

## Mini-Story: Come and Get It (MtF)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*When Jake does a poor job hitting on a goth chick at a party, she surprisingly gives him a handjob. Unfortunately, this chick is a witch, and Jake's member is soon being carried off as a dildo into a busy party. If Jake doesn't get his penis back quick, then soon he'll find himself in a body that would look very out of place with such an appendage anyway . . .*

### Come and Get It

I knew I was being a bit of an asshole when I was hitting on her. Yeah, maybe saying "I fucking love Goth chicks, are you the big tiddy kind?" was immature. But it's a goddamn pool party with dozens of people around and half of them drunk, what did she expect turning up in that black gear with so much pale makeup on!?

"Take a walk, jerk," she told me, and it got my blood boiling.

"Yeah, jerk off, more like," I said, rather lamely. "To you, that is."

At that, her expression changed. "Huh, or I could give you a private handjob."

Evidently, my charm had worked, or so I thought. She took me back into the house and, once we were in a private room, began giving me the hottest handjob ever. Seriously, her hand was all over me. Me! Jake Lee, the guy who always shot his shot but never got with a woman this good. I was seriously in heaven . . .

. . . until she pulled my cock right off.

I didn't believe it at first. Suddenly, there was no sensation there at all, and then suddenly *a lot of sensation*, but not the kind I was meant to experience. I shuddered as I looked down and saw I had a goddamn *vagina* now. Meanwhile, in her hand was my penis, changing until, I shit you not, it became a goddamn dildo, balls and all.

"What the fuck!?" I cried, covering my new genitalia and then moaning at the weird sensations from it.

"Finders keepers," she said, moving away from me. "I'm a witch, buddy, and I don't appreciate you saying you'll jerk off to me. So I'm gonna pass this around to the other party goers, and trust me, it's gonna be magically quite addictive to them. You'll be frozen here for, oh, five minutes while I set up this fun little chase. If you can get your dick back in time and put it on yourself, you'll be a man again. If not, well, you'll see. So, come and get it when you can, and try to do so before midnight!"

The bitch disappeared, and I was stuck, unable to leave the room, only able to examine my new vagina, clitoris and labia and fucking *tunnel* and all. It was way too weird. I

needed my cock back, and just the image of getting it back was driving me wild and making me feel weirdly moist.

My five minutes passed, and then I was able to rocket out of there. I searched around the party, trying to find out who had the dildo that was meant to be my goddamn cock, but I couldn't see anyone out in the pool holding it or using it.

"Need that cock," I said, and I found myself licking my lips.

"Nice lips, Jake!" someone teased. "You look like you've got fillers! Sexy eyebrows too! Didn't realise you were a total metro!"

I had no idea what they meant, until I saw my reflection in the nearby window: my face had changed! I looked girly now! Clearly, I was still changing, and would until I got my dick back.

"Need my dick," I muttered to myself, perhaps a little loudly, because people began to titter. "Have you seen a dildo? A big fleshy one?"

A few giggles told me some had. One girl, Bethany, was lounging by the pool, but had clearly just got in because her hair was still dry.

"Oh, I had my fun with that already. I think it might be indoors now, where the dance party is."

I ran back in, trying to sort through various people and figure out who had it. More giggles followed, especially when I begged them.

"Please, I need that fucking dildo!" I shouted. I cringed, hearing my voice go up an octave. My nipples were starting to burn too, my pecs swelling.

"Dude, you're looking really girly," Benjamin said. "There's no way that goth girl was telling the truth right. You're not turning into a chick!"

"Let me cop a feel and see!" Mike, a total jock, said as he placed his hands on my chest.

I won't lie, I fucking *moaned*. My vagina got even wetter, and my hips stretched wider. I could feel my hair getting longer and my height withdrawing. I pulled away.

"Shut up! I just need to get that dildo back and I'll change back!"

"Holy shit, he really is becoming a chick! Maybe even a hot one!"

"Fuck you!" I shouted, my voice feminine.

I ran into the private rooms. This wasn't my house, but it belonged to Stacey Ackermann, the richest and most popular girl on campus. So there were lots of places to check. To my utter dismay, several rooms in a row had girls moaning in post-coital bliss on the beds, writhing in the aftermath of having used my cock.

"Mhmm, yeah I used it," Jessica Windram said, licking her fingers suggestively. "It was magical, just like that witch lady said. Who knew magic was real? Maybe you'll want to use it on yourself, big boy. Or is it big girl, now?"

I was in a panic mode. My hair was already getting longer, becoming luscious black curls. My nose was now button cute, and my waist was thinning. I didn't have body hair anymore, and even worse my clothes were somehow adjusting to me, shrinking and changing material. I had little doubt I'd be in a dress soon, or worse; a bikini!

"N-need my dick," I muttered, my own mad mantra. "Need a dick. Need a dick. Ohhhh, need a dick!"

More rooms, more passages, more evidence that my penis had been used as a dildo. I don't know how long I had, but last time I checked the clock it was already past 11:30pm. I had less than half an hour to restore myself!

"Ohhhh, yesss! That's it! I love it! I fucking love this big thing!"

The voice came from above. I ran upstairs, trying to ignore how my chest was starting to heave, and how my flat midriff was showing. I definitely had boobs now, and they were getting bigger. Even my ass was bouncing. I burst into the room where the sounds were coming from, only to despair that it wasn't my cock being used: Ted Halsey was pounding into a woman I knew only as Yasmine, her legs around him.

"Hey hotstuff," he said, still fucking her, "wanna join?"

I stood there, unable to stop staring at his cock. God, I needed cock. I needed it so bad. I needed to get my dick back, or any dick. I needed dick in me! I needed it so fucking bad that it was making me wet, and my new nipples erect with desire. Even as I stood there panting, he continued to fuck her.

"Or do you just want to watch?"

"Yes!" I cried, knowing I was an idiot for saying so. I watched until she came, and my fingers rubbed my vagina as he did so, making me almost cum from the pure pleasure of it. I needed dick. I needed it in me. No! I needed it back! But the sight of this display had changed me further: I was now the not-so-proud owner of a total D-cup chest, and my top was now little more than a bikini top, while my swim shorts was now a cute swimskirt.

"F-fuck!" I cried, pulling back from the room. "No, no, no!"

I'd wasted time. I ran down the hall, checking more rooms, until I heard a lovely sound coming from even higher up. Of course! The roof! It had a viewing platform! I made my way up and nearly toppled over, unused to my big, bouncing boobs. I caught myself in a single mirror on the second floor and saw that I was a goddamn snack. It was humiliating!

But not so humiliating as the sight of the goth witch chick lying on a deck chair overlooking the pool party, my own dick-dildo plunging into her pussy as she smiled wickedly at me.

"Ohhhhhh! I'm d-done here now, Jake. Or is it Jane, now? I tell you what, I'm glad this found its way back to me. You really were one well-endowed guy."

“Screw you!” I said, grabbing the dildo from her. I pulled down my skirt and new, feminine pants and tried to re-attach it, but nothing was happening.

“Why don’t you screw yourself?” she said, teasing.

“I mean it, fuck you! I’ve got my dick back, that means I get to be a man again and stop having these cravings!”

But then I saw the witch simply sigh, raise a wrist, and show me the time. My jaw dropped. It was 12:05. I had arrived too late.

“And I mean it too,” she said, amused. “Why don’t you fuck yourself? Literally.”

She stood, patted me on the shoulder, and walked away as I absorbed the full meaning of her words. I needed dick. God, I still needed dick. I needed it so goddamn bad, and the need was rising further all the time. I needed Benjamin’s dick. And Mike’s. And Ted’s. And every other guy’s here. I needed their cocks inside me in a whole new way, and thanks to that witch, I’d never have my own dick back.

Except in one particular way.

Shaking with disbelief, humiliation, shame, but most of all a deep, deep abiding *need*, I lowered myself into the deckchair the witch had just been on, and began to spread my legs. My tunnel was already wet and ready to receive the massive dildo I had in my hand.

I’d got it. Now it was time to cum.

**The End**