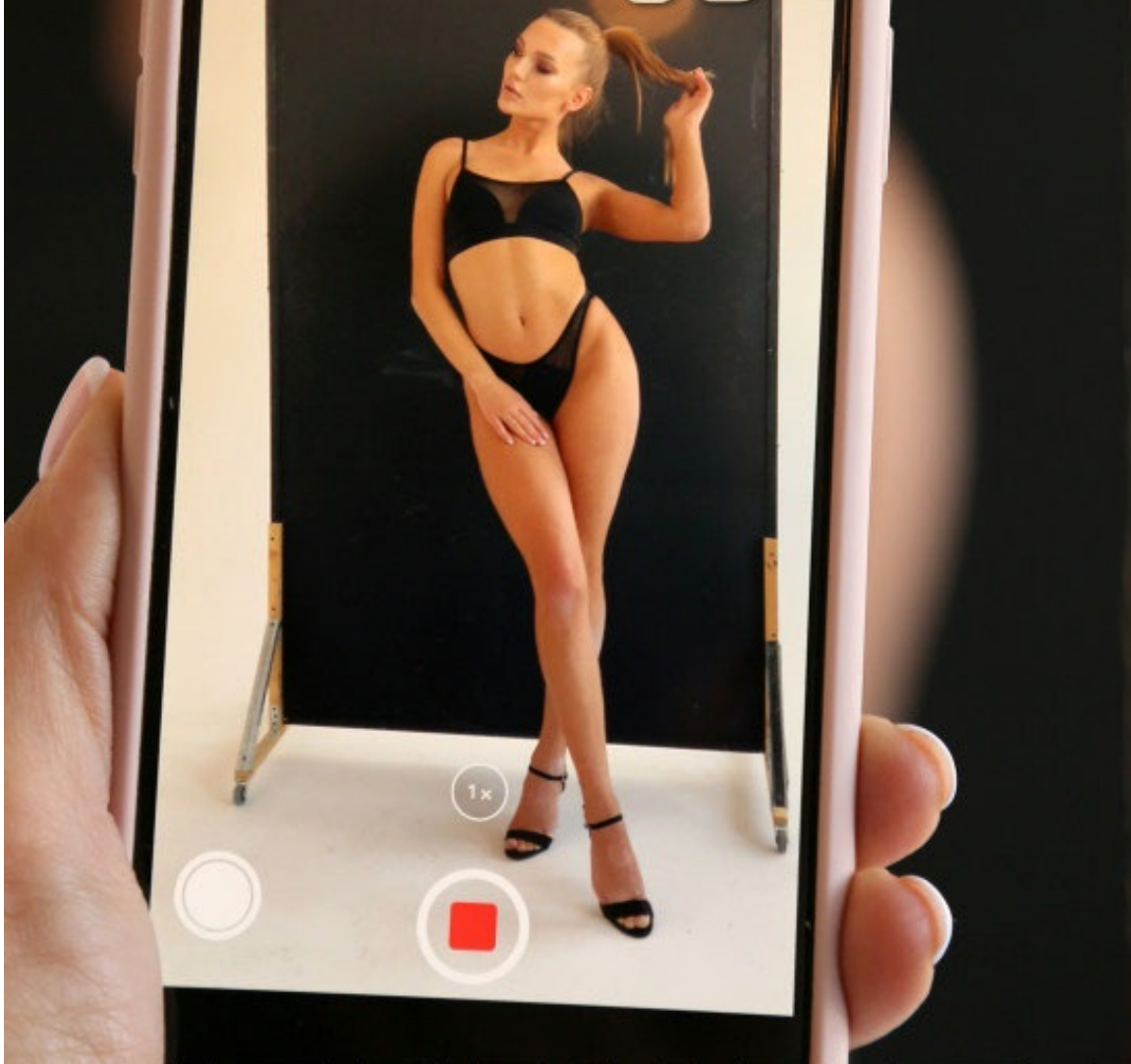


M2F TRANSFORMATION

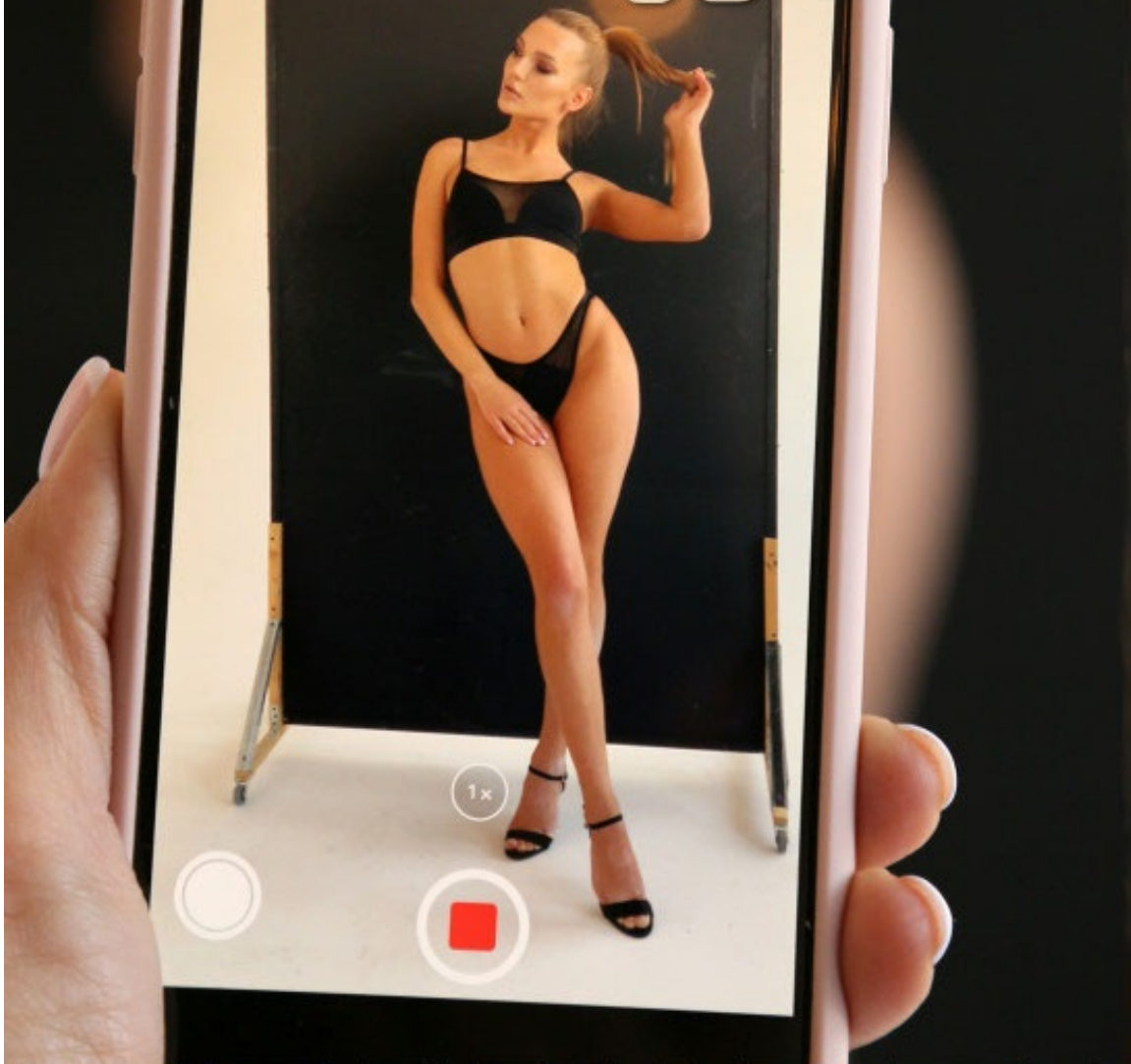
SIDE Hustle



MWILLS

M2F TRANSFORMATION

SIDE Hustle



MWILLS

Side Hustle

M2F Transformation

by M. Wills

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Side Hustle

Ben and his wife, Veronica, ate in silence. The sound of their forks on the plates was occasionally punctuated by a short comment about nothing in particular from one or the other. Veronica complained about the receptionist at her office. Ben told her about the irate customer he'd had to deal with on the phone. But mostly they said nothing.

As Veronica finished up she said, "Oh. You got a package. I put it on the bed."

"Thanks," Ben said nonchalantly. But his heart was pounding. He knew exactly what the package held and he couldn't wait to try it out.

Ben stifled his excitement and did the dishes as usual while Veronica got ready to go out for drinks with some work friends. Usually after dinner she would stretch out on the living room couch and watch whatever trashy reality show she was into. At the moment it was something about people working on a farm, and maybe one of them was a secret millionaire? Ben didn't really follow it. When he was done with the dishes he slipped into the spare bedroom he used as a study. His palms were sweaty with excitement.

Ben's life had become comfortable. Routine. On weekdays he went to work at the landscaping company and Veronica went to work at the bank. On weekends they went out for breakfast and to the farmer's market. Sometimes they'd go to a movie or out with friends. Ben and Veronica had been married for five years, dating for three before that. Things were normal. Very, very normal. Even their love life was normal.

Which was probably why Ben had been so restless. He still loved Veronica but he had a secret that, lately, had taken up more and more of his thoughts. Ben had always been curious about what it would be like to be a woman. Just for a day. Not playing dress up. Not getting an operation. Just one minute a man, the next minute a real woman. Something temporary but long enough for him to enjoy the physical sensations of womanhood. He longed to see what it was like to dress sexy, to have eyes on him, to caress his own softness.

It had started when he was young, a fixation on what it would like to be someone or other: his good-looking math teacher, the next door neighbor's wife, his friend's mom. All older women with maternal yet graceful figures, heavy boobs and thick waists. He wasn't attracted to men, though. In fact, it was probably because he was attracted to these women that he wondered what it would be like to be them for a day. To be able to explore their beautiful bodies. To experience the world through their eyes.

At some point as a teenager he'd discovered the picture websites and the story sites about men changing into women. The stories scratched Ben's itch for a while. He even wrote a few himself, though they weren't great. But now that he and Veronica were doing their own thing after dinner, Ben found himself pulled deeper and deeper into his fantasies. The once-in-a-while search for a story became the every day. Then twice a day. Lately he'd started sneaking into his room for a quick wank while Veronica was out running an errand. He would take his time, reading story after story.

If Veronica suspected anything was different she didn't say anything. Though maybe she was a little more aloof? It was hard for Ben to tell because he was deep down the rabbit hole. He didn't want to confront her. Didn't want to admit his fantasies because, frankly, he was embarrassed. What would she say if he told her he fantasized about being a woman? She would assume a whole lot of things that weren't true. It could break his marriage. Secretly imperfect as they

now were, Ben couldn't imagine being without her. So he didn't say a word.

But now that the package was here it could change everything.

The box was small, about the size of a case of eyeglasses, and it rattled when he shook it. With trembling hands Ben tore off the plain paper wrapping and opened the unmarked brown box beneath. He shook the contents into his hands: a pill box and a small page of instructions.

He set the pill box down on his desk and stared at it, rubbing his chin in thought. He'd been tracking the rumors for months until he finally found someone on the internet who sold them. Very rare. Very expensive. But they promised to do the impossible: transform him into a woman for a night.

There was a soft knock on the door and Ben turned, blocking the view of the desk from Veronica as she entered.

“Zip me up?” She asked, turning and holding her wavy blonde hair high to expose the gorgeous nape of her neck.

Ben grabbed the zipper and zipped it up, admiring the way she filled out the peach colored dress. Her wide hips were accentuated, and her heavy breasts hung just below the plunging neckline, seductive and alluring as her cleavage disappeared beneath the fabric. God, he still wanted her. Still wanted to be her. He kissed her on the back of her neck, inhaling her faint vanilla scent.

She turned and kissed him on the lips. “Don't wait up,” she said. Ben watched her ass as it swayed out the door.

He heard the front door close and forced himself to wait fifteen minutes in case she came back for something. The pill box sat on the desk in front of him as he surfed the internet, trying to occupy his mind. When he thought he'd waited long enough, he popped open the pill box and pulled out one of the little red pills. There were four in the box but the instructions said only one was needed for a three hour transformation.

Ben hesitated, the pill halfway to his mouth. What if this was a sugar pill, or worse, some sort of poison? But the reviews from other happy customers claimed it was real. Though reviews could be faked. He realized he could have gone back and forth like that all night, so instead he dry swallowed it and stood in the center of the study, wondering if he'd just done something foolish.

For a few minutes nothing happened. Just as Ben was beginning to doubt, he felt something tickle down the back of his neck. He reached a hand back to scratch and his fingers landed on something soft and silky. He pulled it around, stretching it in front of his eyes and saw that it was hair. His hair. Only he'd never worn it this long. And it was usually dark brown, not this glossy brunette flecked with gold. And it certainly had never grown as he stared at it.

Ben's fingers were filled with pins and needles, as though his hand had gone to sleep. As he stared at the lock of hair in his grasp, the fingers holding it elongated slightly and thinned, the hair on the knuckles receding into his skin, the nails rounding out, becoming slender and feminine. Similar changes were occurring up and down both arms as his muscles disappeared beneath skin that was becoming hairless and slightly plump.

His face wiggled, an uncomfortable but painless rearranging of his features. His cheeks grew slightly flabbier, his beard shrinking to nothingness. His eyes widened out, changing shape as his nose twitched and slimmed, growing slightly upturned.

Ben's chest began itching and he gaped down as two bumps pressed out from beneath his shirt while, simultaneously, he felt his flabby tummy trimming up slightly. In no time, his shirt was too tight and he yanked it off, causing two large breasts to tumble free. They were already heavy and maternal, traced here and there with the faintest hint of stretch marks. The pale pink areolae pointed straight out, each dotted with a suggestion of a nipple. He had a slight stomach and wide hips that were even now squeezing against his pants. Ben hurriedly yanked his pants off, followed by his underwear. He watched in amazement as the changes moved down his body. Soon he had a little mound and then his dick began shrinking, retracting into himself. In no time it was a tiny nub and then even that was gone, leaving him as smooth as a doll for a fraction of a second before a narrow indentation appeared, rapidly growing deeper, flanked by two pussy lips. His stomach rumbled as his insides rearranged themselves, ovaries and Fallopian tubes fitting into his body.

Ben's ass plumped out, grew into a rotund bubble butt before the changes traveled down his legs, morphing the calves, turning them into slightly thick but gorgeous feminine legs. Even his toes grew dainty. Through it all he felt himself shrinking, losing at least a head in height.

The entire process couldn't have taken more than thirty seconds, and when it was over Ben stood staring down at two swaying breasts and a gorgeous, plump body. He hurried to the bathroom, eager to see what he looked like. His ass swayed back and forth, tits jiggling from side to side as he walked. He rebounded off the side of the door, unused to his new mass, but quickly recovered and made it to the bathroom. Flicking on the light, he gaped at the image in the mirror.

Staring back at him was a woman who seemed to be in her mid-thirties and who could have been one of his friend's moms from high school. Amy. The one he had a crush on. He had a wide, smiling face with almond shaped eyes. Tiny freckles dotted his slim nose. His body was curvy and slightly plump, enough to give him a wonderful ass to grab and huge breasts to squeeze. It was, Ben realized, a body startlingly similar to that of his wife. Soft and maternal. No wonder he liked it so much. He took hold of a huge, dangling breast in each hand, gathering them up and fondling them. They were so heavy and amazing to touch as his fingers whispered across his warm skin.

Ben needed to get his camera. Needed to prove this was real later. He hurried back to the study, holding his tits to stop them from knocking against each other at each step. He grabbed his phone and set it up on his desk, facing the leather office chair. He pressed record and sat down, his eyes flicking to the camera where the “record” light was flashing and his beautiful body was onscreen.

Ben looked down at himself and grabbed a handful of breast. He kneaded one in each hand, fingers digging into his soft skin, enjoying the plump firmness of his amazing new tits. He held them aloft and they spilled over his fingers as he gripped them tight. He shuffled his hands forward until he could pinch each nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Fuck, it felt amazing, a slight painful-pleasure that caused him to shiver. But just as wonderful as feeling his tits being played with was staring down at his new body and realizing it was his. These were his tits. His adorable little pouch of tummy. His pussy growing moist as he fondled himself.

He slowly released his breasts and ran his hands down his body, feeling every inch of his warm skin. His breath came faster as he touched himself. His thighs grew warm, an urgency calling out within him as he enjoyed his new form. His hands slid down over his mound and tickled across the lips of his pussy, the light thatch of pubic hair wonderfully scratchy beneath his fingertips. Mmmm, he bit

his lip as desire flared within him. He pressed down, feeling his pussy lips give way as he penetrated himself, landing on his rubbery folds. Oh god, he was inside himself for the first time and it felt amazing. He could feel his own heat, feel the still hidden nub of his pleasure.

Ben rubbed gently, fingertips circling his hooded clit just as he'd done many times to his wife. Only now he could feel exactly where to touch. He bit his plump lower lip as he circled his fingers inside himself faster. His other hand returned to a boob, squeezing and enjoying himself once again. The fingers inside his pussy landed on his wetness and he spread it up, dragging it across the velvety folds as the pleasure grew inside him, making him almost ready to burst. He moved faster, sliding deeper inside his warm pussy, watching his fingers disappear into his slit as the walls of his cunt wrapped around his fingers. He was so wet, his fingers sliding in and out of his tight hole. The squishy sounds of his own pleasure hit his ears and he came, throwing himself back in the chair, raising his hips as he moaned and thrust his fingers fiercely into his sopping heat. The voice that came from his lips was throaty and needy, and the musky scent of his pussy filled his nose.

When the first crest of orgasm passed he doubled down, sliding in and out of his wet pussy faster, faster, now urged on by his body. His fingers dug into the soft flesh of his tits. The pain met the desire coming up from within and he orgasmed again, crying out as pleasure overtook him and he shook in his chair. He could feel the leather seat growing cold and wet from his fluids pooling beneath his fat butt, and that just made his pleasure all the sweeter.

When Ben was done, he lay back on the chair, breathing heavily. His legs were spread and he stared down into himself, spreading his pussy lips with his fingers so he could admire his shiny pink folds. It was everything he'd hoped it would be.

2

“Do you want to watch something with me?” Veronica asked a couple days later.

She lay out on the couch in her nightie, the TV remote in her hand. Her two plump breasts were just visible and he ached with the memory of his own heavy breasts.

“Uh, maybe a little later,” Ben said.

He kissed her on her forehead and went into the study, trying to go slowly and calmly. He closed the door behind him and pulled up the video of himself as his feminine alter ego and watched it again, stroking his dick as he did so. This had been his new routine for the past week. Watching himself watching himself. Afterwards, he sat and thought about how he could get Veronica to leave again so he could take another pill.

Lately, Ben had been teased with thoughts of how natural he appeared as a woman. Would others know something was strange? Was he even as attractive as he thought he'd been or had it just been the excitement of such a unique experience? As Ben clicked back to the beginning of his video, an idea struck him. He went to his favorite porn site and uploaded the video of his feminine persona, taking the time to craft the perfect description and add every keyword he could think of. When the video had been uploaded he refreshed the front page, over and over, until he saw the thumbnail of his gorgeous little body. A slight thrill went through him as the number of views ticked up to one, then two. Two views. Two people were watching him masturbate. Maybe as attracted to

him as he was to himself. But no matter how many times Ben refreshed the page, the counter stubbornly refused to go up any more.

Ben eventually joined Veronica in bed. She was curled around one of her pillows, her rotund ass pointing toward him, a sight that usually drove him to slip a hand around her and take her right there. But tonight he only had thoughts for himself.

The next morning when he woke up he went straight to his computer. Seventeen views! It was incredible. He wanted to jump for joy and run around shouting out the news, but there was nobody he could share it with.

Ben was distracted all day at the landscaping office thinking about the timing of his next transformation. He mixed up a few orders and had to reschedule some of the jobs. A customer got irate that her petunias hadn't been properly planted and Ben tried to placate her, but he was only partially listening to her rant. The more Ben thought about it, the more it became clear that if Veronica wasn't going out, then Ben would have to. He couldn't wait for her next work party or random evening with friends. Transforming in public was a dangerous and exciting thought and the more he considered it the more he felt he just had to do it.

That night, he told Veronica he was going out with some of the guys from work. As Veronica flipped on the TV, Ben went into the bedroom. He took out the pill case from where he'd hidden it deep in his t-shirt drawer and slipped a single pill into his pocket. Then he opened Veronica's closet and flipped through her clothes, keeping one ear on the living room in case Veronica decided to join him. His heart was pounding in his chest and his palms were sweaty. The pills had given him a body that looked like his wife's, and Ben hoped his wife's clothes would fit him or else he'd be a naked woman out on the street for three hours.

He grabbed one of Veronica's dresses off the rack—a deep blue one with a plunging neckline—and folded it up as small as he could make it. He added some matching flats. Then he raided Veronica's drawers, coming up with one of her 36F bras and some thong panties. He tucked the bra, the panties and the shoes into the dress and rolled it up, hiding it as casually as he could behind his back with one hand.

“Bye, honey,” he waved from the opposite end of the living room, “Don't wait up.”

She barely glanced at him. “Bye.”

Ben couldn't be sure but he thought he sensed something a little off about her. He heaved a guilty sigh of relief as Veronica returned her attention to the TV and he slipped out the door.

Ben drove to a nearby park and stopped away from the streetlights down in the darkest corner. There was a house across the street, but the windows looked dark and, anyway, the front yard seemed to be screened by thick bushes. Ben undressed clumsily in the confined car, thumping an elbow against the door here and a knee against the bottom of the steering well there. When at last he was naked he popped the pill and waited for the changes. Just like the first time, it took a few minutes to start, but the whole thing was over in a matter of seconds. This time he was ready, staring down at himself to watch his pendulous breasts form and his cock retract into his body, replaced with wonderfully slick pussy lips.

When he was done, he slid his wife's panties on over his legs, pulling the fabric

up snug over his pussy. He was flushed with excitement feeling his wife's panties nestled on his body. The bra was a near perfect fit—after he finally figured out how to snap the clasp shut—and he adjusted his breasts in the cotton fabric. Finally, he wiggled into his dress, contorting himself almost painfully as he twisted and turned, trying to get dressed without opening the car door. When he was finally done it was hot in the car and he rolled the window down. Adjusting the rear view mirror, he gazed at his delicate feminine features once more. Wide, almond-shaped eyes blinked back at him, filled with lust.

He pulled out his phone and flicked on the light, then started a video. On a whim, he suddenly started talking, making up a story.

“That's my house over there,” he said, jerking his head to indicate the house across the street. His voice was bubbly and high pitched and he pushed a loose strand of hair out of his face as he continued. “My husband's in there with some other woman. I should be angry but it's just making me so hot.”

Ben brought his hands up and began squeezing his breasts beneath his wife's dress, grabbing a handful of warm flesh and pinching his fat nipples until they hardened into tiny spikes. He continued narrating the story of what “his husband” was doing as he grew ever warmer and pleasure pulsed through him, finally ending with digging his slender fingers deep into his wet pussy and moaning like a whore. He came twice before lying back on the seat, waving to the camera with a shy smile, and then turning it off.

Where had that come from? It seemed like something his new persona would do. It was certainly hot as hell. But now, he had more than two hours before the pill would wear off. What better time to go out and explore?

The Oldtown Mall was a trendy strip of shops on a road that had been converted to pedestrians only. The old brick buildings were wonderfully preserved and filled with little local shops selling knickknacks, or old books, or Native American pottery. There was also the occasional high end boutique. The kind of shops that could only spring up in a low rent neighborhood like Oldtown used to be, likely to be driven out in the future by high end chain stores. Couples strolled arm and arm down a street lit by old fashioned gas lamps (now all electric) while groups of college kids cheered their team on from a nearby sports bar. A few families roamed the streets, their children running ahead and playing tag or hide and seek.

Ben took in the atmosphere, breathing in the crisp fall air. His dress swished around his legs and his breasts jiggled with each step. He was still acutely attuned to the differences between his new body and his old. But as he walked through the streets and stopped into a store here and there, he noticed how people treated him differently. More men unashamedly made eye contact with him. They would smile and he would smile back, his cheeks glowing, knowing that they were checking out his body when he turned away. It was different and strange being attractive. Ben would usually never be called handsome, with eyes that were too wide apart and slightly lopsided features. But now he was beautiful, and people—well, mostly men—were drawing his attention to that fact.

He reached the end of the street and stopped in front of the Cow and Spoke, an English bar. The murmur of conversation poured out onto the street from the dark, wood grained interior. It didn't look too crowded and Ben was about to go in when his phone went off. It was his alarm, alerting him to the fact that the transformation would soon wear off. He hurried back to his car and climbed inside just as his body began deflating, soft breasts dissolving into his chest, his hairy back and scraggly arms reappearing beneath the beautiful plump layers of Eva's skin.

Eva. Ben hadn't known until that moment what he would call himself as a

woman but Eva just seemed right. Soon he was back to his old male self, albeit sitting in his wife's dress. Her bra and panties dug uncomfortably into his body. He drove until he was nearly home, praying he wouldn't get pulled over in the dress. Parking down the street from his house, he twisted and turned to pull off his wife's clothes and change back into his own. He folded her clothes and hid them at the bottom of one of the reusable grocery bags in the trunk of his car, intending to return them later when Veronica wasn't home. Then he drove the rest of the way back to his house and trudged up the front steps to resume his boring life.

3

Over the next few weeks, Ben made more excuses to go out, reveling in being Eva. He bought a few outfits for himself. And then a few more. He stashed them in a box at the bottom of his closet. He recorded a new video whenever he was out, picking out a different location to masturbate in each time for variety. One time he recorded himself stroking his pussy underneath the table at a fancy restaurant as he nonchalantly ordered his food. Another time he fingered himself in a park, the bushes barely hiding him from prying eyes. Another time he did it quick and dirty in the mall bathroom. Each time he embellished Eva's story, giving her a little more character as he discovered what she liked.

Ben kept up his normal home routine with Veronica. If she suspected anything was up she didn't say mention it. Maybe she was a little more quiet. Maybe she shot him a strange glance or two. But as long as she didn't bring it up Ben could continue to pretend she had no idea. It wasn't hurting anyone, though he was going out by himself more and more, leaving Veronica home alone. Part of the excitement, though, was leaving Veronica home. In fact, it was leaving everything of his old life home. His steady, reliable, boring private life.

As Eva he was almost a showoff. He loved the thrill of possibly being caught, of fingering himself in nearly public places. He enjoyed being privately dirty but outwardly shy, giggling sweetly and batting his big eyelashes at the men who made eye contact with him. And Ben loved the vibrator he'd picked out for himself, assisted by one of the shop girls who talked about clit stimulation and g-spot vibrators so casually. Ben chose a little pocket rocket he could shove in his pussy whenever the urge grabbed him. Clapping his legs together he could hold it there, halfway inside him, buzzing madly as he quietly came.

The more videos he made, the more views he got from each one on the website. By the fifth video he averaged about a hundred views and decided to celebrate. Up until then, all his videos had involved him masturbating by himself, but Ben felt he was ready to try the next step.

Three weeks after he'd stopped outside the Oldtown bar he returned, and this time he went in. He'd bought a gorgeous cream colored dress that swirled around his body, clinging to his amazing breasts and his ass, before billowing out down his legs. He'd become comfortable in heels as well, and he now walked like a pro, enjoying the click clack sound of his high heels on the solid floor and the way it forced his cute butt to sway back and forth.

There was a moment of panic as Ben neared the bouncer waiting outside the door. If he was asked for ID that would be the end of this trip. But the bouncer just nodded and let him in, glancing briefly at Ben's breasts. Ben strolled inside and let his eyes adjust to the darkened interior before taking a seat at the bar.

Most of the tables were taken by couples or groups of people. Rock music filtered through the light murmurs around Ben as he ordered a Manhattan. He crossed his legs and sipped slowly, gazing around the bar until his eyes came to rest on a handsome young guy at the far end of the bar. The guy looked to be in his mid-twenties, and had a confident, mature air about himself, as opposed to the youthful arrogant swagger of the swarms of other young men. The young guy saw Ben staring and raised his martini glass, the corner of his lips tucking up in a smile. He had dark features and a solid jaw. The arms poking out beneath his casual short-sleeve button down were thick but not beefy. Ben met the guy's eyes and nodded, a thrill shooting through his feminine body as the young guy took it as an invitation to move closer, sliding into the empty seat next to Ben. Ben rested one arm on the bar and flipped his silky hair back behind his head as he gazed into the young guy's enchanting eyes.

“I'm not going to insult your intelligence by opening up with a cheesy line. I'll

just say I'm Will.” The guy said, holding out his hand.

“That, in itself, is a line, though isn't it?” Ben laughed.

Will shrugged, his eyes twinkling. Ben took Will's hand. Will's grip was gentle but firm, his fingers enveloping Ben's slender hand.

“I'm Eva,” Ben said.

Will talked confidently and Ben found his eyes flicking down Will's solid frame. He sensed something impish about Will in the way he spoke, the things he recounted. They talked easily, laughing and flirting. But Ben was conscious of the time in his body and determined to take the next step with his videos. Eventually, he stood and took Will's hand.

“Walk me to my car?” He asked with a wink.

Will followed him out of the bar and to the parking lot down the street. Ben had parked near the far corner, away from the other vehicles. The streetlights cast a warm yellow glow over both their bodies as Ben stopped at his car and suddenly leaned in to Will. Standing up on his tiptoes, Ben rested a soft hand on Will's hard chest and kissed him. Will was ready and willing, opening his mouth to welcome Ben's tongue inside. Will swirled around Ben's mouth, tasting the lightly sweet lingering hint of Will's cocktail. Will's arm wrapped around Ben's backside, sliding up and down. The warm touch sent shivers racing up and down Ben's body and he pressed himself closer to Will's form, his breasts now pushing against Will's chest.

As they kissed, Ben slid his hands down Will's solid chest, letting his fingers trace the line of Will's concrete pecs and the ridges of his abs, down to the bulge pressing beneath Will's pants. Ben giggled into Will's mouth as he ran his fingers up and down Will's hidden manhood, continuing to kiss and suckle Will's tongue. Will's hand slid down Ben's backside, over the swell of his lower back, landing on one of Ben's cushiony ass cheeks. Ben's body felt so warm, little tingles creeping up and down him as he was held fast in masculine arms.

Their lips still locked together, Ben unzipped Will's pants and thrust his hand down inside, fingers wrapping around Will's solid shaft. Will's dick was warm in Ben's little fingers and it pulsed gently, slowly growing as he stroked it. Ben pulled away from Will's lips and unzipped his clutch purse. He pulled out his phone and held it out, smiling impishly as he gazed into Will's eyes.

“Can you record this?” Ben asked, biting his plump lower lip and pushing his breasts against Will for emphasis.

“Kinky,” Will replied, taking the phone and aiming it towards Ben.

Ben got to his knees in the parking lot. His face was lined up with Will's crotch and as he tugged down Will's pants, the cock leaped out, solid and strong, pointing right at Ben's lips. Will was holding the camera down at his side and Ben smiled into the camera before sticking out his little pink tongue and licking Will's cock slowly from base to tip and then back down. Will's cock was warm and slightly salty on Ben's tongue and the shaft rested briefly on Ben's nose as he licked, eyes closed in ecstasy, showing off for the camera, worshiping Will's cock as he moaned. It wasn't all showing off, though. Ben's body ran warm with a growing desire and the taste of dick on his tongue set his pulse racing.

On impulse, he opened his ruby lips and swallowed Will's cockhead, slowly dragging his mouth down, down Will's shaft until it filled his tiny mouth and pressed against the back of Ben's throat. It tasted divine, the warm solid-heat throbbing gently as Ben undulated his tongue beneath the shaft. He pulled his lips off the cock with a wet pop, then stroked the shaft with gentle fingers as he gazed at Will's dick, shiny with saliva. It was gorgeous and all for him. Ben swallowed Will's dick again, thrusting his lips back down, staring into the camera as he pushed Will's cock into his cheek, moaning in ecstasy as he sucked Will's dick until his lips were concave.

Ben soon pulled back again and yanked his own top down. His heavy, bra-less tits spilled out and he grabbed them in each hand and wrapped them around Will's glistening dick. Ben rubbed his breasts slowly up and down Will's shaft, the cock disappearing beneath Ben's pillowy breasts, reappearing close to Ben's lips. Whenever the tip reappeared Ben licked it, the deep taste of precum hitting his tongue and driving his body on. He continued making Will's cock fuck his tits, ensuring that the camera caught everything as he drove his breasts up and down the warm, slick shaft.

Will's breath quickened and he groaned as Ben clapped his tits to Will's cock and jerked him off with his boobs, licking the head of the dick, swallowing more and more cock, until he was blowing Will once again while I between his tits. Ben's mouth wrapped around the head of Will's dick, his huge breasts gliding up and down Will's shaft until Will suddenly came. His dick throbbed between Ben's tits as he groaned. The head of Will's cock poked through the top of Ben's cleavage as rosy strands of cum shot out onto Ben's face. Ben opened his mouth, trying to drink it in even as it splashed against his nose and his cheeks and dripped back down onto his tits. It was degrading...and sexy as hell. Will's cum was salty and warm and Ben made sure to angle his face so he could capture every drop on himself for the camera.

When Will was done, Ben wiped the cum from his breasts and sucked on his fingers, closing his eyes and cooing as he swallowed Will's delicious jizz before

smiling into the camera. Ben tucked his enormous breasts back into his dress and stood. He took the phone from Will's relaxed grip and stared up into Will's eyes.

“Thank you,” Ben murmured.

Will nodded and stepped away from the car. Ben slid in to the driver's seat, giving Will one last look back before driving away.

4

The blowjob video sent Ben's views soaring. It was the first one to hit 200 views and the first one to receive a comment: wow hot.

Ben responded: Thank you!

After that he received more comments. Every response prompting someone else to chime in until he had a small but growing fan base, each eagerly awaiting the next video.

Ben spent more and more time in his study with the door closed at home, on his phone responding to comments at work, and out away from home at night. He made up excuses to Veronica: conferences out of town, long client meetings in other cities, late night drinks with other company heads. He pretended it was the landscaping business that was growing, when it was actually Eva's business that was taking off. Ben bulk ordered the transformation pills, filling the trunk of his car with boxes of them. He ordered so many that the distributor threw in some free samples of pills that could turn him into a magnificent beast of a man.

Ben tried these new pills once, transforming into a stacked ebony god with rippling muscles and a twelve inch dick. It wasn't anywhere near as exciting as being Eva, and he tucked the rest of these free samples away in his bedside drawer and forgot about them.

Ben eventually felt stifled on the porn site and a little annoyed. They were running ads on his videos and getting money for it. They were deciding which comments could and could not be deleted. Ben wanted more control. So he struck off on his own, paying someone to design a little website where he could do whatever he wanted. He began advertising, driving people to see Eva as she masturbated for them, or went out and gave blow jobs to random people.

Soon Eva's business rivaled the landscaping company. Ben rented a little studio downtown, decked it out with gorgeous furniture and upgraded his camera system. Every Tuesday he would tell Veronica he had a client meeting to set up a new merger, but every Tuesday he would hurry to Eva's studio, take the pills, and perform live in front of the camera, fulfilling requests and flaunting his gorgeous body.

By now he knew exactly what his body wanted. He knew how to glide his fingers down his inner thighs to grow his excitement, knew how to rub himself, where to touch his pussy and how hard, knew how to ride on the cusp of an orgasm for an hour as his pussy gushed and he dripped onto the bed until he finally came hard, legs locking rigid as steel as the orgasm blasted through him.

The first sponsor offer was a complete surprise. All Ben had to do was use and recommend their dildo. Simple. Amazing. It was a new experience thrusting such a large foreign object into his pussy but the pleasure was unreal, more intense, longer than anything he could do with just his fingers. More offers came rolling in. Ben quit the landscaping business but didn't tell Veronica. He still left for work every day as usual, only now his work was at the new studio, organizing the next sponsor, responding to comments, upgrading the website. After doing all the admin work he would reward himself by transforming into Eva and recording another video or doing a bonus live performance.

But as Ben's work life thrived his home life suffered. Veronica withdrew and Ben knew she sensed something wrong. She never talked about it but it always

hung heavy between them. The more Ben threw himself into increasing Eva's popularity, the harder he found it to talk to his wife about it. What would she say if she knew what he was doing? It was embarrassing to admit to himself, least of all someone else, that he much preferred being a busty, sexy mom over a middle aged guy. But it wasn't as if he wanted to be Eva for everything. Only for physical pleasure. Only for dressing up and being complimented and doted on. Only to fulfill a temporary—daily—fantasy. But he also liked being a man, being able to take a break from the makeup and the dolling up just to go out. Ben was confused about it himself, so how could he expect Veronica to understand it? It just seemed easier to not say anything, to let them both pretend that everything was okay, even as they became less and less intimate.

So he was caught totally unawares when, shortly after arriving in his studio one day, someone knocked at the door. Expecting another shipment of pills, Ben tightened the terrycloth robe around himself and opened the door. He was startled to find Veronica standing in the hallway. She had her hands on her hips, her face set in anger, though the slight tremble of her lower lip gave away her fear as she stared up at him.

“Veronica. Wh-what are you doing here?” Ben asked, adjusting himself in the doorway to hopefully block her view of the deep red satiny covers and heart-shaped pillows of the bed behind him.

“What are you doing here, Ben? Is this where you're keeping whoever you're fucking?” She hissed.

“I don't--”

“Don't lie to me,” she growled, her voice growing louder. “I found these in your closet--” she tossed a pink negligee at him, “--and I followed you here to

this...whatever it is.” She gestured to the studio behind Ben.

“Veronica, keep your voice down.” Ben cautioned.

“I'm not going to just stand here and let you run off with...who is it? Who's your big mid-life crisis girlfriend?”

Ben sighed. “Come in.” He said softly, opening the door wide.

Ben's sudden acquiescence seemed to take her by surprise. She opened her mouth to say something, closed it, set her jaw and stalked inside. Ben shut the door behind her and she stopped, taking in the setup: the multiple video cameras pointed at the circular bed, which was decked out with red satin sheets. The cables snaking through the room, connecting the cameras to the humming computer on one wall, the lingerie carefully hanging in the closet, the multiple sex toys artfully arranged on the nightstand.

Now it was Veronica's turn to be surprised. “What...is this?” She asked, gaping around.

“I..um...” Ben began. There was no hiding it anymore. “I...perform naked online. For money.”

Veronica stared up at him with her clear blue eyes. “You...?” She looked around the room again, then back to him. “Ok,” she said slowly, clearly still processing everything.

Ben took a deep breath. Might as well rip the band aid off quickly. “But I do it as a woman.”

Ben felt the change in her as she went from anger to something closer to confusion. “Oh. Oh.” One hand came up and twisted her bottom lip as she often did when nervous. “So, you dress up?”

“It's more than that. I transform.”

“You what?”

“I become a woman. For real. Inside and out.”

“I don't understand.”

“I'll show you.”

Ben went to the computer desk and grabbed a bottle of pills. He popped the top, pulled a pill out and swallowed it.

“This is going to look strange, but it's all real,” he said.

A minute later he felt himself changing. Veronica covered her mouth with her hands and her eyes went wide as Ben's body shrank and grew slender. The massive breasts pressed out from his chest, expanding beneath the robe until they hung down, heavy and ripe almost to his tummy. His face morphed, features growing softer as his hair grew longer. He could feel the pleasant shrinking of his cock and the expansion of his butt, ending with the new slit between his legs, the pussy lips rubbing together, already moist in Pavlovian anticipation. When he was done, he was the same height as Veronica.

“Holy shit,” Veronica said. She crept closer. “Is that really you?” She reached out and stroked his cheek, pulling away quickly.

“It's me,” Ben said in his softer voice. “I call myself Eva when I'm like this. I like performing. I like the attention. I've been making a ton of money.” Ben said in a rush, hoping to persuade Veronica that everything was still okay. “I've wondered what it was like to be a woman since I was a kid. And these pills let me do that temporarily. Haven't you ever wondered what it was like to be a guy?”

“Yes, sometimes, but I mean, not for real. Only in the abstract.” She couldn't stop staring at him, her eyes flicking up and down his body.

“What if you could do it for real?”

“Wh-what, you mean...like that?” She asked.

Ben nodded and hurried to the nightstand where he'd stashed the sample pills that had turned him into a hulking man. He held one out to Veronica.

“Try it,” he said. “Just once. You might like it. It's like a vacation from yourself.”

She took the pill from his hand and stared at it. For a minute it looked like she'd refuse. He could see her wrestling with her decision to stay and take it, or to storm out and leave Ben for good. Suddenly, she popped it into her mouth and swallowed.

“Now what?”

“You probably want to take off your clothes before you bust out of them.”

Veronica pulled off her top and pants, slid her panties to the floor and then unclasped her bra, freeing her pendulous breasts. She stood before Ben, her plump body looking delicate and cute. And then the changes began.

Veronica's blonde hair began retracting into her head. Her legs, arms and torso began expanding. She grew taller as her limbs thickened, growing taut and thick with muscle. Her breasts shrank and flattened, replaced with two solid pecs. Her skin darkened to a gorgeous shade of ebony. Fingers grew thick, biceps expanding outwards and now she towered over Ben, her face growing rough and masculine, with cheekbones that could cut glass, and a solid jaw. Between her legs a cock pressed out and she gasped as she watched it grow, becoming thicker and longer until it hung down against her thigh. Ben stared at it, his own body growing excited at the thought of having it inside him.

“How does it feel?” Ben asked, now having to look up at Veronica. She towered

over him, her masculine body powerful and thick.

“It feels...holy shit,” her hand went to her throat at the sound of her deep bass voice, the same sound that sent pleasant shudders through Ben.

Ben stepped closer and placed a pale hand on her broad, black chest. She was so warm as Ben pressed his breasts against her and reached up to cup her chin. Standing on his tiptoes, he slipped one hand behind her head and gently brought their lips together. Veronica let herself be guided towards him and she opened her lips to receive his tongue. Her hot breath filled Ben's mouth, tasting delightfully spicy. Ben's other hand slid off her chin and around her back, tracing her muscles gently. He felt her throb between his legs, felt her cock slowly stiffening, pressing up against his tummy. She moaned into his mouth, her rumbling voice resonating deep within Ben's sensual body and he grew ever wetter.

Ben rocked backward slightly to let her cock grow between them, then moved back to trap her dick between her stomach and his as it grew to its full length. Ben slid his hand in between their bodies, wrapped his fingers around the huge, hot dick and began stroking from the head to the base, his fingers moving up and down, her cock so impossibly large, especially in his tiny hands.

Her hands came up to his tits and squeezed. She pulled away from him and gazed down in wonder between them as she massaged his tits, her huge fingers gripping tenderly, pulling his tits to the side and letting them bounce back. She seemed hypnotized by his tits.

“Fuck,” she whispered, “I didn't understand why guys liked tits so much. But I get it now.”

Ben smiled and let her play with his breasts, her rough hands landing on his nipple and easing a sigh from his mouth as she squeezed. He closed his eyes, luxuriating in her touch, the faint spike of pain lighting the embers between his legs. Veronica's cock throbbed once between them and Ben giggled as it pressed against him. Now it was his turn to pull away from her and look down between them. He gasped when he actually saw her cock. It was enormous, the immense head pointing straight up to his face, the tip already glistening with precum.

Ben turned around and leaned on the bed, his ass in the air. He turned his head and wiggled his butt as he bit his lip, letting his legs spread open, his pussy pink and glistening just below the crack of his ass. Veronica stared at him in utter lust as a trickle of juice ran down his inner thigh. Fuck, he was dripping, he needed her dick.

He arched his back and moaned, "I need you so badly."

She was on him in a second, her hand between his legs, fingers slipping into his wetness. He cried out as she reached his clit and rubbed gently, her other hand coming up to squeeze his delicious ass, her cock hot on his leg as she leaned down to finger him. She rubbed rhythmically, circling his little nub, spreading his wetness over his pussy. He moaned again and shivered, cumming almost at once, raising his head and closing his eyes as heat blasted through him, gone all too quickly.

"Fuck me, please," Ben begged.

He felt Veronica's huge hands grab his ass, then her cock slid between his thighs but not inside him. She gathered his wetness on her shaft, teasing him, thrusting

gently across his pussy, tempting him with pressure. He drew in a deep breath and bit his lip. She was torturing him with pleasure. He was stuck on the cusp of orgasm, needing her to help him over.

And then there was a pressure against his pussy. It built as her thick cockhead pressed against his sopping lips, the pressure growing stronger before becoming something wonderful as she entered him with a long sigh. He groaned as she filled him, the velvety walls of his cunt gripping the welcome shaft as she eased herself inside, inch by glorious inch. Ben gripped the bed sheets in clawed hands, resting his head on the bed, his ass in the air. Oh, god, he was full, her dick so big and yet it still came, filling him until he thought he would split in two, stopping only when her groin was against his ass and the head of her dick gently touched his cervix. She was lodged so deep inside him it hurt with pleasure and he dared not move for fear that motion would upset the delicate equilibrium within him.

Veronica pulled out slightly before easing back in again, slowly increasing her rhythm as Ben moaned. She gradually sped up, Ben's entire body rocking back and forth, his tits dangling beneath him as he hung on. He opened his eyes briefly and looked beneath himself back to Veronica, saw his tit bouncing as she fucked him, her huge shaft disappearing inside him, reappearing wet with his own juices. It was such a distinctly feminine point of view and he came, vibrating hard around her cock. He raised his head and cried out, his voice harsh and guttural as pleasure exploded through him. And still Veronica kept thrusting inside. Ben needed more, more. He pushed himself back, impaling himself on Veronica's cock at each downthrust, urging her to bury her cock inside his small frame, deeper, harder, until he came again, smothering his cries into the bed. His body was on fire, a full bodied pleasure more intense than he'd ever known. And just when he thought he couldn't be any more full she came, gripping his ass and yanking him down on her cock as she came. Ben felt his pussy fill with her seed, hot spurts of cum throbbing into him as she grunted and he moaned, soaked in sweat, cumming a third time as her hot jizz filled him.

She seemed to cum forever, her dick inside him, spurting into him for a blessed eternity as Ben came harder than he ever had before, his voice unrecognizable as he screamed out his passion, and the desire burned him to a white hot nothingness.

When he returned to his body Veronica was still inside him, clutching his ass and breathing hard.

“Holy shit,” she moaned.

She withdrew and collapsed onto the bed. Ben rolled over, his body painfully empty now, and clutched Veronica to him, throwing a leg over her waist, his thighs landing on her sticky cock. His little body trembled every now and then with an aftershock.

“I hope you don't mind,” he whispered in her ear, “The camera was rolling.”

She shrugged. “No one knows it's us.”

It was the most popular video Ben had yet made. With Veronica as his new partner, their views soared. They explored Ben's body every way they could think of, recording it for everyone to see. They were both at ease in their new bodies, and more than happy to share their relationship with the world. It was an exciting and profitable new life for both of them.

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Thank you!

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

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M

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If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

Couples' Weekend (M2F Body Swap)

When my wife's best friend invited us to join her and her husband for a couples' weekend at their beach house, my wife and I jumped at the chance. But a special weekend away became even more extraordinary when they explained that we'd all be spending the weekend in someone else's body.

Copy Paste (M2F Body Theft)

A downtrodden young man finds a way to clone his mind into the bodies of fellow students and takes revenge on everyone by controlling them against their will.

Global Switch (Body Swap)

Follow four different people when they find themselves in new bodies as a result of a phenomenon called the Global Switch as they learn to love the new skin they're in and explore the full erotic pleasure of their new lives.

First Time for Everything (M2F Possession)

A body hopper uses his power to take a vacation from his high powered executive job and experience the world as a cute blonde. She's shy and self-conscious about her body, but the hopper teaches her how to wring pleasure from every inch of herself and fully show off her sexuality.

The Device (M2F Transformation)

Ken and George have been best friends for years. They're both smart, nerdy, and complete virgins. But when they find a mysterious alien artifact that can transform them into their fantasy women, everything changes.

Mommy Dearest (M2F Family Swap)

All I had to do was use this old body swap spell I found to swap bodies with my teacher in order to convince my mom I was a great student. Only, I messed it up and now I'm inside my own mom's body. Although, now that I'm looking at the world through her eyes, there is something very enticing about my curves. Maybe this won't be so bad after all.

Body Swap Mega Bundle (M2F Body Swap/Theft)

A giant collection of 10 previously published tales of erotic boy swaps and body thefts.

Arabian Nights (M2F Transformation)

Chris's new sister-in-law has always wanted a sister who's more outgoing and unafraid of her sexuality. With the help of some magic, she's going to turn Chris into the sister she's always wanted, and the woman he's always desired, whether he wants it or not.

Perfect Fit (M2F Body Swap)

Claire is an elegant housewife whose days revolve around organizing and looking good for her husband. Evan does odd jobs for cash while he goes through college. But his oddest job of all is swapping bodies with Claire and giving her body a workout. In every possible way.

Driving Her Wild (M2F Body Theft)

I don't want to caress my friend, don't want to run my hands along her soft curves, press our bodies together and drive each other wild with lust. But we're not in control anymore. There's someone else in our bodies, fondling us with our own hands, making us do anything and everything they want. And all we can do is watch.

The New Girl (M2F Transformation)

Drew is planning to meet up with his ex-girlfriend for a last one night stand. But she has other plans and soon Drew finds himself slowly transforming into the woman of his dreams: soft, sensual and seductive. Can he turn back into a man before the transformation turns even his own thoughts towards feminine desires?

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:

Little Miss Perfect (F2F Body Theft)

Student Body (M2F Teacher/Student Body Theft)

Hardbody (M2F Body Possession)

Long Live the Queen (F2F Body Theft)

Mother of the Bride (M2F Body Theft)

Reunion (M2F Family Possession)

Small Town Girl (M2F Possession)

Madam President (M2F Transformation)

The Princess Proxy (F2F Body Swap)

The Mix Up (Mother/Son M2F Body Swap) – Smashwords exclusive!

Training Days (M2F Body Possession)

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

**Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up
[Smashwords exclusive]**

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

Watch Me

Potions

Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Smashwords.com exclusive]

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

And check out these sexy story collections:

Enchanted

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Changing Minds

Taking

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories