

## Best Buddies to Fuck Buddies - Part 2

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

*Miles feels compelled to act out Jacob's fantasies now that he is in the body of his perfect woman.*

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Miles had never felt so out of control in his life. Jacob was carrying him bridal style through the streets; it should have made him humiliated but instead it was making him horny. The fact that any man could turn him on was embarrassing, but the fact that it was his best friend was even worse. Did this make him gay? No, it had to be Pixie's magic doing this, making him run his hands over the planes of Jacob's chest without even thinking about it; pressing his cheek to his heart, wishing there was no shirt between their skin...

"Uh, are you okay?"

"Hm?" Miles felt almost like he was dreaming, the warmth of Jacob's skin was making him sleepy.

"You're...nuzzling me." He said, clearing his throat awkwardly.

Miles could see the dip of his Adam's apple and had to hold himself back from touching it.

"Sorry...maybe I should get down. I can handle the broken heel. We're almost to your place."

Jacob gently put him down and Miles tried to ignore how sad it made him. Still, he was proud; he refused to give into this magical compulsion to act like a whore. He couldn't wait to see the look on Pixie's face when he strode up to her and shoved his own perfect self control in her face. She may have played a little disappearing act back at the bar but he still knew where she lived. Tomorrow, once he'd had time to calm down and think of a plan, he'd go right over there and demand she turn him back.

He took three steps and fumbled with the broken heel but managed to stay standing. The night wind felt cold around him, especially after being carried by that warm, solid body. A shiver ran down his spine that had nothing to do with the cold but he forced those thoughts away.

Jacob walked alongside him awkwardly, eyes constantly darting to check out Miles' new body. He could see him, he liked the attention, as much as he hated to admit it. Their pace was painfully slow as he waddled along on the tip of his toe, trying to keep some semblance of dignity.

A woman walked by in a short, cherry red dress, her lips were painted the same colour and her hair was glossy black. As she walked past Miles' watched as her eyes moved over Jacob's body and her lips quirked into a soft smile. She was checking him out!

Jealousy flared inside him; how dare she, Jacob was *his*. His arms lashed out like a snake and grabbed hold of Jacob's arm, holding it tightly and hugging his body against the man. His eyes glared daggers at the harlot who dared to lay her gaze on his man and she moved on. Bitch.

"Wow, that was...hot."

Oh yeah, Jacob's type was the feisty Latina. Humiliation flooded him as he realised what had just happened. It had felt so natural, the need to protect his man; that he hadn't even questioned the behaviour. How was he supposed to fight these compulsions if they came so naturally?

"Well, don't get used to it." Mile scoffed, having to practically pry his own fingers off Jacob's arms (the muscles there were so taut and strong, if only he wasn't wearing a jacket...or anything at all.)

When they finally reached Jacob's apartment building Miles felt as though he were about to burst. Warm heat kept pooling between his legs no matter how hard he tried to ignore it; he just needed to get inside and hide away in the bathroom. Maybe get himself off once or twice, hell, maybe ten times. Then he would be able to sleep this off and be blissfully unconscious.

For some reason though, the idea of masturbating didn't appeal to him much. Even with the exciting new toys he had to play with. He'd never wanted to be a woman but he'd thought about what it must feel like. Everybody knew women had the best deal when it came to sex and pleasure, multiple orgasms without fail? Who wouldn't be interested.

But the idea of getting them via his own fingers just seemed so...boring. A little sad too. No, he wanted somebody else's fingers, or maybe something more than their fingers.

Thankfully the elevator was working so he didn't have to climb three flights of stairs with a broken heel. He would have had no choice but to let Jacob carry him again. Oh...that would have been nice though. Miles bit his lip and banished the thoughts; it was a good thing they could ride the elevator, one short trip and they would be at his door, rather than being tortured by his strong grip for a full ten minutes.

They stepped into the elevator and Miles' thoughts were going wild; he was still jealous of that girl looking at Jacob. He had the unbearable urge to mark his territory so to speak and his fantasies of being fucked in a stairwell overrode what little self control he had left.

"Wha-what are you doing?" Jacob cried as Miles pressed himself right up against him, pinning the man between his sexy body and the mirrored wall of the elevator.

"I'm sorry, I can't stop myself." Miles groaned, pressing his lips to Jacobs; they were still open in shock, allowing Miles to stick his tongue straight down the man's throat.

Oh it felt so good! Wrong, humiliating and utterly beautiful. Jacob's hands gripped his shoulders as if to push him away but instead held him firm.

"Why aren't you stopping me?" Miles asked breathlessly between kisses. He'd been relying on Jacob keeping a level head.

“You’re just so damn hot.” Jacob moaned, “I can’t help it, you’re everything I ever wanted in a woman right down to being stupidly jealous.”

The elevator dinged and somebody gasped in shock at the raunchy display; Miles couldn’t even bring himself to look away and find out if it was somebody he knew. He didn’t care; what he cared about was how good Jacob’s hand felt on his ass. If only his mini skirt wasn’t so tight those fingers could reach right into his cleft. Oh God, what was he thinking? Why couldn’t he stop those dirty thoughts and how had he fallen so far so quickly.

They broke apart and quickly ducked out of the elevator, not meeting their witness’ eye as they stumbled down the hall. Miles’ couldn’t control his hands as they began removing Jacob’s jacket right there in the hall, feeling the smooth planes of his chest and fumbling with buttons while the man tried to get the key in the front door.

“This is...holy shit it’s so hot but can you give me a second to open the door?” He laughed between kisses to Miles’ neck.

“I wish I could.” Miles replied, “but you’re just so damn hot I can’t stop myself.”

It was true, how had he never realised just how attractive his friend was? No wonder that woman on the street had been checking him out. Miles had just managed to get the last button on his shirt undone when Jacob finally turned the key in the lock and they literally fell into the hallway.

Miles fell on top of his friend's bare chest and groaned, pressing his lips to the skin and leaving behind thick lipstick stains. It was only then he realised he could see those same marks all over Jacob’s parted lips and neck. It brought a smile to Miles’ face; anybody who saw him would know he was taken now. That made the warmth between his legs turn into a true heat.

“Feel me. Please.” Miles begged, hating how desperate he sounded. “J-just a little, I have to know.”

He grabbed Jacob’s hand and pressed it to his breast with a groan. It felt so much better when it was somebody else’s hands, he was sure. His tube top barely covered him but even so it was still too much. With a frustrated hiss he moved away from where he’d been feeling up Jacob’s chest and tried in vain to tug the shirt down. It was impossible though, the fabric hugged his tit so tightly it wouldn’t budge.

“Damn these tits!”

“Blasphemy.”

Miles couldn’t help but giggle a bit at that. His tits were incredible even if it was embarrassing to even think the words ‘my tits’. Jacob’s hands reached around the back of the shirt and carefully began to unzip it. Miles leaned over to make the process easier which had the lovely side effect of stuffing his breasts right in the man’s face.

The top fell away and he was suddenly hit with a brand new compulsion. It was so strong he couldn’t fight it.

“Oh no...” he groaned, “what am I doing?”

Even as he said it he was moving forward, shaking his heavy breasts in Jacob’s face to make him motorboat him. Jacob responded instantly, licking a stripe right up Miles’ cleavage. Both his hands came up to cup the tits and massaged them, thumbs brushing over the nipples and making them stand to attention. Usually that stiffening feeling was between his legs, not on his chest. It felt deliciously good.

Maybe he could stop soon; Jacob’s touch was heavenly, maybe it could be enough. Yes, he’d let Jacob feel him up but that was all. He would stop before things got too heated and Pixie would never know. Just...just a little bit more.

“What are we doing?” Jacob groaned as he took Miles’ nipple in his mouth. “Fuck you taste amazing.”

Miles couldn’t respond, his brain had gone totally blank the second those lips closed around him and began to suck. How did women even think normally knowing what this felt like? He never wanted Jacob to stop. He moaned, pushing the tit further into the man’s mouth and squashing him between Miles’ body and the floor.

“Yesssss.” he hissed. “More!”

His legs were burning with need.

“We should stop.” he breathed, pulling back so that Jacob could wiggle out of his shirt and pants.

“Yeah, we should.” Jacob agreed, not even slowing down as he firmly grabbed Miles by the arms and rolled atop him on the hallway floor.

“Oooooohhhh...”

It felt so wonderful having that big strong body pinning him down, if only that burning need between his legs could be satisfied everything would be perfect. Maybe....maybe he could get Jacob to go down on him; that wouldn’t be as humiliating as being fucked right? Before he could say anything Jacob’s lips were on him and they were making out again. It wasn’t the romantic type of making out though, it was fast and hard, almost painful in places as teeth scraped against lips and tongues. It was desperate and lustful; fuck, he felt like such a whore.

“Your lips...I...I’ve always wanted a blow job from a hot Latina.”

Oh.

Oh no. He shouldn’t. He couldn’t; but now the thought was in his head. That craving for something between his legs turned to a craving for cock in any capacity. He needed a dick in him, no, not just any dick, Jacob’s dick. His mouth watered and he felt disgust welling up inside him. He couldn’t seriously want to suck his best friend’s cock, right?

But then he felt the bulge of it dressing against his inner thigh and Jacob moved backwards and stripped off his jeans, leaving only his boxers. Miles' hands moved of their own volition, he couldn't have stopped them if he tried. They grabbed hold of the waistband and yanked those boxers down revealing Jacob's hard, thick cock.

There was precum beading on the tip and Miles felt his eyes go wide with wonder and shock at his own actions. He was already on his knees, when had that happened? His neck leaned forward and his new pretty, pink tongue lapped at the head and moaned.

"Ohhhhh...do that again, please."

Where had all Miles' bravado gone? He had been so sure resisting these compulsions would be easy but it was nearly impossible. He was such a cock hungry slut he couldn't control himself; his mouth opened and he leaned forward taking the length in his mouth with ease. He'd never sucked a man off before but the movements came naturally; maybe it was the magic, or maybe it was the fact that as a former man he knew exactly what to do to make another man groan. Or maybe it was because he'd been made into Jacob's perfect woman, so he knew exactly how to please him.

He bobbed his head back and forth, wet slurping sounds escaping his lips as well as the odd moan. The cock tasted so good and felt so right against his tongue. He pressed the flat of it against the shaft, swirling the tip around the head and over the slit while his hands came up to gently squeeze Jacob's balls.

"Oh fuck, oh God! Miles I can't stop myself...I have to."

His hips began to buck slightly then full of thrust. Fully fucking Miles' mouth. The head of his cock slammed against the back of Miles' throat, but he didn't gag. Instead he moaned in pleasure. It felt so good to please a man like this; embarrassing but also good.

He reached up with one hand and grabbed Jacob's bare ass to anchor himself as he sucked, leaving the other to fondle his balls. He could feel the skin there growing tight; Jacob was about to cum.

He had to pull away before that happened; at least then he would have a scrap of dignity. Swallowing down his best friends cum like some cheap whore....it would be too much. With a pop he pulled off the cock, but it was too late.

"Ahhhhhh!!"

Jacob came in a hot stream of white, right onto Miles' face. He felt the wetness seep into his hair, splatter across his cheek and down over his lips. He'd been wrong; this was more humiliating than swallowing; now the mess was all over him, for the world to see. It would be obvious he belonged to this man....that he was owned. Oh fuck why did this make him so wet? How could he enjoy having his face coated in cum?

In a panic he began to wipe it away, pulling back his sticky hands to look at the glistening white, visceral liquid. It looked...tasty.

"Oh fuck, I'm so sorry man you just...that was the best blow job of my-what are you doing?"

"I can't help it!" Miles whined, "It tastes so good."

He was licking his fingers clean. Jacob swallowed, his soft cock twitched against his leg.

“I am finding out way too much about what you like in the bedroom.” Miles complained breathlessly, clearly Miles liked girls who were cum guzzlers because he couldn't help himself.

It didn't help that his sex was on fire. He felt keenly aware of the brand new hole in his body and how empty it was. He needed something in there. Anything really. Preferably a cock but fingers or a tongue would do. His dignity was hanging by a thread...so maybe he could hold onto that final scrap by just asking Jacob to use his fingers.

“J-just please, I need something.” he whined, spreading open his legs so that the mini skirt bunched around his waist.

He wasn't wearing any panties; had it been that way since the beginning or had he removed them without even realising? It didn't matter, he didn't care. What mattered was the small puddle of pussy juice leaking out onto the floor; physical proof of just how desperate he was.

“I could...eat you out.” Jacob swallowed nervously, eyes glued to Miles' spread pussy.

Oh, yes. That sounded good. Really good in fact. Miles tried to get to his feet out of habit only for Jacob to gently push him back onto the floor. He laid on the hard wooden ground and breathed deeply, his chest practically heaving. He was so excited, and embarrassed and turned the fuck on.

Miles could feel hot breath against his inner thigh; Jacob was still breathing heavily, clearly savouring this experience. It was good, desperate as he was, it gave Miles the chance to try and centre himself. He was so horny right now he was sure it wouldn't take him long to cum. He bit down on his lip to keep any sounds from escaping; he refused to moan like a slut. He'd cum quietly and then finally be able to think straight and resist these urges.

He steeled his mind but it all went out the window the moment that tongue touched his lower lips.

“AAAAHHHH!!”

The sound was breathy and almost pornographic but he couldn't help it. Oh no. Hadn't Jacob once told him he loved girls who were loud in the bedroom, was that why he couldn't stop the constant stream of sounds escaping his lips?

“Oh yes! Yes!” He moaned, “More Jacob ooooooh fuck!”

His hips were bucking and the pleasure kept building; how had he not cum yet? He'd never felt so much ecstasy before, yet it kept building stronger and stronger until.

“Oh Gods!!”

He came hard and felt a stream of juices squirt out of his hole; he'd never realised squirting was a real thing women could do. He'd always thought it was a myth like the G-spot. Though judging by the throbbing pleasure bundled deep inside his hole, he may have been wrong about that as well.

Without warning his body shuddered and he came a second time, the sounds coming out of his mouth were filthy and he could feel Jacob's smile. He was enjoying this, making a woman see God from pure pleasure. Miles couldn't believe he'd done this. Not only that but somehow he wasn't satisfied yet.

Mercifully, Jacob pulled back and wiped his mouth, giving Miles that small reprieve. He should have backed away, given himself a break to try and reign himself in but they were long past that.

"I need more, oh fuck, I need you to fuck me. Please Jacob. I need your cock in me."

He clambered over Jacob's body, straddling his naked torso and humping against his hardening cock. It felt so good against his clit.

"Mmmhhhp-phh..."

"We shouldn't."

"I don't caaaaaare."

"Oh God I want you, I have to have you."

Jacob's hands found his waist and lifted Miles up enough that he could sink down on the cock. Yes, he had been wrong; the G spot was real and it was glorious. His body already knew what to do and he began to rise and fall, making sure to slam the tip of Jacob's cock against that sensitive spot every time.

Somebody was banging on the wall from the next apartment over, probably complaining about the noise but neither of them could stop. Miles was impressed and thankful for Jacob's stamina, being able to get it up so quickly. And of course, because he'd cum so recently he could ride him for a good, long time.

Miles lost track of the times he came, his brain was nothing but greed and pleasure. Finally, Jacob groaned, arching his back and forcing his cock as deep as it could physically go inside Miles' new hole. Warmth flooded his passage and Miles groaned; he hadn't even considered pulling out.

Finally exhausted, but not sated, Miles pulled himself off the softening dick and collapsed on the floor next to Jacob. The two of them laid there, breathing heavily, sweaty and covered in fluids.

So much for self control.

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Miles woke late the next morning feeling hungover despite the fact that he'd only had two beers. The rest of the night had been a blur, more orgasms, more touching until finally he'd

fallen asleep in Jacob's arms. He was happy to note that he wasn't painfully horny anymore, but who knew how long that would last.

He got to his feet and winced; he seriously needed a shower. Luckily, he'd been to Jacob's place a few times and knew where everything was. He jumped in the shower and cleaned himself off as quickly as possible. Doing his best to avoid looking at his new body and getting tempted to touch.

There was no way he was putting on that mini skirt and tube top again; even if he wanted to they were both filthy. Instead he grabbed Jacob's bathrobe and wandered out into the kitchen to try and think of a plan. His thoughts were almost instantly interrupted by the growling of his own stomach though. Okay, breakfast, then planning.

He'd only intended to make himself a slice of toast but before he knew it eggs were sizzling away next to bacon and tomatoes in a pan while he hummed merrily away to himself. He'd never enjoyed cooking before; maybe it was this new perspective but there was something oddly satisfying about watching a full meal come together.

"Something smells amazing." Jacob yawned as he wandered into the room in nothing but his boxers.

"Here, there is plenty. We can share." Miles smiled as he dished up two plates and severed them at the breakfast table.

Jacob closed his eyes in happiness as he took a bite and Miles felt pride flare in his chest. Cooking for his man; it felt right. It was only when he sat down that he realised the air was so tense.

"So...this is sort of awkward."

"Yeah." Jacob rubbed at the back of his neck. "I'm sorry I...you know."

"I wanted it..." Miles shrugged, feeling his cheeks colour. "And nobody has to know. I am sure this is temporary."

"So what should we do? You don't have your own place and I don't want you out on the street."

"I could stay here." Miles suggested, "I'll take over the house work in exchange for not paying rent? Since I obviously can't head to the office looking like this."

"Sounds like a plan." Jacob smiled, "And yesterday can just be a one off thing, we'll go back to being proper mates soon I am sure, especially when this magic wears off. It has to rub off some time right?"

"Of course. It can't possibly last forever."

Miles tucked into his breakfast, enjoying having somebody to talk to in the morning. Jacob was still his best friend, this could be worse all things considered. Now that he'd gotten all of that sex out of his system he should be fine. Jacob shifted in his chair and the light caught his chest; Miles felt his heart flutter and warmth bloom between his legs.



He'd be able to ignore it today though. He was sure.