

A Perfect Fit

For Kayllik

By TheSpiralledEye

The sky was filled with so many stars it almost looked afire. Silver streaked across the open darkness as the shower began and all around him couples laid together on blankets looking up in wonder. It was probably the single most romantic place on the planet right now. And Frankie was sitting on the cold grass next to another man feeling thoroughly sorry for himself. Both he and Jackson had struck out, normally it wouldn't have surprised him but Frankie'd had such a good feeling about tonight. What girl didn't want to be invited to watch a star shower? All the ones he'd talked to apparently. Next to him Jackson sighed.

"May as well make a wish."

Frankie gave a huff.

"You first."

"Easy, I wish I was hot." Jackson replied, "Then maybe somebody would want to date me."

Frankie winced; he wished he could give some words of encouragement but they'd fall on deaf ears. Jackson really was pretty ugly with his pudgy physic and patchy beard. Frankie kept telling him to shave it and he'd always say it was just a few weeks away from growing in. Frankie was no looker himself but even he was better than Jackson, most people were. He was a nice guy though a good friend at the very least, good enough that Frankie didn't want to give him false platitudes.

Jackson turned to face him on the grass with an expectant look. In response Frankie looked around the park, all around them were couples. Some of the luckiest men already had their women curled around them like a warm blanket. His heart ached with jealousy.

"I wish I could spend a night wrapped around a woman." He wished dramatically, closing his eyes and imagining it; curling around another warm body, feeling that soft skin against his own. It would be magical.

A moan nearby made the friends flinch, it seems one of the couples were getting frisky before the star shower had even properly begun. If he'd been alone, Frankie would have been tempted to listen in and silently join but there was no way that was happening with Jackson right there.

“Let’s get out of here.” He said, getting to his feet and wobbling slightly, his legs had fallen asleep.

Jackson nodded and got to his feet; Frankie felt his jaw drop. He’d always known Jackson was overweight but his ass seemed twice the size it should have been, so round and full it actually bounced, almost like a woman’s. Fuck, he really needed to get laid if he was getting turned on by Jackson’s ass of all things! They headed for the car, which was easier said than done due to the number of people out and about watching the shower, eventually Jackson decided they should take the hiking trail, it was a big difficult to see with the trees lining the dark path but at least they wouldn’t be tripping over loving couples every few steps.

Frankie absentmindedly itched at the skin on his arm, it felt odd and dry, almost scratchy. He looked down expecting to see the red rash of poison ivy, wouldn’t that be the cherry on top of the sad cake that was tonight? But instead, he found...lace? Frilly lace, embroidered with intricate little hearts was growing out of his skin. With a cry of shock, he grabbed at it and pulled, expecting the lace to come free but instead the rest of his body seemed to unravel in response. He felt his entire form changing, becoming light and airy as his vision faded and blurred. For a few seconds there was nothing, just darkness and then his senses returned. He was on the ground, in a crumpled pile; his human body complete gone and replaced with a form of silk and lace.

“Holy shit dude!”

He swivelled his vision to the direction of the voice, finding he had a full three-hundred-and-sixty-degree sight range depending on where he wanted to focus. Jackson was there, bending down to pick him up, jaw open in shock.

“What the hell happened to you?”

*‘What the hell is happening to **you**?’* Frankie thought, unable to speak since he no longer possessed a mouth.

Jackson was changing as well, but not into an object as he was. No, that swelling around his ass had just been the beginning, Frankie could only watch in shock as the hands holding him began to smooth and slim along with the rest of Jackson’s body. His body became thin, the extra weight moving to his ass and chest as round, full breasts began to form. His patchy beard disintegrated and the skin on his face smoothed into high cheek bones to match his now plump lips. Jackson’s hands flew to his face, mouth hanging open in shock as he tried to make sense of what was happening. Frankie watched with almost morbid fascination, unable to look away even if he wanted to. All of Jackson’s ugliness melted away; stocky build gave way to generous feminine curves and his greasy hair became silken and smooth, shining in the moonlight that peaked between the tree branches.

Both men were unsure of just how much time had passed but when both changes were complete Frankie sat as a frilly negligee on the ground and Jackson a bodacious blonde in clothing far too big for her.

“Wow this feels...weird. Weird but kinda...good?” Jackson said, his voice now breathy and high pitched.

His hands ran through his bouncing blonde locks and reached beneath his now baggy shirt, no doubt running his fingers along his new breasts. Despite the inherit strangeness of their situation, Frankie found himself oddly jealous; of course, Jackson got to be a hot woman while he was a pile of fabric. Jackson lifted the loose collar of his, or should he say her, shirt and sniffed, face wrinkling in disgust.

“Ewww.” She complained, “These clothes stink and they don’t fit me right anymore anyway.”

If he still had a jaw, it would drop. Frankie, unable to look away, was forced to watch as Jackson began to strip right before him. Round breasts bouncing as the material lifted them before settling back to hang against his chest. In the cool air his new pink nipples hardened to points and Frankie found himself getting turned on. It was natural, right? Yes, the woman in front of him was Jackson but it had been forever since Frankie had seen a naked lady up close, it was just his body’s natural reaction to get turned on! Even if his body was just fabric, right? He cursed the position of the moon, casting deep shadows across Jackson’s body as he turned hiding his new pussy in shadow before Frankie could get a good look. Though he was rewarded a moment later as Jackson stretched, curving his new spine and perfectly silhouetting his ass and breasts in the moonlight.

“Wow...Frankie you’re so pretty! I bet you’d fit me too.”

‘*Wait, what? What are you doing?*’ Frankie wanted to cry, but of course, nobody could hear him.

Jackson reached over, plucking one of his spaghetti string straps between his soft fingers and lifting Frankie up fully to admire him. Now that he was no longer crumpled on the ground Frankie was more aware of his proper shape; short, light fabric that was pale pink in colour with small lace frills lining the hem and thin shoulder straps. He was a little thicker in the front, a built-in bra, the perfect size for Jackson’s new tits. A cool breeze caused his skirt to flutter in the wind and Frankie realised he felt empty, so empty; his cups were almost aching, ready to receive and support.

“So pretty...” Jackson’s eyes were glazed.

'Snap out of it, man!'

Frankie wasn't sure he meant those words though, now that he was exposed to the air that empty feeling was growing. His new form had a desperate need to be worn and Jackson's new body was the perfect size for him, it's like they were made for each other. Jackson seemed to think the same, lifting Frankie over his head and pulling him down.

If Frankie were able to moan, he would have. His soft fabric flowing across Jackson's skin felt wonderful, especially as he was tugged over the roundness of his breasts. His bra, as expected, was a perfect fit, cupping and supporting the round tits perfectly. Frankie could feel those nipples pressing against his inner lining, teasing him from the inside. He felt so full and what's more, not only could he feel the skin there he could *taste* it. A unique combination of sweet, salty and *woman* that was truly intoxicating. This was even better than tasting it on his tongue; in this form he had access to so much more skin, he could feel, taste and smell each curve and smooth expanse. If he could cum Frankie was sure he'd be doing so right now; the sensations were overwhelming and delicious.

Then Jackson began to move and the sensations kicked into overdrive. His folds, despite their shortness, caught between his legs from time to time, being rubbed gently by Jackson's now thick, smooth thighs. Each step caused the inner lining of his bra to be teased as the nipples rubbed against him, hard as diamond. Not to mention the pleasant stretch of the fabric there as the tits held within bounced.

"Wow, you feel soooo nice." Jackson cooed, spinning around and striking a pose.

The breeze tickled Frankie's folds, brushing him lightly against Jackson's new pussy and opening his senses to an entirely new range of sensations. Jackson's pussy was slightly damp with juices, causing him to stick to the wet hair. The taste was something entirely new, it was so much stronger than the skin, heady and womanly to the extreme. He mourned the loss when his folds floated back down, doing his best to savour the few drops that had seeped into his form. It was such a tease, to have that taste there but in so little quantity.

"Oh," Jackson breathed, "That felt...good."

A hand appeared, pressing his skirt back into position against Jackson's pussy and slowly stroking along the fabric. Each stroke sent a wave of ecstasy through him, as did the wetness that was steadily increasing between Jackson's folds. His old friend moaned, pressing him further inside till Frankie could feel himself pushed against a tiny bundle of nerves; Jackson's clit. The finger began to stroke harder, causing the little bundle to harden ever so slightly and a gush of juices to flow from the hold mere inches away.

“So soft.” Jackson groaned, “Oh fuck, you feel s-so good.”

Frankie was being tortured by pleasure; it just kept building but there was no release in sight. He couldn't move, only enduring the subtle touch of Jackson's fingers pulling against his folds with increasing ferocity. Not only that, but he could still taste and feel all the skin the rest of his dress form was touching, those nipples still pressing into his inner lining above. He was pushed up even further, now part of his skirt was fully inside Jackson's pussy, the finger that had been stroking his clit moved further down, pressing a tiny swath of fabric inside his wet hole. It was heaven, that tiny piece of him was squeezed on all sides by the warm inner walls of the pussy, his soft fabric absorbing juices till no more could fit and they dribbled out onto Jackson's fingers. His lacey hem teased the inner walls causing them to quiver around him. Jackson had stopped talking now, words devolving into moans and gasps as his pussy began to tighten around Frankie. It was bliss, pure ecstasy filled his ever atom as Jackson came, a steady stream of pussy juice squirting out and into his delicate lace lining.

He wanted to cum so badly as well, he was desperate for it but still, he could do nothing. Not even twitch. Jackson's hand moved away but Frankie stayed nestled between his legs, held there by the tight grip of his pussy and the sticky juices. He couldn't bring himself to be embarrassed or regret what had happened, Jackson began to walk, saying something about finding a man to help them explore their new forms more. He had gotten his wish, he was wrapped around a woman and he couldn't wait to experience what came next.