

M2F SLOW  
TRANSFORMATION

*Transition*

M W W I I S

# **Transition**

*M2F Slow Transformation*

by M. Wills

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## Table of Contents

[Transition](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

## Transition

Joe took a drag of the joint and passed it on to Dean before leaning back against the base of the air conditioning unit jutting up from the roof. Joe and his friends had taken up a spot near the edge of the roof where they were shielded from view of the dorm next door by the bulky electrical equipment but could still gaze out at the university campus spread out on the ground six floors below them. The lights of the buildings twinkled through the trees as the sun disappeared below the horizon. Behind his friends, Joe could see the doors back down to the stairwell, still propped open with a rock so they couldn't lock themselves out on the roof. Dean took a hit of the spliff and then passed it on to Gavin before resuming his explanation of the latest short film he was working on for one of his classes.

“Right. So then we zoom out of that scene and see that it was all just a television show. And so we've got three more guys, but they look like the first three, arguing about the scene that we just watched.” Dean said, gesticulating in a manner that was probably supposed to be helpful.

“Wait, what?” Joe asked. “So they're in a show arguing about a show?”

“Exactly. But they don't know it's a show. And then we zoom out of that and see that *that* scene was just a YouTube video.”

“A you tube video about a show in a show?”

“Exactly. And then it keeps going.” Dean pulled his gray beanie down slightly over his forehead and tucked his wavy brown hair beneath it.

“Holdup, mate,” Gavin interrupted with his thick English accent. “I don't get it. Wot is the show?” He passed the spliff back to Joe.

“It's all just one big circle,” Dean said. “Every scene is just part of the media in the world of the next scene.”

“It's turtles all the way down.” Joe added.

“There's tur'les now?” Gavin asked.

Joe laughed and ran his hand through his buzzed brown hair. He was about to

answer Gavin but lost his train of thought as he started thinking how great it would be to have a shell to hide in. It would be a good excuse to not go out to the bars when asked. Not that many people ever asked him.

“Can't. I've got to clean my shell,” Joe mumbled to himself, before dissolving into a giggle fit.

Dean flicked the empty spliff across the roof, then stood to stretch his lanky body before scratching his beard thoughtfully. Joe drummed his fingers along his slight paunch of a stomach, and looked up at Dean. Dean always got so heady when he smoked pot and his normal digressions took on an extra air of poignancy. Still, Joe admired Dean's conversational ease and was envious of the way he could attract a crowd—particularly of women—just by being himself. Joe couldn't do that. Being himself would scare people away. See exhibit A: his life. It also didn't hurt that Dean dressed in a way that was effortlessly trendy and was blessed with genes that gave him a solid physique with minimal exercise. Whereas Joe didn't and wasn't.

“I would na wan' a be a tur'le,” Gavin said as he lay back on the roof, crossing his hands behind his head and looking up at the night sky as the stars appeared.

“I'd like to be a bird,” Joe said, gazing up at the stars.

Gavin laughed. “What? You wan' a be a woman?”

“What?”

“A bird. A chick. A girl.”

“You English have different names for everything,” Dean grinned.

“I wouldn't mind knowing how they think,” Joe said, pushing himself to his feet and dusting his pants.

“Oi. I wouldn't mind how tha' *feel*.” Gavin howled. “I'd be a woman for a day. Wouldn't mind havin' me a nice set o' knockers.” He mimed squeezing a huge pair of breasts on his own chest.

Joe joined Dean near the edge of the roof, his worn tan Skechers slipping lightly on the loose gravel as he did so. Dean was a good head taller than him, which just made Joe feel that much dumpier. He tried to ignore his self loathing as he stared down at the campus below them.

Dean turned and rested a hand on his shoulder comfortingly. “My advice:

don't overthink it. You're a smart guy. You're funny. Interesting. Women and men aren't so different in what they want.”

“Just enough, though.” Joe said.

“Just enough.” Dean agreed.

It soon got too cold on the roof to stay, so they headed back down the stairs, stowing their makeshift doorstop on the top landing.

“If they ever fix the lock on this door we're going to have to find a new smoking spot.” Joe said.

“Naw, mate,” Gavin grinned, “I'll just bus' it open again, won't I?”

Joe split off from the others at the fifth floor, waving goodbye as Dean and Gavin proceeded downstairs and back to their own dorms. Joe unlocked his door and let it click shut behind him. It was comforting being back in his own room surrounded by his own stuff. Even if it was a bit messy, with a trail of clothes leading from the bed to the closet—itsself jammed with clothes, some on hangers, most not—one corner filled by a small TV and a PlayStation with video game boxes scattered about, and some three day old pizza boxes and dirty dishes he still hadn't managed to wash. He had no one to impress.

Joe slipped out of his tennis shoes and tossed them next to the door, then fell into bed. He pulled the small notebook out from under his bed and crossed his legs as he let his thoughts wander through the marijuana daze, jotting down an occasional idea for one of his short stories, or a clever quip. Though, mostly when he re-read his notes in the morning they made no sense (a bear but he wears sandwiches for shoes??). Sometimes he struck gold, but that night he only had one thought: What *would* life be like as a woman? Joe closed his eyes trying to imagine it, and fell asleep on top of his covers, still fully clothed.

Joe woke up to the alarm clock on his phone ringing. He fumbled bleary-eyed and turned it off. Sitting up, he wiped the drool from his mouth and heaved himself out of bed. He liked to sleep in as late as possible so, after much trial and error, he'd set his alarm so as to leave exactly enough time to get ready and get to his first class of the morning (Creative Writing 101) so he had no time to waste. He grabbed his toiletry bag and hurried down the hall to the communal bathroom to quickly brush his teeth and slap on some deodorant.

When he finished, he returned to his room and stripped out of his clothes, tossing them into a pile on the floor before pulling out some clean clothes from a different pile that didn't smell as bad.

He went to his (mostly clean) pile of socks and stopped. They were all wrong. All the socks in the pile were only ankle high and thin. Some were a pale pink, others had a little animal at the top, and a few had a light trim of lace around the ankle. They were all distinctly feminine.

“The fuck?” he mumbled, wondering if somehow Gavin or Dean had crept into his room to play a joke on him.

Joe was already cutting it close for his class so he slipped on the socks and hunted for his shoes. That's when he got the next surprise. His shoes, formerly clunky, tan Skechers, were gone. In their place, leaning against the wall just as he'd tossed them the night before, were some dainty, pink and white Converse slip-ons. Joe paused and stared at the women's shoes.

No way.

He went hunting through his closet, hoping he had another pair of shoes. He vaguely remembered his mom packing him some shiny leather dress shoes, which he'd never worn, but had kept in case of a date or a formal event that had yet to occur. He knew he'd thrown them in the back corner of his closet and, shoving aside an old towel, he found them. Or, rather, he found where they used to be. The dress shoes themselves had disappeared, leaving in their place some glossy black high heels.

Joe ran his hands through his short hair and looked around wildly. The window was locked, as was the door. Who the hell had snuck in and replaced his shoes? And how had they even known these were here? With no other option, Joe slipped on the pink Converse. They fit his feet perfectly, as if he'd broken them in long ago. He grabbed his backpack and hurried out the door so as not to be late.

On his way through campus he carefully watched the eye of anyone who approached him, waiting to see if they noticed his shoes. But if they did, no one said anything. Joe was just entering the building for his first class and heaving a sigh of relief when a female voice called out from behind him.

“Morning, Joe.”

Joe turned and saw Emily striding up the stairs. Emily was a cute, pleasantly

plump girl in his writing class. She had a nice full figure and a friendly smile, and she was always dressed in the girliest of outfits. It was weird that her stories were all macabre horror. Still, she was easy on the eyes and nice to talk to. If Joe had more confidence he would have asked her out.

“Hi, Emily.” Joe said, his face reddening.

He held the door open and she walked inside, pausing briefly and looking down. “Oooh, cute shoes. I have the same ones.”

Joe paused. “Um, thanks?”

There was a brief silence as they walked down the hallway, Joe wondering if Emily was making fun of his shoes. If anything, she seemed a little *more* comfortable with him.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you.” Emily began, slowing and turning a shy smile on him. “I liked that story you wrote about the house appearing in space. I thought it was a good allegory for consumerism.”

“Yeah, that's kind of what I was going for. The emptiness and all.”

“I really like your writing. It's got an immediacy that really propels your stories along.”

“I like yours, too,” Joe replied sincerely, “I, uh, I did not see the twist on your last one, with the hand coming out of the closet.”

He'd exchanged cordial greetings with Emily before, but this was the longest conversation he'd yet had with her outside of class. Why did it have to be on the day when his mind was occupied by shoes?

They settled into their seats. Joe warily looked around at the others during class, trying to see if they were judging him for his shoes, but no one seemed to notice. After class, Emily waited for him to pack up and they walked down the hall together discussing their weekends. She'd never shown him this much attention before, and Joe was enjoying it, trying to work up the nerve to ask her out. In the end, they parted on the quad, Joe shyly waving goodbye and kicking himself for not making any moves. He ran into Gavin on the way to his next class.

“Gavin, what did you do last night after you left?”

“Mate, I went home and passed the fook out.”

“You didn't...play any prank on me? Like, take my shoes or anything?”

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Gavin glanced down at Joe's shoes then back up at him with a confused frown. "Wot?"

"Nevermind." Joe shook his head and hurried off. Gavin couldn't keep a straight face to save his life, so from his lack of reaction, Joe figured he really *didn't* have anything to do with it. When Joe met up with Dean, he, too, denied knowing anything.

"I didn't touch your shoes, but I like them."

A strange burst of warmth made Joe's cheeks burn at the unexpected compliment. He mumbled a 'thanks' and quickly turned the conversation back to the more comfortable musings on the emptiness of modern culture.

Joe went to sleep that night still no closer to figuring out what had happened, but beginning to consider that maybe *he* was the crazy one.

Joe was up on the roof, smoking with Dean as usual. The air was hot and humid, and a trickle of sweat made its way down Dean's chest and between his solid pecs. Dean blew out a puff of smoke, then slipped his hand around Joe's waist and pulled him close. Joe found that he was suddenly shirtless, and his chest jiggled strangely. He had half a second to glance down at the two plump breasts hanging from his chest, pressing against Dean's slick warmth before Dean kissed him. Dean's lips were warm and urgent, and Joe welcomed his tongue inside. Dean's hand came up and caressed Joe's breasts, shooting a fire between Joe's legs.

The dream ended abruptly as Joe jerked awake, confused. In the logic of the dream it had seemed so natural, nice even, to kiss Dean. But in the light of day the thought of kissing his best friend held no attraction for him.

Joe's first class wasn't until the afternoon, so he lay in bed, trying to analyze his dream for hidden meaning. His thoughts were interrupted by his phone ding. It was Dean texting, asking to come over and play some video games before class. Joe hesitated—the feelings from his dream still swarming his mind—before eventually agreeing. Wrapping a towel around his lower half and grabbing his toiletry bag, he headed down to the showers at the end of his hall. The hot water refreshed him and he soon shrugged off his dream. He'd even nearly forgotten about the whole shoe affair of yesterday. But everything was brought back into sharp focus when he returned to his dorm room and started digging through his pile of shorts.

Today, they'd changed as well. His usual baggy khaki cargo shorts were gone, replaced with more feminine shorts, some in light pink, others khaki but with little hearts or birds embroidered around the back pocket. There was even a pair of denim cutoffs, cut high to show off some thigh. Digging through the rest of his clothes he found that his pants were changed as well. They'd become smaller and fit to a curvy woman's waist, as well as being in a variety of light hues: yellow, pink, baby blue. They were undeniably women's clothes.

There was a knock on the door. Dean. There was no time to scrounge for anything else. Joe grabbed the least girly pants he could find—some tiny khaki shorts—and hurried to his chest of drawers. He yanked the bottom one open, expecting to find a drawer full of boxer shorts, but was instead confronted with a drawer full of women's panties: some thongs, some a delicate lace, some a plain white cotton.

Dean knocked again. “Joe?”

“Hang on.” Joe called, grabbing the closest pair of panties, which were a pale pink with trim lace up the sides.

He slid them on up his legs and they nestled against his dick. Then he slipped into the khaki shorts. They came down slightly below his thigh, still showing off more leg than Joe felt comfortable with displaying. Joe paused, it was the first time he'd really looked at his leg closely that morning. He'd had the feeling that something was off, but only now, staring down at himself, did he realize his leg was shaved almost bare. The light dusting of hair that normally covered his legs was gone, leaving his skin smooth.

Joe stood and cracked open the door. “Hey, Dean, I--”

Joe almost lied, said he wasn't feeling well to make Dean go away, but seeing Dean in the hallway, with the light arcing across his handsome face, made Joe pause. Last night's dream whispered through his thoughts in a way that was both unwelcome and strangely pleasant.

“Can I come in or are we going to play from out here?” Dean smiled.

Joe opened the door and Dean came in, taking up his usual position on the bean bag chair without even glancing at Joe's unusually short shorts. Joe loaded up a game, chatting nervously about nothing. He was acutely aware that when he bent down to pop in a disc, his little shorts rode up and tightened against his butt while the lace of the panties rubbed against his dick. He turned and straightened as soon as he could. Did he just catch Dean checking him out?

Dean was relaxed as usual as they played a few games of Battlefield, talking about this and that as he racked up the kills.

“You're off your game today,” Dean said, after squeezing off another head shot.

Joe tossed the control onto his bed and sighed. “Yeah. I feel off about

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everything today. Do you...do you notice anything different about me?"

Dean set his controller down and looked Joe up and down. "Like what? Not a new haircut, I would have noticed that. I've seen that shirt before. You wore those shorts last week."

"Did I?" Joe cut him off.

"You did. I remember because the little blue flowers on the pocket match your eyes."

Joe's heart beat faster. Why was he getting so flushed just from Dean noticing his outfit? But Joe pressed on to the more immediate matter: "Ok. Come on. You switched my clothes, didn't you? How did you do it?"

"What are you talking about?"

"These shorts? My shoes." Joe gestured to the shoes in the corner. "I *am* kind of impressed you managed to sneak in here and replace half my wardrobe with women's clothes without me noticing, but come on, time to give it up. What's the punchline?"

Dean looked truly mystified. "Those aren't your clothes? Well, you should keep them, they look good on you."

Joe stared at Dean for a bit, but he didn't crack. Finally, Joe looked away. "I have to go."

He stood and Dean struggled out of the bean bag chair.

"Did I do something wrong?" Dean asked. "I would never intentionally hurt you. If I made a wrong assumption about anything I whole-heartedly apologize, and please tell me so I can fix it."

"No, it's nothing you did." Joe puffed air out of his cheeks. "It's fine. Let's play some more."

They played for a little while longer but it was obvious Joe wasn't into it. Finally, he tossed the controller aside.

"Okay," Joe said, "I think that's enough death for the day." He glanced at his phone. "I've got a meeting in a few minutes." He lied.

Joe collected his wallet and keys from his desktop and tried to stuff them into his pockets, but the tiny pockets on his shorts turned out to be mostly decorative and he grunted in frustration.

“All right,” Dean said, standing and stretching. “Hey, you up for a little toke tonight?”

“I don't know. It's a school night. Maybe.” Joe said, noncommittally.

The two walked down the five flights of stairs and parted outside the front door. Joe made his way through campus to the row of shops on the northern edge. He was waiting at the light to cross the street when he heard someone call out his name. Turning, he saw Emily hurrying up to him.

“Hey!” Emily said, surprising Joe by gripping him in a quick hug. “Where are you headed?”

“I was going to get some new pants. These are kind of...not my style.”

“Oh, cute, mind if I tag along?”

“Uh, sure.”

They walked across the street together and into the large chain clothing store. Joe just wanted something cheap, and plain and definitively masculine. He made his way to the back of the store where the men's section was, but was pulled up short by Emily, who tapped him on his shoulder.

“Pants are over here,” she smiled, pointing back to the women's section.

“I...uh...I thought maybe I'd try something different.” Joe said, continuing on to the row of men's pants hanging against one wall.

“Ok.” Emily said, frowning as she flipped through the various racks.

Emily held a couple of choices up to Joe, frowned and then put them back. Joe just flipped through the sale rows, looking for the cheapest, most masculine pair he could find. He finally found some army green cargo pants marked down to half off.

“I'm gonna try these on,” he said, hurrying off to the changing rooms.

A few minutes later, while Joe was eyeing his baggy green pants in the mirror, there was a light knock at the door.

“Joe?” Emily asked.

Joe pulled open the door and found Emily with some clothes in her hand.

“What do you think?” Joe asked, displaying his outfit.

Emily frowned. “Well...I mean...they're guy pants. I thought...uh, I thought you might look better in these. They'd be so cute on you.”

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Emily held up some slim black leggings cut to a curvy female form.

Joe didn't know how to respond. Did Emily really think that would fit his figure?

“I think I'm happy with these,” Joe replied.

“Ok.” Emily said. “I just thought you had a nice figure you should wear something that shows it off rather than trying to hide it. It's your choice of course.”

Joe bought the baggy pants, then he and Emily returned to campus. Despite the awkwardness of the clothes shopping, Emily seemed more open to him. They each shared the stories they were working on, and joked about their nervous professor. Emily turned her bright green eyes on him as he spoke, giving him one hundred percent of her attention. Part of Joe wanted to ask her out then and there, but he hesitated, feeling as though it were wrong somehow in a way that he couldn't quite figure out. In the end, they parted with an agreement to meet up for coffee the next day.

Joe went through the rest of his classes with his mind occupied on the night ahead. The last two nights had brought changes in his wardrobe. Would that continue?

Dean texted him after dinner: *Just following up on our rooftop “date” :) You down?*

Joe reluctantly declined. When he was paranoid, the weed just made it worse. Besides, there was something about Dean's joking-but-not-really use of the word 'date' that threw him.

When Joe was ready for bed, he took the pants he'd just bought, along with one of his shirts, and stuffed them beneath his covers. If anyone was sneaking in to replace his clothes—which Joe was beginning to doubt—there would be no way they could get to his pants without waking him. Despite this, he tried to stay up late, hoping to catch the eventual culprit, but sleep overtook him sometime around 2am.

Joe was seated in his creative writing class. The sunlight pouring through the window warmed his body and he shifted in his seat. As he moved, he felt a weight on his chest. Looking down, he saw a little pink top stretched tight across ample breasts. The neck of his shirt was cut low and he found himself staring down into deep, beautiful cleavage. Two curves were pressed together enticingly, the hint of a pink bra showing at the apex of his tits. Below, a tight black skirt squeezed his ample butt. The skirt ended at mid-thigh, revealing smooth, perfect legs.

He gasped, his voice light and airy, as he stared down at himself. His new body was magnificent, full busted and curvy. The clothes—barely there in the first place—seemed practically painted on, clasping his bubble butt and his gorgeous chest. He had a cute tummy and a massive expanse of golden thigh.

Joe brought his hands up to his chest and fondled his breasts, groping himself, watching his tits sway back and forth. Fuck, they were beautiful. He gathered them in his hands and squeezed, fingers digging into his soft skin. His breasts were so heavy and had the perfect amount of give. He watched them as he squished them together up against his body, enjoying the thrill of manipulating this perfect feminine form, of feeling his soft body move and shake under his command. His hands, too, were delicately girly, the fingers slender and hairless. He watched himself groping his own breasts, staring down at this woman he'd become as he touched himself, his body growing warmer beneath his fingers.

He pulled his shirt off over his head, his tits bouncing free as a mass of wavy, chestnut brown hair cascaded down his face. He pushed the hair back, noting how it felt so silky smooth. His bra had disappeared and he gazed down at his bare tits. They hung heavily from his chest, perfectly formed and perky. Little pink nipples dotted each end. He grasped them in both hands, smiling as he touched his creamy skin, before rolling each nipple between his thumb and forefinger, squeezing gently and sending little pulses of warmth through him. He stretched his nipples out—the delightful hit of pain arcing through him—

and released them to let them snap back into place. He ran his hands over his breasts, hefting them, groping himself. God, this body was delightful to touch, his skin so bouncy and youthful. His body grew feverish as his hands moved urgently over his tits. He lifted one to his lips and tasted himself. His hot mouth kissed his sensitive skin, tongue flicking out to lick the little nipple. A fire raced through him and his body ached to be touched.

“Oh, Joey,” A female voice broke in.

Joe looked up, both his tits still in his hands, still spilling from his fingers. Emily sat next to him. The sunlight glinted off her dark brown hair. She twisted a lock of hair around one finger as she gazed at Joe, biting her lower lip coquettishly as her eyes moved up and down his body. Joe paused, uncomfortable under her adoring gaze.

She pushed herself to her feet. Her body was slightly plumper than Joe's and he found himself mentally comparing the two of them, wishing he had her complexion, excited that his breasts were more succulent. Her wide face was lit up in a pleasant smile as she straddled his lap, tossing off her own top and letting her breasts bounce free. She kissed him, their soft lips coming together as their breasts pressed against each other, delicate and hot.

Joe's body danced with electricity as he brought his hand up and skated his fingers along her chest. She did the same to him, taking him in hand and squeezing his supple form, enjoying his body as much as he was enjoying hers. Emily's breasts were different,; smaller and tighter than his own. She giggled into his mouth as he stroked the soft underside of her tits and he felt her nipples spike out in pleasure. A warmth burned between Joe's legs, a deeper urgency than he'd ever felt before. He could actually feel himself growing wet, his little pussy lips sliding together.

Suddenly they were naked, their clothes gone. Emily's hand wandered down Joe's tits, landing between his legs and stroking his pussy gently. Her fingers were soft and she slipped into him. He felt his cunt growing moist as she stroked his clit. A sudden spike of heat burst through Joe and he gasped as she found his wetness, slipping inside him further. His body craved it, craved to be filled, to have something inside his empty hole. He whimpered into her mouth as she fingered him, his own hands continuing to stroke and caress her breasts.

She slipped off him and knelt on the floor in front of him, looking up with a

warm smile that made his pulse pound. Joe found his gaze drawn to the dark thatch of hair between his chubby legs. There was a glint of his juices and beneath the light fuzz he saw his own slit for the first time. Emily stroked his thighs, both hands coming up to caress him. One of her hands spread his pussy and Joe stared down into his pink folds, enamored with his new body, delighting in how wonderful and soft and utterly feminine he felt.

Emily brought her face closer to his pussy, sticking out her tongue and licking his slit from top to bottom, growing harder, concentrating on his clit, until her face was buried between his legs, her eyes closed in ecstasy as she tasted him. Joe moaned, his hands coming up to his tits to fondle himself while Emily urgently licked him. She would occasionally open her eyes, stare up into his face with a look of longing that sent warm shivers through Joe's body before closing her eyes and delighting in his taste.

Joe came suddenly and hard, gasping in his new voice and gripping his tits as the pleasure exploded through him. Fuck, watching his body jiggle, hearing his feminine voice moaning in utter delight made him cum harder. Emily continued licking him, driving his body on further, back to the edge of pleasure. His pussy was dripping wet now, his entire body reeling with pleasure, and then he came again, crying out in a high pitched voice as the flames engulfed his body. Fuck, it was so perfect, and he wiggled his plump ass, feeling himself dripping down his own thighs as the orgasm burst through him.

Joe awoke with his underpants soaking and, for minute, thought he really did have a pussy that had been gushing. But when he slid his hand down under the covers he found his own familiar dick and the remnants of one hell of a wet dream. He lay back on his pillow trying to hold onto the dream even as it faded, trying to remember how it felt to own such a deliciously curvy ass and tits.

His eyes snapped open. Wait. No. He didn't want to have tits. He didn't want to be a girl. He just wanted to be *with* a girl. Then another thought hit him and he scrambled beneath the covers for the pants and shirt he'd tucked down last night. He pulled them out and uttered a strangled gasp as he looked at the unfamiliar clothes in his hands.

The baggy pants he'd bought only yesterday had been replaced—or

transformed??—into the slimline black leggings Emily had offered to him yesterday. His plain white t-shirt had shrunk, and he was sure that if he squeezed into it it would hug his figure and leave his belly bare. It was cut for a woman's bust, with a top that narrowed down slightly below where his breasts would have been.

Joe tossed the covers aside and jumped out of bed. Hurrying to his closet, he threw it open. His eyes went wide as he surveyed the dresses and skirts and blouses that had replaced his own shirts and jeans. He dug through them wildly, looking for any hint of his former clothes. Then he turned to his underwear drawer, throwing it open to find the skimpy panties and delicate socks, only now a multicolored selection of bras had appeared. Joe dug through the panties, looking for his comfy boxers, but only finding silky undergarments and cotton lace. Picking up one of the bras, he realized the cups were enormous. Turning it over he found the size on the back: 34DD.

Joe dropped it back into the drawers and backed away, eyes scanning the room for any other changes. There were none that he could see. Still the same old Spiderman poster on the walls, the same video games in the corner, the same sheets on the bed. The only other thing different was him. When he pulled off his wet boxers he did a double take. His dark, unruly mass of pubic hair was more neatly trimmed into a rough triangle, matching his dream. His leg hair was now entirely gone and his calves seemed a little more shapely. What the fuck was happening?

In a daze, Joe grabbed his towel and wrapped it around his waist as usual, before grabbing his toiletries and heading down to the shower. A guy came out of the dorm room in front of him and did a double take, his eyes glancing briefly down at Joe's chest and then away.

“Morning,” Joe said, scooting past him.

He looked back just in time to see the guy looking away as if he'd just been checking Joe out.

One of the two shower stalls was already occupied when Joe came in. He went in to the other one and showered. The hot water was nice, caressing his body and calming him down. This could only be a big joke. His body wasn't really changing, it was just some psychological self-trickery from the fact that his clothes had been...messed with. Anything else was fantastical and impossible.

Joe shut the water off, toweled himself dry, tied the towel around his waist and stepped out to brush his teeth at one of the three sinks lining the other wall. Another guy was also brushing his teeth—the one who'd been in the shower judging from the towel wrapped around him—and he, too, gaped at Joe's chest, his eyes growing wide. Joe nodded to him and the guy nodded back, a grin spread across his face. He kept glancing over at Joe as Joe brushed his teeth and put on his deodorant. The guy seemed to be lingering in the bathroom so Joe hurried up to get away, feeling self-conscious and strangely excited at the guy's eager stare.

When Joe returned to his room and shut the door a sense of relief fell over him, shattered when he was faced with his new wardrobe. There was absolutely nothing he could wear that would pass as men's clothing. He flipped through the racks and dug through the piles, but every single item of clothing was very definitely for a woman. Joe picked out some slinky black panties and slid them on, nestling the little strip of fabric against his dick. It just felt...wrong to go out without some kind of underwear. The same with the bra. He slipped it on and clasped it easily, as if he'd done it a thousand times. Then he carefully stuffed the top with tissue paper. Next he found a nice pair of denim shorts that stopped at mid-thigh, and a babydoll t-shirt that left his tummy bare. When he was done, his bust looked impressive. He eyed himself in the mirror, turning around to try to see himself from all angles until he was satisfied that he looked adorable.

Wait. No. He didn't *want* to be adorable. He wanted to be schlubby, masculine(ish) Joe. Not this...cross dresser. Because no matter how many women's clothes he wore, it still didn't cover up his paunch of a tummy, his heavy legs, and his thick arms. And there was still the problem of his dick. Maybe he should tape it up or-- *No!* He cut himself off again. He wasn't a cross dresser...except, looking in the mirror, he very obviously *was*.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door and Dean's voice. "Joey?"

Dean had never called him that before. Hell, no one had called him that before until Emily yesterday. He thought it had been some sort of cute nickname for him, but what if it was part of this whole transformation, or whatever was going on?

"Dean?" Joe called out through the door.

“Yeah. I was just passing by and I thought I'd see if you wanted to join me for breakfast.”

Joe opened the door. Dean beamed down at him. He was dressed in a nice button down shirt and skinny pants. One arm was behind his back. Joe's heart beat a little faster staring at Dean's handsome face, and his palms grew slightly clammy. Why was he so nervous talking to his best friend?

“Yeah. Ok.” Joe said. His mind was spinning, his thoughts pulled in a hundred different directions. Staying in his room and pontificating would just drive him crazy. Maybe a nice breakfast was just what he needed.

“Oh. I found these on the path outside, I thought you'd like them.”

Dean brought the hand out from behind his back and offered Joe a small bundle of blue hyacinths.

“Oh, uh, thanks,” Joe said, taking them. Their hands touched briefly, sending a quick jolt of excitement through Joe. He was flattered that his friend had thought of him like that. But...Dean wasn't the type of guy to give other guys flowers.

“They reminded me of your eyes,” Dean said as Joe sniffed their delicate scent.

“Hold on.” Joe cocked his head. “Are you hitting on me?”

It was the first time he'd ever seen Dean blush. “Guilty.” Dean said, staring into Joe's eyes. “But I thought we could at least just talk.”

“I didn't know you were into guys.”

Dean arched an eyebrow and half smiled, before realizing Joe was serious. “I'm not. I'm into you.”

Joe was flustered. This was so wrong. But why was he so excited? He didn't like guys, either. Did he? Joe bashfully looked up at Dean's face, his eyes tracing Dean's handsome jaw, the little dimple, the intense brown eyes. Joe's mouth opened and closed, working soundlessly, until he finally managed to squeak: “I'm sorry. I'm...I need to go.”

Joe grabbed his cellphone and keys before slipping past Dean and hurrying down the hall, leaving a stunned Dean in his wake. It was only when Joe was out on the sidewalk that he realized he was still clutching the pretty flowers and remembering the ghost of Dean's touch on his fingers.

Joe wandered aimlessly around campus, his thoughts muddled. The breeze caressed his bare legs and stomach, reminding him of the skimpiest clothes he now wore. Passing one of the new buildings under construction, Joe was caught up short by a wolf whistle.

“Yeah, shake it girl.”

Joe looked up and saw three construction guys lounging by a pile of bricks. They appeared to be staring at him. The one who'd called out to him tipped his hard hat and the others nodded approval.

“Me?” Joe asked, astonished.

“Yeah, honey. Come on up here and shake that booty and I'll show you how a real man will treat you.” The guy in the middle said, to laughter from the others.

Joe blushed and hurried away, to the sound of the construction workers laughing. There was something both dangerous and exciting about their attention. No one had ever looked at him like that before. No one had ever complimented his body before, and with good reason. Joe was kind of short and dumpy. But the clothes he was now wearing managed to amplify—and, in the case of his stuffed bra, create—the best parts of his body. To his astonishment, Joe felt kind of...sexy.

He slowed down as he walked through campus, watching people as they passed him. There was more eye contact. More guys—and girls—willing to smile and nod at him, not just ignore him. Once or twice he even thought he caught someone checking him out from out of the corner of his eye.

He got down early to the student center where he was supposed to meet Emily for coffee and took a seat on the small wall outside the main doors. His shorts slid up almost indecently high on his thighs, forcing him to cross his legs like a woman. Joe felt tense and anxious, like he was waiting for something special without knowing exactly what it was. Emily soon joined him and he pushed himself up to greet her. She hugged him longer and closer than yesterday, before releasing him and chatting away.

“Oh my gosh, I *love* your top,” Emily gushed as they went up the front steps and down the hall to the campus cafe. “You look adorable.”

“No.” Joe said, bashfully.

“You *do*. Oh, god, I would *kill* for your figure.”

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She looked him up and down. Joe returned her look, his eyes skating over her own heavy breasts and plump face. It occurred to him that he used to be so shy when she was around, that his thoughts wouldn't stray far from wondering what she looked like naked, from wondering if she liked him back and considering how to ask her out. Now, those thoughts fought with his jealousy at her olive complexion and her ease with her own body.

Emily was much more talkative, sharing her opinions on everything in a way that was both funny and charming. Joe found himself opening up to her, talking more than he'd done to just about anyone. It struck him in the middle of an observation about their writing professor's proclivity to begin every lecture with "So, here's what we got" that the reason he was enjoying himself so much was because he wasn't trying to hook up with Emily. That feeling of physical desire was still there, deep down, but because it wasn't at the forefront of his mind he felt freer somehow. He'd always been the quiet, wry one in every group, but now he and Emily were talking together like...well, they were talking like girls who were friends.

Emily leaned forward over the table. "Don't look, but that guy over there in the red jacket has been checking you out. Hottie alert."

Joe leaned back and, after a minute, flicked his eyes in the direction Emily had motioned just in time to catch the guy's eye. Joe looked away quickly, his face growing red. He took a sip of his coffee as Emily giggled.

"Go ask him for his number."

"No, I couldn't," Joe demurred. "I'll just let him admire me from afar." The attention was strange but welcome, though Joe was still fighting the idea that guys found him attractive, and vice versa.

Fortunately, one of Emily's friends, Stacey, joined them before Emily could press any further. Stacey was a petite, auburn haired girl with a splash of freckles across a tiny nose. Just a few days ago, Joe would have found her attractive, and he tried to summon up those feelings, to prove to himself that he was still a guy. But it was one thing to know she was pretty, and another to feel the attraction. There was nothing like the warm blush he'd felt when Dean was leaning against his door that morning. Shit. Dean. He must hate him.

Emily noticed his troubled look and took his hand. "What's wrong, Joey?"

"Oh, I don't know. There's this guy I...I think I like."

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“Oooh,” Stacey's eyes lit up. “And?”

“Ugh. So, it's complicated. We've been friends for a while, and he's sweet and charming but...I don't know. I feel like a fraud.”

The other girls murmured comfortingly and offered reassurances even as Joe waved them away and then covered his face in his hands. But they cajoled the story out of him. He gave them all the details, except, of course, for the fact that he was currently a cross-dresser. Joe told them about his long friendship and the things they'd done together, and then his reaction when Dean had showed up outside his door.

“Girl,” Emily said, placing her hand on Joe's, “You should just tell him.”

“No,” Stacey disagreed, “If you look too needy he'll freak out. That's what guys do.”

“But he's already told her he likes her. I'm not saying she should write a love letter to him. Just shoot him a text.”

“Ok.” Stacey agreed.

“What do I say?” Joe asked, thumbing on his cell phone.

“Keep it casual.” Emily advised. “Maybe something like... 'sorry for running out on you earlier, I've had some personal things going on. Want to meet up for dinner?’”

“No. Don't mention you've got personal things. Guys don't want baggage.”

“I think Dean would understand.” Joe said.

Stacey bit her lip. “Why don't you just say 'things' going on and dump the 'personal'. And don't ask to meet up for dinner. Let him make the move.”

“He already did,” Emily disagreed.

They went back and forth for a few minutes. Joe was glad to have some girls who could help him. He didn't trust his conflicting feelings. In the end, he sent a short message apologizing for running off, blaming it on class stress, and leaving it opened ended. The girls huddled around his cell phone waiting for a response that came a few minutes later.

*I get it, the text said, I'm swamped tomorrow. How about we talk over dinner on Friday?*

The girls squealed and Joe felt his cheeks flush. Emily squeezed his hand. In

that moment, with the two girls by his side, Joe almost believed he was a woman. A sense of disappointment filled him when he glanced down and saw the stuffed bra and the rotund, masculine form, realizing that his body hadn't caught up with the changes happening to his mind.

The three worked out a game plan for Dean as they walked through campus, splitting up at the quad to go their separate ways. Joe returned to his dorm and attempted to work on the next story for his writing class but it was slow going. His thoughts kept wandering to Dean and what would happen between them.

Joe's dreams were less vivid that night and he awoke before his alarm went off. Half asleep, he rolled over, and a weight tumbled across his chest. Still lying on his side, he looked down and found his arm was resting on two tremendous breasts that were hanging from his chest. His eyes popped wide open and he pushed himself into a sitting position. His breasts bounced down, heavy and firm, wobbling back and forth. They were gorgeous. Just like in his dream of the night before. He pushed them gently and watched them jiggle before gathering them in his hands. He stared down at his tits as he hefted them in his hand and enjoyed their weight, squeezing them against his chest and releasing them, just enjoying the feel of them as he manipulated his new body. Each little areola was a pale strawberry circle about the size of a half dollar. A tiny dot of nipple capped the end of each tit, growing hard as Joe squeezed himself.

He could hardly believe this was real. The disbelief and denial of the previous days was gone, replaced with a warm relief that he was so close to having the right body.

Joe's dick shot to attention at the touch of his own soft breasts. He tossed aside the covers and freed his dick. It strained up to meet him, calling for his attention, and he stroked it. The tension grew within him as he continued stroking his cock while fondling his own breast. Fuck, his body was gorgeous, and incredibly sensitive. Soft and warm and heavy in all the right places. He leaned his head down and pulled his tit to his mouth. Wrapping his warm lips around his nipple he sucked greedily, paying attention to the desire of his own body, nipping harder, licking faster as he sucked on his own skin. Just as in the dream, his tit tasted so delicious, and the pleasure radiated through his body. Joe's dick was harder than it had ever been and, glancing down at it, he felt both a disgust that this thing was on his body, and a deep delight to be holding a dick, *any* dick.

He let his breast fall to his chest and grabbed the other one, squeezing back and forth as he stared down at his own cock. He could do anything to these

tits, anything to this body. He wanted to feel his breasts bounce as someone slammed into him hard and fast from behind, wanted to watch someone plunge into him and make his body feel so dirty in such a good way. But he was alone with only his perfect, bouncy breasts and his dick, so he did the next best thing.

He shuffled the pillows around, lying back so he could stare down at his body. Gravity pulled his breasts to the side, and he resumed pinching and squeezing himself as he stroked his dick, fingers moving up and down the warm shaft as he gathered a breast in the other hand and massaged it. His body was aching for release now, the tension almost unbearable. A drop of pre-cum appeared at the tip of his dick and he wished with all his might that he could lick it off.

And then he came. His cock throbbed between his fingers and he aimed at his tits. His own hot jizz jetted up onto his chest, coating his perfect wobbly breasts in creamy seed. He groaned, squeezing his breast harder as he emptied himself onto his chest, the white seed running over his nipples and dripping down onto his stomach. Joe grabbed his wonderfully weighty tits in both hands and pushed them together, spreading the sticky seed over them both, coating his delightful skin with his own cum until his breasts were deliciously glazed and the heat within him cooled. It felt so good to be so dirty, he only wished he had someone to enjoy it with. Someone like Dean.

Joe finally rose and collected his toiletries for the shower. He wrapped a bathrobe around himself, blushing suddenly at the thought that the guys who'd seen him topless yesterday might have been ogling the breasts he now had but couldn't see back then. Joe met no one in the bathroom that morning and was able to shower in peace, rubbing himself down with the salt and honey scrub that had replaced the harsh bar of soap he'd been using before. He took extra time to admire his breasts, and by the time he stepped out he was sure they'd never been so clean.

After drying himself off, he rolled on the dainty little rose petal deodorant that had taken the place of his brutish deodorant stick. Looking in the mirror, he frowned. He still had a man's face with a hint of stubble. His hair had grown out longer seemingly overnight, and swept down around his ears in a cute pixie cut. Still, his face looked all wrong atop his curvy chest. He shaved until completely smooth, then dug through his bag for his makeup. He curled his lashes and brushed his cheeks, dabbing makeup across his face

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expertly, as though he'd done it a thousand times. The part of him that still felt like a man—a very small and shrinking part—insisted that the makeup was necessary so he wouldn't look like a man with breasts. Surely, it was all an act. Tomorrow he would wake up back in old male body with his old male problems. He grimaced and shook the thought away before packing up his bag and returning to his room.

Joe put on a cute, flowery sundress, then tucked his dick between his legs and slid his panties up. He adjusted his dress, taking a look at himself in the mirror to make sure his bulge was invisible. The reflection looking back at him was of a cute, top-heavy woman with sparkling blue eyes and a bright smile. His bottom half looked a little flat and he wished he had some padding to really give him some hips, but this would have to do.

He sashayed out of the dorm and across campus to the building that housed his writing class. Emily was waiting for him and they went in together. Afterwards, Joe came out to find Dean sitting at the bottom of the steps. Dean stood and smiled as Joe approached. It was a smile that made Joe's stomach do flips. After knowing Dean for so long, he'd never imagined these feelings would surface. There was some sort of disconnect nagging him at the back of his mind, some major reason he'd never considered Dean as a boyfriend before, but Joe shunted it aside.

“I couldn't wait for Friday,” Dean said. “I hope you don't mind.”

Emily nudged Joe forward and said, “I'll leave you two alone. Call me.”

She hurried away before Joe could stop her.

“I'm s--” Joe began just as Dean said, “If you--”

“You go.” Dean smiled.

Joe nodded his head for them to walk together and they set off through campus. “Sorry, for running away the other day. I've just...I guess I was startled that you felt that way about me.”

“It surprised me, too. I mean, you've always been a great girl. Smart. Funny. Interesting.”

“Sounds like you're reviewing me. A plus. Would date again.” Joe grinned.

Dean snorted. “Two thumbs up.”

“I always saw you as just a friend until...” Joe started, hurrying on before

Dean could fully deflate, "...you said you liked me and then, I don't know, I felt like that broke open the dam and it was just a lot to take in. About myself."

They stopped in a warm patch of sunlight in the middle of the quad. Dean looked down at him. He was always so tall, Joe thought, and with the most perfect profile. Rugged but sensitive. Joe felt himself pulled towards Dean by an invisible force. And then he was up on his toes, his lips against Dean and they were kissing. The kiss was gentle and hesitant. Joe closed his eyes and inhaled Dean's wonderful scent. A hand slipped across Joe's cheek, tenderly sliding through his hair. Their kiss grew in intensity as they explored each other, Joe opening his mouth to welcome his friend inside. His body ached, and then there was a troubling throbbing between his legs as his unwelcome cock started to grow hard.

Joe pulled back and smiled, his hand on Dean's broad chest. Much as he wanted Dean in that moment, he couldn't bear revealing what he still had between his legs. He yearned to be taken, to throw their bodies together in ecstasy, but he had to reign it in while he was still only half a woman. Joe slipped his fingers between Dean's and they continued down the path holding hands together, both smiling but shy, each understanding they were on the precipice of a major change to their relationship. Joe both welcomed it and was frightened, a small but fading part of his mind insisting that something wasn't quite right.

They spent the rest of the day together and it was just like old friends, with the laughter and the deep conversation. Only now it was more physical. They touched each other as often as they could. When they sat on the grass Joe leaned against Dean, and Dean held him, his solid arms wrapped around Joe's midsection.

It was difficult when they finally parted. Joe wanted to stay with Dean, and Dean clearly wanted to stay with him.

Instead, that evening, Joe turned to Dean. "I should probably get back to my dorm."

"Ok." Dean nodded.

Joe took Dean's hand. "I...I just want to go slow. This is all new you know?"

"Of course. But just know, we're still the same two people we've always been. This doesn't change that, Joey."

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“It makes it better.” Joe smiled.

He gave Dean one last parting kiss and returned to his dorm, glancing back once to see Dean watching him walk away. It filled Joe with a warm bliss.

Joey woke up the next morning thinking of Dean. She couldn't get him out of her thoughts. She murmured her good mornings to the other girls on the fourth floor as she went down the hall to the showers. She spent a long time in the shower, her hands slipping between her legs, rubbing her pussy until she was wetter than water and trembling at the thought of Dean stroking her, running his hands across her. She couldn't take it.

Joey hurried back to her room and got dressed, packing her breasts into a plain white bra and trying to put together an outfit that was casual but sexy. Something that said 'take me' but also 'not a slut'. In the end she found a cute white blouse and some tiny shorts that showed off her magnificent butt without being overly indecent. At times she wished she were taller, more like Emily, though she had to admit that her thick curves were much better.

She hurried to Dean's dorm room. After a few seconds he answered her quiet knocks. When he opened the door he was wearing only jeans. His broad chest was bare and it made Joey weak in the knees. She jumped into his arms and kissed him ferociously. He was surprised but recovered quickly, wrapping an arm around her as he closed the door, their tongues exploring each other.

“What happened to going slow?” Dean smiled.

“Fuck it. We've been going slow for years.”

Joey slid her hands through Dean's hair and pulled their lips together again, pressing her soft body against his hard one and gripping him tight. He did the same, his arms enveloping her, stroking, exploring her body. She clutched him as her body grew warm, the anticipation growing between her legs. He helped her toss off her blouse, and she pushed the long, brown hair out of her eyes as he nuzzled at her breasts, kissing and caressing her soft form. She sighed, staring down at him, watching as he worshiped her body with his lips.

She reached around, unhooked her bra and shrugged it to the floor. Dean's eyes widened as Joey's breasts bounced free and she watched him closely, bashful about her body. But the only thing he registered was delight, and he

stooped to take her in his mouth again, his hands greedy for her breasts, his tongue circling her tiny pink nipple, making it erect with excitement as he groped her breasts. Joey put her hand over his and squeezed, making him squeeze her tit harder as her body called for more and the pleasure ratcheted up inside her.

She slid her hand down his body, over his firm abs and to his pants, where she found the bulge pressing out, calling for her. She smiled and stroked him as he continued kissing her breasts. He was so warm, so hard. Suddenly, Joey found herself on her knees, scrabbling for his pants. She yanked them down and wrapped her slim fingers around his cock as it jumped up to greet her. Her nose was inches from his dick, her little mouth agape as she admired his cock, stroking it, feeling the warm shaft between her fingers. She opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around the cockhead, taking him in slowly. He gaped as he watched his dick fill her mouth and she sucked slowly at first, dipping her lips down and up his shaft, taking him in more each time, using her hands to help spread her saliva down his shaft, stroking him as she sucked his dick. He was delicious, warm and spicy and everything she wanted. Dean grunted and swore softly, "Fuck, that feels so good."

He moaned above her and she grew faster, driving her lips up and down, filling herself on his cock, worshiping it. She pulled her mouth off long enough to kiss it up and down, to rub it across her soft lips, teasing him as he pressed forward unconsciously, wanting back inside her mouth. Finally she swallowed him again and he moaned, breathing fast, making noises of encouragement as she sucked him. It was wonderful to hold him between her lips, to have this power over him with just her tongue. But she *needed* more.

She pushed him back onto the bed and shimmied out of her shorts, her broad hips swaying back and forth. Her fear that he would hate her curvy body was dispelled by the look of delight in his eyes, and he reached out for her, his cock hard as a rock and still glazed with her saliva.

She straddled him, trapping his cock beneath her nether lips, gliding up and down and spreading the juices of her pussy across his cock, not letting him enter her yet, teasing them both with her body. Finally, she shifted and grabbed his cock. Aiming it at her entrance, she slowly lowered herself onto it. There was a pressure as he rested against her, pushing against her lips. The pressure grew, grew, and then he slipped inside and she gasped as he penetrated her for the first time. She sat down slowly, her eyes closed so she

could enjoy the sensation of him sliding inside her, feeling every inch of the warm, wonderful shaft, until his cockhead lodged up against her center and she rested on him.

He gripped her hips, his hands digging into her tender skin and made her go slow. She grinded back and forth on him, hips moving impossibly slowly, up and down, gripping his shaft with her pussy. Her breasts bobbed as she bounced up and down. She grabbed them and squeezed, enjoying the pleasure from her tits as it met the pleasure from her pussy. Dean thrust up suddenly and Joey moaned, moving faster now, Dean joining her. Every thrust plunged him deeper inside her wet warmth and the tension wound her body up. She was rougher with her breasts, squeezing and pinching her sensitive little nipples as Dean gritted his teeth and thrust faster, grunting as he fucked her.

And now he was pounding in to her and it was all she could do to hold on, to wind tighter the tension budding through her body. She moaned, her voice dripping with lust. Her pussy was so wet, aching for more and Dean obliged, plunging in and out faster, quicker, overcome by a fierce urgency of need, until the tension within Joey snapped and she came, throwing her head back, squeezing her breasts tight against her as her body shook with an orgasm. Pleasure filled her from head to toe. And Dean grunted, “Oh, fuuuck,” and came, driving his hips up, his cock thrusting deep into her warmth where he exploded and filled her with his hot seed. She clutched his cock with the walls of her pussy, crying out with pleasure as she felt him throb inside her, each warm burst of cum heightening the explosive orgasm bursting through her.

She came down slowly, still gripping her tits, still gliding back and forth across his cock until the pleasure abated. She dropped her breasts and they bounced down between them. She leaned on his warm chest and bent to kiss him, her tits pressing against his broad body as their lips met. She lay there on top of him for a moment, just enjoying his warmth inside her, before rolling off.

Dean cuddled against her, throwing an arm protectively over her stomach and whispered softly in her ear, “That was amazing.”

“I thought so, too,” Joey smiled.

She loved Dean so much it hurt, and she wondered why it had taken so long for them to realize they were perfect for each other.

###

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