

The 'Boys' Club

For Clancy

By TheSpiralledEye

Four male friends all with a thing for blondes use a special machine to change one another into their dream girls.

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"I'm telling you man, we're walking into a prank." Carter warned. "This time tomorrow we'll be all over TikTok in some humiliating situation."

I bit the inside of my cheek; the same thought had crossed my mind as we walked up the long drive to Michael's house. It was stupidly ornate, a mansion really. I couldn't remember what it was exactly that Michael's father did, all I knew was that he was the only member of our little quartet who didn't have to take out student loans to attend college.

"Normally I'd agree, but you saw the look on Michael's face when he mentioned this." Dylan grinned, "If there is one thing I trust Michael to be, it's horny. So when he says he's found a way for us to finally get laid by 'the girls of our dreams' I kind of want to see what he means."

"If that's his way of getting us to sleep with prostitutes..." I mumbled.

"Oh don't be such a downer, this is why the two of you are still practically virgins." Dylan snorted as he knocked on the front door.

Carter just rolled his eyes.

"He talks as if he's some sort of casanova."

The sound of hurried footsteps followed by what sounded like Michael slamming into the door made them all jump before it opened and our friend basically fell out.

"Finally! I have been waiting for ages."

“We’re five minutes early.” I pointed out quietly but Michael wasn't paying attention, he was already dragging us inside.

The guy was practically buzzing with manic energy; the excitement in the air was palpable.

“Alright well, let’s get this over with, where are these sexy women, huh?” Carter crossed his arms over his chest and raised an eyebrow, “Let me guess, just through a door that’s slightly ajar?”

Michael grinned cockily, sliding an arm around Carter’s shoulders.

“My dude, I will make a believer out of you in no time, come on, upstairs.”

We wandered up two flights of stairs to the third floor; a place I had never been before. I wanted to trust Michael, I really did but he did have a bad habit of getting us all into trouble. Having a rich dad to bail you out was one thing but the rest of us had no such safety net. Were hookers legal in this state? I wasn't sure; it wasn't that I was averse to sleeping with one but I wasn't sure if I could get it up if I was constantly worried about the police kicking in the door.

The room was almost empty, save for a large bed, some plush carpet and a few very wide couches. It seemed like some sort of mix between a bedroom and a fancy lounge; or it would were it not for the machine in the corner. It looked like a phone booth, without any windows and with what appeared to be some sort of touch screen on the front. It looked so painfully out of place with its shiny metal body it almost gave him whiplash.

“So...where are these amazon women who want to sleep with us?” Carter asked with a raised eyebrow.

Michael just smirked.

“They’ll be here soon but first I need a volunteer.” He announced like he was the host of a damn magic show. Toby was beginning to think maybe Carter had been right all along.

“Sure, why not. I don’t have anything better to do.” Dylan shrugged, stepping forward while Carter and I took a seat on the couch.

Michael led Dylan over to the strange silver machine at the edge of the room with a wide smile.

“Okay, put your hand on the screen and imagine your dream woman.”

“Oh my god.” Carter threw up his hands, “If you’ve got some sort of custom sex doll designer-”

“Shuush! Just let me try!” Dylan interrupted, looking eager. He really seemed to be buying into this.

I wish I had his confidence, I was stuck somewhere in the middle of Carter’s disbelief and his eagerness. Dylan placed his hand on the screen which flickered to life and hummed for a moment before flashing green. As Dylan removed his hand the screen showed a beautiful blonde woman with pink glossy lips and a set of tight, black lingerie. It was almost painfully generic.

“Hey!” Dylan’s eyes went wide, “That’s what I was imaging, like, exactly! How did it do that?”

“That’s not all it can do.” Michael winked, “Watch this.”

He pressed the latch at the edge of the silver machine and a door swung open. With one final wink to the rest of us he stepped inside and closed the door. There was a rumble and the screen flashed the word ‘LOADING’ for a minute. Carter, Dylan and I all exchanged confused looks; not sure what to expect. A tiny bell went ding and the door opened again but Michael didn’t step out; instead the person who emerged was a beautiful woman with black lingerie and golden hair, just like the one who’d appeared on the screen.

Carter’s jaw was practically on the floor; this was a real woman, that much was obvious. But there was no way Michael could have stashed her away in there, the box was against a wall but there was still a small gap between it; she couldn’t have come through the wall or anything. Even if she had; how did Michael know what Dylan’s dream girl looked like?

“Like it?” She giggled, “Wow, I barely recognise myself!”

“Recognise? Wait...Michael!?” I cried, jumping to my feet.

“The one and only.” He giggled, twirling a finger around his now long, gold hair. “What do you think Dylan? Like me? Hot? Sexy? Getting a little half chub?”

Dylan was red in the face; I’d never seen him so flustered before.

“You can’t be Michael.” He stammered, “It’s just...how? How can you be Michael.”

The woman, Michael, laughed.

“So my dad and his old gang got this thing made years ago. They’ve been using it to turn each other into chicks for years and then they just go to town so to speak. I figured we could do the same.”

Carter looked at me in disbelief.

“Oh come on.” Michael pouted, “It’s not gay, I’m like, a hundred percent woman now and let me tell you, having sex with a man as a woman is so super fun. But we can take things a little slower if you wanna.”

He smiled coyly, flicking off the bra and dropping it to the ground so he was totally topless and showing off the now ample breasts he possessed. I could only watch, feeling my own arousal rise as he walked over to Dylan, swaying his hips thanks to the heels the machine had apparently granted him.

“Come on baby, don’cha wanna kiss these lips?” He cooed and Dylan groaned.

“Fuck it, why not?” He whispered, pressing forward.

They started making out with Carter and I just sitting there, still frozen in amazement and, if I was honest, arousal. Michael or not, that chick was so sexy and I couldn’t help but feel a little jealous of Dylan as he opened his mouth and pressed his tongue between those glossy lips. When they finally pulled apart I could see a thin strand of saliva stretching out between them which Michael licked up.

“Best part is, the machine also gives you knowledge.” he grinned, “So I am pretty good at doing this...”

Without warning he sank to his knees, unzipping Dylan’s fly as he went and reaching towards the bulge in his boxers. I didn’t want to see my friend’s junk; but I couldn’t look away, even as Michael took out the length and slowly began to lap at it with his tongue before taking the whole thing in his mouth. The sound Dylan made was positively primal. In no time he was bracing himself on Michael’s shoulders and thrusting deep into his new mouth.

I couldn’t help but wonder how it felt, my jealousy and desire were doubling with each second that passed. Just as Dylan was getting close to the edge, Michael pulled away with a teasing smile. Dylan looked disappointed, but only for a second, because then Michael grabbed both his heavy tits and sandwiched Dylan’s cock between them.

“Oh fuck, fuck, fuck fuck!” he groaned, “I-I’ve never had a boobjob before.” He groaned, “Fuck so good I-ahhhhhh!”

Seed spurted out of Dylan’s cock right onto Michael’s breasts and chin. It was the single hottest thing I had ever seen, my own length was rock hard and I knew Carter must have been the same because I could hear his ragged breathing beside me. Neither of us could break eye contact with the show happening a few feet in front of us though.

“That was...wow.” Dylan moaned, watching Michael slowly wipe away the cum.

“Well, I am sure you can think of a way to repay me.” Michael teased, slipping out of his panties and sitting back on the floor, legs spread, hands braced behind him with his pussy on full display.

It felt surreal; watching Dylan get down on the floor to start eating Michael out. I watched as he raked his finger nails through the hair at the back of Dylan’s head with envy. I’d always had a thing for girls with longer nails, I had always wanted one to scrape through my hair just like that. Even if the woman in question was technically my male friend.

Dylan seemed to have gotten over the hang up pretty quickly after all and I honestly couldn’t blame him. The blonde bombshell spread out on the floor in front of him wasn’t at all masculine. In fact, she was perfect. Even if I logically knew she was Michael it didn’t stop my cock from responding and my jealousy flaring.

After a few minutes Michael threw back his head, the golden hair catching the shafts of light from the setting sun filtering through the window. He came, loudly; no matter the form

he had no shame. Dylan pulled back with his chin dripping looking proud of himself and I felt a stab of self consciousness. I'd always assumed Dylan talked a big game but was just as unlucky as us with the ladies. Considering his skill, maybe that was wrong.

"Now, for the main event." Michael said huskily, pushing both his soft hands against Dylan's chest so that he fell back against the floor. His cock was already hard again from all the moaning and writhing Michael did while he was feasting on his new pussy.

I couldn't look away, I could feel my eyes going wide as I watched Michael slowly climb up and mount Dylan, sliding down his cock slowly.

"Oh yeaaaaahhhh...this is the best part." Michael groaned as he came to fully straddle Dylan. "It feels so unbelievably good being fucked as a woman. You guys have no idea what you've been missing."

My curiosity and envy began to grow even more and my eyes darted between both Dylan and Michael's faces, both in rapture. Michael knew exactly what he was doing, rising and falling about halfway up Dylan's cock each time, rolling his hips forward as they met over and over again, keeping up a steady stream of pleasure for them both.

Next to me I heard Carter groan and a similar sound escaped my lips. We both must have looked pathetic, sitting here watching our two friends fuck but it was just so hot. Michael's gaze flitted over to us from time to time, making faces and rolling his eyes just for us. Fuck it was like live porn.

"Uhhhhh! Uuuuhhh! I'm gonna...cum...ahhhhh!" Michael shuddered and Dylan's knuckles went white holding his hips in place.

"Fuck me too, get off." He groaned before giving him a wicked grin. "I want to give that pretty face a facial."

Michael giggled, hopping off Dylan's cock and sliding down his body just in time as he came. Seed shot into the air, splattering over Michael's chin and cheeks. Both of them seemed to come down from the high of orgasm and Dylan blushed deep red, looking over to us for the first time.

My fingers were starting to ache and I realised I was gripping the couch so hard my knuckles had turned white. Michael giggled, licking the seed from his cheeks.

“Didn’t I tell you?” He laughed, “We’re going to have so much fun with this.”

I swallowed nervously, anticipation building in my chest.

“So, who’s next?”

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Dylan was practically vibrating with excitement as he redressed.

“It was incredible guys, it didn’t even feel like Michael, like, I knew it was him but that woman form was so fucking incredible.” He gushed. “Holy shit, I would never have believed it if I hadn’t lived it myself.”

I had managed to will my erection away but my lust was still bubbling under the surface. Carter seemed to be in the same state, even Dylan seemed raring to go again. There was a ding and Michael, in his usual male form, emerged from the machine with a happy sigh.

“Okay Dylan, ready to return the favour?”

A bit of the flush left Dylan’s cheeks and I had to bite my lip to avoid laughing.

“I thought you liked being the woman.” Dylan demurred but Michael waved him off.

“I do, but I am still a red blooded male deep down, my dude.”

“Right.” Dylan ranged his hands a few times, “Well, I suppose it’s only fair.”

Carter looked at me; I could tell he was thinking the same thing I was. He wanted so badly to get off, but not at the expense of being transformed; at least not yet. Carter leaned forward eagerly though, watching like a hawk as Dylan walked over to the machine. He looked like he was on the edge of his seat.

“Alright so I put my hand here.” Michael explained, placing his hand on the screen.

A moment later another silhouette of a woman appeared and the door to the machine opened.

“Now you hop in.” Michael explained. “Just close your eyes and relax.”

“Does it hurt?” Dylan asked meekly and Michael shook his head with a chuckle.

“Of course not silly, now get!”

Dylan stepped into the machine and a few moments of rumbling passed before the door swung open once more and out stepped yet another blonde, with a pink mini dress and heels; he looked like a living barbie doll. Next to me I felt Carter tense, his fingers gripping the edge of the couch cushions I was surprised they hadn't ripped. His jaw was locked and I genuinely couldn't tell if he was horny, pissed off or terrified. He looked like he was a mix of the three really.

Dylan stumbled slightly, wobbling on his feet before taking several confident steps forward. His now long legs stretch out and balanced perfectly on the heels after only a few steps. He looked down at himself, gasping and twisting around to try and get the best possible angle while Michael laughed fondly.

“Mirror is over there.” He jammed a thumb to the other side of the room where there was indeed a full length mirror.

Dylan skipped over to it, somehow not twisting his ankle despite the super thin stiletto style heels. He oohed and ahhed in at his reflection, running his hands over the curves all while grinning ear to ear. My curiosity was burning like a fire and I couldn't resist getting up for a closer look.

“How does it feel?” Carter choked out from the couch.

“Incredible.” Dylan breathed, “Michael wasn't kidding I...I know how to walk like a woman without even thinking and...well just look at me! I'm a total babe!”

“Well of course, you were made from my fantasy.” Michael said proudly, sitting himself down on the couch opposite me. “Now, ready to return that favour?”

Dylan looked conflicted for a moment, turning back to the mirror to once again admire his body. I watched, as he eyed Michael in the reflection. For a moment or two he seemed to be wavering but then his gaze took on a steely aspect and he turned with a confident, flirtatious smile on his face. I never thought Dylan of all people could manage a saunter but damn, did

he ever. His hips swayed sensually and the look on his face was positively sinful; somehow despite only being in this body a few minutes he had mastered the art of the seductive smile. The sound of those heels clicking on the hardwood floor seemed to echo all around them and add to the effect as well.

Without any hesitation Dylan dropped down onto the couch, his knees either side of Michael so that he was straddling his waist. For a moment the two just looked at each other before Dylan took Michael's chin in his hand and pulled them into a passionate kiss. I could feel the heat burning in my cheeks. Somehow, despite them both being clothed again and kissing this felt steamier than the sex. It was slower, more sensual and I felt my own lust return like a crashing wave.

"This feels so nice..." Dylan moaned between kisses, "I didn't think kissing a guy would feel so...right."

Michael just groaned and I swallowed nervously again. My anticipation was building slowly and I felt frozen. Waiting to either be invited to join or asked to use the machine. I wasn't sure which one I was hoping for; Dylan seemed to be really, really enjoying himself but the idea of being transformed still made me nervous.

Dylan moaned as Michael lifted the short skirt and began to finger him. I couldn't see properly from my angle but I could hear the wet sounds of fingers sliding in and out of Dylan's new hole even over his whimpers and moans.

"Ohhhhhh fuck..."

Sensitive. Isn't it?" Michael teased, "So are these."

He used his free hand to fondle Dylan's new tits through the pink dress, eventually pulling it down so the fabric was bunched around Dylan's middle. I was hard as a rock again, mesmerised by the show in front of me. Dylan was clinging to Michael now, his hips stuttering in an effort to create more friction; and there was a look of absolute rapture on his face. I'd never seen anybody, in real life or video, look like they were experiencing such intense pleasure.

"Ready?" Michael asked huskily.

Dylan could only nod and moan, allowing Michael to lay him down on the couch and unzip his fly. Dylan's hands found the hems of his jeans and roughly shoved them down before those long legs wrapped around Michael's hips and pulled him forward.

The look on Dylan's beautiful face was desperate and I felt that same desperation building in me. Did being fucked as a woman truly feel *that* good? His hesitance from before was totally gone, replaced only with eagerness and impatience. Within minutes Dylan had gone from a pride filled man to a desperate, horny bimbo. The idea of him turned me on so much it hurt.

I may as well have been a fly on the wall; neither Dylan or Michael seemed to notice or care that I was still here, staring right at them as they started to fuck properly. Maybe they were getting off on me watching, who knows. The more likely explanation was that they were so enraptured with each other they'd forgotten I was here.

"Hey there..."

The voice almost made me jump out of my skin as two warm arms wrapped around my shoulders from behind. For a moment I felt a warm, female body pressing up against my back before it moved away and I could turn. Yet another blonde woman was smiling at me, in a short skirt, fishnets, tank top and heeled leather boots. Her long hair was tousled and wild, her lipstick already slightly smudged as if to suggest I wasn't her first ride of the night. My eyes darted to the couch; Carter was gone.

"C-Carter?"

"I guess." The woman shrugged with a flirtatious smile. "Like me?"

He twisted on the tips of his toes, showing off the beautiful, curvaceous body. I felt the air leave my lungs; he was perfect.

"You looks...so hot." I croaked, unable to summon the focus needed to lie and Carter grinned.

"Michael's bedroom is just over there if you wanna do more than just watch."

"Go you two! Uhhhh uhhhh oh yeah..." Michael grunted and groaned through the words without looking away from Dylan.

My cock ached and a shiver ran down my spine as Carter pressed his soft fingers against the bulge in the front of my jeans.

“Unless you’d rather stay here, painfully hard, teasing yourself watching those two fuck each other’s brains out?”

“No!” I replied before I could think. “L-let’s go.”

“Wonderfully.” Carter said breathily, taking me by the hand and leading me towards Michael’s bedroom.

My heart was racing; I couldn’t think straight at all. All I could focus on was the jiggling ass swaying back and forth in front of me. I tried not to think about how that ass technically belonged to one of my best friends. My *male* best friend. I cleared my throat and managed to choke out;

“H-how did you know...?”

“What your dream woman looked like?” Carter teased, “I’m your best friend Toby, I know what you like, besides, we all have a thing for blondes.”

I blushed; I felt so...vanilla all of a sudden. Not to mention his way of speaking was just so Carter. Could I really sleep with him? Even in this body? It didn’t feel right somehow. My hesitance only grew as Carter dragged me into the bedroom and closed the door with a girlish giggle before advancing toward me. I felt trapped, the bed was behind me, my body was screaming for me to accept the embrace coming my brain was doing the exact opposite.

Carter reached out and I stepped to the side so that he faltered slightly before sitting down on the bed with a look of hurt and confusion on his face.

“What’s the matter? Is this body not good enough or something? Don’t lie, I saw how you looked at me.”

“Dude, you’re a...a dude!”

Carter raised an eyebrow.

“Eloquently put.”

“Oh shut up.” I snapped, “This is weird! How can you not see how weird this is? You’re my best friend, sleeping with you isn’t going to feel right even if you are in the body of a smoking hot chick.”

“So what? I’m not good enough for you?”

“No! Well not like that but-I’m not gay and appearances be damned, you’re a guy.”

Carter pouted and I tried really hard not to focus on how cute the expression looked on his new face.

“Well, being in this body feels nice.” He said after a moment, “and the others seemed to get over the idea pretty quick. I thought us having sex could be exciting or something. And that when we were done you’d maybe...return the favour?”

I felt my frustrations drain and sat down on the bed next to Carter, looking him up and down again. He really was so hot like this and once again my curiosity got the better of me.

“How does it feel? Having nothing between your legs?”

“I wouldn’t call this nothing.” He giggled, “Good, warm, I thought the wetness would feel a little weird but honestly it feels so nice. I can feel how smooth it is without even having to touch it.”

Fuck. That was so sexy.

I inched myself closer so that our legs pressed together and swallowed some of my pride. I reached out to take that soft face in my hands and turned Carter to face me, his full lips parted slightly and I caught a glimpse of his pink tongue beyond.

“Maybe we could just start with making out.” I suggested quietly.

“That sounds good.”

His voice was so desperate and I surged forward to kiss him. His lips were so soft and warm that I instantly melted into them, running my tongue along the entrance before he opened his mouth and allowed me to explore.

His hands found my waist and began to unbutton my fly; for a moment I froze but then Carter's tongue ran along the inside of my lips and I relented; he was so damn good at kissing as a woman. With trembling hands I found the hem of his tank top and began to return the favour. We made out lazily, taking things slow as we stripped off our clothes till I was totally naked.

I flushed a little, knowing Carter was seeing me naked but that self consciousness soon faded when I met his eye. Carter was looking at me with awe and hunger; nobody had ever looked at me like that before. I felt a surge of confidence that was alien to me, and it gave me the drive to ask for what I truly wanted.

"Leave these on." I whispered, running my hand over his boots and fishnets. "I can work around them."

The fishnets were thin, thin enough that a few flicks with my fingers were all it took to break a few stitches around his crotch. I could feel heat there and see the warm folds.

"No panties?"

"Why bother?" Carter groaned, "Please..."

Hearing that sexy voice mewling for me made a thrill go up my spine and I lowered myself down to lick at Carter's new pussy. I'd only done this a handful of times before and I was always nervous. Carter's moans egged me on through, as did his fingernails digging into the back of my skull.

"Ohhh yeah. That's s-so goooooood." He moaned, "Fuck, oh fuck Toby you have to try this it f-f-feeeeeeeels so amazing!"

I licked harder, pressing the flat of my tongue over his bulging clit as fast as I could and curling the tip around the sensitive nub till Carter's words turned to primal sounds. Those fishnet clad legs wrapped around my head and squeezed as he came and I felt a small drip of precum drip from my tip. I was so fucking turned on it hurt.

When Carter finally released me he stretched out on the bed, showing off that curvy body with a wry smile before getting to his knees. I opened my mouth to say something but the words were forgotten in an instant as those soft hands took hold of my length.

“Remember what Michael said about the machine granting us knowledge as well?” Carter whispered, I could only nod. A whine escaped my throat, all I could focus on was the grip on me, and how he was slowly sliding his fist up and down.

“Well, I am sure I can give you a pretty stellar blowjob now.” He whispered in my ear, all I could do was croak out a desperate ‘please’.

Getting to my feet was difficult, my knees felt weak already and Carter wasn't even touching me anymore. Watching that beautiful blonde body fall to its knees in front of me my last vestige of hesitancy disappeared. I had never been more turned on in my entire life; I didn't care if this woman was technically Carter right now, I just wanted her to suck me off.

The tip of his tongue pressed into my head, right against my slit and I groaned. Carter sighed happily, lazily swirling his tongue around my head as if it were a lollipop, lapping up the dribbles of precum eagerly.

“Please, I've been teased enough.” I moaned, I was so horny I was dizzy.

“Aw, no fun. I want to savour this.” Carter replied between licks.

Now his tongue was moving down my shaft, sending wonderful, tingling pleasure down my length and into the rest of my body. But keeping his mouth open and his tongue the only point of contact. It was wonderful; it was torture.

I reached down and fisted my hand into that blonde hair, holding it tight and guiding him back to my cock. Those red, glistening lips were all I could think about. Carter shot me a quick, sinful smile and then finally clamped those lips around my cock and sunk down right to the base. I saw stars.

The intensity of the pleasure after so much teasing was intense and I groaned watching that red lipstick smudge along my cock as he withdrew almost to the tip again. His tongue swirled and then he sunk down again, increasing the suction and reducing me to nothing but primal instinct. My hips bucked, I could feel my tip hitting the back of his throat with every thrust but Carter never gaged or slowed. If anything, it seemed to motivate him to suck harder.

The room was filled with the wet sound of me fucking his mouth and my eyes were locked on that messy blonde hair between my fingers. After so much teasing it was a wonder I even lasted this long. I wanted it to keep going but there was no way I could hold back. My balls tightened and with a loud gasp I came, pouring my seed straight down Carter's throat as he swallowed around my cock.

He kept sucking gently, licking and moaning for almost a full minute after I finished, keeping the orgasm and residual pleasure going for as long as he could before he finally pulled away. I felt light headed but also electrified; that had been the strongest orgasm of my life.

"How was it?" Asked Carter, the smug look on his face telling me he knew damn well just how it was.

"Amazing." I admitted, "Just wow, that mouth. How did it taste?"

"Excellent. I think it's time we went all the way, don't you?" Carter suggested as he got to his feet, "After all, the others did and I am jealous."

"Me too." I admitted with a small blush.

"Well come on then!" Carter laughed, pulling me back onto the bed, atop him. "Get to it, big man."

"Oh, yeah. I like that." I chuckled, nipping along Carter's ears, "I like that a lot."

I was already hard again, ready and eager to slip inside his velvet folds. I hadn't thought it possible for anything to feel as good as his lips but I was wrong. Fucking Carter felt sublime, perfect, amazing; all manner of adjectives I didn't have the brain power to think of right now.

"Oh God, Michael was right, this is so fucking hot!" Carter wailed as he clung to me. "Yes, yes, yes!"

"It feels good to have me fucking you?" I teased.

"Yes! Don't stop!"

"Never."

I buried myself as deep as I could go over and over again until I felt Carter beginning to tighten around me; I could tell he was getting close and everything he did, from the sounds to the hot breath against my cheek pulled me closer to the edge with him.

“T-toby, of fuck Toby I’m gonna-ahhhhhh!”

I felt it; more than any other woman I’d ever slept with, I felt the intensity of Carter’s orgasm as he squeezed and pulsed around me. I was so close to the edge; but there was one more fantasy I’d always wanted to try and now seemed like the best chance. Filled by the confidence fucking my friend had given me I pulled out and came, right over Carter’s tits. Carter’s mouth formed a perfect O in surprise before he started to giggle.

“You’re so naughty.”

“Says the girl who just begged to be fucked.”

We both laughed and I passed over the conveniently placed tissues next to Michael’s bed so he could clean up. All awkwardness from before had gone and I had no issues curling up next to him on the bed to share experiences. Listening to him talk about how it felt to be fucked a woman was riveting and once again I felt that curiosity burning beneath my skin. Not just about what it would feel like to trade places but also why Carter had done such a one eighty after all his grumbling earlier.

“So I was thinking...” Carter cooed, running his fingers along my chest, “How would you feel giving a girl body a spin...outside this room?”

I grinned.

“Have you been trying to butter me up for something big?” I asked.

“Maaaaaaaybe.” Carter giggled, “It’s just...you know my ex Claire? She’s having a party tonight and when Michael showed us the machine I saw an opportunity.”

That explained his foul mood earlier at least, the fact that Claire had dumped him and moved on so quickly had been quite the touchy subject the last few weeks.

“You want me to go to the party as your hot date.” I guessed, “Turn myself into your arm candy to make Claire see you’re doing just fine without her and rub it in her face.”

“...Yeah.”

I thought about it for a moment; it was a crazy idea but then again, what about tonight *hadn't* been insane?

“Let’s do it.”

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I stood before the machine, Michael and Dylan were nowhere to be found when we emerged; they were probably off somewhere else in the house having fun. Carter had his hand on the touchpad, a wild, excited grin on his face. He’d turned back into his usual body and was ready to transform me in turn.

“Don’t make me into anything too out there.” I warned, as eager as I was to experience this after everybody else had, I still had a ball of nerves in my stomach.

“Don’t worry, you’re going to knock everybody’s socks off.” Carter assured me as the machine pinged, “All ready, in you hop!”

I took a deep breath and stepped inside, pressing against the back of the machine and feeling the cool metal through my thin shirt. A moment later the machine rumbled to life and I felt a wave of what could only be explained as energy wash over me. It was warm and slightly relaxing, melting away at my muscles until I felt oddly numb. I was aware of my body changing but in the darkness I could see nothing and the numbness made it impossible to feel the specifics of what was being changed.

Without warning the door opened and light flooded in, dazzling me for a moment as I stepped out into the room. Immediately, that numb feeling began to drain and I realised my feet felt strange, like they were resting at an odd angle. I looked down to see a pair of platform heels that added at least three inches to my height, heels I was having no problems balancing in at all. I gave a breathy laugh and took a few experimental steps; it was as easy as breathing; the machine really had given me the skills of a woman.

“Amazing.” I breathed, “This feels great!”

I bounced on my toes, revelling in my new found sense of poise and balance. My own voice was shocking too; it somehow managed to be so alien and female and yet so me all at once.

“What do I look like?” I asked excitedly, taking in Carter's impressed expression as I ran for the mirror.

“Incredible.” He answered, “But see for yourself.”

I already had and it took my breath away; in the mirror was a bombshell in a tight black dress. Blonde of course as was the theme for the evening. I was less model thin than the others had been, but with the extra weight in all the right places. My hips were wide, my butt round and beautiful and my breasts just the same. I'd expected to feel some level of strangeness being in a totally new body but instead I felt myself radiating confidence; it was an entirely new feeling to know I was the hottest person in a room without question.

Fuelled by this new confidence I turned and struck a pose, hips to the side with a coy smile on my face.

“Did I turn out just as hot as you'd hoped?”

“Even more so.” Carter breathed, I could tell he wasn't lying either. His eyes were wide and focused right at me.

I sauntered over to him, enjoying the stretch of my long legs and the weight of the platform heels on my feet. My hips had a gentle sway which I exaggerated for Carter's benefit and he gave a nod of approval as I wrapped my arms around his neck.

“Shall we go make Claire rue the day she dumped you?” I asked in a sultry whisper before pressing our lips together in a deep, passionate kiss.

The action felt right; I knew exactly how to move my body to give us both the highest possible pleasure. I'd meant for it to be a quick, teasing touch but it felt so good I couldn't help but continue, tongue dancing together as I let the kiss deepen until my skin began to grow hot beneath the tight fabric of my outfit. When I pulled away Carter's pupils were blown wide and his lips were shiny and red from all the kissing.

“Let’s do it.” He grinned, stepping back and offering me his arm which made me giggle.

“What a *gentleman*.” I sighed dramatically as I took it.

This was going to be so much fun, I could feel it.

~

My suspicions proved true; in this body even the most mundane of activities was exciting; thrilling even. I walked into rooms every day but stepping into that house party felt different. The air was electric and I could feel people’s eyes upon me. Not in irritation or annoyance either; there were no eye rolls or hushed voices whispering ‘great, Toby’s here’ in sarcastic tones. Instead everybody looked to me with either jealousy or desire; it felt *good*.

I giggled, clinging to Carter’s arm as we entered the party as though we were invited. It was one of those house parties where the guest list turned into a guest suggestion list after a few hours as people invited their friends of friends unprompted. So there wasn’t anything Claire could do, not if she didn’t want to kick out half her party goers.

I’d never had any strong feelings toward Claire; when she and Carter were dating, she seemed nice enough but after they broke up obviously I’d taken my bro’s side. With good reason by the looks of it; the way she screwed up her nose in obvious irritation at his presence was enough to make my blood boil.

“I didn’t think you’d come, Carter.” She smiled tightly and he chuckled.

“Yeah, I bet you didn’t.”

The air turned so tense you could cut it with a knife and I felt a cruel smile curl around my lips; I could be that knife. I hung myself off Carter dramatically, pouting my little heart out.

“Who’s this, baby?” I asked, “Do I need to be worried about you?”

“Nah, this is just my ex.”

The ‘just’ was extra salt on the wound and I could see Claire’s eye twitch in irritation. What could she say though? She knew nothing about me, or at least the woman I was currently. All she knew for sure was that I was ten times hotter than her little B cup, twiggy ass.

“Let’s go dance, baby.” I insisted, “I wanna see that sexy body of yours move.”

We moved into the crowd, somewhere nice and obvious where the music was pounding loudly. The machine had taught me everything I needed to know about dancing as a woman; so I had no trouble shaking my ass and thrusting out my chest in time to the beat. I could tell by the lustful stares I got from the men in the room that I was doing a good job.

For the first time in my life, I made it my mission to be in the spotlight. I danced, I drank, I flirted, hard. I spent every spare moment hanging off Carter, talking him up to men and women alike, especially emphasising just how good he was in bed; which was true. By the end of the night all the women were looking at him with bedroom eyes and all the men with admiration. They were desperate to know how he’d managed to land a catch like me.

Knowing that I was a treasure to be desired filled me with joy; I couldn’t believe I was ever nervous about trying this. Being a woman was fabulous! Especially the attention. I’d never considered myself an attention whore but as I danced and flirted the night away I started to realise I was getting turned on by all the eyes on me. Especially Carter’s.

Once again I dramatically flopped against him, wrapping my leg around his and pressing our bodies together against a wall.

“I think we made our point. I whispered, giving him a quick kiss, “You’re the talk of the party, Claire’s blood will be boiling for days. You showed her.”

“We did.” Carter grinned, giving my hips a squeeze. “You really are just...so perfect. Let’s get out of here. You’re probably about ready to change back, eh?”

Not even remotely, but I nodded anyway. I wanted Carter back at Michael’s, I wanted him somewhere private. My pussy quivered; it was going to be a very long taxi ride back.

~

The sounds of moans echoed down the grand stairs from Michael’s bedroom when we returned. They made my cheeks flush and the wetness between my legs grow.

“They’re still going at it, huh?” Carter grinned, “They’ve got some serious stamina I’ll say that much. So do you actually, I didn’t realise dancing was so exhausting; how did you keep that up for so long without all the punch breaks I needed?”

“Talent.” I replied smugly, giving my butt a little wiggle. “It was so much fun, I don’t even feel out of breath.”

Carter’s eyes were on my ass; good.

“You know.” I said taking his hand, “I think I earned myself a little something extra, for being such good arm candy. It’s nice being looked at and all but this body was made to be used, not just admired from afar.”

“You don’t have to tell me twice.” Carter smiled wryly, grabbing my face in his hands and pulling me forward into a deep kiss.

It was like water after days of thirst; my last orgasm felt like it happened an age ago and my body was more than ready for some action. I continued kissing him hard, letting his hands wander over my body as we stumbled through the house in search of any surface to fuck on. Eventually I felt something hard jutting into my hips and I broke off the kiss to see a hardwood table. Perfect.

Without hesitation I reached for the hem of my short dress and threw it off, giving Carter access to my panties. He got down on his knees and I shivered as he pulled them down with his teeth; allowing me to house myself up on the table, butt naked and ready to spread my legs.

“I remember how good this feels.” He growled, moving his face between my legs.

His tongue felt like nothing I’d ever experienced; my folds were so soft and sensitive; giving to his every thrust and lick. I couldn’t even respond, only moan as he continued to push his tongue up into my hole over and over again.

I leaned back, bracing myself with one hand while the other raked through Carter’s hair while I just enjoyed the sensations flowing through me. My insides tightened and I came, quietly, but not less powerfully than before. I could feel my hole squirting juices onto Carter’s face which he lapped up eagerly. It was a beautiful sight.

My whole body felt relaxed and loose and I let it slide off the table down to the floor so that we were at eye level. I kissed him, tasting myself on his tongue before pulling back and whispering.

“Stand up, I want to return the favour.”

He did so without hesitation, putting that cock right in front of my face. The machine's knowledge kicked in, and I leaned forward, taking the length in slowly so I could savour each inch as it disappeared between my lips.

It was so strange, to operate on pure, primal instinct. Strange; but enjoyable. I drank in Carter's moans, tried to memorise the way his length felt sitting on my tongue and how right it felt to swallow down the drips of seed that spurted out as he tried to hold himself back.

I made it my mission to finish him off; I wanted Carter to see stars. I remembered all those women at the party looking at him with desire after I talked him up and jealousy flared in my gut. It was crazy, but the idea of anybody else touching him made me angry. I wanted to give him the best possible blowjob, that way, no matter how many other women he was with, his mind would always go back to me and this moment. No matter who was on their knees before him they could never hope to compare to the pleasure I was causing.

"Fuck, oh fuck you have to stop." He groaned, "I need to be in you."

I was tempted, sorely tempted, to keep going and pull him over the edge but my own desire was flaring. The idea of him inside me was too good to give up. The second I was on my feet, Carter's hands were on my ass, cupping and lifting me back onto the table with ease and rushing forward till he was between my legs. I spread myself, open and ready for him as my legs, still clad in those platform heels, wrapped around his waist and pulled him to me.

I felt him enter me in slow motion; even though logically I knew it only took a second it seemed to last a lifetime. I could feel my inner walls stretching, burning with the effort and rewarding me with wave after wave of ecstasy as a reward. It was addictive and I was almost sad when he was fully sheathed. Then of course, he started to move and all disappointment fled.

We were both desperate, hips bucking so that we slammed together hard and fast. I braced both my hands against the table behind me to help push myself forward to meet him, desperate for every bit of friction I could get.

"Fuck, I'm so close-!"

"Me too!"

Our moans and voices mingled as he fell over the edge together. This orgasm felt different to the others; this time as my pussy clenched it had something inside it to squeeze which only made the orgasm last longer. I let my head fall back and wailed, letting all that pleasure

wash through my body in waves. I could feel Carter's seed splashing inside me and some primal part of my brain rejoiced.

I had no idea how long the bliss lasted but as the aftershocks finally receded I realised we'd fallen back onto the table, me crushed between him and the wood. Both of us were breathing heavily, still coming down from the high of the insanity that was tonight. After a few long moments Carter finally got to his feet and pulled me up with him. I expected awkwardness to settle in now that we were finally spent but it didn't. Instead we were both grinning like madmen.

"That was-"

"Yeah..."

"Wanna do it again next weekend?"

"Absolutely."