

## Getting Used to It

For anagram

By TheSpiralledEye

“Oh. My. God. Did you use all the hot water, *again?*”

“It’s called a steam detox, Miles, look it up. Maybe then your pores wouldn’t be so freaking huge.”

Miles rolled his eyes, crossing his toned arms across his chest and taking a bold step forward. Even though he towered over Stacey’s lithe form, she did not back down. She never did. When he’d first moved into this share house Miles thought he’d hit the jackpot, two hot chicks looking for a roommate who didn’t care that he was a man. Not only that one of them, Stacey Jones, was well known in the LA scene for her Instagram modelling. With his own star on the rise with the bodybuilder and gymbro insta scene, he figured it was a match made in heaven. But it turned out Stacey didn’t just look like a barbie, she was one, with the bratty attitude to match.

“What’s the point?” He threw up his hands, “You’re just going to cake your skin in make up anyway. Does anybody even know what you look like under all that?”

“Oh, like you can talk.” She tossing her hair over her shoulder, “You spend so much time covered in oil it’s a miracle you’re not one giant pimple.”

“You’re just jealous.” Mile grinned, “You wish you could have these muscles wrapped around you.”

Stacey opened her mouth to bite back only for the voice of their third roommate to cut through.

“Can you two please take your daily bitch session outside?” Jackie yelled, “I’m trying to concentrate!”

“If this bitch didn’t use all the hot water-“

Jackie’s head appeared in the doorway, dyed purple hair a tangled mess, she’d been up all night fiddling with her crystals and other wacky junk, no doubt.

“Don’t care. Why don’t you both go out and take your silly pictures.”

“I would but I need a shower first and somebody used all the water!”

“Just have a cold shower.” Stacey argued, “I actually have to put in some effort for my fans. They want more than just a few big muscles.”

“Oh please, I work way harder than you, do you think a look like this happens overnight like your little nail art posts?”

“Guys-“

“Oh wow! You lifted some heavy things! So impressive! You couldn’t do nail art or apply a cat’s eye if you tried.”

“Uh guys-“

“Are you seriously comparing putting make up on to the amount of effort I have to go to during my work out?”

“GUYS!!”

Miles turned, in sync with Stacey ready to tell Jackie to mind her own business when he was knocked back a blinding purple light. The force of which made him stumble back a few steps and finally blanketed the trio in silence.

“You want to see who has it harder? Fine.” Jackie hissed, “Maybe now I’ll get some peace.”

Before Miles could ask what she meant the woman was gone, slamming the door to her room leaving both he and Stacey gawking.

“What the hell was-“ Miles words turned to a choked sound as his hand flew to his throat. That...wasn’t his voice.

He looked over to where Stacey had been standing only to see that his perspective hadn't change due to his stumble, it had changed because he was a few feet to the left down and three inches shorter. Instead of seeing his blonde, bimbo roommate he was staring at...himself.

"O. M. G." His old voice gasped; palms flat across his chiselled jaw in a way that looked purely comical.

"D-Did you just say O M G instead of 'oh my God'?" He balked, "What are you, a teenager?"

"Is that seriously what you're focusing on right now?" Stacey moved her hands to her hips, his hips, dear Lord this was confusing!

Blood boiling, Miles stormed over to Jackie's door and pounded on it as hard as his tiny fist would allow.

"Jackie! You get out here and fix this!"

Silence.

Fuck.

Miles looked down at his new body with a grimace; big boobs, a round ass and wide hips, not a single pound of muscle to be seen. All his hard work at the gym, gone, now adorning some airheaded bimbo who didn't appreciate them in the slightest. Another horrible thought occurred; she probably wouldn't put in the work to maintain them either!

"You have to go to the gym for me." He told her, deathly serious and to his disgust his old face pulled into a pout.

"Ew, I don't want to go to your horrible, sweaty gym."

"First of all, don't make that face. Second of all, I just finished my protein shake, you need to complete my set at the gym or all that muscle mass is going to disappear. Especially if Jackie doesn't turn us back soon!"

Stacey mused for a moment before sighing with a nod of the head.

“Okay, but you have to do my bikini photoshoot. I am doing a brand deal with Action Swimwear, I’m supposed to go model their newest creation down at the Oceanside Seaport in an hour.”

The idea of standing around, giggling and posing sounded like Hell, but he needed Stacey to do his gym workout and if that was the price, he had to pay...so be it. It wasn’t like anybody would know it was him, finally he’d be able to prove to Stacey just how easy she had it. A wicked grin formed as he pictured her coming home, sweating and tired, falling to her knees to apologise for her ignorance. Perhaps this little grey cloud would have a silver lining after all.

~

Stacey had to admit, she liked being taller. Normally she’d need five inch heels to reach this height and then she had to take dainty steps so it took an age to get anywhere. There was a certain powerful freedom that came from being in Miles’ body, strutting into the gym like she owned the place, making sure to add his signature arrogant swagger. Miles would argue he had no such thing but she knew better; he was so high and mighty about how much effort she put into her appearance but he was just as bad really.

It was only when she reached the rows of exercise machines that she faltered. Her old body was already fit and tight where it counted, she’d never gone to a gym before. How did you even use some of these things? They looked more like torture devices to her! She decided on the treadmill, that at least was self-explanatory. Miles had explained that it was something called ‘leg day’ today, so she had to focus on that. Treadmills were all about exercising legs, right?

She hopped up onto the small runway and hit the start button, starting at a light job but almost immediately increasing pace. Her strong thighs barely even burned when she increased again, her breathing steady and a smile forming across her face. Her old body would have fallen off the end by now but this one, all toned muscle, was having a blast. She loved it, as she pushed on the burn in her calves increased. She grinned at the way men and women alike watched her with appraising eyes. And who could blame them? She found her own reflection in the nearby mirrored wall and found herself transfixed. Her abs glistened and under a sheen of sweat making her skin look almost as if it were sparkling. She looked so bloody hot, who on earth wouldn’t want to watch this perfect specimen working out?

Stacey grabbed a towel and patted her face down before throwing it around her neck and moving to the leg press; giving the lady by the water cooler a wink as she walked and enjoying the way she blushed. Another gym junkie, a few weight classes below her clapped her on the back and looked to her with total admiration. She could get used to this sort of attention. In this body she caught the eye of all who passed but, unlike normal, half of them were not jealous sneers from

women who thought she'd steal their boyfriends. No, in this body she was an object of desire for women and men alike and those who didn't look at her with utter lust were filled with admiration.

She began pumping her legs slowly, enjoying the burn as the muscles strained to press the weights she'd set up. It felt glorious, all her muscles tightening and stretching and no breasts to get in the way of her view. A couple of dudes cheered as she finished the set, apparently, she'd set the weights higher than normal but she wasn't going to let them know that. Instead, she basked in the attention, snapping a quick selfie to post to Miles Instagram, complete with cocky smile and flexing muscles.

*'Fit AF, you wish you were me!'*

Almost immediately the likes and comments came pouring in, some thirsty, some jealous. Oh yes, she could *definitely* get used to this.

~

When he'd first arrived at the boardwalk Stacey had mentioned, Miles had been nervous. He didn't know how to act or talk like a woman really. If he ruined this shoot for her there was no telling what sort of scandal she'd cause him, he had no choice but to commit. Though, to his surprise he found it quite easy to slip into a feminine gait, his round ass made his hips sway automatically and the light, airy clothes gave a feeling of freedom he'd never experienced before. Feeling the warm, summer breeze blowing between his legs and lifting his hair was wonderful.

"Stacey! There you are, darling!" A woman who looked like half the words botox had been injected into her lips greeted him. The kisses she laid on his cheeks felt strangely like rubber.

"Sorry I'm late." He demurred, placing a perfectly painted nail against his own lip in what he hoped was a cutesy, forgivable look. It seemed to work as the woman waved him off.

"No problem, we're ever so grateful for your endorsement." She cooed, handing over a small box, "Here, use one of those bathing booths over there to change and we'll get started!"

He blanched for a moment before regaining his composure and hastily walking to the small tents set up along the sand line for changing. He hadn't thought about this part, of course he'd have to change into the swimsuit for the photoshoot but that would mean seeing himself, Stacey, naked. He wasn't going to lie; Stacey had featured once or twice during his lonelier showers back before he knew her well enough but still. It felt a little skeezy. Oh well, she must have known this would

happen and it wasn't like he was going to do anything naughty; he'd just get changed as fast as possible and try not to look too closely.

Double checking to make sure the tent ties were secure Miles took a deep breath and opened the box, revealing a skimpy black bikini held together by golden hoops of metal. Even he had to admit it was pretty extraordinary, simple, yet elegant. Designed to be eye catching but in such a way that the eye would then immediately move to the body wearing it. He swallowed and undid the halter neck tie around his neck, letting the dress fall to the floor, resolutely looking at the ceiling for a second before hormones and temptation got the best of him.

Where he was used to seeing tough muscles and sharp edges, he found only softness and curves. He couldn't resist running his fingers along the hourglass line that reached from his chest to his hipbone. Even in plain white panties and a simple bra, Stacey's body was glorious and for the first time since the switch Miles felt a strange sense of confidence fill him. Okay, it wasn't the sort of muscle bro, gym junkie confidence he was used to but still, he felt a new kind of power; the kind that bought even the most confident men to their knees. Biting down on his now full lip, he lowered his panties, letting them fall to the floor and his bra along with it seconds later. It was tempting, so very tempting, to explore further, but he knew better. Fighting back the desire beginning to swirl in his gut Mile reached for the bikini and instead focused on the soft fabric as it brushed against his inner thighs as he pulled it up his legs. It perfectly moulded to his new body, covering the small mound of curly hair with ease.

The bikini top was a little more difficult, it took him an embarrassingly long time to figure out how to tie the damn thing behind his neck with no mirror. Especially when the feeling of the cups encasing his breasts caused his nipples to harden. The silky fabric teasing them slightly with each subtle movement as he tried to finish up. Finally, he got the top done up and couldn't resist opening his phone, Stacey's really, so that he could use the camera to get a better look. He raised it high, angling the lens down so he could see every curve of his body and how the bikini hugged it. It was gorgeous, he was gorgeous. He snapped a picture, ready to post later after he was done with the shoot.

When he emerged, the woman clapped with excitement, hurriedly shuffling her down onto the sand where a man with an expensive looking camera was waiting.

"You look positively perfect." The woman praised, "Now, strike a pose!"

"What sort?" He asked awkwardly.

"Oh any, just make it sexy, not hard with a bod like that." The woman gave him a wink.

Miles thought for a second, she wasn't wrong. Closing his eyes, he let instinct take hold, pushing out his ass and crossing one arm under his breasts to lift them, increasing his cleavage further before opening his eyes once more and giving the camera a sultry pout. The rep, and the crowd that had gathered, went wild. Unable to keep back a smile he posed again, then again, letting his body move in whatever way felt most natural, basking in the sun and the flash of the camera.

He could get used to this.

~

Jackie leaned back on her desk, stretching out with a satisfied sigh. An entire day of peace and quiet, it was a miracle, she should have used that spell weeks ago. While she did feel a little cruel springing it on them, but they'd left her no choice. The sound of the front door closing forced her to her feet, as did the sound of muffled, excited voices. Ah well, better go switch them back, it was only fair.

However, when she made her way to the lounge she was surprised to find not an argument but her two roommates excitedly swapping stories like a pair of best friends. They didn't even notice her until she cleared her throat.

"So, how was your day?" Jackie asked, expecting the outcry any second.

"Brilliant!" They both replied in tandem, Jackie felt her jaw drop.

"Y-You didn't have an awful time in each other's shoes?"

"Hell no, being tough and strong is great!" Stacey said, pumping her fist, "Work outs are so much more fun than posing on a stupid beach."

"No way, all those photos? All that attention? It was fire!"

Jackie couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"So...you don't want me to turn you guys back?"

They both looked at her with utter horror.

"No way!"

She could only blink in shock as they turned their attention back to one another. Miles was already explaining how arm day worked in exchange for Stacey teaching him how to do cat eye makeup. Everything about the situation was so surreal, even to her and she was a witch!

Oh well.

She could get used to it.