

TRANSFORMATION EROTICA

XX
Factor

IN THE WILDS

XXX Factor

by M. Wills

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Sexy Preview of XXX Factor

“Why don't you take our librarian friend into that back room and show him a good time?”

“Like, have a party or something?” Will asked.

“Yeah. Something,” Syd agreed. “Unless you don't want us to use the computers, leaving us stuck like this forever.”

Will licked his lips. He knew what Syd was asking but he didn't know if he could do it. He'd never been interested in guys before. And yet, the body he was now in was built for sex. He could feel himself yearning for it with every step. Every time his nipples brushed against the fabric of his dress little jolts of electricity spread through his body. If this was what Syd was asking him to do, well, Syd knew best.

Will smiled and took the librarian's hand, leading him behind the desk to the back room. As he turned to close the door behind them, he saw the three women huddled around the computer and he knew he had a job to do.

Will turned to face the young man. The man smiled nervously but made no move. Will stared at him, confused. If Will had been in the librarian's position, and a hot Thai woman had taken him into a back room specifically to have sex, he would have had her on her back with her legs spread before the door was closed. Although, now that Will was the woman, he was actually rather grateful the librarian was letting him run the show. He wasn't sure he was ready to face the prospect of having his new body penetrated - he was used to being the one doing the penetrating. But still, there was something nice about the way the guy was looking at him, a look of suppressed but eager yet hesitant longing.

Clearly, Will would have to take control here. He glanced around the room, saw bookshelves full of broken books in need of repair, an old wooden desk nearly buried under surrounding paperwork, and a glass walled cabinet to the right that held some older, more well-cared for books. Will could see the reflection of his busty Asian body in the glass and he took a few seconds to admire the curve of his body. *He'd* want him.

He strolled towards the librarian, letting his hips sway back and forth beneath the mini-dress, feeling it hike up one leg and fall back down before hiking up the other, almost but not quite revealing the bottom of the dark triangle of hair between his legs. The young man licked his lips nervously as Will caressed his face, letting his eyes trace down the man's broad nose and angular jaw. Will found his own body warming, his heart beating faster in his chest. And suddenly he knew that all he had to do were the very things he wished the women attracted to *him* would do.

Will parted his ruby red lips and leaned close until he could feel the librarian's breath. Will's slender fingers swept across the nape of the librarian's neck and into his dark hair. He pulled the man's face close until their lips met. Will closed his eyes as he sank into the kiss, finding it surprisingly delightful. The man was comforting and warm as Will breathed in his sharp masculine smell, tasting the man with his new feminine tongue.

The young man eased into the kiss, slowly pressing his body against Will's, until his chest met Will's breasts, and his hidden erection pressed against Will's pussy. The young man's hands slipped around Will's nightie, gripping his soft body lightly and pressing him ever closer. Will let himself be pulled near, rubbing his rapidly moistening cunt against the bulge beneath the young man's pants. He didn't have to talk himself into doing anything, his body was *craving* this man's dick.

Without a word Will knelt in front of the young man and gently unbuttoned his pants. They pooled down around the man's ankles while Will reached over the elastic of the white underwear and gripped the bulge. The man's cock was wonderfully warm beneath Will's fingers, and Will pulled it out from beneath *his underwear* and held it up to his face. He'd never been this close to another man's dick before. Now he was close enough to smell the masculine musk, to feel the heat from the bulbous head radiating against his lips and it was wonderful. Glancing at his reflection in the glass, he saw a strikingly hot Thai woman holding a cock just inches from her lips. Will was that woman now, and suddenly, holding the dick so close just felt right.

Read on for the rest...

XXX Factor

“Chug! Chug! Chug!” Will cheered himself on as he dropped a shot of whiskey into his beer and gulped the whole disgusting concoction down. Keith followed Will's lead, pounding the table with each gulp.

“Ha, no way, dude!” Syd yelled, grabbing a shot in one hand and a beer in the other. He swallowed the shot and chased it with the beer.

Bryan just looked on, a smile plastered onto his face as the others continued to get ever more wasted. While they were all otherwise occupied, Bryan slipped his own shot onto the empty table behind him and sipped his beer. His friends, thankfully, were too far gone to notice anything. Bryan wasn't usually one to get plastered on the weekend, preferring to stay at the frat house immersed in his Xbox. It was kind of nice having the whole place to himself while the other guys went out.

He'd tried to make that point earlier; tried to explain that he was happy just to chill at home. But the guys weren't particularly receptive.

“Dude.” Will had replied, shaking his head.

Bryan, stretched out on his bottom bunk, had just shrugged.

Will elaborated, “Dude. Seriously?”

Syd paused in trying on one of his many baseball caps and turned to Bryan. “Look, man, this is like our bonding time. This is how lifelong friendships are formed.”

“How?” Bryan retorted, “By getting so plastered you don't remember anything the next day?”

“Exactly,” Syd replied, shooting him two thumbs up. “That's how memories are made.”

“Sure. One day I'll look back on college and think fondly of the many gaps in my memory.”

Keith broke in. “You never come out with us. Why d'ya even join Pi Sigma Alpha if you don't want to participate in anything?”

“Seriously, dude?” Will agreed.

Truthfully, Bryan had felt pressured because his dad was a fraternity alumnus. Every one of his dad's college memories centered on frat life and Bryan had joined, in part, out of family obligation. Plus, joining got him an affordable room. A room he had to share with Keith, but still... Better than working an extra twelve hours a week to pay rent, which is what he'd been doing before.

By the time Bryan realized that there were almost mandatory parties every weekend, he was trapped. He tried to dodge as many social obligations as he could but sometimes, such as now, they were inescapable.

"If you don't start coming out with us more, you're gonna have to start looking for a new place to stay." Syd said.

"Seriously?"

"Yeah, dude," Will nodded.

"Hey," Syd shrugged, "I can't change the rules."

"You can, though," Bryan pointed out. "You're the president."

Syd sighed, "Yeah, well, I *won't* change the rules. Now..." Syd brushed aside the rest of Bryan's objections and held up two baseball caps differentiated only by their logo. "You guys think I should go formal or casual?"

And so Bryan had found himself out at a bar, slightly drunk with a crew of three other guys who were *extremely* drunk. Syd slammed his empty glass onto the table and howled like a wolf as Will and Keith burst into raucous laughter. Syd's glassy-eyed stare wandered around the bar, lingering on the girls on the dance floor. And Bryan knew what was coming next.

Syd had a reputation as a consummate ladies man. Maybe it was his strong chin and ripped physique that drove the women wild. Or maybe it was that he didn't tend to take 'no' for an answer, batting away at defenses with obnoxious persistence, until there was nothing left but for the object of his affection to go home with him. At least, that's how Bryan saw it.

"Oh, dude," Will stage whispered as his eyes locked onto a point just behind Bryan. "Table of chicks right behind you. Four of them, four of us,

you know what that means, dudes?”

“Time to carefully consider an approach that doesn't make us look like a bunch of douchebags?” Bryan murmured.

“We gonna get some pussay tonight,” Keith said, raising his hand for a high five. The other guys were too busy staring at the tableful of women to notice, so Keith slowly lowered his hand.

Bryan turned around to look and eyed the group. There were indeed four of them and Bryan recognized the auburn haired one: Emily from his chemistry class. He'd noticed her immediately and been smitten by her adorable, little ears and her perfect button nose. Through the luck of the draw, they'd been assigned to work on a project together and had seemed to hit it off. She was clever and funny but Bryan had never worked up the nerve to ask her out. He was terrible at reading signals and scared of rejection. And then the project had ended and they'd gone their separate ways, occasionally greeting each other as they filed in and out of class. He'd been waiting for the perfect moment, which never seemed to come.

Except now, apparently, the perfect moment was half-drunk in a noisy bar following behind his much more attractive friend. Syd made his way towards the booth where the women sat. Laughing, Keith and Will pulled Bryan along behind them as they all gathered round the table. Bryan hovered behind the others, trying to make himself inconspicuous.

As they approached, the women looked up at them suspiciously, and then at each other. None of them seemed exactly pleased to find a hulking bear of a frat boy and his wasted friends staggering towards them. Bryan caught Emily's eye and mouthed 'sorry' right before Syd leaned heavily on the table.

“Evening ladies. I couldn't help noticing this table had an absence of me. I've come here to rectify that. I'm Syd.” He thrust his hand out towards the nearest woman. She took it hesitantly and Syd pumped it with both hands as he stared into her eyes.

“Tracey,” she responded politely, withdrawing her hand as soon as she could.

Syd then did the same to the rest of the table, forcing his greeting on

Emily and Jane, before coming to the last woman. She had pitch black hair and deep, dark eyes; and she didn't seem up for Syd's drunken come-ons.

She ignored his outstretched hand. "Hi Syd." Her smile didn't reach her eyes. "We're flattered, but we're just having a girl's night tonight."

"That's all right," Syd replied, and for a second Bryan thought he would just walk away. Instead, Syd doubled down. "We're having a guy's night, but the only thing missing is four women. And, hey, it looks like there's four women right here. That's kismet. You know what kismet is?"

"We're aware of the concept of destiny." Her tone was firm. "I said thanks, but no thanks."

Bryan piped up. "Come on, guys, no means no. Let's go."

"Hold on," Syd turned away from the girls and grabbed Bryan by the scruff of the neck. "Don't fuck this up," he murmured in his ear.

"Dude." Will agreed.

"Let Syd work his magic," Keith whispered.

Syd turned back to the table of women with a pleasant smile. "Come on. Let me buy you a round of drinks. Give us five minutes and I *guarantee* we will give you a night to remember."

The women were all looking at each other timidly. All except the dark haired woman. She was staring at Syd. Suddenly, an unpleasant smile crept across her face.

"And I guarantee," the dark haired woman said, "I'll give *you* something to remember."

With that she made a series of complicated hand motions and muttered something that Bryan didn't catch in the noisy room. She ended by thrusting her hands towards Bryan's group and, though her hands were empty, Bryan swore he could *feel* something hit his chest.

He looked down but there was nothing there. Except suddenly all the liquor of the night seemed to be catching up with him and his stomach

rumbled. The other guys seemed to feel the same as their bravado disappeared. Even Syd stepped back, his face turning pale.

“Ok. Well then—” Was all Syd managed to get out before he turned and made a beeline for the exit.

Bryan, Will and Keith followed behind, all of them managing to clear the doors and get to the alley before they emptied the contents of their stomachs onto the ground.

Syd came up laughing and wiping his mouth. “Shit, did you see the looks on their faces?”

“Yeah,” Keith said, still recovering, “Can you imagine the look if you'd just puked on them right there?”

“That would have been so...dude,” Will agreed.

“Would have served those fucking sluts right.” Syd said, clutching his stomach. “Well. Fuck. I guess that's our night. I don't feel like drinking anymore.”

“What was all that crazy shit she was doing with her hands?” Keith asked.

Syd shrugged. “I don't know. Crazy Wiccan bullshit maybe? Looked the type to believe in that kinda crap.”

“Well, it made us puke.” Bryan pointed out.

“The drinks made us puke,” Syd insisted. “Come on, let's get the fuck out of here.”

As they headed back to the frat house to sleep it off, the creepy words of the dark haired woman echoed in Bryan's ears. And he hoped that tonight would soon be just a nostalgic gap in his collegiate memory.

Bryan woke with a dry mouth and a dull throbbing in his head. He rolled over and moaned, feeling his body shift strangely. Something felt decidedly wrong and, when he finally cracked open his eyes, he found he was wearing a woman's sheer, white negligee.

Was this some sort of joke? Frat guys were such dicks!

Bryan pushed himself up and stumbled out of bed. The dark shape of Keith was just visible, entirely wrapped in covers on the top bunk. Bryan crept out of the room quietly so as not to wake him. His brain was urgently trying to tell him something was wrong with his body but the throbbing headache made it hard to concentrate. He stumbled down the hallway to the bathroom, the negligee brushing against his legs, something heavy brushing from his chest. Switching on the light, he squeezed his eyes shut at the glare and felt his way towards the sink. Running the water, he leaned down to splash some on his face. When he stood up and looked into the mirror, he gasped at the unfamiliar reflection.

Staring back at him, where his own face should be, was a hot blonde woman. Long, wavy hair cascaded down her shoulders. Her pale blue eyes were wide and innocent. Her features soft and sexy. Her breasts... god, her breasts were huge, straining against the negligee. Bryan's jaw dropped open and, in the mirror, the woman's jaw did the same. And it was then that Bryan realized that the woman in the mirror was familiar... mostly because he'd jerked off to one of her videos the previous afternoon..

"Holy shit," he muttered in disbelief. In the mirror, porn actress, Jessie Carmichael said it simultaneously.

This was no prank. This was unbelievably yet utterly real. He stared into the mirror and brought his hands up to his boobs. Unable to resist, he pulled down the tiny straps of the nightie and watched as his breasts spilled out, heavy and firm. He squeezed them gently, hefting the weight in each hand. Keeping his gaze on the mirror as he caressed his own tits, he felt his body growing aroused, a squirming tension winding through him.

He brought his fingers beneath his breasts, hefted one up towards his face, then bent his head and watched in the mirror as the blonde wrapped her lips around her own nipple. Bryan could feel the hot breath on his sensitive skin as he sucked himself, could feel the pleasure coursing through him, his nipple pricking out. He moved from one breast to the other, kissing and licking himself.

Slowly, he released his breasts, watched them wobble back into place, his nipples shiny with saliva. He squeezed the tiny pinpricks of his nipples between thumb and forefinger as he leaned towards the mirror to examine his new face. He was gorgeous. His eyes traced across the delicate nose, the rounded curves of her cheeks, the smooth, golden skin. Just looking at her so close, watching as he moved her body caused the wonderful tension within him to rise.

He gripped his tits harder, digging his fingers into his soft skin and was rewarded with a quick blast of pleasure. Sighed softly, he watched Jessie's mouth gape open, her little pink tongue swirl around her lips. The tension within his body continued building as he grew rougher with his tits, digging deeper into their perfect heaviness, his body enjoying the harsher treatment. He arched his back and moaned, his eyes glued to the hot blonde in the mirror as he pinched his nipples. His hands grew quicker, following the rhythm of his body, gasping as his pleasure quickened, his gentle girlish body responding to his every touch. Bryan threw back his head and moaned again, long and low as the tension snapped and his body trembled with orgasm. The heat spilled from his tits through his soft form, a warm full-body glow better than any orgasm he'd had as a man.

Fuck, that was amazing. He returned his gaze to the mirror. Jessie's face was flushed and her breasts heaved with each breath. The pleasure was slow to dissipate but eventually Bryan returned to reality. Somehow he was in a woman's body.

Slipping out of the bathroom, Bryan tiptoed back towards his room. As he reached for the doorknob, a door down the hall opened and Peter, one of the other frat members, stepped out wearing only his boxers. Bryan's new body took notice. Involuntarily, he felt his teeth sink into his plump lower lip at the sight of all the sharp angles and perfectly sculpted muscles.

Peter glanced at Bryan and did a double take, his eyes flicking down immediately to Bryan's breasts.

"Oh, hello," Peter grinned. "Here with Keith, huh?" He dragged his gaze up from Bryan's boobs and murmured, "Lucky Keith."

For a moment, Bryan found he couldn't look away from Peter's body, his eyes catching new details: the line of his jaw, the hard swell of his biceps, the size of his hands. . With supreme effort, he dragged his eyes away from Peter's and then felt a bashful smile curl the corner of his mouth.

Peter's eyes slipped across Bryan's body once more as he headed for the bathroom. Reaching the door, he turned back and asked, "Anyone ever tell you you look like Jessie Carmichael?"

Bryan just nodded and quickly slipped back into his room before anyone else could see him.

As he closed the door, a husky, feminine voice spoke up from the far side of the room. "Whoa, I definitely don't remember you from last night."

Bryan turned, startled to see a luscious black woman lying on Keith's top bunk blinking sleepily. Her head rested on the pillow, curvy outline of her body tucked beneath the covers. She had a broad face with striking dark eyes. Luxurious, long black hair spilled across her pillow.

"Wh- who are you?" Bryan asked.

"I'm Keith," she said, pushing herself up and sticking out her hand. The movement caused the covers to slide down her body and her hand bumped against her breasts, causing them to jiggle. The woman looked down at herself and saw them. Her mouth dropped open, ruby red lips forming an 'o' of surprise. She struggled to make a noise as her eyes grew huge, breath catching in her throat. And, instantly, Bryan understood.

"Keith," he said, drawing nearer. "Listen to me. I'm Bryan. We've been transformed."

Keith threw back the covers and revealed his elegant ebony body in all its glory: long, lean limbs with gentle swells of feminine muscle;a white bra contrasted against dark satin skin..

"I'm..." he began, then grabbed his tits and squeezed, ran a hand across his face, pulling back as if burned when he felt the new contours of his skin. "I'm a chick." He looked up, long lashes fluttering in confusion. "B-Bryan? What happened?"

"I don't know." Bryan chewed his plump lower lip in agitation. "I just woke up and—"

Bryan was interrupted by the sound of a woman's scream from Syd and Will's room directly across the hall.. He bolted out of his room and across the hallway, Keith jumping down and following close behind. Throwing open the door, Bryan saw two women staring at themselves in the full length mirror on the closet door.

One was dressed in a black mini dress that hugged her ample breasts and just barely covered her ass. Rich ocher hair fell down her back, curling gracefully at the ends. When she turned to face Bryan, he saw she had an adorable face, slightly Thai in appearance, with alluring almond-shaped eyes and lips half open in a sexy pout.

The other woman was taller and wore a man's blue button down shirt.. and nothing else. The back was tucked up so that half her ass was on display. And what an ass: perfect and full and deliciously biteable. The face reflected in the mirror radiated sex, with perfectly mussed coffee colored hair, a tiny slip of a nose, and deep bedroom eyes.

"Dudes?," the Thai woman asked the assembled group.. "Why am I Tara O'Brien?"

"Will?" Bryan asked cautiously. "Syd?"

The woman with the biteable ass, tore her eyes away from her own reflection and stared at Bryan. "Who are you?"

"I'm Bryan. This is Keith. We're women, too." Bryan said, stating the obvious as he stared at the woman who was—know that he looked closely—unde-ably porn star Victoria Zade.

"Whoa," said a voice from behind. The old frat house doors had a tendency to swing open. This one had swung open to reveal Peter standing in the doorway staring in at the four scantily clad pornstars.

Picking his jaw off the floor, Peter asked, "Will and Syd here?"

"Dude!" Will said, spreading his arms and presenting his body for inspection as if it were self-evident what had happened.

Bryan saw Peter's eyes dip down to Will's bouncing breasts then back up.

"They've, uh," Bryan stumbled, "gone out."

"Oh?" Peter's eyes darted around the room. "Well, look, you can't be in the house unaccompanied. House rules."

"Right, but, you can make an exception, right?" Keith—who had clearly already figured out the possible persuasive advantages of his new body—sidled up to Peter and slid a dark hand across his chest. "For us?"

Peter reluctantly placed his hand over Keith's. "Syd would kick my ass if I did that."

"Syd's 'not here." Keith pointed out.

"True..." Peter's tone turned devious, "There is *one* way you ladies could stay - as my guests." He arched an eyebrow. "If you want to accompany me to my room."

Bryan couldn't believe what Peter was offering. He also couldn't believe how ready his body was to go with it, to press herself against those chiseled pecs.

Syd wasn't biting though, he just rolled his eyes at Peter's skeevy suggestion and asked, "You'd actually kick us out?" In his breathy voice even his incredulity came across as erotically charged.

"Rules are rules: no unaccompanied guests," Peter stated. "So, you can stay with me..." He winked at Bryan, sending a blush across Bryan's cheeks, "...or I can escort you out."

Tamping down the desire, Bryan said, "We'll go. Just let me get changed first."

As they headed out through the frat house, every shiny surface drew Will's eye as he caught glimpses of Tara's reflection in her tiny dress. He had searched in vain for something less revealing to wear but, in the end, couldn't find anything better than the mini-dress he had on. It hid nothing, made every curve undeniable but still he was having a hard time believing he'd actually been transformed. And into Tara O'Brien, no less, his ultimate woman, a Thai beauty with plump, cocksucking lips, a mesmerising face, and a body that radiated sex.

Unsurprisingly the group garnered a lot of attention as they moved through the frat, passing by open doors, then heading down the stairs and out the front door.

Peter led the four women to the sidewalk, all the time keeping up a steady stream of amusing banter for the benefit of the stunning blonde—who was Bryan, Will reminded himself.

Eventually, Bryan managed to brush him off and Peter went back inside with a little shrug of his shoulders. The four stood, uncertain, in the cool morning air.

"So," Will asked, "what now dudes?"

"This is fucked y'all." The African American woman said.

That's Keith, Will reminded himself. Keith had hidden his athletic female body beneath a trench coat, leaving only his shapely calves and delicate feet visible.

"What the fuck happened and how the fuck do we fix it?" Syd asked angrily. His face was twisted in anger but still somehow managed to look sexy. He'd buttoned up his dress shirt and had found a dark blue skirt (leftover from a past girlfriend) in his closet. The skirt clung to his supple form and made Will feel weirdly warm just looking at it.

"Well, I've been thinking..." Bryan began. He'd traded his negligee for a pair of men's shorts and a t-shirt. A belt cinched around his waist held up his shorts while his breasts strained against the too-small shirt. Somehow he'd managed to make even Jessie Carmichael look like a nerd. "Clearly

that incident with the raven-haired woman..."

Will's attention wandered immediately. He knew he was no good at figuring stuff out and he trusted his friends to find a solution. As the other three began discussing the events of the previous night, Will turned his attention to his own reflection in the window of the frat house. Tara O'Brien stared back as his ghostly reflection. Fuck she was hot. And he could make her do anything.

He put his hand on his hip and posed, making his beautiful mirror image show off her body for him. His mini-dress hitched up, revealing the dark triangle of pubic hair covering his pussy. He pulled it up further and moved closer to the window, tracing his finger along his slit. Suddenly, he became aware of Peter's face in the window staring at him through the reflection. Will blushed red, pulled his skirt down and hurried back over to the others, his little ass wiggling as he ran.

"One of the girls is in my chem class," Bryan announced. "Maybe she'll help us find the witchy one so we can make her change us back?"

"Great," Syd said, running his hand through his hair, "Call her. Let's get this done."

"I, uh, don't have my phone."

Nobody else did, either. In all the confusion, they'd neglected to grab anything other than the clothes on their backs.

"I've got her email address, though," Bryan said.

"Come on - library computers." Syd turned on his heel and walking quickly towards the library at the other end of campus, growling, "The sooner I'm back to being a guy the better."

Will hurried after the others, lingering behind the group so he could watch the mesmerizing sway of their asses and their glorious, perfect legs as they walked. They attracted a lot of attention from the early morning rush of students. Guys stared at them greedily, smiling and greeting them as they passed. Will smiled back uncertainly. He was used to giving all the attention, not receiving it. In this new diminutive form, it was hard not to feel intimidated by the eyes and the comments from guys who now

all towered over him. .

After what seemed like hours, they made it to the library and hiked up the steps, Will pulling his skirt back down at every step as it bobbed up to reveal the cute swell of his ass. Passing through the library doors, they headed down the large hallway lined in rich, dark wood. The slightly musty smell of old books hit Will's nose as the quartet reached the row of computers tucked away behind the service desk.

Just as Bryan sat at a computer, a young man in a dark blue sweater vest emerged from a door behind the service counter.

"Excuse me," the librarian said, his eyes widening as he took in the appearance of the women, "these computers are for students only."

"We're students." Syd replied belligerently.

The young man looked at Syd dubiously over his thick-framed glasses. Running a hand through his neatly combed dark hair he asked, "Do you have a student ID?"

While the others demurred and exchanged worried looks, Will caught sight of his reflection in the window and fidgeted with his mini-dress. The damn thing showed either too much boob or too much pussy. There seemed to be no happy medium. He gripped his tits and adjusted them beneath the fabric, feeling the heavy weight shift beneath his fingers. When he'd adjusted it correctly he looked up to find the young librarian staring at him, mouth agape.

Syd stepped forward and placed an arm around the young man, letting his breasts press into the man's side. "So, you like my friend here?"

"What? I...? No...I—?" The librarian began, obviously flustered.

"It's okay, it's okay," Syd said, placing a hand on the librarian's chest. "He likes you, too."

"I do?" Will questioned.

Syd nodded. "Yeah, you do."

Syd was usually right about these things and, now that Will was looking

at the librarian, he did seem pretty good looking. Kind of nerdy cute.

“Why don't you take our librarian friend into that back room and show him a good time?”

“Like, have a party or something?” Will asked.

“Yeah. Something,” Syd agreed. “Unless you don't want us to use the computers, leaving us stuck like this forever.”

Will licked his lips. He knew what Syd was asking but he didn't know if he could do it. He'd never been interested in guys before. And yet, the body he was now in was built for sex. He could feel himself yearning for it with every step. Every time his nipples brushed against the fabric of his dress little jolts of electricity spread through his body. If this was what Syd was asking him to do, well, Syd knew best.

Will smiled and took the librarian's hand, leading him behind the desk to the back room. As he turned to close the door behind them, he saw the three women huddled around the computer and he knew he had a job to do.

Will turned to face the young man. The man smiled nervously but made no move. Will stared at him, confused. If Will had been in the librarian's position, and a hot Thai woman had taken him into a back room specifically to have sex, he would have had her on her back with her legs spread before the door was closed. Although, now that Will was the woman, he was actually rather grateful the librarian was letting him run the show. He wasn't sure he was ready to face the prospect of having his new body penetrated - he was used to being the one doing the penetrating. But still, there was something nice about the way the guy was looking at him, a look of suppressed but eager yet hesitant longing.

Clearly, Will would have to take control here. He glanced around the room, saw bookshelves full of broken books in need of repair, an old wooden desk nearly buried under surrounding paperwork, and a glass walled cabinet to the right that held some older, more well-cared for books. Will could see the reflection of his busty Asian body in the glass and he took a few seconds to admire the curve of his body. *He'd* want him.

He strolled towards the librarian, letting his hips sway back and forth beneath the mini-dress, feeling it hike up one leg and fall back down before hiking up the other, almost but not quite revealing the bottom of the dark triangle of hair between his legs. The young man licked his lips nervously as Will caressed his face, letting his eyes trace down the man's broad nose and angular jaw. Will found his own body warming, his heart beating faster in his chest. And suddenly he knew that all he had to do were the very things he wished the women attracted to *him* would do.

Will parted his ruby red lips and leaned close until he could feel the librarian's breath. Will's slender fingers swept across the nape of the librarian's neck and into his dark hair. He pulled the man's face close until their lips met. Will closed his eyes as he sank into the kiss, finding it surprisingly delightful. The man was comforting and warm as Will breathed in his sharp masculine smell, tasting the man with his new feminine tongue.

The young man eased into the kiss, slowly pressing his body against Will's, until his chest met Will's breasts, and his hidden erection pressed against Will's pussy. The young man's hands slipped around Will's nightie, gripping his soft body lightly and pressing him ever closer. Will let himself be pulled near, rubbing his rapidly moistening cunt against the bulge beneath the young man's pants. He didn't have to talk himself into doing anything, his body was *craving* this man's dick.

Without a word Will knelt in front of the young man and gently unbuttoned his pants. They pooled down around the man's ankles while Will reached over the elastic of the white underwear and gripped the bulge. The man's cock was wonderfully warm beneath Will's fingers, and Will pulled it out from beneath his underwear and held it up to his face. He'd never been this close to another man's dick before. Now he was close enough to smell the masculine musk, to feel the heat from the bulbous head radiating against his lips and it was wonderful. Glancing at his reflection in the glass, he saw a strikingly hot Thai woman holding a cock just inches from her lips. Will was that woman now, and suddenly, holding the dick so close just felt right. And his lips were made for this, perfectly formed to wrap around the thick shaft, to suck and lick.

Still, he was slightly hesitant as he stuck out his tongue and kissed the tip

of the cock, before darting out his tongue and tasting the slight salty taste of the young man's skin. It was delicious, throwing sparks through Will's transformed body, and he kissed his way slowly down the shaft, enjoying the warmth pulsing through his body as he nestled his nose into the man's pubic hair and ran his tongue up and down the veiny shaft. His body was crying out for more, and he finally opened his mouth and swallowed the young man's cock, driving his lips down and up, sinking deeper down the shaft on each downstroke as the shaft filled his mouth. It filled him perfectly, his lips, his mouth tailor made for dick. Then his tiny nose was pressed into the man's groin and he held him fully, felt the bulbous head nearly pressing against the back of his throat. Will undulated his tongue across the bottom of the man's cock like he'd felt some of his girlfriends do. The man groaned and gripped his hair. The power Will had over this man with just his mouth was incredible and his body grew warm and wet.

Will slid up, revealing the saliva soaked cock. There was a pressure on the back of the head as the young man urged him back down. Will eagerly obliged, taking him to the hilt, enjoying the deeply masculine taste of the cock in his mouth and the utter control this body had over the young man. Faster and faster Will sucked, slurping sounds escaping his lips as the dick in his mouth became ever slicker. The hand on his head pressed harder and Will let himself be guided down, swirling his mouth around, enjoying the taste of cock, the heat sliding across his tongue.

Will felt the first stirring of the dick in his mouth. At the same time, the man *shoved* Will's head down and moaned. The cock hit the back of Will's throat and he gagged just as the man came. The hot spurts of jizz filled Will's mouth and he had no choice but to swallow as fast as he could, gulping down great mouthfuls of cum, filling his belly with the man's seed. And he was glad the man held him there, glad he could swallow every delicious tangy drop. Finally, the cock slowed and stopped. Will sat frozen like this, his head still forced down into the man's groin, the cock growing soft in his mouth. Then the man released him and Will pulled his head up slowly. He wiped a drip of cum from the corner of his mouth and gave the cock a little kiss and a tiny wave goodbye, before standing as the man pulled up his pants.

"Thank you," the man mumbled.

Will giggled, enjoying his girlish persona, and returned to his friends in the main room. Syd turned to face him as he entered.

“Get what you needed dudes?” Will asked.

“Yep,” the blonde said as she stood.

“You?” Syd asked, a knowing smile on his face.

“Yep.” Will replied.

Keith wrapped his trench coat tighter around himself as they left the library and headed over to East Campus and Emily's dorm. It was way too hot for this outfit, but the alternative—having other guys ogle him like a piece of meat—was worse. Not that the coat really stopped people from staring. To be fair, though, Keith knew he would have stared too, if he'd seen Ruby Nixon and her porno friends walking through campus.

As they headed into Emily's building for their pre-arranged meeting in the with Emily and the witch—and how insane was that concept!—Keith mentally prepared himself; got ready to throw himself on the witch's mercy, to grovel and beg for his body back.

“Oh my God,” Emily said, covering her mouth with her hand as the four transformed guys came through the entrance. Her eyes went wide as she stared at them each in turn.

The witch clapped her hands in glee. “Wow, this is amazing. I had no idea!”

“Change us back you bitch!” Syd demanded, stamping his foot in impotent rage. Keith didn't know if Syd had any idea how cute he looked even when angry, his brow furrowing and the bridge of his little nose wrinkling in a way that definitely screamed 'Fuck me!' rather than 'Fuck you!'.

“Oh, no,” the witch said, raising a finger, “That's exactly why I changed you. That bullshit attitude. I warned you, didn't I?”

“Yeah, but...I didn't know you did magic!” Syd replied lamely.

It was even warmer in the lobby, with the sun streaming through the full glass windows. Keith unbuttoned his trench coat and let it hang open. In the window's reflection, his glistening black breasts hung heavy and solid from his chest.

“Whooaaa, dude,” Will said, staring at Keith's chest.

Keith watched Emily's eyes widened even more when she saw the size of his tits. After swallowing her surprise, she glanced over his shoulder at the others, clearly trying to figure out who was who. “Bryan?” she asked tentatively.

Bryan stepped forward, head down, fiddling with his perfectly manicured nails. "That's me."

"Oh my God," Emily said again, "I didn't know...I didn't want you..." She pulled Bryan aside and started whispering.

Keith ignored them and turned back to the witch. "Please change us back," Keith begged. "It was Syd here who was the jerk anyway."

Syd interrupted. "Yeah, blame me. I didn't see you stopping me."

"I didn't know this would be the result!" Keith countered. "I don't care what you have to do. Grovel, beg, whatever, just get her to change us back."

Syd puffed out his cheeks. "Ok, look, we learned our lesson. I don't like being ogled and treated like a piece of meat."

The witch looked up at him. "That's a start. And you're going to listen from now on when a woman tells you to go away?"

Syd nodded.

"Good. Then the transformation will only last one day."

"What—" Keith began, but the witch held up her hand.

"If..." she smiled, you can manage to keep your virginity."

"Easy." Syd smirked.

Keith wasn't so sure. They had to keep their virginity despite turning into the very objects of their desire and being surrounded by three other women who oozed sex...not to mention a whole campus full of students Keith was pretty sure would gang bang them given half a chance.

Will spoke up. "What about...um...mouth...virginity?"

The witch laughed. "Did you give someone a blowjob already?"

Will nodded.

"Wow, it's not even noon and you've already blown some guy. But no, that doesn't count. There's no such thing as mouth virginity."

Will smiled. "Cool."

"Fuck this," Syd snorted. "I'm not going to stand here while you make fun of us all day until we change back."

"If you change back," the witch smirked. "You better be careful with a sweet little ass like that." She reached out and pinched his round bottom, causing him to jump and squeak in protest.

"Come on guys," he said, gathering himself and shooting daggers at her, "Let's get out of here."

Syd stormed off, his pinchable ass swaying back and forth. The others followed close behind.

They had no phones, no money and no other clothes. Luckily, Syd appeared to have a plan. He marched them off campus to one of the hiking trails that lead in the woods. About two hundred paces down the trail, he turned into the wilderness. Keith and the others followed, picking their way carefully over the fallen leaves and overturned logs until the trail was well out of sight. Eventually, they came upon a shaded clearing surrounded by tall trees. Syd stopped and sat on a fallen tree while the others caught up.

Keith threw off his trench coat and used it as a blanket to sit down on. His ebony body was shiny with sweat and he felt his large breasts swaying as he adjusted himself to get comfortable. He sat with his knees in the air and picked at some leaves. Glancing down, he saw the gentle outlines of the rough pubic hair covering his pussy beneath his sheer white panties, and snapped his legs closed.

He sighed and turned to Syd. "This is your plan?"

"Yep," Syd replied. "We've got nowhere else to go. All we have to do is wait it out and we'll get our bodies back. Then we can show those fucking bitches what having a dick feels like."

Syd's desire for revenge aside, it seemed like a good plan for the first hour or so. Then the boredom set in. It was followed some time later by the hunger. Keith's own stomach rumbled and he could definitely hear the blonde's stomach rumbling in agreement as she stretched out on the

ground next to him.

Keith broke down first. "Syd, this is a great plan and all, but I'm hungry as fuck."

"Yeah, dude, and bored as fuck," Will added.

The others muttered their agreement. "Yeah, yeah. All right." Syd sighed. "I'll go get us some food and *something* to do."

Bryan sat up suddenly. "I'll come with you."

Syd argued halfheartedly but eventually relented. The two stretched and walked back towards the path, their voices steadily growing fainter until they disappeared, leaving Keith and Will alone in silence.

The adorable half-Thai woman was sitting with her legs crossed opposite Keith in the clearing. Her black mini-dress had ridden up, revealing a delicately manicured bush. Her eyes were directed down at her chest and she bit her lip as she poked at her tits, sending them wobbling back and forth. Watching the gorgeous stranger poking at her breasts with a curious expression on her tiny face, Keith felt his own body responding, warming in unfamiliar ways.

"Dude, I can feel it," Will said, giving his breast another poke. "It's so weird."

Keith brought his hands to his own chest and gripped his tits. His hands filled with a wonderful weighty softness. As he squeezed, a gentle warmth flooded through him. Keith heard a noise and looked up to see Will approaching him.

"Can I try?"

Keith nodded and Will knelt in front of him, placing his tiny hands on Keith's massive breasts. Will's touch was gentle, his slender hands sliding around Keith's body, caressing his curves in wonder. Without warning, Will leaned forward and wrapped his pink lips around one of Keith's nipples. The pleasure spiked instantly, easing a sigh from Keith's lips. Will's hot breath caressed Keith's sensitive skin as his mocha colored nipple pebbled out in Will's mouth. Keith sighed as Will nipped him lightly with his teeth. His new body felt so alive, so sensitive, as an alien tension

wound through him. The woman had her eyes closed in delight as she ran her tongue over Keith's tits, her slender brows furrowed in ecstasy.

Will kissed his way across Keith's tender breasts, up the nape of his neck and landed on Keith's lips. Will slipped his hand behind Keith's head and slowly lowered him to the ground, their lips still locked, tongues entwined. Will's feminine body tasted wonderful, pleasantly sweet and feminine with a hint of licorice. Her skin was soft and warm. They kissed slowly, tasting each other, muffled moans sometimes escaping.

Keith felt a hand traveling down his side, across his waist, and land gently on his panties, pressing firmly against the pussy beneath. And Keith could *feel* his pussy, could feel the heat rushing through him, could feel the pulse in his throat, could feel himself growing wet at Will's touch. Tiny fingers stroked Keith's pussy, encouraging the tension onward until it pounded through every inch of his body.

And then one slender finger entered him, the inner pinkness set off beautifully against his body's ebony skin. Keith's pussy wrapped around the dainty digit as it gently pushed against his velvety folds. Keith gasped into Will's mouth as Will's finger landed on Keith's swollen clit and a hit of pleasure poured through him. Will began rubbing expertly, working Keith's body, winding him up into a beautiful tension that filled him from head to toe. His body was screaming for release as Will pressed harder, deeper, adding another finger. He sped up, matching the rhythm of Keith's body, the wet squelching sounds of Keith's pussy reached his ears and he came, throwing his head back and squeezing his eyes tight and moaning as pleasure exploded through him, throwing all thought from his mind as the world disappeared in a white hot orgasmic blaze.

When Keith came down he wanted more. His feminine body was ready, and so was Will. Will quickly crawled down Keith's body, his breasts whispering down Keith's tummy, past his pussy, landing on his legs, and then there was hot breath on Keith's pussy and before he could prepare himself Will's tongue was inside him. Keith dug his fingers into the earth, smelling the deep rich soil as he spread his legs wide and let Will's tongue explore his depths. He cried out again and again as Will lapped at his cunt, drinking down his juices and sending orgasm after orgasm through his body.

He lost track of time, living only for the next flare of delight through his buxom frame, until Will tired and eased out of him slowly, licking gently, still drinking up Keith's juices until he could at last open his eyes again and welcome the world back.

"Fuuuck," Will whispered, already wondering how many times they could do that before the others came back.

Syd led the way back along the trail. He could hear Bryan following close behind.

"What's your plan?" Bryan asked.

Syd turned to him, his eyes taking in the body of the hot blonde that housed Will. "I don't have one."

"But why—"

"Just had to get outta there," Syd blurted out "Realized I didn't want to sit in the woods being cock teased by a bunch of hotties all day."

"But what about Will and Keith?"

"They'll be fine, they're probably already fucking each other by now." Syd turned on his heel and continued down the trail.

A second later, Syd heard Bryan's jogging footsteps behind him.

As he drew level, Bryan pushed his blonde hair behind his ear and said, "Look...Emily said I could stay with her for the rest of the day."

"Good for you. If you hit that shit and film it you'll have some awesome lesbian porno."

"I wasn't gonna... I don't think..."

"Hey, man, if she brings it up, just go with it, Bryan."

"Syd, has anyone ever told you you're an asshole?"

Syd laughed. "Yeah, all the time."

"No, for real. It's your shitty attitude to women that got us shoved into these bodies."

Pissed, Syd slammed on the brakes and rounded on Bryan. He could feel his breasts jiggling, could feel the long waves of his hair tickling his cheek and his neck; constant reminders of the delicate body he was trapped in. He hated feeling so weak and powerless and lashed out, "Then just fucking leave if you feel that way."

"I will," Bryan snapped. He stormed off down the last few steps of the trail and back onto the campus. "And by the way," he called back over his shoulder, "I'm quitting your stupid frat."

"Good!" Syd retorted. "We'll get some real men to join us!"

A lanky looking student passed by snickering.

Syd glared at him but the student didn't stop staring. Dammit, this body couldn't intimidate shit.

Syd stood at the edge of campus and twisted a lock of hair around his finger as he thought. He wasn't going to just wander around broke, horny and aimless all day. A plan began to form. After all, there was no reason having a pussy should prevent him from chasing it. Maybe being stuck in this sexy body could be a *good* thing. If he could find some hot lesbian, they could eat each other out for the rest of the day. Maybe that chick Christy from his Women and Culture class? (The class he'd taken to meet hot bitches only to find out that half were lesbians and the other half were dogs.)

But being a lesbian was a plus in this hot new body. And eating out Christy's pussy wouldn't count as losing his virginity. Then, if he stayed the night and woke up in his real body, he could give her the cock she was missing. Turn her into a *real* woman. Fuck, his cunt was getting moist just thinking about it. First thing, though, he needed to get his phone. The class contact list was somewhere in his email and Christy's info was on it.

When Syd got to his frat house, he crept down the alleyway along the side and picked up the hidden set of spare keys. Continuing along to the back door, he peeked through the window and scanned the hallway. Finding it empty, he unlocked the door and pushed it slowly open. He paused, hearing some voices—Peter and Trey from the sound of it—and the rhythmic bouncing of a ping pong ball coming from the living room at the front of the house.

Syd eased the door shut quietly and snuck down the hallway. The stairs were in view of the two guys playing ping pong but he'd have to risk it. He ducked down and cautiously peeked around the corner. Peter was

barely five feet away, facing Trey at the other end of the room. Syd watched for a minute and, when the ball flew off the table and Peter turned his back to get it, Syd hurried around the banister and up the stairs.

His heart was pounding in his chest. Peter had a reputation around the house: a track record for getting into pretty much any woman's panties. It was great going out with him as a guy and pulling loads of pussy, but Syd didn't want to be on the receiving end of it. He raced upstairs without looking back.

Everything seemed quiet. Most of the other frat members were probably in class by now. Syd's eased open the door to his room and slipped in. He rummaged through his clothes on the floor and the detritus on his bookshelf until he found his wallet and phone. He was trying to figure out how to store them with no pockets when he heard footsteps coming up the stairs. His eyes flew to the door and realized it had swung open.

Syd made a dash for the closet to hide but was stopped by a voice from the hallway. "Yo!" Peter stormed into the room and grabbed Syd by the wrist. "What are you doing in here? Is that Syd's wallet?"

Syd froze, searching for an acceptable answer.

"Hey," Peter continued, "you were here this morning, weren't you?"

"Uh, yes, I... Syd asked me to get his stuff for him."

"Uh huh," Peter replied skeptically. "You know this is breaking and entering, right? I think the police might be interested."

Syd watched in panic as Peter dug his phone out of his pocket. If the police got involved who knows what would happen when they found he had no ID and no one who knew who he was. And then, if he changed back into his male body in his cell, that would just open up a whole bunch of other questions. The guy who turned into a woman. He'd never live it down.

"Wait. Don't." Syd pleaded, placing a hand on Peter's chest. "I'll...we can sort this out here. Alone." Syd looked up at Peter—who now, he realized, stood at least a head taller than him—and batted his eyes in what he

hoped was an alluring manner.

Peter paused, his phone in his hand and a hint of a smile playing across his kissable lips. "How do you think we should sort this out?"

Instead of answering, Syd took a step back. Peter let go of his arm and Syd swayed his hips back and forth as his fingers crept up towards his neck and slowly began unbuttoning his shirt. He went gradually, pulling his shirt open a little more with each button as Peter watched. Syd giggled, a tiny bubbling laugh, as he reached the third button, then the fourth. His breasts were still hidden beneath the fabric, but all he had to do was spread open the shirt and they'd be right there.

Syd watched Peter's face, watched the emotions play out across his handsome features. And he *was* handsome, any girl could see that, with his dark tousled hair and the muscles in his arms that rippled with each motion, sending echoing desire rippling through Syd's body. Syd felt so powerful using his body to hold Peter's attention. Had his mind adjusted to this feminine body so much that he could now feel a physical attraction for men?

"What's your name?" Peter growled, his bass voice sending shivers down Syd's spine.

"Sydney." Syd replied.

Syd teased Peter, running his hands along the side of the shirt but never opening it, revealing only glimpses of his beautiful, round breasts. Slowly he pulled the left side of his shirt open until the cool air caressed his nipple. He took Peter's hand and placed it on his breast. Peter's hands were warm and strong, but his grip was surprisingly gentle as he circled his fingers around Syd's bare boob, his head cocked slightly to the side, his whole attention focused on Syd's body.

Syd spread open the other side of his shirt and grabbed Peter's free hand, placing it on his other breast. Peter gripped him firmly and took a step closer, pressing his hard body against Syd's soft form. A sigh escaped Syd's lips; he was surprised by the intensity of the feelings pulsing through his body at Peter's touch. Peter's hands slid up his chest and nudged the shirt off. Syd let it slip from his arms and drop in a pile on

the floor as Peter took in his body with delight. God, Syd was growing so wet watching Peter watching him. He bit his plump lower lip, felt his face reddening even as his body demanded more. He looked down at himself, enjoying seeing the huge jiggling breasts on his chest, the miles of golden leg and the chestnut hair of his pussy.

Suddenly Peter swept his hands around Syd's back, one sliding down to grip his plump ass, and pulled him forward into a kiss. Syd made a quick 'oh' of surprise at the speed of the motion, and then their lips were locked together. Peter's tongue invaded Syd's mouth, exploring his warm, wet contours, demanding in his intensity. Syd could feel Peter's erection pressing hard up against his stomach beneath Peter's pants. It was terrifying how much this was turning him on. He was a guy. He was supposed to be the one fucking chicks with his huge cock. And yet...his girl-ish body needed this now.

Instead of pulling back, Syd found himself pushing forward, wrapping his own arms around Peter's solid, masculine form, raking his fingers down Peter's back, running his fingers through Peter's hair, examining his entire body by touch as they continued kissing. Syd's body was singing with pleasure, drinking in Peter's touch, his kiss, his intoxicating woody scent.

Peter took a step forward, forcing Syd to take a step back. Then another, and another, until Syd's knees hit the edge of his bed and he fell onto his plump ass. In one quick motion Peter unzipped his pants and freed his cock, the massive erection throbbing gently as it pointed towards Syd's dainty body.

Peter grabbed the hem of Syd's skirt and yanked it up his thighs. Syd's eyes went wide as Peter grinned down at him. He couldn't have sex. If he lost his virginity he would be trapped like this forever.

But would that be so bad? His body was asking breathlessly, To be trapped as Peter's plaything?

Syd felt a trickle of juice escape his pussy and travel down his thigh. Looking down at himself, Syd saw his plump pussy lips open and ready. Peter came closer, his cock nearing Syd's pussy. Syd stuck out a trembling hand onto Peter's chest.

“P-Peter I—” He bit his lip as a tremor passed through his body, already on the precipice of ecstasy.

Peter clasped Syd's hand to his chest and pressed his cock against Syd's dripping cunt. There was an instant of pressure, and then he slid inside. Syd's protests died on his lips as he was filled for the very first time. His head dropped back and he sighed “Yessss” as Peter slowly entered him, penetrating deeper and deeper into his wet heat.

God, he could feel every inch of Peter's cock, could feel the head traveling deeper and deeper until it was lodged in his center and the world seemed to stand still, the walls of his pussy gripping Peter's shaft like a glove as he quivered around it, the first mini-orgasm shaking his body.

Peter raised Syd's hands to his lips and kissed it lovingly as he slowly withdrew, and just as slowly sank back inside. Syd was so full, so fucking full of Peter's cock and it was perfect. He wrapped his legs around Peter's waist and pulled him in, helping drive the cock deeper into his needy body. Fuck, his cunt was so tight, the walls stretched around Peter's dick as he drove himself gently in and out. Syd wanted to stop, but his body wouldn't let him. Not with Peter staring at him in utter joy, not with Peter's cock making his body perfectly fulfilled.

There was a voice from the door. “Hey, have you—”

Syd opened his eyes and saw Trey peeking around the door, smirking at the sight in front of him.

“Sorry, I—”

Peter paused and half turned, his cock almost slipping out of Syd's body and Syd heard himself whine with disappointment.

“No, it's okay. Come on in,” Peter said. “Sydney here wouldn't mind sucking your cock. She's a good little whore isn't she?”

This last comment was directed at Syd, who simply nodded.

Anything! Anything just to get Peter back inside him, to feel so perfect and warm again.

Trey didn't hesitate. He approached the bed and pulled down his pants.

Syd eagerly reached for the dick that was shoved in his face, stroking the shaft as it grew in his hand. Peter resumed his slow fucking as Syd cooed on the bed, watching as Trey grew larger and firmer in his hand. Finally he took Trey's cock into his mouth. There was no hesitation. His body wanted to please Peter. Wanted to suck on this fat dick in front of him. Trey's cock was wonderfully hot and heavy in Syd's mouth. He wrapped his ruby lips around it and swallowed it slowly, licking the underside of the shaft and tasting the delicious manly musk.

Peter sped up, his cock driving harder and faster into Syd's body, spreading pleasure throughout every inch of her glorious form. Syd wrapped his lips more firmly around Trey's cock and sucked harder, one hand gripping the shaft to help plunge it into his eager mouth. His tits rocked back and forth on his chest as they got into a rhythm, Peter slamming his cock into Syd while Syd swallowed Trey.

"That's it," Peter murmured. "You're a good little whore."

Yes, yes he was so good! He gripped Peter with his legs and pulled him forward harder, moaning around Trey's dick in his mouth. His other hand came down to his clit and began rubbing fiercely, fireworks shooting through his brain until he suddenly came, his cries muffled by the cock in his mouth, his body quivering as Peter, beautiful, perfect Peter, watched in delight, slowing down to let Syd enjoy his orgasm, before resuming his speed.

Syd's body was on fire, his only thought for *more, more!* He slurped greedily at Trey's dick, felt it start to throb in his mouth, then pulled it out and aimed it at his face. spurts of creamy white jizz blasted onto his lips, his chin, sliding down his forehead and his little slip of a nose.

"Oh, God!" Peter moaned, and released himself into Syd's body. Syd threw back his head and howled as he shook with orgasm, still gripping Trey's cock in one hand as Peter plunged deep inside, filling Syd's virgin cunt with his hot seed, pounding as hard as he could, desperately emptying himself into Syd's sexy body. Soon he slowed and stopped, coming to rest inside Syd's cunt. When he pulled out there was an aching emptiness left inside Syd's body and a slight feeling of dread as he realized he'd just sealed himself inside this form. The dread was overpowered by the heat rushing through him, and Syd knew it wouldn't be long before his

body was desperate for more.

Fortunately, he had access to an entire frat house.

Epilogue

In retrospect, Bryan was willing to accept that his Dad was right - frat life had proved to be worthwhile. After all, the frat had lead him to Emily. He and Emily had spent the entire day he was in female form just chatting and getting to know each other. The next morning, when Bryan was back to his old self, they'd started dating. And it never would have happened if a bunch of loudmouth frat dudes hadn't pissed off the wrong witch.

He suspected the other guys regarded frat life as equally memorable...

Will and Keith had managed to stay awake until midnight, taking turns resting and pleasuring their new bodies. Will was buried between Keith's legs, licking his pussy when all of a sudden Keith's cock appeared, nearly choking Will. After a brief and awkward pause—and with some encouragement from Keith—Will returned his mouth to Keith's cock and gave him the best blowjob of his life. They got engaged at graduation and were married a year later..

Syd became the unofficial frat house fucktoy, willing to suck or fuck anyone at any time; eager to watch himself be penetrated over and over, to feel his pussy slide open for the next cock, to drink the next load. He was the only woman allowed to live in the frat house and was happily passed around like a joint at a party. He was never happier than when he was at the bottom of a pile of guys, all his holes filled, and with a line of frat dudes out the door. Anything for Pi Sigma Alpha.

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