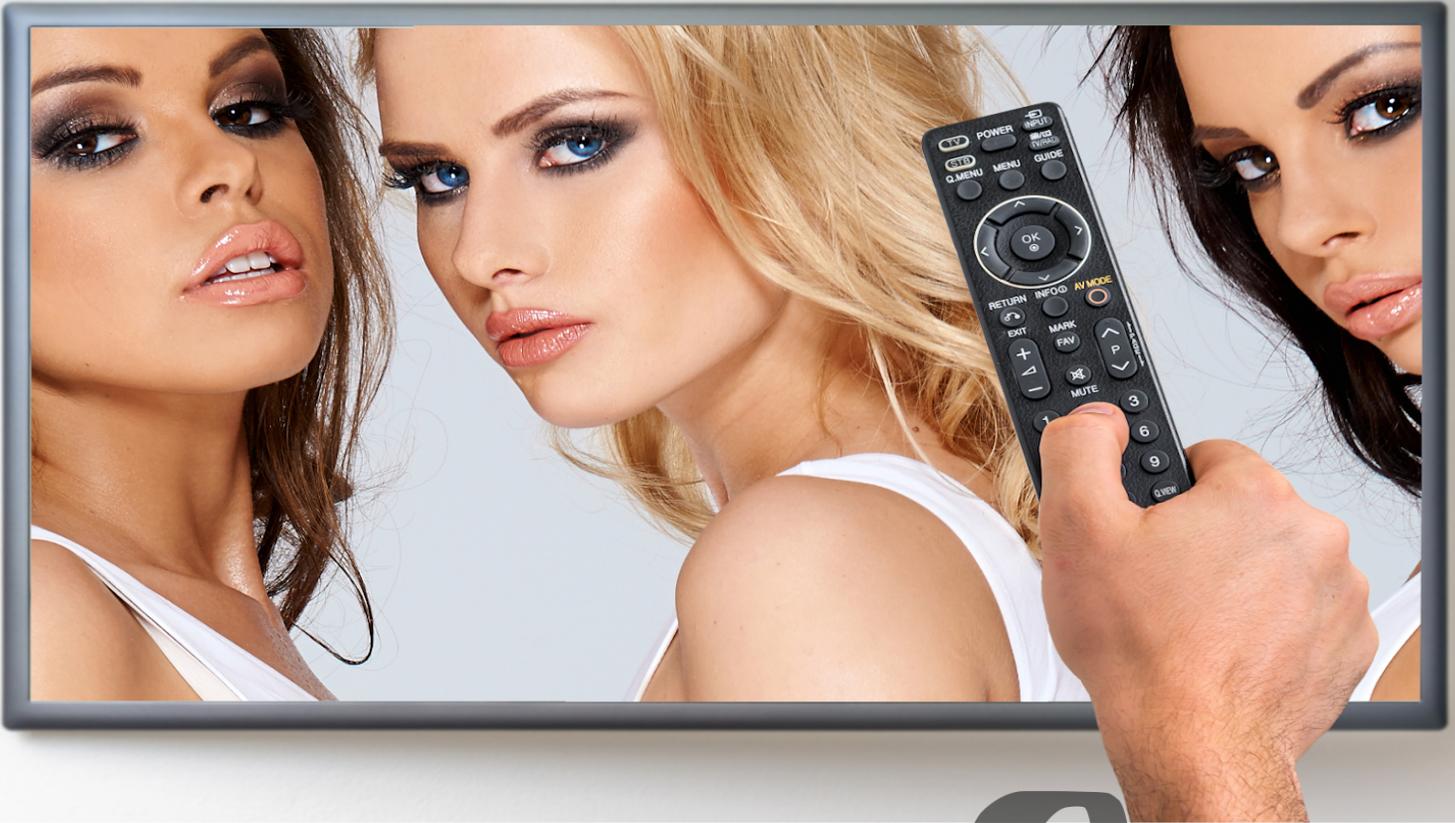


M2F TRANSFORMATION



SWITCHED *On*



M W I L L S

Switched On

Luke politely pushed his way out of the subway car as it rolled to a stop at the station beneath Seventy Second Street, sidestepping a little old lady with a cane and a group of bewildered tourists who'd obviously gotten lost. A few seconds after the doors closed behind him, the train rattled away down into the darkness. Luke made his way up the concrete steps, avoiding the bits of gum and chunks of what he hoped was just dropped food. He rarely came this far uptown anymore. In fact, he rarely came out anywhere these days when it was so much cheaper and easier to just do everything online.

He blinked in the crisp autumn sun as he reached street level. Pausing to zip up his jacket to keep out the wind that was whipping between the buildings, he shuffled towards the new mall a few blocks away. The neighborhood he was walking through was ripe for gentrification. The old tenements were still defiantly standing tall, as though the brand new shopping complex hadn't recently been constructed just a few blocks away. An occasional withered occupant of an equally withered building hung out on the stoop, eyeing Luke warily as he passed. A smattering of shops were still open, offering an eclectic mix of beer, porn and odds and ends. It was the kind of neighborhood that still had a place that offered to develop photos next to a small record store that had managed to survive despite all odds.

It was a good place for bargain hunters, and years ago it hadn't been unusual for Luke and his friends to come up here on the weekends, searching through the dusty racks of records before heading across the street to pick up some cheap goods from one of the pawn shops. For a group of poor college students, the effort of sifting through all the junk to save some coins had been well worth it.

Luke had been forced out of his apartment and on today's trip through necessity. The remote control to his television had broken, and his limited technical prowess (the ability to change batteries) had failed to fix it. There was a place online with a replacement, but didn't want to wait four days for delivery. What the hell was he supposed to do for four days without a TV when he wanted to take a break from the internet? One of the places in the new shopping center said they had a compatible remote in stock so, desperate, Luke trundled out to pick it up.

He hated malls. Hated the artificiality of the interiors, the gleaming altar to consumerism. To him shopping, like masturbating, was an embarrassing activity done out of necessity and best occurring behind closed doors. So it was with some relief that as he made his way dolefully down the street he happened to glance up to see a pawn shop with a television remote front and center in the glass display. And not just any remote, but one that was petty damn close to the one he needed. While it was odd to feature something as banal as a television remote in a pawn shop window,

Luke was grateful that it presented an opportunity to dodge going into the mall. And it was probably a hell of a lot cheaper.

The pawn shop was sandwiched between a vacant house spray painted with some local's poor attempt at a Banksy, a stenciled figure holding a molotov cocktail in the shape of a dollar sign and a corner bodega with Christmas lights still hanging in the window. Based on the month, that could mean the owner was either very prepared or very lazy.

Luke opened the glass door to the pawn shop and was immediately met with the smell of musty books and dust, as well as the faint hint of some sort of exotic spice Luke couldn't quite place. The shop wasn't much more than a small room holding floor to ceiling shelves crammed with all manner of things: old electronics, stuffed animals, books, ceramics. Making his way through the narrow path between the shelves of bric a brac, he eventually found a small counter, upon which sat an antique cash register and, sitting on a stool behind that, an even older man. Except for the man's clothes, which were dated but not incredibly so, the man behind the counter looked like a wizard straight out of a Hollywood movie: long white beard, wizened old face, smiling eyes. As Luke came around the corner the old man saw him and puffed up, no doubt ready to impart some words of wisdom.

"Pardon the smell. I just farted because I didn't think anyone was around."

Luke didn't smell anything terrible, and hoped that the old man wasn't referring to the faint smell of Chinese spices permeating the air, and which he'd been steadily inhaling for a good twenty seconds.

"Uh, that's okay," Luke said, taken aback. "How much is that remote in the window?"

"The one with the waggly tail?"

"Huh?"

"Nevermind. Bad joke." The old man pushed himself off his stool with a groan and limped over to the window, knocking aside some of the other items on display with a clang without seeming to notice or care.

He returned holding the remote in two hands like a precious object. "This is a very special remote with magical properties. It's a universal remote. Meaning it can control the universe."

Luke cocked his head, unsure how to respond.

"No, just kidding," the old man chuckled. "Another joke. It's a regular television remote, except for this one special function."

The old man gestured to a blue button on the bottom labeled "TR".

"What's that do?"

"Very secret," the man winked, "You'll find out."

Luke couldn't tell if this was another of the old man's jokes or not. The remote looked like a standard TV remote.

The old man continued. "The remote is ten dollars. The instruction booklet is a hundred dollars."

"What?" Luke shook his head. "Just the remote." He pulled out his wallet but the old man held out a grizzled hand.

"I really recommend you buy the instruction booklet. There are no exchanges. No returns. And this is a very complicated device. Instruction book tells you how to program and how to fix."

"No, thanks. Just the remote." He figured he could Google any instructions he'd need.

The old man shrugged. "Suit yourself."

He took Luke's money, mumbling something about the arrogance of today's youths. Luke picked up the remote and stuffed it into his jacket pocket.

"Thanks."

"Sure thing. Any questions, just figure it out yourself."

"Uh, right."

Luke shot the old man another quizzical look, but the old man just sat back and stared up at the ceiling, twiddling his thumbs. Luke returned back the way he'd come in, retracing his steps all the way back to the subway and then to his dingy little apartment.

After collapsing onto his worn leather couch, Luke pulled the remote out of his pocket and flipped it over, looking for a serial number or something. There was a name on the back: Watson 7TR Plus. A quick search of the internet on his phone didn't bring up any such remote, but he did find a few pictures of similar looking controls. He tried a couple of the setting up instructions before landing on one that seemed to turn his TV on. He flipped around the channels, trying the online apps just to make sure everything worked. Seemed okay. So much for paying a hundred bucks for the instructions.

Luke had randomly flipped through the channels and paused on a bodybuilder competition. Some impossibly fit women were strutting about on the stage. They seemed to be all muscle and sinews and fake tits. Not really Luke's thing. He was going to change channels but then thought about the strange button the man from the store had pointed out: TR. Curious, Luke looked down and thumbed it. There was a slight hum like that of an electric current zipping through his body, and immediately his flabby white hand was a taut, muscular hand, the skin a gorgeous burnt umber color with lacquered pink nails. He felt suddenly cold and glanced down to see why. His body was nearly naked except for a small yellow bikini. Two impressive, fake tits strained against his bra. His entire body was ropey, the muscles exaggerated but very definitely feminine. Thick, dark hair spilled down his shoulders and he felt something jingling from his ear as he whipped his head around. His eyes grew wide as he took in his new body, hands gripping his breasts quickly in astonishment. His tits were two solid things, bouncing only slightly beneath his touch. The bikini bottoms clasped a smoothness that hinted at the hidden entrance beneath. He dropped his breasts in shock.

"Holy fuck," he breathed, his voice deep and throaty and most decidedly feminine.

Glancing up at the television, he saw his doppelganger or maybe he was her doppelganger now? strutting across the stage. He watched her step lightly back and forth on incredible, long legs, then looked down at the couch to see that he possessed those same formidable appendages.

Glancing at the remote with wide eyes, he stabbed the TR button again. A help menu appeared at the bottom of the television screen: "Cancel Transformation?". Luke pressed the OK button, and instantly he became his old self again. He was back in his own raggedy t-shirt and jeans, his own thick fingers and unfit male body. Relief flooded him, followed immediately by excitement.

Curious, he hit the transform button again. The little hum of electricity filled him and he found himself transformed once more into the bodybuilder on the screen. He tossed the remote aside and gazed down at his body in wonder. Now that he knew he could change back, he was going to enjoy this for a little while. He'd always had a thing for black women, and this one was spectacular. Her body was thick with muscle but not like a freak show. And those tits! He grabbed the yellow bikini and yanked hard, the fabric giving way with a soft rip as his muscles made short work of it. He tossed the strip of bikini aside and grabbed his solid tits in both hands, feeling their warmth beneath his palm, the little nipples already erect at his attention. They were hard, silicone enhanced breasts, projecting boldly from his chest. This body felt so good, strong but with a definite feminine softness beneath. And he'd never been so fit in his life!

He stood, flexing his arms, watching as his muscles grew taut and defined. Then he bent and hefted the couch, surprised at how easy it was in this body. He lowered the couch back down, squatting as he did so, which caused his bikini to slide into the crack of his ass. He peeled the bikini bottoms down and was confronted with his new pussy. He was shaved smooth, the perfect slit visible beneath his chocolate thighs with not a tan line to be seen.

He sat back down on the couch and spread his legs, then spread his new pussy with his fingers, curious to stare into his rich pink velvety folds. He was glistening already, excited at the touch and feel of this strong, feminine body. Carefully, Luke traced his slit with a finger, dipping into himself lightly. It was odd feeling his pussy lips wrap around his finger, watching it disappear into his own body and feeling a strange but comforting wet warmth. It carried with it a foreshadowing of delight. Something within him warmed ever more as he stroked slowly, pressing the tip of his finger over the hood of his clit. He bit his lower lip as a blast of tension gripped and then released him.

Mmm, that was nice.

He pressed harder, moving in a small circle as the ember between his legs was fanned into a flickering flame. His other hand came up to his breasts and he fondled himself once more, fingers running over the taut skin, teasing the little brown nipple. He pinched it between his fingers. A hitching breath escaped his lips. He slid his fingers deeper into his pussy, stroking down to land on his new wetness. The slickness within him was divine, and he coated his fingers in it, dragging his dew up against his clit and rubbing faster as the flame grew stronger.

His free hand traveled down his body, following the tight contours of his muscles, the six pack abs glistening, the mocha skin so warm and soft. This body was so powerful and yet so curvy. His hand moved back up to his face, finding his soft, plump lips and the new contours of his face. His nose broader and softer, his whole face changed into feminine perfection. Oh, but those tits!

His hand returned to them, his first love.

He brought another finger to his clit, stroking faster now, his breath coming quicker. A little moan escaped his lips and his body trembled as a quick flash of heat escaped from between his legs and burned through him. It was just a little teaser that urged him on. And now he was so wet, he could feel his pussy lips slipping together, could hear the wet sounds of his fingers stroking through his tight cunt. He sat back and spread his legs wider, fingers digging into his body, tunneling through his wet canal to land on his dimpled nub and causing sparks to fly behind his eyes.

He cried out in his throaty voice at the sudden spike of pleasure, fingers digging into his solid tits as he fingered himself faster, harder, driving the heat on through him until he came. The orgasm spilled through his entire body and made him cry out, fingers gliding through his sopping wet pussy. It seemed to last a blessed eternity, filling every inch of his body.

It let him down slowly, leaving him breathless and wet, a little pool of juice soaking into the couch beneath his butt. He looked down at his new body, the possibilities of the remote filling his head. Wait until his friends heard about this!

Luke had reverted back to his normal self by the time his friends arrived. Andre was the first one over, tentatively tapping the intercom button until Luke buzzed him up.

"What's up, man?" He said, nodding to Luke before settling his bulk down into the couch.

Andre was a doughy hulk with a scruffy beard and a broad face. He always wore a knit beanie and shorts, even deep into winter, and loved to act as though the cold never affected him. His gregariousness was inversely proportionate to his size, and he was usually content to sit back and just observe whatever was going on.

Luke was so excited he could hardly keep still, his leg bouncing up and down in anticipation. But he didn't tell Andre anything, wanting to reveal it to all three of his friends at once. Instead, they flipped through the TV channels until they settled on Truth and Justice: Sea Defense League one of those police procedural shows with seemingly a million spinoffs. It was a guilty pleasure for each of them. Luke, because he liked spotting the outlandish technology on display, and Andre because he watched it with his mom and had been gradually getting into it. And both of them enjoyed watching the head lab technician of the show (and goth beauty), Libby Scorpio. In contrast to Andre, Daniel came in like a whirlwind. He mashed the intercom button, laying on the buzzer well past the point of obnoxiousness. When he finally entered Luke's apartment he went straight to the fridge and helped himself to one of Luke's sodas. Kevin came in behind him and shuffled to the sofa, hands in his pockets, eyeing the small space between Andre's flabby leg and Luke, before settling himself on the arm of the couch, but not before trying to wipe off a small stain. He nodded silently to the two guys on the couch.

"What's up with this Abusive Crimes Unit shit?" Daniel spoke up from behind them between swigs of soda.

"Not Abusive Crimes Unit. It's Sea Defense League." Andre replied.

"What's the difference?" Daniel shrugged.

Andre tuned and gave him a long stare. "Abusive Crimes Unit is a bunch of nasty ass sex crimes and perverts. Nobody wants to see that shit. Sea Defense League is straight up naval awesomeness."

"Uh huh," Daniel replied deadpan. "And a chick that's just your style."

Andre motioned to the television with the can of soda. Libby Scorpio was onscreen. Her pitch black hair was formed into perfect bangs that covered her forehead, and with two ponytails sticking up from the back. She had pale skin that nicely contrasted her jet black eyebrows and dark, smokey eyes. This episode she had on a low cut black shirt with a studded black collar, her two breasts pressing out firmly against the fabric.

"Yeah, she's fucking hot, so what?" Andre countered.

"I'd do her," Kevin added, to general agreement from the group.

Luke smiled to himself and grabbed the remote. "All right, guys, let me show you something. I found this remote, and you're not going to believe this, but it's magical or something."

"What, like it can make the volume go up and down?" Andre grinned.

"Just watch."

Luke stood and put his finger on the TR button, waiting until Libby was onscreen again. When

she appeared he pressed the button. The slight buzz shot through him, and then suddenly he felt hair tickling his back, and saw that his outstretched arm was slender and feminine, the skin pale, the fingers soft and delicate. He was Libby, wearing the exact outfit she had on when he hit the button. He turned to the guys in the room, who were frozen, mouths wide open. Kevin had jumped up from the arm of the chair in alarm but now he stood frozen as well, eyes traveling up and down Luke's new body.

"What do you think, guys?" He said, in Libby's delicious throaty voice.

The soda slipped from Daniel's fingers and clunked to the floor. Luke brushed his bangs back from his forehead and looked down into Libby's delicious cleavage. Her light skin contrasted wonderfully with her black shirt, and her clothing was form fitted to her body, the little curves beneath so enticing.

Then the three all started talking at once, mostly a mix of expletives and disbelief. Andre recovered enough to ask, "Luke?"

"Yeah, man. It's me," He nodded, his little pigtails bouncing down his neck. "And so is this."

Luke grabbed his top and peeled it off over his head, then reached around and unhooked his black bra. He slid it off his arms, letting his petite breasts drop free. He reached up and stroked them, giggling as he squeezed his incredibly soft skin. The tits were creamy and pale, the light cherry areola round and wide.

"Go ahead," Luke said, turning to Andre and wiggling his chest so that his perky tits bounced back and forth, "Touch 'em. They're real."

Andre placed his meaty paws on Luke's tits. He was surprisingly gentle for such a big guy. He squeezed lightly, his fingers running down and below his curves. Daniel butted in, and soon all three guys were stroking Luke's breasts as he laughed and pulled away, covering his tits with an arm.

"Whoa, hang on, guys, plenty for everyone."

"Let me see this little ass," Daniel said, sliding his finger down the back of Luke's pants and pulling the fabric away to gaze down at the swell of Luke's butt. Luke swatted him away.

"Let me try this thing," Kevin said, grabbing the remote from Luke's hand.

"Whoa, hold up, me first," Daniel said jumping over the couch and grabbing hold of the other side.

They each tugged it for a second before Daniel butted in, wrapping his meaty fingers around the remote. "Stop, we should do this slowly."

"Guys, don't break it!" Luke shouted, attempting to wrestle his way into the scrum with Libby's tiny body.

They all three grunted and yanked it back and forth, until Luke caused the battery cover to slide off and lost his grip. The other three, still jostling and surprised by the sudden loss of force from one end, yanked the remote hard and slammed it against the wall. With a sharp crack, a corner of the remote came off.

"What the fuck guys?" Luke screeched, terrified he would be stuck as Libby.

"You shouldn't have grabbed it!" Kevin shouted at Daniel.

"You should have just given it to me!"

"Guys. Guys!" Andre yelled until they turned to him. "It's doing something to the TV."

They all looked at the television, which was rapidly switching through channels. There was an error message at the bottom of the screen, a warning about something, which was half

obscured by digital static. The channels flipped by rapidly and then suddenly paused on one of the porno channels. A well-kept older blonde with huge sagging tits had just slid her lips off a cock and was aiming it at her mouth, white pearly liquid already coating her face.

Luke felt that now familiar tingle, and before he could even think to cry out, he was suddenly the owner of those very same breasts, their weight sagging down nearly to his waist. The sudden change in weight distribution causing him to lose his balance and fall over, while at the same time something warm and sticky dripped into his eyes. He closed his eyes with a brief, girly shriek and landed on his butt on the couch, his breasts swinging wildly as he wiped his face. His fingers found a warm, thick liquid coating his face and dripping down his chin. He licked his lips before he realized what he was doing and tasted the slight saltiness of the man's load that he was now wearing. When he blinked his eyes open he looked down at himself and found ample breasts. They were massive, streaked here and there with stretch marks but otherwise gorgeous.

His pink nipples were still spiked out, surrounded by silver dollar-sized areolae. His tummy was slightly plump. His legs were half spread, revealing a thin stroke of jet black hair surrounding two pink pussy lips that were still engorged and shiny with desire. He was naked except for some fishnet stockings and red striped high heels.

The other guys had dropped the remote, raising their hands up as they stepped away, not wanting to have anything to do with the uncontrolled transformation. Or maybe just not wanting to get any jizz on them. In that latter they were successful, in the former not so much, because the television had resumed flipping through channels, only to stop again suddenly in the middle of some superhero movie. A blonde bombshell in April Forrester playing the part of April Freeze had a man tied up in bed. She was clad only in white lingerie, stockings, and thigh high boots, her golden hair falling in perfect waves across her shoulders.

There was a feminine cry from Luke's right and he looked over, only to find that Andre's heavy bulk had disappeared, and in his place was April Forrester. Her gorgeous pale blue eyes grew wide as she stared down at her body, past her incredible breasts, which were held high and firm by the snow white bustier. Her fingers came up to her adorable face, pinching and plucking her skin, exploring the soft contours of her rounded cheeks and perfect upturned little nose, before reaching down and grabbing her breasts. She gasped and pulled her hands away, looking up at the others around the room, one hand coming up to her full lips, which had begun to quiver.

And still the channels were changing, stopping on a television show from the nineties, Daisy the Zombie Master. Daniel had just turned to look when he transformed, instantly turning into Daisy. He had short jean shorts that rode up perfect, golden thighs. Her slender body was crammed into a white vest, leaving her muscular arms bare. Golden waves of hair cascaded down the cute face that Daniel, himself, had masturbated to many times. He looked down at himself, as astonished as the rest of them had been at their sudden transformations, flipping his little hands over, staring at himself in wonder.

Kevin knew what was coming. He turned to run, no plan in mind, only hoping that getting away from the remote would save him from the same transformations that had befallen his friends.

The television was flipping channels and Kevin had taken two steps before the channels stopped in the middle of a Kelly Rowland music video. She was a bubblegum pop star dressed in a silver wig and rainbow skirt was singing. Suddenly, Kevin's shoulders were bare, and long silver hair cascaded down behind him. A rainbow skirt bounced gaily from his waist and his thick legs

were clad in white tights. He stopped and let out a quick shriek, before clamping his hands over his soft lips.

The television had stopped changing channels. The warning had disappeared. And the three astonished guys sat frozen around the room as the music video ended.

"No, no, no, no," Kevin begged, hurrying to the remote and staring at it. "What do we push?" He yelled at Luke.

Luke stood on wobbly legs, nearly falling over from the weight of his massive tits. They jiggled and wobbled with each small motion. He held out his hand and took the remote, scratching his itchy nose and coming away with a finger wet with cum. He aimed the remote at the television and pushed the TR button. Nothing happened. He shook the remote, heard the sound of loose plastic rattling around inside the controller. He pointed it at the television and tried again. Still nothing.

"Fuck." He said, in an annoyingly tiny voice.

"Wait. What? What do you mean? Change us back!" Daniel demanded, stamping Daisy's foot. "I don't know how! The remote's broken. Good job dickheads." Luke pushed the waves of black hair back out of his eyes, again feeling that slimy jizz on his face.

"What the fuck do we do?" Kevin shrieked in the pop star's musical voice.

"Where did you get this remote? Let's go back there and get it fixed." Daniel chimed in.

"Okay, okay. We'll go back to the weird guy and fix it I just--" Luke stuck out his tongue, the odd salty taste still in his mouth. "I need to go wash myself off."

He dropped the remote onto the couch and hurried away down the hallway to the bathroom, holding on to his breasts to stop them from bobbing so wildly with each step. The others paused, unsure what to do as Luke disappeared into the bathroom and shut the door behind him.

Daniel broke the silence first, looking down at Daisy's chest and grabbing his petite breasts.

"Cool," he said, wiggling them in each hand.

"Dude, man, those are Daisy's tits. Don't be touching them," Andre said, shooting him a look that was more adorable than angry when filtered through April's cherubic face.

Daniel paused, hands on his breasts. "They're not hers. She still has them. These are just copies. And these are all mine, baby."

He unbuttoned his top and dropped it onto the floor before grabbing his breasts again, cooing as he fondled his fit but sensual body with fingers that were soft and delicate. Kevin watched him, a strange tingle making itself felt between his legs, a growing insistence to be touched. He looked down at himself, pulled the singer's candy floss top away from his body so he could ogle her breasts. She did have a banging body. And it was his for now. And he was giving himself permission after all.

Andre gave his head a little toss to flick April's blonde hair out of his eyes, hands on his hip as he watched the other two in embarrassment while they began began stroking themselves. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, aware as he did so of the way his breasts moved, the way the air caressed his slender body. He still had his own desires, and seeing the two women in front of him fondling each other was making him hot and bothered.

Daniel smirked at Andre. "You're welcome to join in whenever you want."

Andre shook his head, defiantly ignoring the curious itch that had flared to life within him.

Daniel shrugged and gathered up Daisy's long blonde waves in one hand. He turned his back to Kevin and, holding his hair out of the way, asked Kevin to take off his bra. Kevin reached out and unclasped Daisy's bra with trembling fingers. And then suddenly there she was. The Zombie Master herself. Source of many wonderful fantasies from his adolescence, standing topless in front of him. She had a half smile on her face, as if inviting Kevin over. Kevin moved closer and Daniel reached out, sliding delicate hands around Kevin's body. The two pressed their lips together, and Andre watched as Daisy and Kelly made out.

Their kisses were soft and hesitant at first, exploring their new sensuality. They slowly grew in intensity as their bodies came together, hands sliding around each other's soft new forms, groping, squeezing. And then they were in a mad rush of passion. Kevin opened his mouth wide and Daniel slipped his tongue in. Kelly tasted of candy, and her hands were both gentle and urgent on his bare breasts. Daniel found a zipper at the back of Kelly's outfit and yanked it down. Kevin shrugged out of his top and the two women stopped to pull away and admire Kelly's tits. She had gentle teardrop shaped breasts. The nipples were already erect, and Daniel lowered Daisy's lips to suck on one.

Andre, watching from behind, was surprised to find his own hands creeping across his new body as he stared at the teenager and the twenty something pop singer kissing and fondling each other. Watching the two women make out was mesmerizing, the eroticism enhanced by the feel of his own soft new form. He let his fingers trail down April's body, over her breasts, following the contours of her lithe body down her stomach and then over the silky fabric that covered her womanhood. Just pressing lightly against his white panties made his breath hitch in his throat as a rush of desire blew through him. Hadn't he always wanted to touch April's body ever since he'd seen her in the movies? He left his fingers there near his entrance, teasing himself, stroking slowly as Daisy and Kelly made out.

As Daniel kissed his now-female friend, he experienced his wetness for the first time, his panties growing damp as the heat made its way through his body. He pulled away from Kelly long enough to yank down his jean shorts and peel off his panties. All three transformed guys gazed down at Daisy's pussy, her gorgeous slit framed by golden hair. He could see her little pussy lips already engorged, could feel his slickness with each small movement.

Kevin dropped to his knees in front of her. Gripping her solid ass, he pulled her forward and buried his head between her legs, inhaling her musky fragrance as he eagerly explored her slit with Kelly's tongue. Daisy tasted divine, and Kevin licked her up and down as she opened, soon slipping his tongue inside her and across her swollen slit as her salty juices dripped down his face. Daniel stood over him, watching his new body get eaten out. He gripped his slender tits, eager to watch Daisy stroke herself, make her little tits jiggle and bounce, before squeezing hard, treating his new body rough and being pleasantly rewarded.

Andre's body was growing so warm watching Kelly eat out Daisy. He couldn't stand it. He hurried to Daisy, feeling her up with his new fingers as he wrapped his gentle arms around Daisy's form. Daniel squeaked in surprise and laughed as Andre guided his petite body to lie on his back on the floor. Andre slid his panties down and straddled Daisy's face, letting his new golden blonde pussy cover Daisy's warm mouth. Daniel thrust his tongue up, finding Andre's velvety folds and lapped gently as Andre settled his exquisite blonde form on top of her mouth. Finally, Andre grabbed his new tits, allowing himself to explore his feminine body while Daniel

did incredible things to his pussy. He could feel his lips growing wet and slick, could hear the moistness of his new body.

Kevin knelt on the floor between Daisy's thighs, his ass in the air. He placed his mouth over Daisy's pussy and licked her wonderful acrid entrance. As Kevin licked his friend, he slid his soft hands between his own legs to feel up his new body. His fingers slid beneath his rainbow skirt to land on his wet entrance. He slipped inside himself, finding his silky folds and urging a moan from his mouth, muffled in Daisy's warm cunt.. He stroked himself rhythmically, circling his little pleasure button as waves of delight pulsed through him, each bigger than the one before. The three grew to a rhythm like this, Andre/April straddling Daniel/Daisy's face as she ate him out, Kevin/Kelly between Daisy's legs, pleasuring her while he fingered himself. Their girlish moans rose in pitch as pleasure flared through them. Hearing his own feminine voice grow hornier, moaning with such a throaty intensity, plunged Andre over the edge and he came suddenly and unexpectedly, the tension snapping, releasing a huge surge of pleasure. He pressed down on Daisy's face as her wonderful tongue sunk into him. spurts of warm liquid cascaded down Daisy's face as Andre squirted, the utter delight of his body giving him a booming orgasm.

Beneath him, Daisy trembled and drank in his juices, while Kelly's tongue continued its magic against her clit. Then it was Daniel's turn to cum, his cry muffled by April's cunt as it covered his mouth and nose, Daniel's ass wriggling on the ground, hips thrusting up towards Kelly's face. Kevin's fingers hit his dimpled nub of pleasure and he came too, straining to dig his tiny tongue deeper into Daisy's perfect cunt. The pleasure curled his toes and made him shudder. The orgasm was deep and intense, wracking his body, causing his cries to grow in pitch until he could no longer lick Daisy's pussy. All he could do was press his face in between her legs and inhale her delicious, all-encompassing scent as he came hard, moaning as the orgasm blasted out all conscious thought.

Weak-kneed, Kevin collapsed on the floor with his head on Daisy's tummy, gently stroking Daisy's sopping wet pussy. Andre lay on the other side, arm clasped over Daisy protectively, hands stroking her breasts. Daniel's nipples were still erect as the remnant warmth from Daisy's orgasm eased through him.

Luke closed the bathroom door behind him and washed the cum off his face, fingers following the contours of his new face. His nose was more rounded, the cheeks fatter, the skin softer. He paused to stare into the mirror at his new reflection. The sexy MILF that he'd become stared back at him. His tits dangled below him. They were huge, easily bigger than his head, and they seemed natural.

He stood and gathered his tits in his hands. They spilled out of his palms, slightly squishy but still wonderful to touch. He ran his fingers across their wide expanse, tickling beneath his massive curves. Watching the sexy pornstar fondling her own tits in the mirror sent little tremors of excitement through him. He squeezed his tits harder, pulling them aside and dropping them to watch them bounce back together, little vibrations traveling up through his skin. They were incredible, and incredibly fun to play with.

Luke dug his fingers into his creamy soft flesh, cupping one in his palm and pulling it up to his lips so he could suck on his own nipple. His tongue darted out and tasted his warm, salty skin. He sucked on himself, his sensitive nipple growing between his lips. Propping a foot up on the toilet lid, he spread his legs and gazed into his puffy pink folds. One hand still holding his tit, he slid the other between his legs and began fingering himself. His fingers were divine as they slid into his wet warmth, enjoying the odd sensation of penetrating and being penetrated. God, she felt so good, slick and warm. The dark haired older woman in the mirror furrowed her brow in concentration, a gorgeous vision of lovely horniness, desire written across her striking features as she sucked on her own tit and masturbated.

Watching her finger herself doubled his pleasure, and he was soon sliding two fingers deep inside his wet canal, stroking fast as he teased his breast, the excitement building within him as a fire until it exploded and he came, moaning around the tit in his mouth, rocking back and forth, fingers lodged deep into his glorious pink folds. The orgasm was tremendous, increasing as he pinched his soft breast and gently bit his nipples, every inch of his body itching with delight.

When he was done he washed himself again, gave his beautiful face one last, longing look, and returned to the living room. His worries that the other had heard him pleasuring himself evaporated when he found them lying in a naked pile on the floor. Andre looked up at him sleepily.

"Have fun?" Luke asked, bending over to retrieve the remote from in between the couch cushions.

He stared at it, pressing buttons as if it might suddenly respond. The others pushed themselves to their feet and got dressed.

"Fuck." Luke said, shoulders slumped. "Guess we really do have to go back there looking like this."

"Shit," Kevin replied, then looked at Daniel. "Well, you've got the car."

Daniel peered around, as if it suddenly occurred to him that he was missing something. He patted his pockets. "Uhh, where are my keys?"

"Where did my phone go?" Andre added, looking just as confused.

"Oh, holy shit," Luke said, his hand coming up to his lips as realization dawned. "This remote

transformed us and everything we were wearing into the people on TV. They didn't have car keys or phones so we don't."

"Then where the hell's my phone?" Kevin asked, indignant.

Luke shrugged. "I don't know. The same magical otherworldy void the rest of our stuff went to."

There was a pause as all four transformed guys digested this latest bit of info.

"Well, damn," Kevin finally muttered, "That probably voids the warranty."

"What about your phone?" Andre asked, picking up Luke's phone and handing it to him.

Luke tried to thumb it on. "I can't. I've got different fingerprints."

"Type in your code, dawg." Daniel said.

Luke glared at him. "I used the fingerprint sign-on so I wouldn't have to remember a code.

'Cause I don't."

"Where's the place you got the remote, anyway?" Kevin asked.

"Uh, uptown. Seventy Second."

There was a chorus of groans from the guys in the room.

"That's miles away," Kevin cried.

"So, we can't drive. We can't Uber. We got no money for the subway," Daniel said. "We got 99 problems and bein' a bitch is one."

"How the hell are we supposed to get up to Seventy Second?" Kevin asked.

Luke could not imagine what the people they passed on the streets were thinking about the little group of sexy women traveling in a pack uptown. Andre had borrowed some of Luke's clothes, refusing to walk around outside in only April's lingerie. He tugged Luke's jacket closer around him and hiked up the legs of his loose jeans. Even with Luke's belt tightened all the way, the jeans barely hung on to April's swaying hips. Luke, himself, had thrown on a black t-shirt and another jacket, but his breasts ballooned out the front, rendering it impossible to zip up his jacket comfortably. That and the lack of the bra made his tits the first thing every approaching guy noticed. His breasts wobbled with each step, bouncing beneath the fabric and pulling it up slightly to give a glimpse of his trim tummy. Daniel, as the only one dressed normally—like a nineties teenager—strode ahead of the group, while Luke directed from behind. Though, really, there wasn't much directing to be done for the first seventy one streets.

Passersby gawked at them. Horns honked. Construction workers wolf whistled. It was all very humiliating, and Luke kept his arms crossed, partly to hug himself for comfort, partly to hold up his amazingly heavy breasts, and ignoring them all.

"I can't believe you broke the remote," Andre muttered to Kevin.

"Me? If you hadn't tried to yank it out of my hand it would have been fine."

"You tried to take it from Luke!"

Kevin slapped Andre's tits suddenly. Andre recoiled, tears coming to his face. "Ow, mother-fucker."

He grabbed Kevin's candy colored top and yanked it down, spilling Kelly's tits out. Kevin grabbed Andre's shirt and tried to yank it down, both of them hitting each other and grunting until Luke dove into the middle of it and pushed them apart.

"Stop. Stop!" He yelled. He really did feel like a mom now.

And now people really were staring at them. Luke helped adjust Kevin's top to cover his breasts bac up. They resumed walking, still grumbling, as Andre massaged his aching tits.

"What if we're stuck like this?" Andre moaned. "No money. No ID. No keys. No one will believe us."

"Calm down," Luke said, "One thing at a time. We'll get this fixed or replaced or whatever. Whatever it takes."

Andre glanced fixedly down at the ground as they resumed walking behind Daniel. They only made it a few more blocks before Daniel stopped ahead of them and waited for them to catch up.

"This is going to take forever," Daniel moaned, sounding every inch the bratty nineteen year old he appeared to e. "I do not want to be walking around on the streets after dark looking like this."

"You're lucky," Kevin said, motioning down to his rainbow skirt and bare legs. "At least you look normal. I'm wearing candy for God's sake."

"You have any other ideas?" Luke asked.

Daniel flipped his blonde hair back and looked around. They were in the business district. Huge glass encased office buildings rose up into the sky. A few people in business attire wandered

out of one of the nearby offices. One man in particular was dressed in a nicely tailored black suit and tie, a briefcase in one hand.

"I do, actually." Daniel said, bouncing away from the group and up to the man in the suit before the others could respond.

The guy was looking down at his phone as Daniel approached. He was an older guy with distinguished gray hair. He had a gold watch on one wrist, and a thick wedding ring. Daniel thought he knew the type: top suite executive used to getting his way, his wife probably getting on in years and about ready to be traded in for a younger model. Daniel unbuttoned the top couple of buttons and spread out the top, revealing the slender curve of Daisy's young breasts. Couldn't get much younger than this and still be legal.

"Hi," Daniel said, stopping in front of the man in the business suite, flicking his head to toss the blonde hair out of his eyes and giving Daisy's most endearing smile.

The guy looked up at him, a carefully neutral expression on his face. "Hi."

"Um," Daniel bit his bottom lip and looked down, then back up, playing coy, "I was hoping you could give me a ride. My friends and I need to get up to Seventy Second Street."

Daniel motioned to the group of girls down on the corner. The guy looked over, then back at Daniel. His eyes slid briefly down Daniel's body, not bother trying to disguise it. "I'd love to help you, honey, but I've really got to be going."

There was something in the way he said it, and the way he didn't try to walk away, that made Daniel think there was room to negotiate. The guy was giving off an air of general sleaziness, and Daniel knew he could use Daisy's young, blonde body to his advantage. It might force him to do things he wouldn't have done otherwise, but he'd always had a thing for Daisy and being in her body was making him eager and horny to try her out. Just thinking about making her do dirty sexy things was getting his panties damp. Daniel twirled a lock of golden hair around one finger and moved closer to the guy while pressing his chest out and nervously looking away, giving the guy room to glance down at his cleavage without getting caught.

"It's just that...I would do anything for a ride right now." Daniel turned back with a pleading look on his face.

The man was still gazing down at his tits. He scratched his jaw with one hand. "Anything, huh?" Daniel slipped his fingers through the fingers of the man's free hand and nodded.

The guy glanced around—probably checking to make sure none of his colleagues were watching—then smiled. "Come with me."

Daniel followed the guy down into an underground parking lot, motioning for Luke, Andre and Kevin to follow. They did so from a safe distance and when the guy reached a shiny BMW, he looked back at the three girls.

"Tell your friends to wait while we negotiate some details."

Daniel skipped over to the others. "I've got us a ride. I just have to, uh, pay for it. Wait here."

He skipped away before they could respond, sliding into the passenger seat of the guy's BMW.

"So how do you plan on paying for this ride?" The guy asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"Like this," Daniel said leaning over and planting his lips on the man's lips.

The guy had a faint sandalwood scent about him and his breath was hot in Daniel's mouth. His hands came up and grasped Daniel's cheeks and he kissed voraciously. Daniel could feel the power in the man's touch and knew there was no going back. His face was gripped tight as the

man kissed hard, deliberately eschewing sensuality. This was red hot lust and the man was clearly setting the rules: he would take whatever he wanted.

Daniel felt the guy's hand slip down and grip his breast. Still kissing, Daniel unbuttoned his top. The guy's thick fingers yanked his bra down and eagerly grasped Daniel's tit as it bounced into his hand. He squeezed hard, drawing a little cry from Daniel's lips, but the guy's hand circled into his hair, grasping a clump and pulling his face close. Daniel was unable to escape as the man fondled his body roughly, groping and squeezing, enjoying Daniel's unease.

He yanked Daniel's lips away and, still holding Daniel's golden locks in his fist, hissed, "Suck my dick." The command was emphasized with a painful squeeze of Daniel's tit. He mewed helplessly and nodded. Or tried to, with his head still held taut in the man's grip. Fuck, he was getting wet being used like this, watching strong, confident Daisy be forced to give her body away.

The guy pushed his head between his lap and Daniel unbuttoned the man's pants. The guy's cock leaped up, hard and ready. Daniel didn't have a second to prepare himself as the steady pressure on the back of his head pushed him down. He had no choice but to open his mouth and swallow the cock in one long gulp. His head was forced down the long shaft, the warmth gliding across his tongue, filling his mouth with a delicious masculine musk. Daniel came back up choking, opening his eyes to see the swollen cockhead right beneath Daisy's perfect nose. The man's dick was already glistening with his saliva and pulsing nearly imperceptibly.

The pressure on his head resumed and Daniel opened his pink lips and found himself stuffed full of cock once more. The man dragged him up and down the shaft, forcing Daniel's lips up and down. He nearly gagged on the thick cock as it plunged deep into his throat. Daniel's mouth was controlled by the grip on the back of his head. The man moved him up and down like this, using him as a little fucktoy, growing faster as he groaned. It was all Daniel could do to not choke as the cock filled his mouth and hit the back of his throat each time. And yet imagining Daisy like this, forced to suck a cock like a whore, was making him wet. Gradually he found himself enjoying giving the blowjob, loving the way he was being used as a wet hole for the stranger's dick.

He moaned, closing his eyes to savor the taste of dick as it filled and emptied him, growing faster and faster. Now the cock was slick with saliva and Daniel's little nose pressed into the man's pubic hair as he took it all in, tongue undulating beneath the shaft as the man held him down. All he could smell was the man's musky, the hot shaft throbbing against his tongue as he sucked like a whore. The man thrust up suddenly and pushed Daniel's head down, groaning. Daniel couldn't escape as the cock throbbed in his mouth and spurting hot cum down his throat. Daniel swallowed as fast as he could, a delicious salty tang flooding his taste buds as the man emptied himself into Daisy's mouth. Daniel drank gratefully, slurping down every drop, feeling the hot cum settle in his belly. The man held him down for a while after his cock stopped erupting. Daniel felt the cock go soft in his mouth, could smell nothing but the masculine sweat and musk that was even now making his body so wet. A part of him wished there was more, his little body needed the taste of cum.

Finally, the man released him and buckled up his belt. Daniel sat up and wiped his mouth then combed out his hair.

"All right, sweetie," the guy said, "Go get your friends."

The ride uptown was awkwardly quiet. As he drove, the businessman would continually glance back at the three transformed guys crammed into the backseat. Luke had the businessman drop them off a block away from the pawn shop, eager to be out of the car. As Daniel slid out, the man handed him a business card.

"If you ever need any more help, I have some friends that could use your services."

Daniel took the card and slipped it into his pocket. The man pulled off, leaving the four guys on the corner. The sun was setting, the shadows growing longer, and Luke hurried to the store. The three guys followed in his wake. Finally, Luke spoke up:

"What services was he talking about?"

Daniel ginned at Luke. "I gave him a blow job."

"Eww," Andre said, wrinkling his nose.

"It wasn't that bad, really. You can't tell me you've never wanted to see Daisy suck some guy's dick." Nobody argued with that, so Daniel continued. "It was like...being outside of myself.

Playing a role. I was having just as much fun as he was. My panties are all wet now."

"Would you do it again?" Kevin ventured.

"Absolutely. Although, I sort of wish he'd offered to fuck me. I'm really horny."

The others considered this information, remembering how they'd felt in their orgy back at the house. They followed Luke up one block and down another. At the end of Seventy Second he paused and turned around retracing his steps. He was sure it was around here somewhere.

There was the bodega with the Christmas lights. There was the poor Banksy imitation. Between them was...a blank brick wall.

"It was right here," Luke whispered.

He hurried to the wall, feeling around as if for some sort of opening that would reveal the pawn shop facade. But the bricks stubbornly refused to transform beneath his fingers. The others came up behind him.

"So...where is it?" Andre asked.

"It was...it was right here," Luke replied, stepping back and staring wildly around.

He dashed into the bodega and up to the counter. An older Hispanic woman stared at him as he approached.

"Hi," Luke said, "There was a pawn shop right next door. This morning. I saw it. Do you know where it went?" He was aware he was babbling, but panic had taken hold.

The Hispanic woman shook her head slowly. "No pawn shop next door."

"I saw it." Luke turned to his friends. "I saw it."

The Hispanic woman's face went from puzzled to suspicious. Her hand crept down beneath the counter. No doubt she had some sort of weapon for self defense against any neighborhood crazies.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Kevin said, putting his arm around Luke's shoulder and guiding him back out onto the street.

They huddled in a group on the corner.

"What now?" Kevin asked.

He was met with silent shrugs.

"We're stuck like this," Luke said, looking down at the breasts rising like peaks beneath his shirt. He would have the for the rest of his life. Along with the low hum of arousal that was a constant background noise now, ready to leap to the fore at any moment.

Kevin felt a presence behind him and turned to see a young man gawking at them. He had close cropped blonde hair and a broad face. He looked to be somewhere in his late teens, a brash, brawny, overconfident young man who now appeared to be starstruck. He smiled when he saw Kevin look at him.

"Hey, um," the young man began, "You look just like Kelly Sirius."

"Yeah, I get that a lot."

The young man's eyes widened as they flicked over the group, taking in the four celebrities.

"You're. are you?" The young guy said. "Can I get a picture?"

He pulled out his phone with a hopeful look. The guys traded glances. After a few silent seconds Kevin turned to the young man.

"Sure. Twenty bucks."

The young man shrugged and dug for his wallet. He handed Kevin a twenty. Kevin tucked it into his rainbow top and motioned for the others to gather around the young guy. They draped themselves on him as he held his phone up, clicking a few pictures. When he was done he thumbed through the photos.

"Awesome. The guys at the house will be so fucking jealous." The young man began walking away.

"Come on," Luke said, "Let's go."

"Go where?" Kevin asked.

Luke didn't have an answer.

"This is us now, guys. Or-- girls, rather. We're fucking stuck like this. I say we make the most of it. Use our assets for some fun."

"What do you mean?" Luke asked.

Daniel ran to catch up with the young man. "Hey, hey wait up."

The man turned and Daniel jogged up to him. "Hey, so, we're in a bit of a bind. We really need somewhere to stay and some company to keep us warm. Would you know anyone?"

The young man's grin widened. "The guys at my frat house are always looking for company."

Saturday was Luke's favorite day at the frat house because it was his turn with Noah and Trevor. On his way to their room he opened the door to Omar's room just a crack. Just enough to see April Freeze bent over the bed. She was facing the door, and Luke found himself getting wet as he watched her perfect little face, all scrunched up, lips agape as she moaned. Her hands clutched at the bed, back arched. Omar had her by the hips and was pounding her from behind, the wet slap of his cock in her dripping pussy loud in the quiet hallway. Omar's teeth were gritted, his fingers digging into her skin and he was pounding her hard and fast. Luke had been there Omar was on his schedule for Tuesday nights and knew that Omar had the most stamina of anyone in the house. He could and did pound the transformed guys for what seemed like hours, until their pussies were raw and dripping wet, and they were begging for his release.

Luke slipped his hand beneath his silky lingerie and followed the coarse hair of his pubes down to his slit. He slipped inside himself, fingers spreading his wetness over his clit. He rubbed gently, easing his body into a humming state of arousal. When he was pleasantly warm and his fingers were glazed with his juices, he shut the door and hurried down to Noah and Trevor. Easing through the door, he found Trevor already waiting for him, sitting on the side of the bed. His dark hair was still sleep tousled and his broad chest was bare. He wore only the boxers that he'd slept in, already tented up. Luke closed the door behind him and hurried over to take up his position on Trevor's lap. He could feel the hard manhood poking at him as Trevor took Luke's tiny hands. He brought Luke's damp fingers to his mouth and sucked, closing his eyes and moaning.

"Mmm, tastes like you started early again." Trevor rumbled, his bass voice making Luke's busty body throb.

Trevor slipped his hands beneath Luke's huge breasts and hefted them up before burying his face in between them. Luke laughed and draped his arms around Trevor's neck as his tremendous breasts wobbled back and forth. Trevor kissed his way across their broad expanse, soon finding one of Luke's nipples and sucking on it. Luke bit his plump lower lip, raking his nails up Trevor's shoulders as Trevor kissed his way back and forth, clearly enjoying the feel of Luke's tits on his face. Trevor was especially talented with his tongue and teeth, and his short, sharp nips on Luke's nipples made him cry out in breathy gasps.

Luke grinded down on Trevor's lap, feeling the hard lump of Trevor's cock pressing back, the thin fabric of their undergarments the only thing between them. Luke stared down at himself. The weeks stuck in the older pornstar's body had been a whirlwind of emotions, but he'd finally found acceptance, gratitude even, at the pleasure his massive tits afforded him—and everyone else.

"Whoa, you two started early," a deep voice spoke up.

Trevor paused, his hands around Luke's back, and looked up from between Luke's tits. Luke turned as well, delighted to find Noah just in the doorway. Noah wore only boxer shorts. His broad black chest was already glistening. He flashed his handsome smile. Luke beckoned him near with one finger, revolving on Trevor's lap to face him. Luke bent over and stroked Noah's groin, pushing his face close until the intoxicating musky smell of Noah's masculinity filled his

nose. He yanked down Noah's boxer shorts and the dark cock flopped out, already growing stiff and long by the time Luke popped it into his mouth. He loved the taste of it, loved the feel as it grew harder between his lips, each downstroke was longer than the last and soon his mouth was filled with the meaty shaft. Luke's fat tits dangled below him, bobbing back and forth, until Noah reach down and grabbed one with a thick paw, squeezing slightly as Luke's lips dragged saliva up and down Noah's glistening shaft.

Luke felt Trevor's fingers sliding beneath his ass, pushing his panties aside and slipping into his wetness. The broad finger circled Luke's clit as he grew wet, spreading himself for the two men Luke moaned around the dick in his mouth, using his hand to help glide up and down the shaft. From between Luke's legs, the heat of Trevor's cock pressed against Luke's warm, wet opening. There was the wonderful pressure building beneath his pussy lips, and then Trevor slid inside him. Luke pushed his lips down, down Noah's cock and the two guys moved back and forth in tandem, impaling Luke on their delicious cocks. They alternated between filling and releasing him. Trevor gripped Luke's waist and yanked him back onto his dick and Luke felt it pound into his slick canal, hitting his dimpled nub just briefly before Noah yanked his tit, forcing his ass up and his mouth down onto the black cock.

They rode him like this, easing into him until he was running wet and hot. Soon he was grinding down on Trevor's dick, urging the hot shaft deeper into his cunt as Noah stepped closer so Luke could suck his dick like a pro, nearly gagging on the girth but delighting in the pleasure his sexy little body could create. He was their dirty little whore, willing to do anything just for the taste of cock.

Trevor came first, gripping Luke and yanking him down onto his cock as he emptied himself into Luke's red hot pussy. Luke could feel every throb, every hot spurt of cum as it splashed inside him. No sooner had Trevor finished than Noah came, grunting and pulling Luke's lips down, down so he could cum into Luke's perfect mouth. Luke swallowed the salty cream as fast as he could, not wanting to miss a drop. He'd come to enjoy it, crave it even, this warm treat. His own fingers played with his breasts, squeezing the fat tit and urging the pleasure harder through him. When he was done he pulled his lips off with a wet pop and stood up off Trevor's lap. His fingers shot down between his legs, gathering Trevor's seed as it dripped down his thigh. He brought it to his plump lips and licked it off his fingers. He gave a little wave and returned down the hall to the room he shared with the three other transformed guys. It was free room and board, plus a little extra on the side. And all they had to do was everyone. It wasn't so bad.