

BOYS

KISS

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Boys Kiss Boys

Thump... thump... thump.. Thump...

Lights flashed as the bass shook the building. The sweet smell of cannabis hung in the air, mixed with all manner of vapes, while Olly and



Andy surveyed the scene. "A lot of fine ass here tonight," Olly shouted over the loud music, checking out the women on the dance floor, at the bar.

"I told you this place was the bomb."

"Targets at six o'clock," Andy said, nodding toward the bar where two attractive young women were sitting, leaning close together, trying to be heard over the loud music.

"More like 3," Olly said.

"Shut up."

The two strutted over toward the girls, and Andy, smirking, fished a 20-dollar bill out of his wallet. He walked right up to the girls and waved the 20-dollar bill in front of their faces, yelling, "I'll give you girls 20 dollars if you kiss each other right now."

He'd seen a guy do it on a TV show and had thought it was the coolest thing ever. On the show, the girls smiled and kissed. In real life, it played out differently.

"Asshole!" One of the women screamed, the blonde.

"Fuck off!" Her friend, the brunette, added.

"Whoa," Andy said as he realized people were watching. He couldn't let these bitches make him look bad. It would be death to his chances of getting laid tonight. "Don't let your panties get in a wad. Jesus. I'm just having fun. Bitches be crazy."

"Bitches?"

"Hey, let's just go," Olly said. Olly was the nice guy of the two and, in fact, though he didn't realize it, Andy's wingman, chosen because he was less good looking. Andy liked to have someone to stand next to who made him look all the better.

“Apologize right now!” The brunette said as she and her friend stood. People were gathering now, watching.

“Hell, no,” Andy said. Seeing the rage burning in the girl’s eyes made him a little hard, and he was starting to think if he stood up to them, they might join him for a threesome. Such is the male ego.

The girls exchanged a glance, and then smiling, the blonde turned back to Andy. “Why don’t you two boys kiss?” The girls then raised their hands, bright lights dancing between their fingertips and then lancing out to strike Andy and Olly.

“Hey, everyone,” the brunette shouted. “These guys are about to makeout!”

Half the crowd shrugged and turned away. There were plenty of gay guys at the club making out all the time. It was no big deal. A number, though, knew Andy and Olly from campus, knew they were members of the notoriously retrograde Kappa Sigma Tau fraternity, infamous for being misogynistic and homophobic. They pulled out their phones.

“There’s no way... I’m... no...” Andy said, but then he and Olly looked into each other’s eyes. His eyes are so pretty... Andy thought, and then glancing at Olly’s lips he felt hot and thirsty... he had never noticed Olly’s plump, kissable lips before, and Andy wanted, needed to taste them...

Olly, too, had found himself enraptured with Andy, the two moving together, pulled together by invisible lust and animal magnetism...

Andy slipped his arms around Olly’s waist and Olly, throwing his arms over Andy’s shoulders, tilted his head back... “I don’t want to do this...” Andy said.

“Shut up and kiss me,” Olly whispered.

Andy dove in and kissed Olly, the kiss sending a shock through them both. Andy slipped his tongue into Olly's mouth, and Olly kicked his leg up as he pressed his body against Andy's.



The crowd cheered.
Phones flashed.

When the kiss ended, Olly fell against Andy and lingered in his arms while he, dazed and confused, held him, looking around, shocked and appalled at what he'd done. What the hell is wrong with me? He wondered, even as he was ashamed and humiliated that so many people had seen him kiss another guy.

"You're such a cute couple!" Blonde said, laughing.

"Take your boyfriend out on the floor and dance with him!"

"He's not..." Andy said, then grabbed his throat as he heard himself speak in a high-pitched voice, like some kind of airhead. "He isn't my boyfriend!"

“I said dance. Oh, and don’t get your panties in a wad!”

Andy had no choice but to lead Olly out onto the dance floor, the two of them dancing wildly to the music, grinding up against each other, and kissing, kissing, kissing the night away.

Chapter Two

Andy woke with a start, rolling onto his back. There was something across his face, like cobwebs, and he pulled it away, looking, staring as he realized he was looking at long hair. “What the fuck?” He said, eyes going wide as once more he heard himself speaking in a soft, feminine voice.

Memories of the night before came back to him– the kiss, the dancing... how he’d even grabbed Olly’s dick at one point and squeezed, and the memory sent a thrill through him that terrified him. Sitting up, he felt something digging between his ass cheeks, and throwing the covers aside, he yelped in shame as he saw he was wearing a lace thong. Andy felt sick as he struggled with all the memories, the changes, the fact he woke up with the taste of Olly in his mouth. What the fuck had happened? He was a bro, a dude, he didn’t do– this.

He heard a young woman call to him from the living room, or what sounded like a young woman. “Andy? Get up!” He knew that was now Olly’s voice. In a hurry, he grabbed a short, silk, woman’s robe, slipped it on and went out to the living room looking for Olly.

“Those bitches fucked us up,” Olly said, his own voice high and soft. He’d come from the bathroom, wearing a towel wrapped around his body like a woman, and he had long, flowing blonde hair. “Your skin is amazing,” Olly said, noticing that not only did Andy now have bright, glowing skin, but

his complexion had grown lighter and more even. Wait. Olly felt embarrassed. “I don’t know why I just said that.”



Andy shook his head. He'd noticed the same thing when he'd looked at himself in the mirror, the sight of his radiant skin filling him with some strange new sense of pride he didn't really understand. Andy noticed Olly also had gotten smaller and now had a curvy body, like a girl, though his chest was still flat. Looking at Olly, he saw his hands, his wrists, his arms, they were now dainty, delicate.

"Jesus. This isn't possible," Andy said, brushing his hair out of his face.

"We need to find those girls and get them to change us back."

"No, shit, but how?"

"Maybe they'll be at the club tonight?"

"Maybe. Fuck. What are we supposed to do until then?"

The boys thought about it. Looked at each other. Olly shrugged. "The same thing we always do: Get high."

"Cool," Andy said, getting up, "but first I need to shave my legs."

While Andy went to shave his legs Olly, who'd already shaved himself smooth, went to his dresser. All their clothes were gone. There were only girl things there now. Instead of his usual boxer shorts, there were tiny little pairs of panties. The sight of panties, as usual, gave him a little bit of a boner, but the fact these were his chased it away. It was such a— bitch— thing to do, but he found he had no choice. For some reason, he felt compelled to slip into a pair of panties now, and he pulled them on, blushing with shame even as he squirmed. They had no room for his junk and pinched his balls. Well, he sighed, at least it wasn't a thong. Next, he pulled on a pair of Daisy Dukes and a t-shirt, guyish clothes even if the cuts and weren't exactly manly.

As he brushed out his long hair, he crinkled his nose. The room smelled like a boy's locker room— all sweat and semen. He spotted a vial of

perfume on the dresser and sprayed it around the room, eager to cover up the disgusting smell. Then, unable to control himself, he made the bed and picked up all the clothes he'd thrown on the floor.

Once Andy had shaved his legs, he ran his fingers along the soft, smooth skin of his calf and thigh. He felt better, cleaner, and later, having ruefully pulled on a pair of panties and girl's clothes, he joined Olly in the living room. Olly was tidying up, and Andy eagerly joined him as the boys cleaned up the old beer cans and pizza boxes, picked up more clothes that had been tossed over chair backs and on the floor. Once the clutter had been somewhat tamed, they turned their attention to more cleaning projects. Olly grabbed a broom. Andy got a bottle of cleaner and a sponge, trying to scrub clean the sticky messes all over the apartment. Once they got back to work, Andy glanced over at Olly, sweeping the floor in those hot ass Daisy Dukes. Damn, he had some fine legs. Andy couldn't help but let his eyes rise up and down those long, shapely legs, take in the sway at the small of Olly's back, his plump, tone ass. He felt himself getting a little bit of a boner as he thought, Damn, he is one fine—

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Olly asked, having felt Andy's eyes crawling over his body.

“What? Dude. Nothing, bro,” Andy said, getting back to cleaning, turning away so Olly wouldn't see him blush.

He found himself feeling disturbed and confused. Olly had legs like a girl, a hot girl, a nice ass, and with that long, blonde hair, even though his face hadn't changed, he looked like a woman. Plus, the sight of him cleaning just—it drove Andy wild to think of Olly turning into a woman, becoming his live-in girlfriend...



The decor was standard college male, with posters of bikini clad women and neon beer signs. Olly, glancing at one of the posters, a swimsuit cover model, thought, I have better skin, even as he cringed at his poor taste in decor. He would have to redecorate and soon, but right now there were more pressing issues. He needed weed to deal with the feelings he was having for Olly, plus his hangover.

“It’s good enough,” he said, putting a hand on the small of Andy’s back and taking a feather duster from his hand.

“Um, just a little more—” Andy said, eagerly reaching for the duster.

“Nah. Time for us to be us. When did we even get a feather duster, anyway?”

“Probably the same time we each got a drawer full of panties,” Andy said.

Olly got the bong ready.

Andy put the old movie *Wild Things* on the TV. “I’d love to fuck Neve Campbell,” Andy said as he plopped down on the ratty old, cloth couch.

“Light it up,” Olly said, still cringing at the sound of his voice.

They smoked it up, each one feeling a pleasant buzz. As they watched the movie, the boys kept glancing at each other, enjoying the sight of the other’s shapely legs, his feminine arms, glossy hair. Though they were each deep in denial over it, tension was growing between them, each one fighting off thoughts of kissing the other boy.

The topless pool scene came on. “Man, they both have great tits...” Andy whispered.

“Fucking epic tits...” Olly said as the two girls began to kiss. Each of the guys was getting a little hard as he enjoyed the sight of the firm, young breasts and imagined what he wanted to do to them.

As he was watching, Olly’s chest started to ache, and he cupped a palm over one nipple and started to squeeze, an intense new pleasure bolting through him. Each boy felt his chest begin to tingle, then burn and then—swell.... They looked down and watched in horror as their t-shirts tented—little Hershey’s kisses at first— and then pushed out, rounding and swelling. “No!” Andy screamed, laying his hands on his blossoming breasts, pushing,

trying to stop them from growing, but they kept rising and rising, lifting his hands even as he felt his plump, meaty nipples growing hard...



The boys looked at each other, their eyes immediately drawn to the other boy's impressive rack. Andy felt it again... the heat, the thirst, and he lunged for Olly, shoving his hands under Olly's shirt, grabbing the other boy's tits as Olly did the same and they kissed and kissed, reveling in the feeling of being felt up, strong hands toying with their nipples. The

pleasures that jackknifed through each boy were now female, as each felt incredible new pleasures coming from his soft, sensitive breasts and hard, throbbing nipples. No male mind is equipped to deal with such pleasures, and each of the boys found himself consumed with new needs and desires centered on breasts he shouldn't have.



“Dude, I’m not gay,” Andy whispered between kisses, ashamed of what he was doing, worried Olly would think he was gay. Both boys were

homophobic and lived in terror someone might ever think they were gay, constantly over-acting the part of the butch male out of fear of what others might think of them.

“No, No,” Olly panted. “Of course not.”

They kissed some more, fondled each other. “I’m not gay either,” Olly said, breaking off a kiss. “Just so you know.”

“No. I know.” Andy said, frustrated.

“It’s just the spell that—”

“Dude,” Andy interrupted. “We’re not gay. I know. Now, please, suck on my tits. I need it so bad.”

They made out until they were exhausted and then curled up on opposite corners of the couch, panting softly, plucking at their hair, confused and euphoric, the weight of their newly grown breasts rising and falling with each breath, juggling slightly with each move...

“Andy? Your face?”

“What?” Andy said.

“It’s changed. You look like a.... girl.”

“What?” Andy jumped up and ran to the mirror, his breasts bouncing, hair flopping and falling across his eyes. When he got to the mirror, he pulled the curtain of his long blonde hair away from his face and stared in horror at his big eyes, pert nose and plump lips, his rounded little chin. He did look like a girl. A hot girl. He turned and looked at Olly. “Bro,” he said, and seeing Olly’s bright, pretty female face, he felt that same heat and longing...

“What?”

“Kiss me more.”

Olly leapt to his feet and ran across the room. Andy caught him and spun, slamming Olly against the wall, kissing him like he'd never been kissing before, their soft breasts pressing together as their smooth thighs intertwined.

They went on like that for hours, making out like sex-crazed rabbits, and all day long their bodies kept changing as they developed wide, round hips, big, bouncy asses. By the time the sun was setting outside their apartment window, they looked like two gorgeous coeds as they sat curled up on the couch, filing their nails. Tired of bouncing and bobbling, they'd each struggled into a bra.

"So, we like, so totally apologize," Andy said. They now not only had female voices but had both started to talk like perky young women.

"Yeah. It'll be— we so learned our lesson and stuff."

"They have to change us back, right?" Andy said.

"I mean, seriously, omigod."

"Well, I better start getting ready," Andy said with a sigh.

"The club doesn't even open until ten," Olly said.

"I've got to do my hair and makeup," Andy said.

"That's totally so—"

"It doesn't make me gay. It's just— I can't go out without putting on my face cause— spell."

"I wasn't going to say gay, *DeSantis*," Olly said, getting up as well. "I was going to say smart. I totally forgot I need to do my makeup, too."

"You're such a blonde," Andy said, shaking his head.

"I know, right?" Olly said, giggling and rolling his eyes.

Chapter 3



Andi and Olivia strutted into the club, high heels clicking. “A lot of studs here tonight,” Andi said, checking out all the big, muscular men scattered around the room. He loved a man with muscles. As he and Olivia checked out the guys, they forgot all about their plan to get the mysterious girls to change them back. All either of them could

think about was how badly he wanted a man.

They made their way to the bar, sat and ordered drinks, making sure to sit at an angle so the guys could get a good look at their bodies. It didn't



take long before the wolves began to circle.

A tattooed, sexy sketchy guy and his friend were the first to have the courage. "I'll give you girls 20 dollars if you kiss right now," sketchy guy said.

Andi looked at Olivia, and he looked back. "Oh, you don't have to pay us," Andi said. "We love making out, especially when guys are watching."

Andi and Olivia leaned forward,

and their lipsticked mouths met in a hot, wet, passionate kiss. Life had never been so good.

Deep inside the two women, though, the old Andy and Olly cringed in horror at what they'd become, how they looked and acted now, how much they craved men. The kiss ended, Andy found himself taking Sketchy Guy's hand and following him onto the dance floor, then grinding against him as his whole body grew hot and hungry with desire. "No..." Andy whispered, mentally crawling into a ball in his head. 'No... I'm not gay. I'm not gay... I'm not...' Just then, Sketchy Guy kissed him.

Andy moaned as he felt the man's tongue slip between his lips and thrust into his mouth. "I'm not... the thought trailed off, replaced by a new chant, "I love men... omigod, I love men."

Across the bar, the two witches from the night before watched, smirking. "Do you think you learned their lesson?" Blonde said, sipping her drink.

"Who cares?" Brunette answered.

They both laughed and turned away, forgetting all about the annoying little men who'd bothered them. The night was still young, and there were other men who needed transforming.

Bonus Pics



The Faces of Andy and Olly



