

M2F TRANSFORMATION

**THE.
*Device***

MWLS

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The Device

M2F Transformation

by M. Wills

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The Device

Ken sat in the bean bag chair high up in the tree house. He was curled over his drawing notebook, his tongue poking out from between his lips unconsciously as he labored over his latest illustration. The little beans inside the chair crinkled beneath his weight whenever he shifted. He occasionally picked up the old Playboy magazine spread out on the floor by his feet and compared it to the drawing taking shape in his notebook. He hadn't quite mastered human dimensions; there was something off about his shading, the proportions of the face weren't quite right, and he couldn't exactly quite capture the lusty look on the model's face. But he was getting closer every day. And anyway, it was the perfect way to combine his two passions: drawing and naked women.

Ken's hand started cramping and he set his pencil down, stretching his neck back and forth as he did so. It was time for a break. His break consisted of picking up the Playboy magazine and leafing through its pages, examining his favorite centerfold from every available angle. Though Ken had access to the internet, he enjoyed the feel of these magazines. They had a presence to them and a vibrancy, along with the particular chemical smell of the pages, that you couldn't get from a screen. Plus, they didn't leave a search history.

The woman on the page had a body fashion typical of the late nineties, with feathery brunette hair that spilled across her face and down her shoulders. In his favorite picture, she sat on the edge of a bed, legs spread to reveal her wild bush—the little strip of her slit just visible—and swimsuit tan line. She was clad in nothing but high heels, stockings, and a flimsy wisp of something draped across one shoulder. Her mouth was slightly open, little red lips parted in a way that made Ken know she was begging for it. Her tits were round, perfect teardrops that you only saw in magazines, the nipples little bulls eyes. No silicone here. Her gorgeous breasts hung daintily from her chest. God, what he wouldn't give to be able to fondle those tits. Though, a woman like that in the real world would

never go for someone like Ken, with his chubby face and heavy body, not to mention his embarrassing bout of acne.

Ken heard footsteps crunching through the leaves below and carefully set the magazine aside. He slid up the wooden plug on the floor of the treehouse and peeked out the spy hole. Ken had cleverly designed it so that it was hidden in the shadow of the thick branch below and nearly invisible unless you knew where to look. Through the hole, Ken saw George step into view, adjusting his glasses as he waved up. Ken heaved his bulk out of the beanbag chair and pulled the wooden latch back with a satisfying thump, unlocking the trapdoor as George climbed up the ladder.

George and Ken had worked hard on this tree house for years, adding little touches here and there throughout their teenage years, like the little set of drawers with the false bottom where they stashed their prized possessions. The contents of the drawer could almost be used as a measure of the two guys' maturity: from action figures, to comic books, to porno mags, to weed. They'd stopped playing pretend many years ago and now used the tree house as a place to hide away from their families and just hang out. Though the "No girls allowed" sign had long faded, they would have gladly erased it entirely if they thought there was any hope that it was the sole reason no women ever set foot in the tree house.

George's head popped up through the hole in the floor. "Hey, man," he grinned, pushing his glasses up his greasy nose before tossing his backpack inside and hoisting himself lightly up over the lip of the trapdoor, skinny arms grappling for purchase.

"What's up?" Ken replied, not bothering to hide the magazine in his hand. There was an unspoken rule that they would look but not touch (themselves) up in the tree house. Both respected it simply because neither wanted to be the one caught with his dick in his hand when the other appeared.

“Nothin'. My bro's being an asshole again.”

“What else is new?”

George shrugged and squatted on the futon mattress they'd found by the curb. Thankfully, it was black, so whatever stains had been left by the previous owner were nearly invisible, and besides, the majority of the stains at this point were likely from Ken and George.

“Like, he thinks he's better than me because he's got a girlfriend now.”

“He's with that Amy chick?”

“Yeah.” Amy was a girl in George's AP Chemistry class. A cute Asian girl with big puppy dog eyes and a slender frame. She was hardworking and kept to herself, which is why it was such a complete surprise when she went out on a few dates with George's brother, Brad.

George continued, “Now all of a sudden she's showing up for dinner, like, every night and my parents have, like, total hard-ons for her.”

Ken laughed. “You sure you're not the one with the hard-on?”

“No. Shut up, you know what I mean.”

“Sure. You don't 'cause she's flat chested.”

“Dude!” George berated him, trying and failing to suppress a grin.

Ken enjoyed getting those reactions from people. It had gotten them both in trouble on many occasions, and yet he still couldn't help himself.

“Ready to spark up?” George asked.

“Waiting for you, man.”

George moved around to the drawer with the false bottom, but before he could slide it open there was a flash of light from outside followed by a loud crack of thunder that made them both jump.

“The fuck?” Ken said, peeking out the window. George joined him.

The tree house was at the far end of George's yard, opposite his house. It looked out onto a broad expanse of pine forest. One day the neighborhood would extend in that direction, but for now it was all wilderness. Somewhere close behind the

treeline Ken saw a thin trail of black smoke drifting up through the air.

“What was that?” George asked.

Ken yanked open the trapdoor of the tree house. “Let's find out.”

It didn't take long for them to find the source of the explosion. Something had slammed into the earth, causing a deep crater with a sizable portion of dirt and debris thrown up around it. Cresting the dirt, Ken and George peered down into the crater.

“Looks like a meteor.” Ken said.

“That's impossible.” George replied.

“Why? Look at it. There was a flash of light, an explosion, and now a big crater.”

“Because, by definition, a meteor is an object that's still in space. This is clearly a meteorite.” George said with a smarmy 'gotcha' look on his face.

“Nerd.”

Ken carefully climbed down into the hole, the sand shifting under his heavy weight, burying his shoes with each step. Down this deep the smell of freshly turned earth filled his nose. He steadied himself on the occasional exposed tree root as he made his way to the bottom. He knelt and examined the object at the center. It appeared to be the corner of a small metal cube. He dug around it until he'd exposed the whole thing. It was a cube. Made of a shimmery metal it fit neatly in his palm and was warm to the touch. The cube was dense and surprisingly heavy for something so small. This was no random meteorite. This cube had been deliberately crafted by...something.

Ken scrambled back up to the edge of the crater, holding up his find.

“What is that?” George's eyes widened.

Ken shrugged and peered at the cube. There were faint, silvery markings on one side that may have been a form of writing, or may just have been some scratches from when the thing fell to earth. They passed it back and forth between each other, taking turns examining it as they returned to the tree house.

“Do you know what this means? It means the cover up is real. Everything we know about aliens is true.” Ken said, peering at the cube.

George sat back on the futon. “Not necessarily. Just because this thing landed on earth doesn't mean aliens have been coming here to satisfy their ass fetish with yokels. All it does is prove that there's intelligent life out there somewhere.”

Ken tossed the cube to George. He grabbed it in both hands and was about to reprimand Ken for being so careless with it when the cube started expanding. George tossed the cube onto the floor and they both jumped up, ready to run. The cube didn't so much grow as it unpacked itself, the sides folding down into longer and longer lengths, cascading as it went. Before Ken could even get a hand on the trapdoor handle to escape their treehouse the thing grew to a large metal box slightly larger than a refrigerator and stopped. There were strange scratch markings to one side about two thirds of the way up the face. Beneath were a few blinking diodes, set in a seemingly random pattern and blinking in different colors and tempos. Beside them was a small circle that resembled nothing so much as the lens of a camera. A slight indentation ran around the perimeter of the rest of the face.

When George and Ken were sure the thing wasn't going to do anything else, they crept towards it.

“Holy shit.” Ken mumbled as he poked at the lights. Touching them made them change colors and patterns.

George slapped his hand away. “Don't touch it. You don't know what it does.”

“How else are we supposed to find out?”

“Well...”

Both guys examined the thing. The other three sides of the box were smooth and blank. The indentation running around the perimeter of the front looked like it could be a door, but it didn't seem like there was any way to open it. After

prodding it for a few minutes, Ken shrugged and settled back into his bean bag chair, picking up his Playboy magazine. George glanced at him.

“Aren't you curious about what this thing is?”

“Yeah,” Ken replied from behind the magazine, “But I've done all I can do. I'll leave it to the genius to figure out. Tell me when it does something.”

George ran his hands around the box, feeling for any way to open the door. He peered at the strange markings but he couldn't even begin to decipher them. The lights, too, made no sense. There seemed to be no discernible pattern. He pounded on the machine, stroked it—even licked it when he was sure Ken wasn't looking—in the hopes that something would do something, but nothing did anything.

“I got nothing,” George finally said, pushing his glasses up his nose.

Ken heaved himself to his feet with a grunt. “I got one last thing we can try.” He lightly rolled up the magazine and swatted the machine with it right over the little camera lens-like circle. “Work dammit!”

Surprisingly, there was a two-toned beep and a brief cone of red light shot out from the lens of the box, aiming for the magazine. Ken jumped back and the light disappeared.

“Give me that.” George held out his hand for the magazine and Ken handed it

over.

“Don't ruin it. That's my favorite.”

George held the cover featuring Ken's favorite brunette model up to the lens. The red cone of light shot out and it seemed to scan the picture. There was another beep, sounding more positive this time, and then the front face of the box disappeared, literally just melted away, revealing the inside. Both guys peered cautiously inside. The inside was as blank as the other three outsides. No markings or other controls interrupted the solid expanse of metal. It also seemed bigger on the inside than the outside, with plenty of room for at least two people.

“It's a tardis,” George whispered, awestruck.

“You're a tardis,” Ken replied, just as awestruck.

“What do we do?”

“I'm going in.”

“What? What if it vaporizes you or something? What if the aliens are, like, intergalactic exterminators and this is a human trap?”

“I don't think so.” Ken rubbed his chubby chin. “There are easier ways to kill

humans. We do it to each other all the time.”

And before George could stop him, Ken stepped in. The door materialized instantly behind him, leaving him alone in a gray expanse of nothingness. There was a faint glow coming from the walls, only bright enough to barely make out his fist as he thumped the door, searching for a way out. A low humming noise filled the room and his body began vibrating. It felt uncomfortable but not painful, like driving over a bumpy road. And then as suddenly as it began it stopped, the door opened, and Ken stumbled out.

His balance was off and he grabbed for the edge of the box to steady himself. “Oh, shit,” he exclaimed. The voice leaving his lips was feminine and airy, and his attempt to steady himself had left him with his head down, staring at two, perfect breasts hanging from his own chest. He gasped and looked down at the rest of his body. He was naked except for a pair of white stockings and high heels, along with a wisp of some light material over one shoulder. And his body...jesus, his body was the body of a goddess. His eyes traced down, over his perfect teardrop shaped breasts, down his slim tummy, over his tan line to the bush between his legs. And beneath that...oh god, a little slit that could only be a pussy, nestled gently between two creamy thighs.

“What the fuck?” he gasped, bringing his hands up to his face and wiggling his dainty fingers. He brushed the hair back behind an ear and looked up at George.

George was backed against the far wall, his face white, eyes wide in surprise. “Who-- what-- Ken?”

Ken nodded, his little red lips open in an astonished 'o' of surprise. He took an unsteady step towards George and grabbed onto the box for support. The motion caused his breasts to jiggle delightfully. With a start Ken recognized the tits, the

whole body, really. Hell, he'd been studying them for the past few weeks, trying to capture each curve, each erotic little nipple in his drawing.

“It turned you into that model on the cover.” George said, eyes flicking over to the machine, still apparently trying to comprehend what happened.

“Thanks, Captain Obvious,” Ken retorted. God, his voice was such a lovely alto. Cute and girlish. Shit, was he turning himself on?

“How does it feel?” George asked, taking a step forward and ogling Ken's body. Ken flushed red as his friend stared at his naked form, eyes playing over his tits, across his supple ass.

“It feels...nice,” Ken said, grasping his breasts lightly in each hand. He ran his fingers across his soft form, enjoying the warmth and lightness of his new skin.

“Um, can I...?”

Ken nodded, and George approached slowly, until his outstretched hand found one of Ken's tits. He squeezed.

“Oww,” yelped Ken, swatting away George's hand. “Be gentle.” He looked up, noticed the bulge beneath George's shorts and tittered.

Now it was George's turn to flush red. “So, do you think you can change back?”

Ice water ran down Ken's spine. He hadn't even considered that. With trembling hands he leant and picked up his phone, aware that George was staring at his perfect ass as he did so. Ken flipped through his photos until he found a picture of himself. He held it up to the thing on the machine that he'd come to think of as the camera lens and the red sensor shot out again. The door opened and Ken stepped in, felt the vibrations again, and came out as his sweaty, overweight self, wearing the same clothes he'd had on in the picture.

Once the guys knew the change was reversible they dropped their inhibitions. Ken quickly changed back into the curvy brunette while George flipped through their magazine collection. As Ken ran his hands across his gentle body, feeling his pert little tits and squeezing his plump ass, George scanned in a picture from another magazine and stepped into the machine. After a few seconds, the door opened and a ravishing dark haired beauty stepped out.

Ken gawked up at her. Whereas he now looked like a dainty angel, exuding a certain innocence, George's new body was clearly that of the bad girl. She had dark, jagged brows curving over almond shaped eyes and thick, pouty lips arranged in a sexy scowl. She oozed a dark sexuality in every movement. Her short white top was tied across two tremendous breasts, revealing the golden skin of her tummy. Her tiny skirt was so small that her panties peeked out beneath at each step. George had become the kind of woman Ken would expect to see called into the principal's office on a daily basis, or caught having an affair with a teacher, or pregnant the day she turned 18.

George gaped down at his own body, jiggled his breasts happily and looked up at Ken with a huge grin on his face. “This is fucking incredible,” he said.

George's voice was deliciously throaty, giving Ken a sudden urge to throw her down and just fuck the hell out of her. Instead of the familiar feel of his cock growing taut and pressing against his pants, he felt a gentle warmth, accompanied by a strange sort of loosening between his thighs. Before he could pause to think, he stepped towards George and slipped an arm around his friend's bare lower back, pulling him into a kiss.

George's lips were so soft, and Ken inhaled the spicy lavender scent of his friend's bad-girl body. George slipped his own arms around Ken's naked form, fingers tickling up across his delicate back, sliding down over the gentle curve of Ken's ass. The warmth between Ken's legs was growing, the looseness now accompanied by an inner tension of expectation. As he shifted his weight, he felt the lips of his pussy gliding together, lubricated by his need.

So, this was what getting wet felt like.

Still kissing, Ken untied George's top and freed his massive breasts. They were huge and solid, much bigger than even Ken's decently-endowed form. The two women held each other closer, tits pressed against each other, legs entwined so that Ken was straddling George's long, supple leg. He found himself pressing his pussy against George's leg and rocking up and down slowly, rubbing himself against George's warm skin.

Ken was growing so wet as he dragged his pussy up and down his friend. He could feel the trail of lust he was leaving on George's leg as his pussy lips unfurled and the warmth pulsed through him in ever greater waves. There was a need growing through his body, like his pussy was empty and he yearned to fill it, to touch himself, to urge the pleasure through him.

Little sighs and moans escaped their lips as they kissed. Ken trailed a hand down

George's tits, over his tummy and down between his friend's legs. His fingers found the scratchy trail of pubic hair and followed it down into the tender slit, fingers sinking into the moist warmth. George gasped into Ken's mouth as he slipped his fingers inside, rubbing gently against the little nub of George's pleasure. George pressed harder against him and Ken sank deeper inside, twining his fingers slowly through George's sopping wet pussy, curling and pressing to the rhythm of George's body. George moaned into Ken's mouth, long and low, then threw back his head and closed his eyes.

“Oh, yes, right there,” he moaned, his voice dripping with sex.

Ken fingered him faster, sliding his own dainty fingers up and down inside George's slick opening, driving excited little gasps from George's lips. Ken leaned down and sucked on one of George's tits, tasting his friend's salty skin as his tongue flicked the little hardened nipple. George's cries grew louder as Ken thrust his fingers faster, in and out, pushing up against George's little nub again and again before George suddenly went rigid, fingers clutching Ken's soft ass. George paused, ruby red lips opened in a gasp, and then let out a high pitched squeal, thrusting down against Ken's fingers, his body shaking with orgasm.

When it was over he opened his eyes and smiled. “Holy fuck,” he whispered.

At that moment, Ken didn't want to talk. He needed one thing. “Lick my pussy,” he ordered.

He lay down on the futon and George buried his angular face between Ken's soft thighs. His tongue found Ken's slit and licked eagerly, pressing inside Ken's folds. Ken twisted his own little nipples between his fingers, gripping and squeezing the tits he'd been fantasizing about forever, pleasure and lust and delight burning through him. George thrust his face into Ken's sopping wet

pussy, making up in enthusiasm what he lacked in skill. His tongue caressed, licked, slipped in and against Ken's little nub until Ken's body burned bright and a sudden explosion filled his head. He gasped as the warmth spread through him, making his entire body vibrate, legs convulsing with pleasure, little mewling noises spilling from his lips as he experienced his first female orgasm. It filled his entire body, longer and slower than the instant relief he knew as a man. This was total, capturing every thought, every motion of his body and suspending it in pure bliss. It tapered off slowly, his mind coming back down to his gorgeous body, still alight with desire.

George looked up from between his friend's legs. "Was it good for you?"

"Oh, fuck yeah," Ken moaned, falling back onto the futon, his breasts rising and falling with each deep breath. His pussy was still humming with warmth, slowly dissipating through his body.

"Yo, George!" A deep male voice called out from below.

Ken and George looked at each other, eyes wide.

"Shit, your brother!" Ken whispered. "Change back."

George fumbled through his phone as footsteps approached the treehouse. George hastily scanned his picture and jumped into the machine as soon as the door slid open. He jumped out seconds later, back in his old body, wearing the same outfit he'd been wearing in the picture, which would have been fine except that it was from Halloween and he was now dressed as a vampire, complete with white makeup face and black cloak.

“Come on. I know you're up there. Mom said it's time to come in.” Brad called out from below.

Ken pushed George aside, tits jiggling as he held up his phone to the scanner, jumped into the device, and reverted back to his old body. George looked at him and gestured down to the vampire cloak and the smeared fake blood across his lips. Before Ken could answer, Brad's head popped up from the trapdoor set in the floor. When he saw his brother's outfit he burst out laughing.

“What the hell are you two doing?” He managed to say between bouts of laughter. “Little early for Halloween.”

Ken assumed that George was turning bright red. He just couldn't see it beneath the pale white makeup.

“Oh, shit,” Brad said, wiping tears from his eyes, “Come on. Let's go.”

George followed Brad down the tree. From up at the top, Ken heard Amy squeak, “Oh my gosh, what are you wearing?”

Ken peeked out through the window and watched the trio walk away. Brad was mercilessly teasing his younger brother, but Ken's eyes were on Amy. She was really very cute. Nice figure, especially in those skirts she wore. Adorable little face. If only she had some breasts.

Ken was too excited to eat much during dinner. His mind was running through all the possibilities of the machine. As soon as he could get away, he barricaded himself in his room and texted George and they both discussed what they'd been thinking.

I'm wondering about the limitations on this thing, Ken texted.

Me too. The scar on my thumb from Halloween is back, George replied, Does that mean I'm younger? Can we live forever with this thing?

Can we become cartoon characters and fuck each other? Ken wondered.

Imagine what we could do if we could become anyone in the world. We could change history. George mused.

Can we become AI generated people and fuck each other? Ken asked.

I wonder if it can affect mental processes or just physical changes? George responded.

Could I turn my dog into a woman and fuck her? Ken pondered.

What if the person you're changing into has a mental disorder? Would you get it? George queried.

Would fucking my dog-woman be bestiality? Ken contemplated.

I think you're thinking of the wrong things. We have so much power. George tried to get him back on track.

No. Becoming the centerfold didn't give me her memories. We're still ourselves so unless you know everything about a person and are the world's greatest actor you're not going to be taking anyone's place.

Ok. I guess.

Who do you want to lose your virginity to?

Is sex all you think about?

Pretty much. :p I want to try something.

An experiment?

A sexy experiment.

What?

It's a surprise.

An idea had come to Ken during their conversation of a way to test the limits of the machine and also give both himself and George some satisfaction. He pulled out his drawing notebook and some pencils, then flipped through Brad's Instagram until he found the perfect picture. He began to sketch, working long into the night until his drawing was perfect.

Ken was over at George's house early the next day, interrupting George as he was finishing his cereal.

“Hey, Ken,” George's mom said as she let him inside, “What brings you over here so early?”

“Hi, Mrs. Pilger. I just wanted to get to school early so we can study for that test.”

“What test?” George asked, between bites of cereal.

Ken shot him a look. “The bio test.”

“Bio test? That's next week.”

“No,” Ken said, slowly and carefully, “The test about metamorphosis. Remember?”

“Kafka? That's our English class. And we did him last month,”

Ken glanced over at George's mom, who was giving them a funny look. He sat down at the table next to George and emphasized every word with a small kick to George's foot, “The test about how your body changes.”

“Ohh,” George's eyes lit up. “Right. I forgot. That one.”

“Come on. Let's go.”

Ken hustled George out the door, then pulled him by the backpack and slung him the other way when he started to head off to school.

“Oh, hey, what are you doing? I thought we were going to school to study?”

“Are you serious? How can you--? Listen. We've got a fucking machine that can transform anyone into anyone. I'm not going to school. Come on, I've got a surprise for you.”

With Ken leading the way, the two guys snuck back to the tree house, careful to not be seen by anyone else. When they arrived, Ken dropped his backpack on the floor and pulled out the sheet of drawing paper he'd worked on last night.

“What's that?” George asked.

“A test.”

Ken held the paper up to the scanner. The red scanner light didn't start immediately and Ken impatiently pressed some of the lights on the door, changing the pattern of diodes. Finally, the red light shot out and the door of the machine opened. Ken did a little dance, unable to contain his excitement. “Get in.”

“What is it?” George asked.

“Trust me. Just get in.”

“Oooookay. Just get a picture of me first. I don't want to have to come back as a vampire again.”

Ken snapped a photo and George stepped into the machine slowly. The door slid shut. There was a faint whirring sound. A few seconds later, George stepped out and Ken stared at his creation with wide eyes and a rising dick.

Standing in the doorway of the machine was Amy, wearing the prom dress from the picture that Ken had meticulously drawn and enhanced. The face was unmistakably hers, slightly wide but with delicate Asian features, almond-shaped eyes and ruby red lips. Thick framed glasses perched on a meticulously crafted nose. She looked every bit the sexy nerd she did in real life. But, where in real life the dress had hung straight down her flat form, George's new body had basketball sized, gravity-defying breasts. Each one was bigger than Amy's head and the thin straps of the dress barely covered her nipples. The only thing preventing her breasts from spilling out of her dress was hope.

George looked down at himself, gaping at the mountainous tits beneath him. "What the fuck?" he cried in Amy's tiny voice. His hands came up to his massive breasts and he felt himself up, jiggling his huge, natural tits. They were so big he couldn't see down past them and they jutted out from his chest, pulling him forward. Yet, somehow, they felt natural. They bobbed back and forth gently as George pushed and prodded them. He only looked up when he heard the click of Ken's camera phone.

"Whoa, hey--" George cried. He started to advance towards Ken but lost his balance and tipped over.

Ken stepped forward to grab him and George clutched at his friend. Ken steadied him, George's huge breasts pressing against Ken's chest and causing an ache deep inside him. The dress had slipped off George's tits, and Ken stared down at his friend's cleavage. He took a handful of one of George's breasts and fondled him, lightly pinching the skin in his hand. George's breasts had a nice weighty softness to them.

"I did a good job," Ken marveled.

“Who am I?” George asked, pushing himself off Ken and readjusting his dress to cover his breasts, but it was hopeless. His breasts were too big and the dress too small.

“You're Amy.”

“My brother's girlfriend? But...” George gestured to his massive chest.

“I made some...improvements.” Ken pulled up the photos he'd just taken and handed the phone to George. “The device can turn you into a real person from a drawing!”

George stared down at the image of the woman he'd become. He ran his hand around his face slowly, as if he couldn't believe it. Ken moved close and wrapped his hands around his friend's waist.

“I thought we could, you know, enjoy her together.”

George pulled away, but Ken sensed hesitation in his movements. George tucked his dark hair behind a delicate ear. “I...I don't know.”

Ken wrapped his arms around George from behind, clasped his hands around George's waist and lay his head on George's shoulder to whisper into his ear. “You've always wanted to see Amy naked, just like me.” Ken's hands came up to

George's breasts and he grasped them lightly, fingers moving around his friend's warm skin. "I made these breasts. Let me just fuck them a little."

George bit his lip and pressed his butt back against his friend's erection. Ken hefted George's breasts in each hand, enjoying their weight, the way they spilled out of his hands and hung over the neck of the dress. He held George tighter, rubbing his cock up against the light swell of his friend's delicious new ass.

"Okay," George finally whispered, "But then I get to change you into someone."

"Deal," Ken agreed.

He kissed Amy's neck, biting gently as he move down her shoulder, then back up to her hair. He inhaled the delightful tropical fruity scent of her, the scent that was unmistakably her. His cock throbbed once against Amy's taut ass, before he gently slid the strap of her dress off each shoulder. George shrugged the dress to the floor and turned to face his friend, looking up with a mischievous grin on Amy's face. She had the face of an adorable geek and the body of a teen's wet dream. Beneath her dress was a black bra and garters. Ken was now a head taller than his friend and looking down at her tiny body filled Ken with a desire to sweep her up, to cover her with himself from head to toe, to take her and tame her and make her his.

Ken grabbed the new Amy and pulled her close, their lips meeting, as Ken slid one hand down the small of Amy's back, over the gentle curve of her ass to cup one cheek. George wrapped his own arms around Ken as they kissed, pressing his tits against Ken's chest. Amy tasted of cherries and chocolate, her tongue warm as she slipped into his mouth and circled around, tasting him just as he tasted her. George seemed right at home in Amy's body, any hesitation vanished as Ken fondled his friend's feminine form, squeezed and gripped and held tight

every curve, devouring Amy's body through touch alone. He unstrapped Amy's bra and she shrugged it to the floor, freeing his hefty breasts. The nipples rose at Ken's touch as he slid his fingers over and under his friend's tits.

When Ken couldn't stand it anymore, when his cock was aching painfully against his pants, he lay Amy down on the futon and unzipped his pants. Ken gripped his cock, stroking slowly as he stared down at the beautiful half Japanese woman on the floor below him. George pressed Amy's arms against her body so that her breasts were held up in the air, spilling down over each arm. Her skin was flawless, the curves of her hips and her ass exaggerated slightly, just as Ken had drawn. Her legs were long and shapely, and the perfect triangle of pubic hair nestled between her legs was picturesque. But those breasts. God, how Ken wanted those breasts.

Ken knelt on Amy's stomach, straddling her, still stroking his cock. Amy's cheeks were flushed red and, behind her glasses, her eyes were drawn to Ken's cock, now just inches from her face. Ken grabbed Amy's tits and slid his cock between them. Pushing them together, he began sliding his cock in and out of Amy's cleavage, the friction of Amy's tits so wonderful on Ken's rock hard dick. He fucked Amy's tits, dick sliding in between the two shapely breasts, disappearing into the soft, warm valley and reappearing on the other side. Amy adjusted the pillow beneath her so she could watch her own tits, the cock appearing right below her lips.

Ken thrust slowly, in and out, in and out, pushing his friend's breasts together gently but firmly. Without warning, as Ken thrust in, George opened Amy's little red lips and wrapped them around the head of Ken's cock. Ken had to pause, his eyes shut tight, trying to control himself as the head of his cock was surrounded by Amy's warm breath.

“Fuck,” he finally whispered, “Do that again.”

George smiled Amy's cute smile and nodded. Ken slid out, then slid back in between Amy's breasts and Amy opened her mouth to welcome Ken's dick. This time Ken pressed further in, his shaft nestled between Amy's heavy tits, the head slipping into her mouth as his friend sucked and strained to take him ever farther in. Ken withdrew slightly and pushed in again, the head of his dick throbbing in Amy's mouth, his shaft burrowed deep between her mountainous breasts. God, he could barely contain himself as he fucked her tits and she blew him, her lips concave, her tongue licking his cock as he thrust deeper and deeper in, dragging Amy's saliva back between her tits, mixing it with his precum, which appeared on the tip and disappeared into Amy's mouth.

Ken rode her like this, his body screaming for release, the tension threading through him. He wanted to fuck her like this forever, to stay lodged between her tits and in her mouth for all time. Simultaneously, he wanted to cum hard, ride her fast and fill her with his seed, watch it spill between her breasts and down her chin and watch her swallow his hot load. He grew faster. George trying to suck on his friend's cock as fast as he could, spittle dripping down Amy's chin until, with a final grunt, Ken thrust deep, squeezing Amy's tits tight around his dick as he thrust into her tiny mouth, emptying himself into her. She swallowed some, choked a little. Creamy, hot seed dripped down her chin and was dragged between her tits as Ken continued thrusting his dick into her mouth, cumming hard and fast, grunting deep satisfied grunts as he thrust. At last he slowed and stopped, resting atop George, Ken's cock still sitting on Amy's lips as the last little drops of cum dripped down her face.

He released her tits and moved off her. George wiped Amy's mouth and stood. A trail of cum slid down his chin and between his tits.

“What does it mean that that felt really good to me?” George asked.

Ken shrugged as he pulled up his pants. “Maybe that Amy totally wants to fuck me? Or maybe it's all the extra attributes I gave her.”

“What do you mean?”

Ken held out the piece of drawing paper with Amy's enhanced body on it. He'd made some notes on the side, including: Likes to show off her tits. Always horny. Needs dick.

“Mmm,” George said as he read it. “That explains a lot. For one, it explains why I'm still so wet. Okay. Now it's my turn.”

George picked his phone off the floor and flipped through it. He had to hold it far out from his body in order to be able to see around his breasts. Ken stared at his friend. George had become a lot less self conscious and he let Ken ogle his body as he searched for something on his phone. George would giggle every now and then, a sound that was just so Amy it almost made Ken hard all over again. Ken wondered if he could take a picture of himself pre-sex, fuck Amy, then revert back to his pre-sex form and repeat forever.

“I got it,” George finally said, grinning happily.

He went over and held his phone up against the scanner as Ken admired Amy's ass. The door opened and George gestured. Ken hoisted himself off the floor and approached the door warily. He'd done it to George, so it was only fair that George get a turn. Ken took a deep breath and stepped into the machine.

The door closed behind him, leaving him alone in the gray, dimly glowing space. Again there was that vibration through his body. Now that Ken knew what was happening he could feel himself changing. He was growing leaner, his legs and arms thinning out. Hair tickled its way across his cheeks as his face rearranged itself. He could feel his dick retracting, disappearing inside him, and then his attention was drawn to his chest where a weight was growing. Some sort of light, silky clothing spread across his body and then the door slid open.

Ken stepped out, his body now lighter and much more feminine. Two breasts hung heavy and low from his chest, swaying with each step. They were barely covered by a glittery red dress that stopped just above his knees. Locks of golden hair swept down into his vision and he pushed them out of his face with a hand that had become slender and feminine, the nails perfectly manicured to match the red of his dress.

“Who did you turn me into?” He asked. His voice was high pitched and the intonation made him sound like a bimbo. He licked his lips, which now felt thick and full.

“You're my aunt, Kiki.”

“This is your aunt?” Ken asked, staring down at the full-bodied woman he'd become. His thighs were thick, his calves solid and smooth. She was all natural and felt pleasantly plump as Ken explored himself with delicate fingers, squeezing the new fatness of his ass here, bobbing his tits there.

“Yeah. She's the black sheep of the family. Nobody talks about her much except in whispers. But I found out and, well, I wondered what she was like in real life.”

“I'd say she's pretty fucking good,” Ken said, hefting a breast in each hand.

Ken realized, looking at his friend now, that he was no longer attracted to Amy's body. Sure, she was pretty, but George's new body wanted something more. “Your aunt's not a lesbian is she?” Ken asked, knowing the answer from the way he now felt.

“No. From what I can tell, she likes to be in gang bangs.”

“Uh huh,” Ken said, wondering how much of Kiki's desire he now had and why he now had her desires when in his previous transformed body he'd still had his own. Maybe something hanged when he fiddled with the lights on the side of the machine.

“Come on, let's get out of here.” George said.

“Go somewhere? Like this?”

“Yeah. I don't know. I just...” George's hands had wandered down between his legs and his fingers were pressing against his pussy. “You made me crave dick and now there's none around.”

“I can change back,” Ken offered.

“No,” George shook his pretty little head. “Let's go out like this. I need some dick.”

George turned beet red and covered his mouth as if he couldn't believe what he'd just said. Christ, seeing innocent little Amy list after dick was about the hottest thing ever. If only she had a dick. Ken just giggled—giggled!—and was about to mock him when he realized the import of what he'd just been thinking. Just imagining getting this oversexed mature body crammed with as much cock as he could find sounded like a dream come true. Shit, Ken realized he did have Kiki's desires. And having a dick on him now no longer sounded as appealing as getting a dick inside him.

“George?” Ken asked, “Where did you get this picture of Kiki?”

“Oh, it was the cover of one of her porno films.”

George held up the picture. Kiki surrounded by a group of men. The words on the box describing how she was “ready to get filled” and a “sex crazed nympho”. That explained it. Just as Ken's written commands for Amy had influenced George's thoughts, so the copy on the box must be influencing Ken. Because he did feel like a sex crazed nympho.

“Come on. I'm horny as fuck.” Ken said.

They both clambered down the tree house ladder. Ken had some difficulty coordinating his arms and getting his boobs out of the way, but he eventually

made it to the ground and adjusted his dress, which had slid up his thighs to reveal his lacy black panties. They started their way through the back of their neighborhood towards the open air mall downtown. It took a little while to adjust to the high heels, to the way their tits jiggled and their asses swayed as they walked. And the lack of pockets was annoying. Ken and George had slipped their phones down their bras but Ken wished women's outfits were a little more practical.

By this time of the morning the commuter rush had ended and there was less traffic. A few cars passed, and their drivers—both men and women—stared at the two scantily clad, top heavy women. Ken waved back but George was much more shy. To be fair, he did have to constantly adjust the tiny straps so they were covering his nipples. Ken's command to enjoy showing off his tits made him reluctant to put his bra back on, so in the end he'd gone out in just the slinky prom dress.

Halfway through the neighborhood, a black SUV cruised by, slowing as it passed the two guys before stopping and backing up. Ken unconsciously stroked a lock of hair back behind an ear and stuck his chest out further, hoping that the type of person who paid good money to have his car windows tinted would be the type of person to fuck two sexy hitchhikers.

The passenger side window rolled down, revealing a clean cut man dressed meticulously in a black suit and tie. He had salt and pepper hair and a face lined with experience but no less ruggedly handsome for it. Ken leaned into the window, letting his tits rest on the car door and giving the man a good look at his cleavage.

“Morning, ladies,” the man said, in a deliciously gravelly voice. “Need a lift?”

Ken leaned in closer. Damn, Kiki's body was horny. The smell of the man's sandalwood cologne was making Ken moist and he shifted on his long legs. "I was always taught never to ride with strangers. My name's Kiki and this is Amy."

Ken offered his hand, wrist bent. The man took it gently. "Pleasure. I'm Grant and this is Will."

Will looked over and nodded, his eyes locked on Ken's with a steely gaze that made Ken weak. In contrast to Grant, Will was younger, probably in his twenties, but there was a hardness to him, something intense in those deep blue eyes that Ken wanted more of.

"Great. Now we're not strangers anymore. And that's good because we could totally use a ride...if you know what I mean."

The corners of Grant's lips turned up and his eyes dropped down to Ken's cleavage. "I believe I do."

Grant stepped out of the SUV. He was tall, Ken realized, and solidly built beneath his suit. He opened the back door and gestured for the two to get inside. George hesitated and Ken pushed him inside. The car smelled like expensive leather, the interior immaculate and brand new. Grant closed the door and got in beside Ken, resting his hand on Ken's bare knee.

"Where to?" He asked, squeezing lightly and sending a charge through Ken's body.

Ken giggled again, empty-headed, erotically charged laughter. He gave them the address of George's house and the SUV turned around. They were back in less than two minutes. Grant stepped out and took Ken's hand. His touch sent a shiver of pleasure down Ken's spine. The calloused hands gripping his slender fingers seemed like they would be perfect slipping inside him. Rough and ready to manhandle Kiki's body into submission.

Ken leaned down to George, still huddled in the passenger seat. "You coming?"

"I...I don't..."

"Come on." Ken slid back in and slipped his hand beneath George's dress. His fingers found George's pussy, tickling his wet lips. "You're already wet. You're not gonna stay out here. Are you?" On this, Ken slipped his fingers inside George's pussy and pressed lightly on his clit. George moaned but didn't push Ken away. Ken slipped out of his friend and sucked on his finger, tasting Amy's pussy once more. "You know you want this."

George let himself be pulled out of the SUV. Ken led George and the other two men up the walkway. He'd been to George's place a thousand times and knew exactly under which rock the spare key was hidden. Ken opened up George's house and walked in like he owned the place. George and the two men followed him inside.

Grant looked around, taking in the simple furnishings. "Nice place. Yours?"

“Let's say yes,” Ken tittered.

Will was much more focused, his gaze darting from Amy, briefly to the house, then back again. Ken thought he looked like a man who'd found his target and wasn't going to give up.

“Bathroom's over there.” Ken gestured, “Kitchen's that way.” He gestured again. “But I'm right here.” Ken pressed himself against Grant and looked up at the man's handsomely lined face. “That's the tour. You want to see more of...anything?”

Ken smirked, pushing his tits against Grant's chest. He could practically feel Grant's desire for Kiki's body. And Will had damn near claimed George, staying right by his side the entire time. Ken couldn't blame him. He'd had Amy and she was great.

Grant leaned down and Ken took his face in his hands and kissed him, Grant's hot breath filling his mouth. Ken's nose was pressed against the man's cheek and he inhaled the masculine scent of sweat and sandalwood, sending his already horny body into overdrive. One of Grant's hands slid against Ken's cheek, fingers partly entwining into Ken's wavy, golden hair. His other hand came down and cupped Ken's ass, pulling Ken towards him as they kissed deeply.

Ken pulled back and stared into Grant's gray eyes. The older man smiled, creating slight wrinkles around his eyes in a way that highlighted his maturity. Ken looked over at George and Will. George was standing in the hall, chewing on his bottom lip. Will was beside him, the bulge within his pants clearly visible, but he made no move towards George.

Ken placed his finger on Grant's lips. "Hold that thought."

Ken strutted over to George and leaned his forehead against Amy, staring into her big, brown eyes. He could feel her trembling beneath his touch.

"Let yourself go," he whispered.

"I don't know if I can," George replied, looking back at Ken with fear in his wide, innocent eyes.

"Here," Ken said, taking George's hand.

He turned him towards Will and guided George's and around Will's back, forcing George to move closer until his breasts touched Will's chest. Will remained motionless, staring at George with his icy blue eyes, his emotions unreadable. Ken realized he'd have to do everything himself. He grabbed Will's hand. Will pulled back and his gaze landed on Ken. There was something animalistic in his stare, something that made Ken's breath hitch in his throat and his pussy throb once with warmth. Ken reached for Will's hand again and this time Will let him take it, let his hand be guided around George's back. Now, finally, George moved his face closer to Will and they kissed, slowly, tentatively at first. And then, their emotions burst forth and they were on each other, lips together, hands roaming up and down.

Ken stepped back to admire his handiwork, his own body already wet with desire. And then Grant was behind him, pressing himself against Ken's back as his hands reached around and stroked Ken's huge breasts. Ken felt the older man's body surround him, felt the urgency of the cock even through both their

clothes as it pressed against Ken's curvy ass. Ken sighed and lay his head back as Grant kissed his neck and palmed his breasts. Grant nipped Ken's neck, sending little bolts of electricity down his body and he leaned back harder against Grant's cock.

One of Grant's hands slid down Ken's tummy, down his thighs, under the red dress and then back up underneath, the calloused fingers whispering delicately up Ken's bare thigh to land on his pussy, stroking the lips that had unfolded for him, tracing the trail of pubic hair up and down Ken's slit but never penetrating. Ken moaned, aching with anticipation, his whole body quivering with need. His own hands came up to play with his tits, enjoying his body, hefting and squeezing the mammoth breasts hanging from his chest.

Across the hallway, George and Will had succumbed to their desires. George's dress was flipped up, Will's hand grabbing a handful of Amy's soft ass. Will jerked Amy's head back and burrowed his face between her pillowy breasts, sucking and licking as George moaned, held in place, unable to move his head as Will had his way with his tits, nipping and biting. Amy's face was contorted into pleasure, eyes closed, little panting moans escaping her lips as her breasts jiggled and bobbed around Will's face.

And then Grant's fingers slipped inside Ken's opening and took his breath away. The thick fingers pushed inside his wetness, sliding up against his swollen clit and rubbing in a gentle circle. A little moan of pleasure escaped Ken's lips as flames of desire licked through him. He reached around and unbuttoned Grant's pants, fingers searching madly for the cock. A smile appeared on Ken's lips as his fingers grasped Grant's warm shaft and stroked, up and down, feeling every inch of the throbbing manhood. It felt so large in his tiny hands and it was now all he could think about, the nearness of the cock overpowering all of Kiki's other thoughts.

Ken hiked up his dress and guided Grant's cock between his legs from behind,

felt the head of the shaft brushing up against his panties as it slid between his thighs, so close to being inside Ken it hurt. His body ached, a painful emptiness that needed to be filled. Grant's finger continued circling Ken's clit, his other hand grabbing Ken's huge breast and holding him close. Ken could feel himself dripping down his thigh, his pussy sopping wet. His body was on fire. "Fuck me," he moaned to Grant.

Grant pushed him against the wall, Ken stumbling and bracing himself with his hands as his breasts dangled beneath him. He turned to watch Grant drop his pants and advance towards him. His eyes were hard, focused on Ken's body. Ken wiggled his ass, delighted to be the focus of such an intensity, to have someone need his body so much.

Beside him, George was on the floor, Amy's legs spread, squeezing her own ripe breasts as Will spread her slender legs apart. And then Grant's hands were on Ken's ass, his throbbing cock pressed up against Ken's dripping pussy. One push and he was inside and everything else around Ken vanished. It was like his entire body had been waiting for this, waiting to wrap his pussy around the cock as it sank ever deeper inside him, filling him with its hard heat. He arched his back and pressed backwards, urging Grant's cock deeper inside, feeling the head sliding through his slickness and landing on his center. Grant's groin pressed up against Ken's ass and he stayed there, lodged deep inside Ken for one heart-stopping, eternal beat. Ken was so full, his body restless with desire.

Grant pulled out and then drove in again, forcing a moan from Ken's lips as pleasure exploded through his tender feminine body. Grant soon reached a rhythm, in and out, in and out, of Ken's oversexed body. All Ken could do was hold on as his body was roiled with a pleasure so all-consuming it drove away conscious thought. Ken could feel his cunt gripping Grant's cock like a glove, each tremendous inch bringing with it a throb of pure delight. Ken was aware that he was sometimes moaning, sometimes crying out in a voice pitched ever higher with lust. A series of white hot orgasms filled his mind and exploded through his body, each one fading into the next as he begged for more, harder,

faster. Grant was relentless, the slap of his balls against Ken's pussy and his deep, guttural grunting his only addition to their soundtrack of sex.

The fullness each time the cock plunged into Ken's core was perfect, each pounding thrust pushing Ken's body higher and higher. He was only vaguely aware of Amy's cries rising in tandem, their twin lust filling them as the two men thrust hard inside each of them. Kiki's tits jiggled beneath Ken's eye-line, bouncing wildly as his body pulsed in ecstasy until with a final groan Grant thrust deep, squeezing Ken's ass as he buried himself in Ken's wet pussy, sending hot jets of cum throbbing deep inside. There was a sharp sting on Ken's ass, like the jab of a needle, and then that thought was washed away as the heat from Grant's cock met with Ken's own and he had one last mindblowing orgasm, his body addicted to the cum filling him, wanting to just live in this beautiful moment for an eternity.

When Grant finished he stood there, cock slightly pulsing inside Ken's body, strong fingers still gripping his ass, breathing hard. He kissed Ken's back and pulled out, leaving a trail of cum down Ken's thigh. Ken leaned against the wall and sank to the floor, legs wide, quivering with exhaustion. Looking over at George, he saw that he was lying prone on the floor, breasts rising and falling. Will stood over her, already pulling up his pants.

Grant looked over at Will as he tugged on his pants. "She out?"

Will nodded.

Ken tried to ask what he'd meant but his lips wouldn't move. An aching tiredness had crept into his limbs. He found himself slipping sideways down the wall, unable to stop himself as all the colors in the room began going gray.

Grant knelt down in front of Ken and eased him down on to the floor so that his breasts rested on the carpet. All Ken could see was Grant's shoes, black and meticulously shined.

“Sorry about this gentlemen. But that device shouldn't be in the hands of civilians. You're going to make a lot of people very happy, though, I can tell you that. Very happy.”

And then the world went black.

Epilogue

The sun was lower in the sky, coming in at an angle through the windows of the front door when Ken awoke and opened his eyes blearily. Someone must have put him on the couch. Those guys who'd had sex with them must have been after the machine the whole time. Ken touched his chest and was surprised to find that his breasts were gone. The world seemed altogether blurry and, looking down at himself, Ken saw the lanky body and preppy collared shirt of George. That woke him up.

He sat up quickly and looked around, hardly able to make out anything in the room more than a few feet away because of his eyesight. He could just see some glasses on the table and he groped for them, slipping them onto a nose that was much too thin, much too greasy. In an easy chair across from him, Ken saw his old familiar body, which was also starting to stir.

It opened its eyes blearily, and then gasped as it looked at Ken, then down at itself.

“What the hell?” George shouted, grabbing hold of Ken's shirt and pulling, as if he could escape his friend's chubby body.

“I...I don't know.”

“Shit. What time is it? We need to change back before my parents get home.”

They hurried out the door and up the tree house, both of them a little unsteady in each other's bodies. Ken stifled a laugh as he followed his fatter former self out the door. Did he really walk like that? His laughter died when they popped up into the treehouse and saw the device was gone. There was a single piece of paper on the floor. Ken picked it up and read it as George clutched his fae and panicked.

“Oh my god. It's gone. Where did it go? I can't be you!”

Ken sat heavily on the futon, staring off at nothing, the paper limp in his hand. “They took it.” He was strangely calm, probably from shock.

“What do you mean? Who took it?”

“Grant. Will. Those probably aren't even their real names. They must have injected us with something to make us sleep and stole the machine.” Ken held up the paper. “They think they swapped us back. They think they made it all right.”

“But they didn't! We have to get it back.” George cried, “I can't spend the rest of my life looking like you.”

“How would we get it back?” Ken asked, looking up at his former face. It was beginning to sink in that it would always be his former face. That he was stuck in George's lanky body. He put his head in his hands, felt his friend's ugly acne beneath his fingertips. “We don't know who they are or where they went. We're fucked.”

“Oh my god,” George said again, plopping down beside Ken. “So...what do we do?”

Ken shrugged. “Learn how to be each other.”

They sat in silence until George's parents came home and called him in. Ken climbed down the ladder and the two guys split up, miserable in the first day of their new lives.

#

Thank you!

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

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Arabian Nights (M2F Transformation)

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

Perfect Fit (M2F Body Swap)

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

Driving Her Wild (M2F Body Theft)

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

The New Girl (M2F Transformation)

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

Little Miss Perfect (F2F Body Theft)

Melody has a crush on Daniel, but Daniel (and every other guy at their school) has a crush on Katie. Maybe it's Katie's delicate Asian features, or her perfect figure, or the way she excels at everything she tries. Whatever it is, Melody wants it. Then one day she wakes up in Katie's body and has it.

Student Body (M2F Body Theft)

Jeff is a sixty year old high school teacher who's disappointed with his life. Heather is a gorgeous, popular cheerleader with her whole future ahead of her. But when ancient magic causes the two to accidentally swap bodies, Jeff finds himself back in high school, and in the body of a petite blonde sexpot.

Hardbody (M2F Body Possession)

Tina's a personal trainer and she's just beginning to build up her client list when she starts losing time. Little instances at first, a few minutes here and there. But then the stretches get longer and she finds that her body has been doing things during these blackout periods. Dirty things. Sexy things. Things she, herself, would never in a million years do.

Long Live the Queen (F2F Body Theft)

Queen Isabelle's daughter is refusing to marry and nothing will change her mind. So Isabelle swaps their bodies, intending to do so just long enough so that Isabelle can marry her daughter off to the prince. But her young, new body is much more exciting than she ever dreamed, and there are so many perks to remaining young and beautiful.

Mother of the Bride (M2F Body Theft)

Vic is sick of his wife, Karen, moaning and complaining about their daughter's wedding. He's annoyed at the way Karen seems to be ashamed of her own body, hiding her curvy figure behind shapeless clothing. Vic figures if Karen's so sick of her body then it's only fair that she gives it to someone who appreciates it. Like him.

Reunion (M2F Possession)

Max is at another boring family reunion. But things get a lot more interesting and he finds a magic stone that transports him into the body of three different family members with very different body types.

Small Town Girl (M2F Possession)

I've always had the ability to possess other people's bodies and control them, but I haven't used it in so long. Until the day I find Cassie. She's irresistibly gorgeous and I have to hop inside her right away. I'm going to intimately explore her body and help her become comfortable with her sensuality, while having my own fun in the process.

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

Madam President (M2F Transformation)

The Princess Proxy (F2F Body Swap)

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

Training Days (M2F Body Possession)

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

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

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

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