

MtF TRANSFORMATION

TERMS AND
Conditions

WILDS

Terms and Conditions

MtF Transformation

by M. Wills

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“Honestly, after I rooted it, it was just a matter of following the directions on the forums,” Simon sniffed, handing Toby the older model cellphone he’d recently hacked to run another company’s software.

Simon unlatched his locker and swung it open, revealing a carefully organized stack of textbooks, all with multicolored bookmarks and each notated with a precise chapter heading. He hiked up his sweatpants and fiddled absently with the zipper on his gray hoodie. He rather thought the whole outfit made him look shapeless, which was better than being called fat. Not that he minded fat, exactly, just on other people and different parts of the body.

“Still,” Toby said, pushing the thick-rimmed glasses up onto his greasy nose and peering at Simon’s cell phone, “Quite against the warranty.”

Toby snorted laughter at his own joke and handed the phone back. His own locker was next to Simon’s and not as neat. A pile of paper had slid onto the floor when Toby opened it up. He handed the phone back to Simon and jammed the papers—which consisted of draft printouts of pictures for the yearbook—into his locker. Toby was vice president of the yearbook club and took his responsibilities to chronicle the school’s activities seriously. His favorite camera—a Nikon 35 special—hung from his neck as usual. With his persistent acne and large ears, he was more comfortable behind the camera than in front of it. Plus, as he always reminded Simon, he could take pictures of anyone and claim it was school business.

Toby had gotten some very candid shots that way of a few cheerleaders, plus some other classmates he and Simon had crushes on. Nothing lewd, no upskirts or anything like that. Just a few modest closeups at the girls’ best angles that the guys could each enjoy in the privacy of their own home.

Kylie, a slender blonde cheerleader, came around the corner with three members of her entourage. She turned her icy blue eyes on Simon and her brow furrowed as she saw him staring. She always looked slightly pissed off. Maybe it was resting bitch face or maybe she just affected the sneer whenever she saw bottom-of-the-pecking-order nerds like Simon staring at her. Either way, it was hot in a domineering kind of way and Simon felt himself start to stiffen. He covered his groin nonchalantly.

Toby nodded at Kylie and she turned her sneer on him. Toby flicked his eyes away, looking back only when they were past to admire those four tight little asses, wondering how the hell the school dress code let them get away with those skimpy skirts. He sighed longingly when the four women disappeared around the corner. Simon glanced over at him.

“One day I’ll be super rich and famous and Kylie will be sorry she didn’t hook up with me in high school while she could,” Toby said.

“Sure,” Simon retorted, “And one day everyone will be clamoring to bed us.”

“Bed us?” Toby asked, “What are you, a sixteenth-century mill worker?”

“Should I have said—” Simon’s thought was broken as he was suddenly shoved from behind.

He barely got his hands up in time to stop himself from slamming face first into his locker. There was familiar chortling laughter behind him and he turned. Sure enough, Blake and his friends were standing there. Blake’s cold gray eyes were staring him down.

“Careful, Simple Simon, these hallways can be dangerous.” Blake laughed, and his two lackeys grunted in appreciation of his fine wit.

Simon shrugged his overstuffed backpack up his shoulders and ran a heavy hand through his thick mass of black hair, but he couldn’t resist saying, “They’re only dangerous when certain people are around.”

“Oooh,” Blake’s lackeys said in tandem.

“He’s calling you dangerous!” One said.

“He thinks you’re a certain person!” The other agreed.

Blake slammed his palm against the locker by Blake’s left ear and leaned in close. “Well, smarty pants, you’re right. I am dangerous. To little shit eaters like you.”

“Oooh,” Blake’s lackeys said again.

“You called him a shit eater,” one said.

“He eats his own shit!” The other agreed.

This time Simon held his tongue as Blake stared at him, their faces inches away. Simon was trembling. Sweat gathered beneath his armpits. Simon wasn’t sweet smelling at the best of times, and now with Blake in his face, it seemed like his body was using smell as a defense mechanism. He could practically see his own body odor coming off himself, rippling the air like heat waves despite the repeated use of deodorant.

There was no telling what Blake would do. Simon and Toby had had had run-ins with him before. One had ended with Simon upside down in the dumpster out the back of the cafeteria. Another had ended with Toby’s camera case full of piss. Simon wasn’t eager to see how this confrontation would end. His eyes darted back and forth, searching for escape, but Blake and his lackeys had closed in.

The hallways were emptying out, the last bell having rung a minute or two ago. What few students were still around pointedly ignored what Blake was doing, not

wishing to become the target of his ire. The only thing Simon thought could save them was a teacher, but there were none to be found.

Beside Simon, Toby had taken the thick glasses off his greasy nose and was wiping them with the corner of his shirt. He tried his best to ignore Blake in the hopes that Blake would reciprocate but no such luck. Blake turned to Toby with a look of evil glee, his eyes glancing down to the camera around his neck.

"How many dick pics you taken with that thing?"

"Ah ha ha, dick pics," Blake's lackeys chortled.

"None," Toby said, putting his hands protectively over the camera.

Blake held out his hand. "You know I'm into photos myself. Give it here."

"No."

"Toby," Simon muttered, "Just give it to him."

"Do what your boyfriend says you gaymo," Blake sneered.

"Heeey," both Blake's lackeys spoke up.

"Nothing wrong with being gay," one said.

"Don't use it as an insult," the other agreed.

Blake turned to them, briefly apologetic. "Sorry, guys, I didn't mean anything by it. I just meant that I heard these two liked chicks but they're such big fucking losers they can't get any so they have to make out with each other and pretend they're chicks."

"Okay, I guess that's all right," said one.

"Makes sense," agreed the other.

"Now..." Blake turned back to Simon and Toby but they were gone, streaking off down the hallway.

Blake and his lackeys gave chase, cackling with glee.

"Come on!" Puffed Simon, yanking Toby along behind him.

Simon's backpack swung heavily behind him as he barreled down the hallway. Blake and his gang were quickly catching up. Simon took a right down the nearest corridor and still didn't see any teachers. Did they all just disappear at the end of school? He risked a glance back and saw Blake's shark-like grin. He and his gang were closing in, and the punishment was likely to be worse for the escape attempt.

"I...can't...go on," Toby huffed, missing a step and banging clumsily against a row of lockers.

Simon was almost done as well when a door loomed up on their right: Computer Lab. Mr. McCallum was always in there after school for anyone who needed access. Simon gripped the doorknob in his sweaty fist and shoved it open. He and Toby

staggered inside and Mr. McCallum looked up at them in astonishment from over his stack of papers.

“Mr...McCallum...can we...stay here?” Simon huffed.

Footsteps sounded outside and Blake and his gang appeared in the doorway. Mr. McCallum stood up behind his desk. Aside from being in charge of the computer lab, he was also the substitute gym teacher, and his impressive bulk was enough to warn Blake and his gang off. Blake glared at Simon before beating a hasty retreat, disappearing back down the hallway.

Simon and Toby collapsed behind separate computers at the back of the room as Mr. McCallum sat back down. Toby dug through his backpack for his inhaler, slipping it into his mouth and pressing the trigger.

“Simon? Toby? What was all that about?” Mr. McCallum asked, looking at the two boys.

Simon waved the question away. “Nothing.” No way was he also going to be the one to tell on Blake. That would just make things even worse.

“Well,” Mr. McCallum said, reaching for another paper, “You two can stay here for a little while, but I have to lock up in forty five minutes.”

“That should work,” Toby said between breaths

Simon was sweating through his gray hoodie so he unzipped it and hung it on the back of the chair. Toby slipped out of his faded black jacket and did the same. Then the two logged on to the nearest computers and pottered around the internet. The computer lab was really an anachronism these days, as most students had their own computers. Only those too poor to afford them ever used the place now and the lack of upkeep was apparent in the shabby carpeting and dingy gray-white walls

Toby was just checking the news, trying to kill time when he sensed Simon looking over at him, his mud brown eyes alight with glee

“Look at this,” he whispered, nodding to his screen before shooting a glance at Mr. McCallum

Mr. McCallum had his head down marking papers, completely oblivious. Toby rolled his chair over to see what Simon was looking at. It was a website called Parts Picker, which at first Toby took for one of Simon’s DIY computer kit websites. But this one was strangely devoid of hardware. Below the name of the site, in simple pink font on a black background, was simply “Build your own”

“What’s this?” Toby asked

“Look,” Simon replied with a grin, clicking on the text

Images filled the screen. Guys and girls, impossibly perfect, grinning out from the photos with startling white teeth. Some of the bodies looked slightly out of proportion,

or maybe it was just the angle of the photo. At any rate, they were all gorgeous but he recognized none of them

“What am I looking at?” Toby asked

“This website lets you build your own perfect body. You just upload some photos and select which body parts you want and then an AI fits it all together. You can even put them in different poses.”

They scrolled through the images in silence, admiring the perfect breasts, the wonderful legs, the smooth bronze skin on display

“Jesus, how many are there?” Simon asked in amazement, scrolling down the page

“Hundreds!” Toby giggled

Movement across the room drew their attention and Toby minimized the website guiltily as Mrs. Kerr, the art teacher, strode into the room. She was an aging hippy, nice but always with a slightly vacant look on her face. Her blonde hair was up in a messy bun and one cheek was streaked with blue paint. She smiled sweetly at Mr. McCallum, then glanced over at Simon and Toby and her dreamy look dropped away, replaced with a pout

“Oh, I didn’t know anyone was here. Mr. McCallum, can you, uh, help me get something in my room?”

Mr. McCallum tapped his pen against the desk a few times, glancing at Simon and Toby. “I, uh, I’m not supposed to leave kids alone in here.”

“Oh, that’s a shame,” Mrs. Kerr said, licking her lips slowly

Toby noticed that the top button of her blouse was undone. Her breasts strained against the top and Toby rooted for it to burst. She had a soft, round MILF body, with a pinchable ass and the biggest breasts of any other teacher in school. Toby took as many art classes as he could just for the chance to watch them bounce with each step. Mr. McCallum seemed to have noticed as well because he chuckled nervously

“We’ll be good,” Toby promised

“Yeah, we can take care of ourselves,” Simon agreed

“Ok,” Mr. McCallum stood, the stack of papers under his arm. “I trust you guys. I’ll be back in fifteen minutes.”

“Twenty,” Mrs. Kerr winked

“Twenty,” Mr. McCallum corrected, before hurrying out the door after her

When they were gone Toby turned to Simon, “You think they’re having sex?”

“Derr,” Simon rolled his eyes, returning his attention to the website. “Let’s try this thing.”

Clicking on the “Try” button took him to a signup page for a free trial. Simon dutifully filled in the information using a fake address and the email he used for spam accounts. There was no option to add a credit card but there was a long list of terms and conditions that Simon ignored, scrolling down quickly to hit the “Accept” button. Annoyingly, he had to accept three times, with a new warning popping up each time attempting to absolutely confirm he’d read the terms and conditions. Finally, upon pressing “Accept” for the fourth time, they were prompted to upload ten sample pictures and circle which parts they wanted

“Who are we gonna use?” Toby asked eagerly

“Why don’t we choose some girls from our school. Do you have any pictures?”

“Do I have any pictures? Uh, yeah, I got...all of them!” Toby triumphantly held up a USB and plugged it into the computer

The guys flipped through the images of students at their school looking for their dream girl parts. Simon lingered on the pictures of the cheerleaders, creating his perfect one from the parts of all of them. He selected the small but gorgeously perky tits of one, the eyes of another, the wavy blonde hair of a third, combined with a trim tummy, and a combination of toned arms and legs from some others. Kylie’s long, angry face glared at him from one of the pictures and he took that, too, secretly acknowledging that he’d like to fuck the bitchiness out of her

Simon circled the taut ass of another cheerleader and shook his head as he claimed it. “Guess I’m taking her pussy, too.”

When he finished and uploaded the photos, the AI spit out the image of a super cheerleader. She had the best parts of all of them. Kylie’s resting bitch face with Ellie’s golden hair and the perfect combination body: svelte and tight, with the perkier breasts, the nipples poking through the fabric of the shirt

After creating the woman, Simon was presented with a page to create her name and give his dream girl attributes

“What should I name her?” Simon asked

“Slutty McSlutface!” Toby snorted

“Nah, I don’t want to ruin her.” Simon felt strangely protective of this impossible woman he’d just created. Maybe this was how Frankenstein felt when he finished his monster. Except, to the best of Simon’s knowledge, Frankenstein didn’t want to fuck his monster

Finally, he made up his mind. “She looks like a...Tiffany. Tiffany Love.”

Simon typed in the name and went down the attributes list. There were some blank lines with the only instructions to “Create a personality.”

“Make her only dress in little skirts and skimpy tops,” Toby said

“Nice,” Simon agreed. “And she’s smart but naive.”

“Classic,” Toby agreed. “Oh, and she likes to play with her tits.”

“Ha, can you imagine?” Simon said, typing in Toby’s suggestion. “Yeah, let’s make her have to constantly play with her tits.”

“And she’ll fuck whoever wants her.”

“That would be everyone,” Simon said, adding it in

He pressed enter and was prompted to enter a second user name. He slid aside and let Toby take over. Toby’s first stop was to take Mrs. Kerr’s massive breasts, before swiping the arms and legs of a few of the other teachers. There was a photo of Simon’s mom—taken from the back such that Simon didn’t recognize her—that Toby guiltily uploaded before claiming her amazing bubble butt. When he was done he’d created a full-bodied brunette in her late thirties with huge breasts and wide hips. Her face was slightly plump, with huge doe eyes and a wide mouth with full dicksucking lips

“It’s a dream MILF,” Simon laughed

“Not yet,” Toby chuckled

He gave her the name of Fucktits Fingerbang (of the Massachusetts Fingerbangs), and snorted as he lowered her intelligence then made her obsessed with looking good, giving blowjobs and masturbating. He was surprised when the system accepted his suggestion that she was allergic to wearing a top or bras

“Now there’s a dream MILF,” Toby said, pressing enter and sitting back

The screen went blank for a second as it loaded the next page. Then the words “Initializing” appeared. Simon felt a full-body exhaustion drop over him suddenly. His eyelids drooped. He couldn’t keep himself upright, so he put his head down on the desk next to the computer and drifted off to sleep. Next to him, Toby did the same.

Toby woke up, still in the computer lab, sometime later. He looked around groggily and saw by the clock on the bottom of the computer screen that only a few minutes had passed. Mr. McCallum still wasn't back and Simon was slumped over the desk to his left, facing away, all that was visible was his mass of black hair

"Hey, you okay?" Toby prodded Simon

Simon stirred sleepily and waved Toby off. "Yeah, yeah."

Toby rubbed his eyes and was surprised to find that his face felt different. It was hard to describe because he couldn't exactly explain how it was supposed to feel, but his skin was definitely...softer? Thinner? He couldn't feel his acne. Instead, his cheeks felt smooth and full

"I'm going to the bathroom," Toby said, pushing his chair back and standing

Simon stretched and began sitting up but Toby was already halfway out the door, peeking out in the hallway to make sure Blake wasn't around. Toby ran his hands through his hair, pushing the fine wavy mass out of his eyes, noting absently that his hair seemed a little longer and less greasy. Silky even. When he was sure Blake wasn't around, he hurried down the corridor towards the toilets. His hand was on the door and he was just pushing it open when he heard Blake's voice behind him

"Hey dickweed," Blake grabbed Toby's shoulder and spun him around, "You think —"

Blake paused and dropped his hand. His eyes darted up and down Toby's body suspiciously, returning to his face. "Shit. Sorry. Thought you were someone else."

Blake and his lackeys turned and walked away. What the hell? Toby pushed open the door of the toilets and hurried inside before they could change their mind. He came around the corner to where the sinks were and froze, staring into one of the mirrors above the basins. Reflected back at him was a strange sight

It was his own skinny body, the black metal band tee-shirt hanging loosely over his scrawny chest. But his face had changed. He had a plump, feminine face with huge doe eyes and wide dicksucking lips. It was the exact face of the dream mom he'd recently created. Looking closely he could see the eyes he'd stolen from one teacher, the nose from another, the lips from a third. Even as he stared at himself he saw the changes continuing as long hair crept down the sides of his face. It now spilled down his shoulders in fruit-scented brunette waves

Toby gasped, his hands coming up to his mouth, fingers landing on lips that were altogether too smooth, too plump. In the mirror, the boy with the woman's face copied

him. Toby stepped closer, leaning over the sink until he was inches from the mirror. He could see the pores of her skin, every slight mole, and the gold flecks in her wide, brown eyes. He brought one hand up and stroked his skin in awe, fingers following the contours of his cheekbones, his slender nose, his full lips

This couldn't be happening. Toby closed his eyes tight but when he opened them he was still staring at his dream mom's face. She was gorgeous. Even more beautiful in real life than she had been onscreen

"What the fuck?" He whispered in amazement. The voice was still his, reedy and high pitched and completely incongruous with the pretty face

He backed away from the mirror, then turned and fled back to the computer lab, his head down, avoiding eye contact with the few students still in the hallway. He slipped into the computer lab, glad to find Mr. McCallum was still gone. He made his way to the back corner where Simon was stretching lazily. Toby opened his mouth to speak but Simon looked up at him and they both froze

Simon had Kylie's face. Toby would have recognized that ice queen beauty anywhere, only now she had golden tresses spilling down each side of her face. Exquisitely crafted dark blonde eyebrows arched over pale blue eyes and the brow over the delicate nose was, as usual, furrowed. And it all sat atop Simon's fat body

"Who are you?" Simon asked, pushing his blonde hair out of his eyes, before noticing that he had blonde hair in his eyes. He grabbed a lock and held it up to his eyes in astonishment. "Who am I?"

"I'm Toby. But you look like Kylie," Toby said, moving closer

"And you're..." Simon squinted at him. "Who are you?"

"I'm-" Toby gulped, "Fucktits Fingerbang. Of the Massachusetts Fingerbangs."

The two boys stared at each other for a beat. Before either of them could speak again the door to the lab swung open and Mr. McCallum entered. He was adjusting his tie, the top button of his shirt still askew. Streaks of green paint climbed up one shoulder. Simon and Toby both ducked their heads behind their monitors, hiding their transformed faces

"Sorry, boys, I have to close up," Mr. McCallum apologized

Simon and Toby mumbled apologies as they quickly gathered up their stuff. Simon put his hoodie back on and tugged the hood down over his head. Toby did the same with his jacket and they fled out the door, heads down, mumbling their thanks to Mr. McCallum as they left

They hurried down the hallway, still covering their faces, winding their way through the school until they came out the back entrance to the bike racks. Both guys were

huffing again. Simon looked around wildly and, when he saw they were alone, tried to steady himself

“Why is this happening?” Toby asked, pushing back some loose strands of brunette hair

Simon looked up at him. It was a strange image seeing this striking middle-aged woman’s head on Toby’s scrawny teenage body. Simon realized he must look equally weird to Toby, with the face of a cheerleader on his fat body

“I don’t know. Do you think it was the website?”

“A magic website? Pfft. That’s ridiculous.”

“And this isn’t?” Simon practically screeched, pointing to the face of Kylie that he now owned

“Okay. Point. We can’t stay here, people will think we’re freaks. I mean, more than they usually do.”

“Your house is closest. Let’s go.”

They hopped on their bikes and took off, pedaling as fast as they could through the streets to Toby’s house

Toby pulled up next to Simon as they rode. “Do you remember your login and password?”

“No, but if it’s like anything else we can reset it.”

“That’s what I’m worried about. That it’s not like anything else.”

Simon’s grip on the handlebar changed and he looked down at it. His right hand was no longer pudgy. The scar above his thumb had disappeared, as had the thick black hair on his knuckles. Replacing it was smooth skin across slender, nimble fingers. The nails tapered to beautiful rounded points, shiny with gloss. He’d copied them from Michelle, his partner in Spanish class. He’d sometimes fantasize that those fingers were wrapped around his dick and now they were on his hand

“Let’s hurry this up,” Simon shouted, pedaling faster

Toby puffed behind him, but he was having trouble pedaling. His shoes seemed altogether too big for his feet, and his legs—not muscular at the best of times—were having difficulty pushing. Gliding on a downhill slope, he reached down and scratched his ankle, noticing as he did so how smooth his skin felt. Fear spurred him on

They rolled up Toby’s short driveway and dumped their bikes on the lawn. Toby had some trouble getting off his bike as his legs seemed to have changed form. He had trouble lifting his thicker thighs over the bar to dismount. His whole bottom half seemed much more pear-shaped, and it threw off his whole proprioception in a way that made him lurch awkwardly as he hurried after Simon. His ass wiggled and shook

behind him in a way that would have been divine if it had been on one of his teachers. Although, until a few minutes ago, it had

“Come on. Let’s get up to your room before—” Simon said, and then between one word and the next his voice changed, becoming higher pitched and sweeter, taking on the lovely dulcet tones of Kylie. “—anything else transforms.”

He stopped, grabbing his throat and staring back at Toby in wonderment. Toby’s mouth dropped open, his eyes flicked down to his friend’s petite hand clasping his neck. Simon saw where he was looking and quickly hid his transformed hand behind his back

“I think—” Toby began, and his voice, too, was changed. It was huskier, rough and ready but still feminine in a way that intimated a deep sexiness. “—something else already has.”

The two boys hurried up through the house and locked themselves in Toby’s bedroom. Even being in his familiar mess didn’t help Toby feel better. He rushed to the blocky desktop computer perched atop his messy desk

“Come on. Boot it up.” Simon commanded, though it was hard to take him seriously with such a girlish voice

Toby took a seat while Simon paced back and forth behind him, gazing down at his hands. Both of them had now changed into women’s hands. He stroked the skin on the back of one hand slowly, awed at how soft it felt. At least he’d chosen both hands from the same person. There was an excitement building within him as he realized he was stroking the hand of his classmate. A hand that would have otherwise recoiled at his touch was now his to feel at his leisure. He followed the changes up the smooth, toned skin of his arm until they met his fat, sloping shoulder. If his whole upper body was changing it wouldn’t be long until—

There was pressure on his chest. Two somethings were growing, pressing against his shirt, making it tent out even as his stomach tickled and shrank. Breasts. He could see them growing as he stared down at himself. His shirt draped across them, much deflated now with the loss of his fat stomach. Well, deflated beneath those perky breasts. Each nipple indented the fabric. With Toby immersed in his hunt for the login, Simon clutched his stomach as it gurgled. It was definitely smaller. The last of the flab disappeared beneath his groping fingers. He felt abs—actual abs!—beneath. But more disconcerting even than the breasts or the abs, he could feel his insides rearranging themselves. Had he taken the ovaries and Fallopian tubes of whoever’s stomach this was as well?

“I gotta pee,” Simon said, rushing out of the room without waiting for a reply, blushing as he did so to hear his sweet voice say something so crude

His new tits bounced lightly as he hurried down the hallway. Flipping on the bathroom light, he locked the door and turned to the mirror. Kylie's face stared back at him, now mirroring his open-mouthed gape. Gone was the arrogant bitch, replaced with an astonished blonde sexpot

Tiffany Love, his mind insisted, I'm becoming Tiffany Love

But Tiffany Love was fictional. An amalgamation of all the body parts he lusted after put together on one woman. And now he was changing into that body. The perfect body. He had to see it

Simon yanked off his hoodie and threw it to the floor, quickly followed by his shirt. The movement sent his breasts bouncing again and he stared down at them. It was hard to believe that these were someone else's tits hanging from his chest, someone else's fingers stroking them, running down the warm skin to someone else's abs. Returning his gaze to the mirror, he saw that his entire upper half had transformed

He tossed the silky blonde hair back behind his shoulder and grabbed his tits greedily. They were small enough to take in both hands but so fun to play with. He bounced them up and down, marveling at how firm they felt. Simon had always thought real tits would be like water balloons but these had a nice heft and a completely different solidity. He squeezed them beneath his petite hands, his fingers dimpling the perfect skin. He clutched and released them, smacked them lightly from side to side, jiggled his chest and watched them move. He'd never seen breasts in real life before and he delighted in doing everything to his new tits that he'd always dreamed of doing. They were as fun to watch as they were to feel. His pants were so tight, his cock straining against them. He still had a cock, at least

Simon unbuttoned his pants and kicked them off, followed by his boxers. His familiar cock stood at attention, rock hard already. He grabbed it with his new fingers. His classmate's fingers

Holy fuck, Michelle from his Spanish class was stroking his cock

His dick felt larger and thicker beneath his smaller hand. Simon stroked slowly, running his fingers up and down the shaft with one hand while he fondled his breasts with the other. Looking in the mirror he saw what appeared to be a transgender woman. Her tits were incredible, and she was stroking her dick, hard for herself. Her cheeks were red, her lips screwed up in concentration, eyes half-lidded in desire. Simon moaned, a delightfully throaty purr spilling from his lips as he stroked himself

Simon squeezed one tit harder, eyes locked on the delightful skin as he manipulated it, watching it jiggle and bounce. His breast felt so incredible and the pleasure built within him, the familiar concentration of need at the base of his cock. He stroked himself faster, opening his eyes to watch in the mirror as he made Tiffany fondle her breasts, moving from one to the other, gripping harder, making them swing

back and forth even as she jerked off his dick. Her hands were magical on his cock, warm and slender, perfectly fitting around his girth

A little bead of pre-cum appeared at the tip of his dick. God, how he wanted to lick it off, to watch this woman—Tiffany Love—suck a dick. It was what she was made for. His entire body was so hot, the tension nearly unbearable. He let go of his dick, bringing his hand to his mouth to lick it, coating it in saliva, before returning to masturbate. The slickness helped and soon the tension was too much to contain

“Oh, yes, Simon,” he cooed, playing up his fantasy woman. “Cum for me, baby.”

Hearing Tiffany’s needy voice begging for him sent him over the edge. He bit his lip as he grunted, his cock throbbing beneath his fingers. He came hard, creamy white seed spurting from the tip of his dick. He quickly collected it in his free hand, letting the hot cum pool in his soft palm. Usually after masturbating there was an instant letdown but, somehow, he was still horny

He held the handful of cum above his face and watched in the mirror as it dripped onto Kylie’s face. He stuck out his tongue, catching a couple salty drops while the rest rolled down his chin and onto his bouncy tits. Fuck, she looked good covered in cum. Just like he’d imagined. Better, even, because Kylie’s body was now perfect, and he could taste her and touch her

He rubbed his seed over his tits with his sticky hands, dirtying himself for himself, watching in the mirror as he coated this sexy cheerleader in his cum. He was a dirty whore. He needed this. The pleasure was winding down and soon abated, leaving him sticky and embarrassed about what he’d done. Christ, he’d called himself a dirty whore

He wiped off his chest and his face with a damp towel, laughing in the mirror as he did so. It was kind of funny seeing his fantasy woman here in his own bathroom, obeying his every command, horny for him. Still, he didn’t want to be her forever. Time to get to that website.

As soon as Simon left, Toby slipped off one shoe. His foot had grown so small he didn't even have to untie the laces. Yanking off the baggy sock he was confronted with adorable toes, the nails polished and pedicured. His foot was hairless, the ankle slim, leading up to sculpted calves with more muscle tone than he'd ever had. And much less hair

"Oh, shit," he whispered, remembering how he'd claimed the legs of Ms. Carly, the dance teacher, for his own

He licked his lips, once again confronted with the new feel of his face. He was slowly but surely turning into the woman he'd created, Fucktits Fingerbang, of the Massachusetts Fingerbangs. If he knew he was going to be stuck with such a juvenile, stupid name he never would have chosen it. Hell, if he knew he was going to transform into a woman he never would have done any of it

Toby returned his attention to the computer. It was old and slow, making lots of noise as it booted up. Something tickled between his legs and he shifted in his seat. The tickling continued, like something dragging slowly up against his thigh. With a jolt of realization, he yanked down his pants

His thighs, formerly scrawny and pale, were meatier and curvier. His butt was plump, his waist rounded and with an adorable rotundity. Toby's bottom half had taken on the divine hourglass shape of a mature woman. But what really drew his attention was his dick. It wasn't huge at the best of times but now it was downright tiny and shrinking fast. He could actually watch it retract into his body, disappearing along with his balls

He whimpered, clutching at his dick just as it disappeared. For half a second he was completely smooth, and then a slit erupted beneath his fingers. He pulled his hand away in time to see his pussy lips fill out, becoming rounded as they clasped together. The messy tangle of pubic hair resolved into a trim triangle pointing towards his new slit. Inside, he felt his body rearranging itself, organs appearing and disappearing as his womb appeared

But those little pussy lips. That elegant entrance. Holy hell, if he had Simon's mom's ass then this must also be her pussy

The thought was mesmerizing. Hadn't he dreamed of having it before? Admittedly not like this, but still. It was so beautiful, the little lips tucked together so neatly

Toby stroked himself experimentally watching his clumsy fingers follow the line of his friend's mom's exquisite entrance. He pushed and prodded himself, fingers dipping into his opening. It was so odd feeling his finger inside himself, feeling the little rubbery

folds of his pussy clasping it. He moved up and down, unsure exactly how this all worked

It felt good, but that was mostly because he was watching himself stroke this coveted pussy, not because of any particular place he was touching. And then his fingers pressed against the top of his slit and something felt different. It was a pleasant feeling. Slightly warm and insistent, making his body call out for more. He pushed a little harder, stroking softly, as though he were afraid to break anything. The pleasant feeling intensified, a little buzzing hum shooting through him

Mmmm, that felt nice

Toby heard the toilet flush and quickly pulled up his pants and put his sock and shoe back on. A part of him was disappointed he hadn't gotten to follow that beautiful feeling, but he also didn't want Simon to know he'd lost his dick. There was something...emasculating about that

When Simon returned to the room he saw Toby sitting at the computer as though nothing happened. He moved around to the side of Toby, trying to get a good look at his profile without seeming like he was staring. Simon couldn't see any breasts on Toby, nor did Toby's hands look any different, which he took to mean that the changes were happening faster to himself. Simon sat on the edge of the bed, his petite hand clasped together, wondering why he was changing so much more quickly than Toby

"Here you go, all yours," Toby said when the website popped up

They traded seats and Simon soon found his login information. But when he tried to cancel the trial a message popped up:

Error: Unable to cancel the trial until implementation is complete

"What does it mean 'until implementation is complete'?" Toby asked

Simon stood up and folded his arms beneath his luscious breasts. "I think it means...we have to change into them completely before it will reverse it," Simon gulped

Toby looked up at him, his eyes flicking down to the perfect breasts bowing out Simon's top. Simon followed his gaze and sighed

"Yeah," Simon said, grabbing his shirt and pulling it up until his breasts bounced free. "I've got tits."

"Holy shit," Toby breathed. Simon's breasts were astounding in their perfection

Simon covered himself back up before Toby got any ideas, though Toby's greedy look had made a quick burst of heat flick through his body. "Why haven't you grown tits?"

Toby just shrugged, still unwilling to admit to the changes that had happened to his lower half. "It's all right. All we have to do is wait until the changes are done and then

reverse them.”

“So I’ll be Tiffany and you’ll be...?”

“Fucktits Fingerbang,” Toby sighed. “Of the Massachusetts Fingerbangs. Both of us can be alone in our rooms.”

Both boys pondered the possibilities but were interrupted by the sound of a car pulling in the driveway. Toby raced to the window and peeked out

“Shit. My mom’s home early. We can’t let her see us like this. We have to get out of here. Come on.”

Both guys hefted their backpacks onto their shoulders and dashed down the stairs as quietly as they could. Simon had to grab his tits with both hands to stop them from bouncing painfully as he ran. It felt nice. Right. Like it was where his hands belonged

Toby heard his mom’s key in the front door as they skittered out the back door. They ducked around the side of the house next to the fence and waited for Toby’s mom to get inside. After about twenty seconds Toby peeked around the corner of the house. The coast was clear

“Where do we go? We can’t walk around like this.” Toby whispered

“My house? I think we can sneak into my basement and wait. Based on what’s happened to me the changes shouldn’t take too much longer.”

“That’s so far away,” Toby whined. He was thinking about how hard it had been for his new legs to get him here

He heard his mom faintly from within the house, calling his name

“You have a better idea?” Simon said

Toby looked at his friend. So strange seeing Simon’s mannerisms play out across Kylie’s face. The same little scowl that looked ugly on Simon looked fucking hot on her

“Well?” Simon said, agitated

Simon’s hands had come up to his breasts and were squeezing them. He looked down, noticed what he was doing, and dropped his hands to his sides

“What?” Toby asked. He’d lost his train of thought. What were they doing out here? And why was he wearing boy clothes?

“Toby,” Simon snapped, and Toby looked at him, blankly. “Jesus, just follow me.”

“Okay,” Toby agreed

That was easy. He could follow people. Following what was going on, though, was becoming increasingly more difficult. He felt muddled and slow, like his brain couldn’t really...brain very well.

They hurried to where they'd dumped their bikes on the front lawn. Toby had a definite sway in his hips now and his gait was seductive and sexy. His plumper butt filled out his pants, giving him an ass he'd never had, even as his top half remained that of a gawky teenage boy. As he jumped onto his bike the saddle pressed against his new pussy, drawing his attention to the part of the change he hoped to keep concealed.

The guys pushed off and pedaled for Simon's house. They finally relaxed a little when they were around the corner and down the street. The wind rushed through their hair, Simon's golden locks flowing out behind him, his incredible upper body looking incongruous in the schlubby hoodie he'd pulled back on to cover himself.

Toby wasn't the only one who noticed Simon's breasts. As they passed a tatty car full of teens one of them gave a wolf whistle.

"Show me your tits!" They called, hooting with laughter as Simon and Toby rolled past.

Simon already had one hand on his tits and had reached down to pull up his hoodie and flash the teens when he stopped and collected himself. The urges he'd given his dream girl—to play with her tits, to be down for sex—were pushing in on his mind.

The two transformed guys cut down a side street to get away. With each thrust of the peddle Toby could feel the lips of his pussy. Fuck, how did women do it? For one, he realized, they probably weren't constantly turned on by themselves.

After what seemed like hours they finally arrived at Simon's place.

"My dad and brother are probably home so we need to be quiet," Simon said, dismounting.

Toby and Simon quietly wheeled their bikes around to the back of the house. The house had been built into a slope so that the basement door exited out onto the back lawn and connected internally through a set of stairs up to the kitchen. Simon unlocked the outside door and pushed it open. It stuck, as usual, and the loud crack as it opened all the way was enough to make both guys jump. Simon froze, listening to see if anyone had heard. After a few seconds of silence they slipped inside.

Simon's basement was a half-finished rec room. One half was insulated and made up like a proper living room with a shabby couch and a large television, while in the other half the plasterboard had been left off and the wooden beams were visible. Simon used the area as his workshop. A few computers littered the workbench, their guts extracted for other projects. A desktop with a huge monitor was set up on a card table. The guys often used Simon's basement as their retreat. Simon's parents

respected his privacy, leaving them down here to fend for themselves, confident that they wouldn't have any girls over

Simon took his hands away from his tits long enough to turn on his computer. As it booted up, he yanked up his shirt and looked down at his chest. His hands returned to his skin, teasing and squeezing himself. Christ, he felt so good. Playing with his tits was a compulsion now. He just didn't feel comfortable unless he was touching them

Simon looked over at Toby, who was slouching on the couch. "Why haven't you changed as much as me? Why am I the only one with tits?"

Toby scratched his nose, letting his fingers softly stroke his chin and cheeks, exploring the contours of his new face. "I've been changing, too."

"What, your face?"

"N-no. More than that," Toby admitted

Toby pulled off his shoes and socks to show off his petite feet. Simon came around the couch and stared at them. Toby wiggled his little toes, excited to have someone admiring his good looks

"How far have the changes gone?"

Toby stood and gulped, his hands on his pants. Then he undid the button and let them drop down his thick legs. Taking a deep breath, he slid down his boxer with trembling hands. Simon gaped at the dark bush before him, little understanding that it was his mom's pussy he was looking at

"Holy shit," Simon whispered, his hands still busy on his tits and giving Toby warmly erotic thoughts. "You've got a pussy."

From the waist down, Toby looked like a curvy middle-aged woman. He had a jiggly bubble butt and creamy thighs, the calves supple, the skin smooth. The little triangle of his pubes pointed down to his slit

"Yeah," Toby agreed, "I do."

Simon stepped closer to Toby, his eyes locked on his pussy. He'd never seen one before in real life. There was something enticing about it, the way the lips folded up just so, hinting at the warmth within

"You can touch it if you want to," Toby said as if reading Simon's thoughts

Simon knelt in front of his friend. Toby spread his legs and Simon stroked his friend's slit experimentally. His tiny fingers followed the line of Toby's pussy, excitement building within him

"Harder," Toby whispered. His throat was suddenly dry, his body warming at Simon's gentle touch

Simon stroked his friend again, harder this time. He watched Bethany's little pussy lips just spread apart, his fingertips nearly sliding inside his friend's body. Toby quivered watching Simon touch him and Simon was suddenly rock hard, his cock straining against his pants once again. Simon continued stroking Toby's pussy, fingers gliding up and down Toby's entrance as he gazed into the beautiful silky folds. Despite his desire to get back to his own body, Simon was driven by his need—Tiffany's need—to fuck whoever wanted him. And there was no doubt from the way that Toby was looking at him, from the way his pussy lips were growing loose and welcome, that Toby wanted him

Toby bit his lower lip and sunk into the pleasure beginning to creep through him. Anticipation was building and he grew wet for the first time. It was strange feeling his new pussy become moist, the little lips gently sliding back and forth as his friend stroked him

On a whim, Toby leaned down and pulled up Simon's shirt to grab his breasts. Simon giggled softly, his hands never leaving Toby's body. Fuck it was hot watching Simon's dream girl stroke another pussy, her pale blue eyes wide in wonder, the little nipples on her taut tits growing into stiff peaks beneath Toby's fingers

Simon moved closer until his face was inches from Toby's pussy. He could smell his friend's delicious musky scent, and he pressed his fingers harder into Toby's moistening hole. Suddenly the resistance melted away and Simon found his fingertips sliding inside the warm, slick folds. He dragged his fingers up and down, finding Toby's dew and spreading it across his pussy. Little flashes of pink appeared as Simon stroked in tight circles

Toby grabbed Simon's hand. Simon thought he was being told to stop and he whimpered in need, but instead, Toby guided his friend's hand up to the top of his slit, his calloused fingers on Simon's soft ones, and gently encouraged him to press firmly inside him. Simon felt the little nub of Toby's pleasure, and Toby sighed as he rested his fingers on Simon's, teaching his friend how to stroke the clit in small circles

When Toby let go, Simon continued the motion, his fingers swirling through Toby's beautiful cunt. Toby grabbed Simon's tits again and squeezed harder, both their bodies reacting to each other. Toby was so wet now. He could hear the squelching sounds of his friend's fingers in his pussy. Each stroke made him hornier, the tension inside him growing to a bursting point. But Simon's fingers weren't enough. Toby needed something else inside him

"Do you still have your cock?" Toby whispered, closing his eyes as a pulse of pleasure shot through him

"Yes," Simon nodded, entranced by the beauty of Toby's cunt, by the sight and the sound and the smell of him

“Then fuck me with it,” Toby begged

Simon scrambled with his pants and Toby stroked himself while he waited. He was burning up, a tension twisting through him that needed release. Toby fingered himself for the first time, marveling at the way his canal clasped his fingers and drove the heat higher. Simon’s cock sprang out, already erect. Toby didn’t care that it was his friend’s dick, he just needed it inside him

Toby pulled Simon down onto the couch and straddled his lap. He angled his wet pussy over his friend’s waiting cock. Simon thrust up, the cockhead pumping urgently but ineptly at Toby’s opening. Toby reached between his creamy thighs and grabbed his friend’s dick, guiding it inside his warmth and lowering himself onto Simon’s cock

There was a brief pressure as Simon’s cockhead nestled up against his entrance, a moment of anticipation, and then Toby parted for his friend, felt the walls of his canal squeeze against the hot cock as it filled him, inch by inch. Toby lowered himself slowly, enjoying the deep slow warmth traveling through him, until at last he sat on Simon’s lap, his friend’s dick lodged inside, hard up against his center

The feeling of fullness was incredible, just what his cunt needed. He grabbed Simon’s perfect tits and squeezed, delighting in the feel of his friend’s soft chest and hard cock. It was the best of both worlds. Toby rocked slowly up and down, allowing Simon’s cock to withdraw and then fill him again, lubricating his friend’s dick with his slick juices. The boys moaned together in the voices of the women they’d nearly become. The sound of feminine desire made them even hornier. Toby dropped down and rocked back and forth, bouncing his heavy butt on Simon’s dick, crying out each time the cockhead hit the dimpled nub of his center and sent another shockwave of pleasure through him

Simon gripped Toby’s but in both hands, squeezing the weighty warmth. He stared down at himself, past the round tits that Toby was clutching, to watch his dick disappear into his friend, reappearing slick with Toby’s juices. Toby’s pussy was perfectly warm, perfectly wet. It fueled the desire in him, the burning itch to release, to thrust to pound. Simon raised his hips, thrusting up, driving deeper into Toby’s pussy, wanting to live there forever surrounded by that exquisite dripping heat

Simon surprised himself by lasting so long without cumming. It was as if the tension winding through him couldn’t quite escape, couldn’t quite reach the top. He grabbed Toby’s hips and yanked him down hard with each thrust, slamming his dick into his friend’s tight cunt. Simon’s tits bounced on his chest, Toby’s rough hands squeezing them, and then he came suddenly, gritting his teeth and moaning as he unleashed himself into Toby’s pussy, emptying his hot seed into that mature body

The sudden blast of heat surprised Toby, made him cry out once, delighted and horny. He could feel each spurt of Simon’s dick, each blast of cum pumping into him,

filling him ever fuller as his own orgasm exploded through him. He climaxed on Simon's dick, body rocking back and forth, head thrown back, eyes shut, as a deep pleasure flashed through him, leaving him breathless. It was a more full-bodied orgasm than he'd ever experienced as a guy, lasting longer, more intense and slower to release

When Toby could finally think again he rolled off Simon's dick and lay on his back on the couch, his transformed feet on his friend's lap, Simon's creamy seed dripping out of him

"Fuck, that was incredible," Toby moaned

"I hope you enjoyed it," Simon said, staring into his lap, his voice shaky. "Because it's not going to happen again."

Toby craned his head up and they both watched Simon's cock shrink to nothingness. Just like Toby's transformation some half hour before, Simon was perfectly smooth for barely a second before his slit formed. A blonde landing strip framed tight pussy lips. Virginal lips, if rumors around the school about the girl he'd copied them from were correct

Toby was distracted from his friend's pussy by a growing pressure on his chest. He flipped up his top in surprise, just in time to see two beautiful breasts form and flop down onto his armpits. They grew and continued to grow, tumbling down his tummy where they draped, heavy and bulbous. His art teacher's tits! They were even more fabulous in real life than he'd ever imagined. He took them in each hand and squeezed them together. The skin was slightly striated with stretch marks but otherwise perfect. Smooth and unwieldy and heavy and utterly wonderful. Toby played with them, enjoying the soft sensuality of his skin, the forbidden ability to stroke the tits of his art teacher. He realized he was making himself wet again. Man, he'd just cum. Was his body really ready to go again?

Simon watched Toby play with his new tits, Toby's hands already transforming into dainty little things, the fingers slightly shorter but skinnier. Simon's own transformation continued as well, gaining speed as his ass rounded out and firmed up, his legs becoming toned and tight with glorious feminine calves and smooth, bronze skin. The changes appeared to be complete, and still he stared at Fucktits as she played with her breasts, gaping at them as though she'd never seen them before. She looked like every sexy mom Tiffany had ever seen all rolled into one: busty and sensual and free with her body

Wait. Fucktits? That wasn't right. Her name was...Toby. Wasn't it? And she wasn't Tiffany, she was Simon. But those were boy names. And then Simon remembered the website and for a second it all came back to him. He clutched at that memory of who they were supposed to be

Simon cleared his throat and Toby looked up at him, hands still on his tits. "I think the changes are done. We should end this trial now."

Toby paused for a fraction of a second before agreeing. He pushed himself to his feet, his breasts swaying as he did so. He reached down to get his shirt, stuck his arm through it and paused. He suddenly felt itchy and uncomfortable. The itchiness stopped when he dropped the shirt. A memory dawned on him. It was vague and so long ago. Something about being allergic to wearing a top

Simon, still fondling his tits, walked over to the computer. He was naked, and Toby gazed at the little ass as it swayed back and forth. Toby was so goddamn horny it was hard to think straight

Simon logged in to the Parts Picker website. He hovered the mouse cursor over the "Stop Trial" button for a second, wondering if they shouldn't explore this opportunity some more. But then again, he didn't want to look like he was enjoying being Tiffany. He pushed the button and a message popped up:

Are you sure you want to stop the trial? You have three days left

Simon pushed the "Confirm" button and another message popped up:

Confirm you have read the terms and conditions

Simon pushed 'Confirm' again. Jesus, they were really pushing those terms and conditions that no one ever read

Another message:

Stopping the trial costs \$200

This was followed by a form asking for credit card details

"Oh for fuck's sake," Simon groaned, sitting back on the chair

Toby stood behind him and let his massive tits rest on Simon's shoulders. "You have to pay to stop it? That's blackmail!"

"What are we gonna do?" Simon shrugged, holding his hand out. "Give me your credit card."

Toby looked at him. "I don't have a credit card."

"What? That's insane. How can you not have a credit card?"

"Use yours."

"I don't have a credit card. But that's only because my parents don't trust me after I bought that virtual reality rig off the website."

"Well worth it," agreed Toby

"Absolutely."

"But what do we do now?"

“Well...” said Simon after some thought, “Maybe I can sneak my mom’s card out of her purse. She usually leaves it on the kitchen table.”

Simon crept up the creaky wooden steps while Toby remained in the basement. When he reached the top, he put his ear to the door, listening for any sounds from the kitchen. Satisfied that no one was there, he unbolted the door and turned the handle slowly, pulling the door open fractionally so he could peek through. The kitchen was empty but he could hear the television on in the lounge room

Pushing the door open wide he tiptoed into the kitchen, a little unsteady with his new center of gravity. He clutched his tits to his chest, nearly unable to refrain from touching them anymore. The changes were so hard to fight. His mom’s purse was on the table beside the back door as usual. Glancing into the living room, Simon saw the back of his brother’s head as he reclined on the couch, idly flipping through channels

Simon licked his lips nervously. What would his brother do if he caught some strange, naked, hot as hell woman in the house? The possibilities were more enticing than scary and for a moment Simon wanted to be discovered, if only so that his brother would throw him over the table and punish him hard and fast

Simon’s heart hammering in his chest, he slipped slowly through the kitchen towards the purse and closer to his brother. With tremendous concentration, he was able to force his hands off his tits and rifle through the purse until he found the credit card. He yanked it out and retreated, hands returning to fondle his breasts as he escaped

Simon reached the bottom of the steps and held up the credit card, triumphant. Toby looked up at him with a guilty look. His cheeks were flushed and his irises were wide. Simon slipped into the chair and began punching in the credit card details. Suddenly, there was a soft hand on his

“You know, we really haven’t experimented as much as we should have,” Toby whispered into Simon’s ear

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, Tiffany,” Toby said, moving closer to her until their lips were inches away. “Why don’t we just have one last moment of satisfaction?”

Tiffany could feel the heat radiating off her friend’s body, could smell the fruity scent of her perfume, could feel her warm breath on his lips. They were made to fuck. Why fight it?

And then their lips were together, followed by their bodies. Their breasts bobbed against each other as each pair of hands found the other, sliding across the soft skin as the two women kissed. Tiffany’s body was taut and firm, with the energy of youth, while Fucktits had a rounded ass and biteable tits that were wonderful to sink into

Tiffany slipped her tongue into her friend's mouth, tasting her. Fucktits had a head start while Tiffany was upstairs, and her fat, round nipples were already erect. Tiffany found them, splaying her fingers across the wide expanse of breast, kneading as they kissed. The older woman was aching with desire, hands wandering across the young skin of her lover, exhilarating in each smooth inch, from her shoulders down the small of her back to her perfect ass

The transformed Toby brought her hands between their two bodies and fondled Tiffany's breasts. They were wonderfully firm and she squeezed eagerly, as her tongue roamed the younger woman's mouth. Tiffany closed her eyes, giving her body up, the pleasure at having her breasts touched almost enough to bring her to orgasm right there. Their kisses grew more urgent, bodies growing brighter in desire

Tiffany's hands slid around her friend's wide ass and traced over her thighs, stroking up until her fingers found her coarse pubic hair. Their mouths still planted together, Tiffany followed the line of the gorgeous slit beneath her fingertips up and down, skating lightly across those delicate lips until they grew looser, opening for her touch. She dipped two fingers inside lightly, skating just inside the moist, silken folds and feeling them clasp her finger. Tiffany found her body echoing the excitement of her lover, growing wet at the thought of being needed

Clutching each other, not daring to let go for an instant, the two women lay on the carpeted floor, Tiffany's firm body pressed against the floor as the older woman lay on top of her, still kissing, still caressing those tight young curves. Fucktits's heavy breasts spilled down onto Tiffany's form, leaving a pleasurable heat as they dragged across her skin. The older woman's hands were magical, stroking and fondling, sliding in between Tiffany's thighs, teasing their way across her entrance before slipping inside to stroke once, twice, leaving just as Tiffany's pleasure was rising, returning again to keep her in a constant state of want

The mature mom kissed her way down the young cheerleader's body until her face was between Tiffany's slender thighs and her nose was pressed into Tiffany's delicious musk. She used her tongue and fingers to part Tiffany, gently sliding into her wetness, easing her pleasure. Tiffany's body burned and she clutched her tits yet again, legs twisting as the older woman's tongue worked her magic inside Tiffany's pussy. Licking and sucking and fingering her, Tiffany's cries rising in pitch, higher and more breathless until she came, quivering around the tongue and fingers inside her. The orgasm was immense, whitening out the world. Even when her vision returned she still saw stars

And with the release of the orgasm, reality snapped back into place for Simon

"The fuck are we doing?" He said, slipping out from underneath Toby and climbing back into the desk chair

His body was still hot, his breasts heaving, his little pussy dripping with juices. But he knew he needed to get them back before he lost all memory of who he was. He'd just woken the computer when the upstairs door opened and Simon's mom called out:

"Someone down there?"

Simon froze as footsteps began descending the stairs. Toby draped his tits around Simon's shoulders again and reached down between his lap. Simon pushed him away and scrambled to enter the credit card information while Toby pouted, his plump lower lip out. The steps approached the bottom of the stairs as Simon's delicate fingers pounded across the keyboard. He clicked the 'Submit' button, and then another window popped up, crammed with tiny writing and legalese

"More terms and conditions?" Simon groaned, his voice still hinting of sex

This time the screen made him scroll through to the bottom of the page. The words kept going, just as the steps on the stairs kept approaching. Finally, he reached the bottom of the page and the "Accept All" button lit up. He clicked it, only to have his relief dashed when another window popped up asking if he was really sure. The footsteps had reached the bottom of the basement. Simon glanced up to see his mom's foot appear from around the corner. He clicked through as fast as he could, pushing "Accept All" and "Yes" until, at last, the final window popped up thanking him for trying out their service and wishing him a good life

The world seemed to warp and shake, the light stretching out to infinity. When it snapped back into place, Tiffany was still in the chair in front of the computer with her hands on her tits. Fucktits stood next to her, swinging her chest and laughing as her bulbous breasts bounced together

Tiffany's mom peeked around the corner. Instead of screaming at finding strangers in her house, she smiled

"Oh, it's you two. Hi, Fucktits, are you staying for dinner?"

"Yes, of course. I think so." Fucktits had wide, vacant eyes. "Can we fuck first?"

Tiffany's mom laughed. "Of course. Do you want me to send Tiffany's brother down?"

"Yes, please!" Fucktits begged. "I need dick, like, sooo much."

"I know, sweetie," she laughed again

Tiffany's mom went back up the stairs, calling out for Tiffany's brother to come take care of the two women. Something was bothering Tiffany. Something about the website she'd been playing with. She read quickly through the terms and conditions as she stroked her tits. Buried deep in one clause was the explanation that clicking 'Accept All' on the changes made them permanent and retroactive. If they'd wanted to

cancel the trial and revert back they should have pushed the near-invisible gray text on black background button labeled “cancel”

It was a good thing they hadn't done that. Tiffany didn't remember what her previous life was like, but she was sure nothing could be her current life. Tiffany and Fucktits were the most popular girls in school and had a constant run of visitors coming over to enjoy their bodies. Because they were down for anything

Tiffany stroked her breasts and smiled as she heard her brother's footsteps coming down the stairs. She wasn't about to let Fucktits have all the fun.

#

Thank you!

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

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Tom is able to possess people's bodies. While out shopping one day he sees someone that he must have. As he enjoys her body he finds himself falling in love with her, and decides to help change her life for the better. And for his benefit.

Busted

Jason's a bully who takes great pride in ruling the school, but things change when he makes fun of the new goth girl's big chest and she casts a spell on him and his friends, turning them into their own big busted fantasies. She gives them one chance to change back, but they'll have to fight their new burning desires.

Foreign Exchange

Chun isn't happy about being volunteered to swap bodies with an American teen in the name of diplomacy. But when she lands in the body of Ashley, a cute high school senior, she discovers that life in another country — and as a sexy high school hottie — is much more pleasurable than she ever imagined.

Got It Going On

My girlfriend, Stacy, is an amateur witch. She can do magic, just not very well, which is why I'm hesitant when she comes to me with a spell that will swap our bodies for a day. Turns out I should have said no, because an accident causes me to swap bodies with her elegant, curvy mom. I know it might be wrong, but there's so much fun to be had being inside Stacy's mom.

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