

MILF BODY POSSESSION

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MILF'S
*Life***

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A MILF's Life

MtF Body Possession

by M. Wills

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A MILF's Life

Charlie knew that the guy next door hadn't deliberately set out to torment him by marrying Rebecca. But that's what it felt like.

From the day Rebecca had entered Charlie's tenth grade English class and introduced herself as the new teacher, Charlie had been smitten.

"Hi everyone, welcome back to school."

Her voice had been angelic, her dark eyes twinkling, her movements graceful. She'd swept a lock of coffee-brown hair back across her forehead as she surveyed the class, an impish smile on her face. The rest of her hair tumbled down one shoulder in silky waves. She'd worn a simple conservative white blouse that draped over an impressive chest. There was not a hint of cleavage for the young men in the class but Charlie had imagined enough by the way her clothes clung gently to her body.

"My name is Rebecca Easterwood," she'd turned and grabbed some chalk to write her name on the board.

Charlie's gaze had travelled down her long black skirt, admiring the curves of the ample bottom beneath and the brief glimpse of perfect calves. He had a feeling he wasn't the only one who wanted to squeeze that plump butt. She must have been somewhere in her late thirties and with a well-maintained mom-ish figure Charlie adored. His eyes had snapped back up to meet hers as she turned around. He was almost certain she'd caught him looking and she'd smiled directly at him. It had been a smile that could have been interpreted as anything: mischievous, sexy, knowing. But was, in all likelihood, just intended to be warm and friendly.

“I’ll be your teacher this year. Did you all have a good summer break?”

Charlie murmured his assent along with the rest of the class. From that moment on he’d never skipped English class. He’d volunteered to help her after school whenever there was a task to be done. His classmates no doubt thought he was a brown-noser, but Charlie just wanted to be with her. Though, when he was honest with himself, he knew he wanted more. He wanted to be her.

After that first meeting she’d invaded his fantasies. Most nights, he’d retired to his room and imagined wearing Rebecca’s body. He’d fantasized about walking around as her, dressing as her, talking as her, touching himself as her. The fantasies had only gotten stronger with each passing day.

So Charlie was annoyed and upset and extremely jealous when he happened to catch her being escorted up the neighbor’s driveway by the dapper grey-haired executive who lived there. Charlie only got the full story much later from the poor kid who lived there, some freshman Charlie had never met but took an active interest in after seeing Rebecca go into his house. Apparently, the older guy was the kid’s dad, Matthew, and he’d asked out Rebecca after the first parent-teacher conference of the year. They’d hit it off immediately but had agreed to hold off until the kid was no longer in her class.

Charlie didn’t know which year was the greater torment: the year where he could stare at Rebecca every day in class and let his fantasies run wild, or the year after when she made friends with Charlie’s mom and would often visit his house, dressed so beautifully.

Matthew was some rich lawyer. Divorced and with too much money, as far as

Charlie was concerned. He had a fancy party every year where he invited everyone in the neighborhood to come to his house. It was exactly as garish as Charlie expected. Basically, Charlie was insanely jealous.

During Charlie's eleventh grade year, Matthew would take Rebecca on expensive dates and spur-of-the-moment trips to exotic locations. It was these times that Charlie suspected Rebecca didn't really like teaching and had latched onto the neighbor for the money and the chance to escape her low-income lifestyle. During summer vacation, Rebecca lounged around the pool. A lot. She invited Charlie's mom and the whole family over several times. Of course Charlie had to go.

Watching Rebecca slink about the neighbor's pool in her swimsuit had been a whole new kind of torment. Her bouncing breasts were tucked into the black swimsuit, which was cut low, revealing acres of perfect cleavage that Charlie ached to own. The swimsuit clung and shaped her hourglass figure. Charlie couldn't help staring at her bouncing butt as she walked, wondering what it would be like to be inside her, to have that body, to be able to touch it anytime he wanted, to feel the covetous eyes of other men on him and know they all desired him.

Matthew and Rebecca got married during Charlie's senior year, a few months after Charlie had turned eighteen. They'd jetted off to Paris for a honeymoon and Charlie was free from his torment. It had been a brief respite before Rebecca returned to feature in his everyday life. Though this time it was at the house next door, for she'd quit her teaching job. She didn't need the money. As far as Charlie could tell her new job seemed to be keeping herself pretty for the neighbor while she leeches off his money. And, god, didn't she have any other friends? Why was she always over at his house, laughing with his mom?

Charlie hadn't pegged Rebecca for a gold digger at first sight. Perhaps it was something one just fell in to. She'd spent the last few months redecorating the

house, setting about to make it more familiar to her.

Today, like most days, Charlie knew that Rebecca would be in the lounge room or out on the back deck with his mom by the time he arrived from school. He wasn't ready to face her presence so he took the long way back from school. It took him by a quaint row of small shops tucked up next to each other. There was the bakery, a store that sold expensive cookware and knickknacks, a convenience store, and a liquor store. As Charlie trudged along, dolefully kicking a rock, he noticed another store.

It looked like it had been shoved between the kitchen store and the convenience store. The awning hung at a peculiar angle over an antique glass window. A neat etching on the window read simply "Curios". At first Charlie was certain he'd never seen the store before, but the longer he looked at it the more familiar it seemed until his doubts had totally disappeared. Of course it had always been here.

The display in the window was of an antique armoire set up next to an ornate wooden coffee table. A few old books were piled neatly on the table and all of the titles on the spines were in languages Charlie couldn't read. He had the strangest suspicion that they weren't actual languages.

The store piqued his interest so he pulled open the front door, setting off a little bell over the doorway that rang with a gentle tingle. The inside of the shop was crammed from floor to ceiling with all manner of objects from ancient weaponry to 1960s plastic tableware. A little old man with a long white beard sat behind the counter. He looked up from his magazine and smiled as Charlie entered.

"Hello, young man. Can I interest you in something special?"

“I’m just looking.”

“They always say that at first,” he nodded knowingly.

Charlie meandered through the shop, looking at the vast collection of antiques. Some—like the gold inlaid hand mirror—seemed old and valuable enough to be worth hundreds of dollars. Others—like the plastic badminton set with a badly damaged birdie and a racquet missing a few strings—seemed like junk.

“You’re looking for some magic.”

The old man’s voice was so close it made Charlie jump. He whirled around, his backpack nearly knocking a load of books off a nearby shelf. The old man steadied them with a liver-spotted hand.

“What?” Charlie asked when his heart stopped thumping madly from the fright.

“Magic. You want something different with your life. Come this way.”

Charlie followed the old man back to the counter. The old man reached into the glass display beneath the register and pulled out a small plastic chess pawn.

“This will let you try out a different life. Rebecca’s life, is it you want?” The old man said. “Your former school teacher slash crush turned neighbor.”

Charlie opened and closed his mouth wordlessly. How did he know? After a few seconds of silence Charlie just nodded.

“Ever heard of astral projecting?” The old man asked.

He proceeded to tell Charlie how, by tapping the pawn in a certain rhythm, he would be able to project his soul up and out of his body. Then he would have to reach in and pull someone else’s soul from their body. A body could only fit a soul that reflected its physical image, so Charlie would have to merge with his victim’s soul, dominate them and control them, before he would be allowed to enter their body.

“Don’t stay out of your body too long,” the old man warned. “If you stay out for forty-eight hours the transfer will be permanent, and the magic will warp the world to make it seem like your old body had never existed.”

The old man dropped the pawn into Charlie’s palm. It felt unusually heavy, as if it was made of lead rather than plastic. And it was warm. Charlie had the funny feeling that if he held it up to his ear he would hear it humming like a high-voltage powerline.

“How much?” Charlie asked.

“Usually something like this would go for seven hundred dollars.”

Charlie waited expectantly for the old man to continue the thought, but apparently that was all he was going to say. It took all of Charlie’s meagre savings but he left the shop with the pawn in his pocket and the old man’s instructions running through his head.

“Afternoon, Charlie,” Charlie’s mom chirped as he slunk past the living room. “How was school?”

“Good,” he said as he shrugged off his backpack.

Charlie’s mom and Rebecca were indeed lounging in the living room, each with a glass of wine in hand. Rebecca was draped casually across the couch. Her hair was tied up in a messy bun, though one loose lock had escaped and she swiped it out of her face every now and then as she talked about...something. Charlie was barely listening. Christ, she looked good. The very picture of a sexy housewife. He wanted to be her more than ever and ached to use the pawn there and then. But he held off.

He couldn’t just sit there in her presence so after spending the bare minimum of time to be polite he hoisted his backpack on his shoulder and hurried up to his room. He hid the pawn far back in the drawer of his desk, knowing he would need to wait for the perfect opportunity before he could see if it even worked. He would need some uninterrupted time to himself.

2

It was two agonizing weeks before Matthew was to go away on another work trip for the weekend, and his son would be staying with a friend. It was perfect. Charlie had overheard it as Rebecca was telling his mom all about it one afternoon, bragging that she would have a weekend completely to herself.

Charlie could hardly wait. Every day that he came home and found Rebecca lounging by the pool, or having just come back from her hairstylist, or the manicurist or the spa, he grew ever more envious. Such an easy life! She was clearly using the neighbor for his money, so Charlie had no compunction about using her for her body.

Finally—finally!—Friday night arrived. Charlie watched from his window as Matthew tossed his bags into a waiting limo and disappeared down the road. Charlie waited in his room for a little while on the off chance that the neighbor would return having forgotten something. After about an hour he could wait no longer.

He retrieved the pawn from the desk drawer where he'd stashed it and lay down on the bed. He placed his hands over his stomach, the pawn in his left hand. Tapping it with his thumb made a numbness wash quickly over his body. There was a rising sensation and it appeared that the ceiling was coming closer. But when he looked around he found that it was his spirit that had risen.

His mortal body lay beneath him, eyes closed, breathing slowly. It looked like he was asleep. Strange seeing himself from this angle. He didn't spend long looking

at himself.

He whizzed out of the room, closing his eyes as he neared the wall, still expecting to slam into it. Instead, he passed through it without resistance and soared through the air as though it were a mirage. He passed quickly through the evening sky to the house next door and whooshed inside through an upstairs wall.

Charlie could hear the television on in a room down the hall and flitted up through the ceiling so that he could drop down above her. No use scaring the hell out of her by coming straight through the door like an apparition. She was stretched out beneath him, already in bed, the covers pulled up to her waist. Charlie floated directly above her, looking down at her mass of silky brown hair and the nightie that clasped the deep pull of her cleavage.

She had a glass of wine on the nightstand beside her and was watching an old romance movie. She had no inkling that Charlie floated above her, coming closer. He reached one incorporeal hand down and through her head. His ghostly fingers closed on something warm and solid. He yanked, felt the solid thing release and float up towards him at the same time as Rebecca's body slumped backwards into the pillows.

Now Charlie had hold of Rebecca's astral visage. She looked down at the body beneath her and then up at Charlie. Her eyes were wide with panic. Charlie grinned maliciously and as she opened her mouth to speak or scream or cry Charlie flew his form into hers. She was unprepared and so easy to take over. There was very little resistance as her ghostly image convulsed while Charlie shrunk and stretched to fill her. It was over in a second, leaving only Charlie floating in air, though now he had taken on Rebecca's ghostly image.

Charlie flitted down closer to her body. This close he felt a sucking sensation, as the vacuum of Rebecca's empty body called to him. He allowed it to pull him in and suddenly the physical world reasserted itself. There was the soft feel of pillows beneath his back and the warmth of the blanket over his legs. Blinking his eyes, he found himself looking up at the neighbor and Rebecca's bedroom ceiling, the fan moving in a slow, lazy circle.

Charlie pushed himself into a sitting position to check himself out. A heavy weight readjusted itself on his chest, tumbling down as he sat up. Silky hair cascaded down his back. A few strands curled over his face and he pushed them out of his eyes with fingers that were slender and elegant. His hand seemed so tiny, the fingers so long. They were Rebecca's nails, perfectly manicured and painted blue. He wiggled his fingers, watching in delight as he moved Rebecca's body.

His gaze dropped down to his chest and he let out a soft, "Whoa."

Rebecca's breast hung beneath him, straining against the white nightie. The round curves were even bigger up close and Charlie took his time staring at the tits he'd only ever dared glance at.

"Let's take a look at these things," Charlie giggled in Rebecca's sweet voice.

He wiggled out of his nightie, pulling it off over his head and tossing it to the side. He paused and took a moment to stare down at the huge, heavy tits that hung from his chest. They were magnificent. Perfect rounded curves, thick and full. He gathered his breasts in both hands. They spilled out of his fingers, too large to fully grab. Christ, they felt wonderful. Warm and weighty and firm.

He bobbed them, admiring their heft as he watched them bounce up and down. He enjoyed the sight of Rebecca's fingers caressing her tits, enjoyed the feel of his sensitive nipples as he gently stroked himself. Finally, the teacher he'd coveted for so long was now his.

"Jesus, I have some amazing tits," Charlie said to himself, just to hear Rebecca's voice spill from his lips. "Boobies, boobies, boobies," he laughed in delight at hearing Rebecca talk about her breasts.

He grabbed his tits with both hands, squeezing them into huge mounds up against his chest before dropping them and letting them bob back down. He did this a few times before pulling them gently to each side and then letting them bounce back together. The soft jiggle was mesmerizing. Everything he'd ever dreamed of. Better, in fact, because it was real.

Motion to his right caught his eye and he turned to find he was staring into the full length mirror hanging on the wall beside the bed. There, Rebecca's reflection stared back at him with her big doe eyes. Her hands were paused in the act of caressing her tits. Charlie smiled and watched the same smile spread across Rebecca's petite features. He stuck out his tongue and watched her do the same before collapsing into adorable giggles.

Charlie released his tits to run his fingers across his face, exploring the contours of his tiny new nose, his smooth cheeks, and his delicate chin. His skin was buttercream smooth and soft. He skated his fingers across the tiny upturn of his perfectly crafted nose. A welcome tension made itself known between his legs as he touched himself. Something building within him that needed to be released.

He returned his attention to his tits, grasping them firmer now, jiggling them back and forth, delighting in the sheer ownership of his new feminine form. His

nipples were erect and each touch sent a tiny shock of desire through him where it pooled between his legs. Pushing the covers aside, Charlie gazed down at Rebecca's gorgeous legs. He ran his fingers up and down his inner thigh, tickling himself slightly. His eyes were locked on the dark tuft of hair where his legs came together.

He let his fingers glide up and over his slit, resting on top of his opening to tease and prod with nimble fingers. The heat called to him and he traced his pussy lips with two fingers. The rubbery warmth was heavenly. Slipping inside, he touched his inner folds for the first time. The feeling of something inside him and of knowing he was penetrating Rebecca's perfect pussy made him shiver. A little sigh escaped his lips.

The fingers of one hand continued their restless stroking while his other hand massaged a breast. His hand splayed out around his tit, squeezing the tiny nipple between thumb and forefinger. His other fingers landed on his dew and he teased it up and down his folds, growing ever slicker, ever more restless.

Charlie lay back in bed and spread his legs. He continued stroking himself, experimenting, sliding in and out and around his dewy warmth until he landed on his clit and moaned softly. There. It wasn't the instantaneous pleasure he'd been led to believe from erotica, but a deeper yearning for more. A growing anticipation for a much-needed release.

He circled his little pleasure button, fingers moving faster, following the rhythm of his body. He stretched his legs taut, twisting slightly as the beautiful tension wound within him. He closed his eyes as a wave of pleasure washed through him, small but heralding something much more magnificent.

His fingers moved faster over his clit, tight circles that grew the anticipation

within him. He began crying out in Rebecca's voice, tiny mews at first but growing as the oncoming rush of pleasure grew nearer. The sight of his fingers on his body, the feel of his tits in his hand, the sound of Rebecca's voice crying out in lust all pushed him over the edge. He came hard, the tension bursting within him. As the orgasm pulsed through his body he thrust his hips up to meet his incoming fingers, clutched his tit harder, crying out in an orgasmic moan.

The pleasure spilled through him, washing through his entire body and leaving him breathless and warm. He lay in Rebecca's bed, breathing hard. The romance movie continued to play out on the television as Charlie came down from his orgasmic high. It was a wonderful welcome to Rebecca's body.

3

Charlie didn't remember falling asleep. He woke up disoriented, wondering for a second who's bedroom he was in until the events of last night all came rushing back to him. He was lying on his side and slid his hand up to cup one of the wonderful breasts he now possessed. His fingers stroked and squeezed it absently as he let his thoughts slowly filter back in.

He missed waking up with Matthew by his side, feeling one of his strong arms thrown protectively over Charlie, cupping a breast just like Charlie was doing now. Sometimes the neighbor's cock would leap up strong and sure against his plump backside. He would nuzzle beneath Charlie's silky mass of hair and kiss Charlie just on the nape of his neck. The touch would make Charlie's body warm and attentive. He missed those mornings of being able to reach around and stroke Matthew's cock until—

Charlie jolted and shook his head. That memory wasn't his. It must have been Rebecca's. But he could remember it so vividly from her perspective.

As an experiment, he thought back to what he'd been doing yesterday. He remembered the hours of waiting for the neighbor to leave, of killing time on his phone. But beside that memory, somehow just as real, was the memory of himself as Rebecca. He remembered pouring a glass of wine—hell, he remembered choosing between two different bottles—before settling in to watch one of her favorite movies.

Charlie tried another memory. Thursday he'd had a chemistry test. He hadn't

done very well and had compared his answers with his friends during lunch. They were sitting on the bleachers so they could ogle the cheerleaders as they practiced. Charlie had his eye on Katie, and she'd featured prominently in his fantasies that night.

Charlie made an effort to "switch" to Rebecca's memories of Thursday. She'd met up with Allison, one of her close friends, for lunch. Allison had just broken up with her girlfriend and the two were commiserating.

This was so cool! He had access to Rebecca's entire life. He remembered her PIN, her social security number, her parent's names. And alongside her memories were his own.

Charlie got out of bed and stretched before padding naked into the bathroom to do his business. God, it felt wonderful to be moving this body, to feel every exciting bounce and jiggle and sway. He caught sight of Rebecca in the mirror, her face flushed and lovely as he smiled at himself. After using the toilet and brushing his teeth he went into Rebecca's massive closet and flicked through her clothes as he rummaged through her memories of what she had planned for the day.

She usually went to the gym on Saturdays for her Pilates. Charlie at first assumed it was because her only job was to look good for her husband so she could leech off his money, but thinking of Matthew brought up a surprising depth of feeling. Longing. Need. Comfort. He shook the thought away, not ready to think of the neighbor in those terms. Charlie resumed searching through her mind's schedule.

Tonight she was meeting some friends for dinner and tomorrow was a spa day and housecleaning in preparation for Matthew's return. The rest of Saturday was

free. Charlie wanted to go out and parade this vixen's body around. Maybe go to the mall and buy some more outfits on the neighbor's card.

The Charlie part of himself felt a little creepy going through Rebecca's underwear and bras, but he found he could ignore it by focusing on the Rebecca feelings. He slid the panties up his legs and wiggled into a black sports bra. Over the top of that he threw on a cute polka dot sundress that flowed gently around his curves and swished against his legs as he walked. Using her memories, he made himself up beautifully and then styled his hair into the style he'd always thought was so fucking sexy on Rebecca. When he was done, his long, silky hair was pulled back behind his ears and fell in soft waves down his back. A thick lock of hair swooped across his forehead before getting tucked behind one ear.

He went downstairs and used her memories to make Rebecca's standard green smoothie. He sipped on it as he strolled through the house. He took his time, adjusting to how his new body moved while he examined everything through the lens of Rebecca's memories.

He remembered every one of Rebecca's books on the massive floor to ceiling bookcase that Matthew had had custom built for her. A wooden horse statue reminded him of Rebecca's trip to Greece in college, and the one night she'd spent on the warm sand with a local man. The twin memories—his and hers—were available for him to grab whenever he wanted. He practiced changing his perspective, flipping between Rebecca's memories and his own until it became natural.

When he thought he was accustomed enough to his new body that he could safely leave the house, he flung Rebecca's simple black purse over one shoulder and drove to the mall. His first step was just to parade through it and peruse the window displays while being eye candy for everyone else. As he checked out a cute little outfit in one of the displays, he pretended not to notice the man in the reflection behind him staring at him and then nudging his friend. A little thrill

shot through Charlie as the guy's buddy nodded appreciatively at Charlie's backside.

There was a lingerie store on the first floor and Charlie looked through their offerings, picking up the occasional outfit and holding it up against himself in the mirror. He used Rebecca's memories to find her size and as he did he noticed that she was imagining these outfits in terms of what her husband would think. Charlie wasn't surprised that the neighbor liked breasts. But he was surprised at just how much that knowledge affected Rebecca. She wanted something that would show off her tits for her husband to feast on. Charlie, "remembering" the warm waves of desire that had shot through him when Matthew played with Rebecca's tits, agreed.

He didn't know exactly what would look best so he picked out four outfits, paying with the platinum card. Those were for Matthew, but the rest of Charlie's shopping trip was for him. He continued through the mall, stopping at whatever store caught his fancy. The employees were happy to assist as he piled up clothes to try on. Stepping into the changing rooms he dressed Rebecca's body in a wide variety of outfits: dresses, shirts, blouses, skirts, leggings, jeans. The sexier the better.

He knew Rebecca would never have bought some of the sluttier outfits on her own, but it was such a thrill squeezing into the miniscule top and skirt combo that left her stomach bare and stopped just above her thigh. One wrong move and he'd flash the world. He giggled to himself at the thought of how slutty he could dress her.

After a quick salad he heaved his shopping bags out to the car and took them home. He changed into his gym outfit: a sports bra and tiny spandex shorts in black with pink trim. The clothes hugged his chape, accentuating the curve of his chest and ass. Christ, he looked hot.

The buff guy behind the gym's entrance desk gave Charlie an appraising smile as he tapped his entry card on the stile. It opened with a beep and Charlie walked in, returning the buff guy's smile. Charlie could sense the man's eyes on his ass as he walked away so he paused and bent over, pretending to be reading one of the flyers taped to the wall but really just arching his back so the guy could get a good look at his ass.

After a few seconds, Charlie stood and gave the buff guy a wink before laughing and walking through the gym to the glass-walled rooms where classes were held. He took a deliberately circuitous route, passing near other men so they could ogle him. It was thrilling to be this desired, to have those eyes on his body. As a man he'd been dumpy, pale and awkward. Never the object of desire like this. He caught their glances in the mirror, saw them checking him out, and smiled to himself.

The Pilates class was mostly women, though there were a couple young guys in the mix. Charlie made sure to position himself right in front of one athletic young man. With Rebecca's memories, the routine and the ease with which he moved his body came naturally. Both he—in the mirror—and the man behind him ogled the curve of his ass as he bent and stretched.

Rebecca's body was a delight to move in. Flexible and firm. Charlie worked up a gentle sweat as they went through the moves. When they finished, he was warm and awake. He chatted with some of Rebecca's friends, sharing harmless gossip that he took from her memories. Then he walked back out of the gym, taking the same circuitous route back now that there were even more people to look at him. He could practically feel the eyes on his ass and his tits and his gorgeous face, and it made him wet.

Charlie returned home for a shower. He stripped off his gym clothes and stepped

into the hot water. It was so delightful as it sluiced down his breasts. He soaped himself up until he was sudsy and slippery, running his hands across his breasts and over his ass. He returned his hands to his tits again and again. Rebecca would have the cleanest breasts in the world after this.

He stroked and massaged and pinched his beautiful breasts until arousal filled him. Staring down at himself, he watched as he made Rebecca's hands squeeze her breasts. His visual aid was helped with her own memories of what felt good. Her memories guided his hands from his firm breasts to his peach of an ass.

Now he felt that wonderful anxiousness building within him, his body winding up towards a much-needed climax. His pussy was already wetter than water as Rebecca's slit cried out to be touched. Charlie dropped a breast and ran his hand between his legs, sliding into himself, needing to sate this emptiness. His fingertips landed on his slick velvety folds and he stroked up and down. He slid two fingers in, feeling his canal clutch his fingers. God, Rebecca felt wonderful, inside and out.

His restless hand continued stroking and bobbling his breasts as his fingers crooked around to slide up inside him. He placed one foot on the edge of the tub to spread himself and had to lean forward to get his fingers deep inside his slick opening. He watched as he fingered his pussy, fingers disappearing into his body where he could feel them spreading apart his inner walls. His pussy clasped his digits. It felt so wonderfully right to have something inside him.

He moved faster, plunging his fingers in and out, each time landing just on the dimpled nub of his innermost pleasure. His free breast bobbed madly beneath him as he fucked himself. The anxious desperation drove him on. His body was wound tight and growing tighter even as his pussy grew loose and wet.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck,” he moaned in a tiny voice.

He needed this. Needed to watch Rebecca finger herself, needed to feel his tits bobbing, needed that fulness inside him. He crested and came unexpectedly, half-sighing, half-moaning as he convulsed around his digits. The orgasm filled him with warm pleasure, making his toes tingle. He came hard, clenching his eyes as he luxuriated in Rebecca’s body.

He came down slowly, the water still washing over his body. He finished cleaning himself off and turned off the shower. There was still plenty of time before he had to meet Rebecca’s friends for dinner but all he wanted to do at the moment was spend time alone.

He wrapped himself in Rebecca’s robe and lazed about for the afternoon. Occasionally he would stop to masturbate, enjoying the fact that Rebecca’s tight little body could cum as many times as he wanted. Weirdly, orgasming once made him want to orgasm more. It was like he’d wound up her body into a constant state of arousal.

Not that Charlie minded.

What he did mind, at first, was that after these sessions he would plug into Rebecca’s memories and find her thinking of Matthew. The knowledge that the dapper gentleman neighbor was good in bed disgusted the Charlie part of him but was delightful for the Rebecca part. With some experimentation, he was able to shut the “Charlie” feelings off entirely and fantasize about the neighbor touching his body with arousal instead of repulsion.

The turning point came right before he needed to get dressed to go out. He thought that one more orgasm couldn't hurt. This time he dived into Rebecca's memories so it seemed almost as if Rebecca was masturbating while Charlie watched from inside her body. He revved himself up into a pulsing, pounding orgasm where he clutched the sheets in one hand, drove his hips up towards his fingers and cried out the neighbor's name.

“Oh, god, Matthew!”

The orgasm crashed through him, curling his toes and making him shiver delightfully around his fingers. When he finally came down he was sated and confused. It seemed he'd misjudged Rebecca. She was in love with Matthew... and the physical pleasure he could give her. The thought was intriguing but Charlie put it aside, opting to get dressed for a night out with his girl friends.

4

“Bullshit!” Laughed Wendy, covering her mouth with one hand, her eyes wide with surprise.

“I swear!” Meredith assured her. “He was obsessed with the size of his dick. And he didn’t even know how to use it.” Charlie and Wendy cracked up as Meredith rolled her eyes.

The bar was packed and loud. Charlie and the group of Rebecca’s friends had taken up a high table outside on the balcony. Out here they only had to compete over the sound of the music from the speakers rather than the crowd.

The warm night air tugged gently at Charlie’s black dress. The dress was cut low to show off his cleavage and high to show off his legs. It was much skimpier than Rebecca would have worn to go out, but Charlie had overruled her instincts in a desire to be seen. And, boy, was he.

He’d been hit on twice before they even found their table. He’d taken up position in the corner, near the edge of the balcony so he could see the crowd. There was a group of college aged guys around a nearby table. Every now and then they would glance towards Charlie’s group, probably psyching themselves up to come over.

Someone gently nudged Charlie to the side and plunked down four shot glasses

on the table that the women were sharing.

“Let’s get wild, girls!” Allison said, sliding each shot glass over to one of the group. Evidently she’d chosen tonight to go wild after breaking up with her girlfriend earlier in the week.

Allison had shoulder-length blonde hair that she was constantly swiping back behind an ear. Her face was soft, with gorgeous grey eyes and girl-next-door looks, set off with a tiny nose stud on her left nostril. She’d captivated Charlie all night.

They all downed their shots together. Allison slammed her shot glass back on the table and threw her arms in the air.

“Yeah!” She whooped, drawing the attention of several nearby tables.

“All right, girl,” Meredith laughed. “Take it easy.”

Allison leaned her elbows heavily on the table. She was already a few drinks in and her bright eyes sparkled. Her loose top hung down, and from his angle Charlie could see right down her top to her incredible breasts. He snapped his eyes away but too late. She’d seen him looking and grinned.

“Let’s dance,” she said, standing and grabbing Charlie’s hand.

“No,” Charlie demurred, trying to pull away.

“Come oooonnn!” Allison said, rolling her head and drunkenly exaggerating every motion.

“Oh, go on,” Wendy said.

“Let’s all go!” Meredith agreed.

Allison clapped and jumped up and down, then led the other three through the crowd to the dance floor inside. The throbbing base pulsed through Charlie’s body and it was almost impossible to hear anything unless someone was yelling directly in his ear.

Allison threw herself into the music with reckless abandon. She looked to be having so much fun Charlie couldn’t help but join in and soon all four of the women were bouncing to the beat. They formed a little circle, laughing and dancing with each other. A few times a guy tried to cut in on the group and steer Charlie away. He would play along for a bit, maybe let the guy get close, get a little handsy, before laughing and returning to the group.

It wasn’t that he wanted to be a tease. It was more that he couldn’t turn down the opportunity to be admired. At one point a particularly persistent frat boy in a tight baby-blue Polo shirt kept trying to dance with Charlie and he kept refusing, trying to ignore the man and just have fun with his girls. Allison noticed the guy hanging around and grabbed Charlie, protectively pulling him closer as the other girls closed ranks.

The guy didn't take the hint and leaned over to yell, "Want to get a drink?"

"No thanks!" Charlie shouted over the thundering music.

"Come on. One drink."

Charlie wasn't prepared to do anything with a stranger and, from Rebecca's memories, she wasn't either. Allison noticed the guy's persistence and Charlie's hesitance and leaned over to yell in the guy's ear, "She's not into dudes."

"What?" The guy yelled back, barely audible over the heavy bass.

"I said, she's not into guys. She's with me."

"Right," the guy said in disbelief.

"I'll show you!"

Before Charlie could react Allison pulled him forward and mashed their lips together in a drunken kiss. Still, it wasn't so unpleasant kissing Allison. She tasted lightly of rum and her lips were soft and welcoming. Allison let the kiss linger for a beat longer than was strictly necessary, but Charlie didn't mind.

When they pulled away Allison stepped up to Charlie so they could dance body to body. The frat guy looked on like he'd just won the lottery but at least he stopped pestering Charlie to dance.

Charlie and Rebecca's friends danced and drank for hours until the group started to dwindle. First Wendy had to leave, then Meredith (after extracting a promise from Charlie that he would watch Allison). Charlie and Allison stayed for a little longer so Allison could sober up but she was still in no condition to drive by the time Charlie was ready to go.

Charlie helped her to his car. She leaned on him, singing tunes with made-up lyrics about the two of them. She seemed to sober up as they drove home and when they reached her apartment she was in a doleful mood.

"Matthew's so lucky to have you," she said as she let herself fall onto the living room couch and slipped off her shoes. "I wish I had someone."

Charlie sat next to her. "You'll find someone. Give it time. Any woman would be lucky to have you."

Allison turned her gorgeous green eyes to Charlie. A lock of hair fell down across her face and Charlie gently tucked it behind one ear. A little smile curved up the corner of Allison's lips. "Any woman?"

Charlie was suddenly aware that his heart was racing and his mouth was dry. Allison's face was so close to his own. They gazed at each other as expectant silence filled the room. Charlie knew that Rebecca would never have contemplated what Charlie was contemplating. She would have made a joke of

Allison's comment, laughed it off and left for her to sober up so that she didn't do anything too forward. But Rebecca wasn't there. And Charlie desperately wanted to kiss Allison.

He dipped his face fractionally towards her. She raised her face slightly up to meet him, searching his eyes as if to confirm this was what he wanted. And suddenly their lips were together in a hesitant kiss. Unlike the messy kiss on the dance floor this one was tender, experimental, as if each was waiting for the other one to break away and say this was a bad idea. And then Allison slid her warm palm against Charlie's cheek and all resistance disappeared.

Allison pressed her body against Charlie as they kissed each other passionately. She tasted like rum and lust. Her hair tickled his cheek and her fingers brushed softly across his ear. Her nearness made Charlie's body sing and sent tiny warm pulses down through him.

Charlie straddled her, throwing one leg over her lap. He swiped his hair back behind his ear and cupped her chin. She looked up at him with a twinkle in her eye and a salacious smile on her lips. He bent and kissed her some more. Her hands came up to his hips, running up and down the contours of Rebecca's body. His body needed her and suddenly his clothes were too tight.

He gathered his hair up off his back and half turned away from her. "Unzip me."

Allison pulled the zipper down, releasing some of the pressure from the dress. Charlie stood long enough to slip out of the dress and let it drop to the floor. He knew from Rebecca's memories she thought this was a mistake, so he shut down the Rebecca part of him to enjoy it.

Allison stood and kissed him again. He could practically taste her desire for him. As they shuffled to the bedroom he helped shuck off her clothes while she helped slip him out of his bra and panties. Allison paused to shoo the cat off the bed before they tumbled naked on top of the covers.

Charlie was on top. His dark coffee-brown hair fell down to pool on Allison's chest. His eyes traced her form. Her breasts were small and taut, the pink nipples already spiked to attention. Even though Charlie had his own tits he still enjoyed Allison's. Lowering his head, he sucked on one of her ripe pink nipples, just grazing it with his teeth and flicking his tongue across the tip.

Allison wiggled beneath him as her body filled with heat and anticipation. Leaning on one hand, Charlie used the other to squeeze Allison's free breast, kneading it, enjoying the warm heft.

"You play with tits like a man," Allison giggled.

Charlie paused and started to look up but she ran her hand through his hair and pushed his face back down to her chest.

"I didn't say stop," Allison breathed.

Charlie enjoyed the taste of her, and he ran his tongue across her nipples. He kissed his way from one breast to the other while he undulated his body on top of her. He could feel every inch of her warm body beneath him and it thrilled him. His pussy grew wet with desire as Allison released tiny moans. Pleasure flitted through Charlie, urging him on with need.

“Oh fuck, come here,” Allison said suddenly.

She grabbed Charlie’s hip and pushed him over, rolling him along the bed so she could roll on top of him. He let her and she lay over him, kissing him on the lips deeply once before shuffling down his body. She made a trail of kisses across his neck, his chest, over his tummy and across his mound, until her face was resting between Charlie’s legs.

Charlie stared down Rebecca’s body. Allison closed her eyes in ecstasy as she kissed her way across Charlie’s slit, the view of her gorgeous face framed by Rebecca’s tits. Charlie grabbed his breasts and hefted them, squeezing them and pinching each little nipple as pleasure flared within him. Now it was his turn to wiggle beneath Allison’s touch. She teased him into erotic agony, kissing across his opening but not entering him until he begged her.

“Please,” he said in a strained voice, his body needing release.

He saw her smile before she dipped her tongue into him. It was electric. He threw back his head and released a shuddering moan as a small bit of orgasmic pleasure was released.

“Oh fuck, yes,” he sighed, fingers moving faster on his tits.

Allison flicked out her tongue, tasting him, before running it up and down Charlie’s wet entrance. When she pressed the broad span of her tongue across Charlie’s swollen clit he bucked once and groaned, pleasure bursting through

him but still without the final release he craved.

Allison licked him, her tongue undulating over his clit while she brought in her fingers to help. She spread him apart before sliding two fingers into his wet canal. Christ, it felt amazing being penetrated by someone else. She hooked her fingers up, following his inner contours until she landed on his dimpled inner-most pleasure. She worked him like that with tongue and fingers, thrusting in slowly, building to the rhythm of his body until Charlie was shaking and gasping, his voice rising in pitch. Allison moved faster, pushing her fingers in deep and wiggling them back and forth, stroking his G-spot until pleasure burst forth.

Charlie came hard in a shuddering, fantastical orgasm. His toes went taut and he cried out in a long sigh as the tension snapped, releasing pleasure through his body. It was a full-body orgasm, making every bit of him tingle. Delightful and bigger than any he'd ever had as a man.

And when he came down he was still horny. Allison had paused for him, but when he recovered she started again, licking and fingering him. The second orgasm came quicker and was bigger than the first. Charlie barely had time to register the onrushing desire before it exploded through him. He came hard, clutching himself and twisting his body as pleasure wracked every nerve.

And still Allison remained inside him. Her tongue and fingers went back to work the moment he came down. And soon he was back up again in the third and biggest orgasm yet. His voice was high and strained as he cried out, his body plucked taut like a string, reverberating with white hot pleasure that whited out his thoughts.

When he finally came down Allison mercifully stopped. She was gazing up at

him from between his legs, a huge grin on her face. He shook with aftershock as she climbed up the bed and lay beside him. They clung to each other as Charlie cooled down. Her floral scent combined with his own musky tang in the room.

After a bit, Allison got up and went to the bathroom. When she returned, Charlie was sitting up.

“I should go,” he said.

“Yeah,” Allison agreed with a sad smile.

Charlie stood and kissed her again, enjoying his own musky scent that clung to her lips. “I don’t regret anything,” he assured her, before slipping out the door.

5

On Sunday Charlie knew he had to prepare for “his” husband’s return. That meant taking care of the house and himself. Again, when he thought about the neighbor through Rebecca’s memories he felt the little thrill of desire. All this time Charlie thought Rebecca was just a gold digger but he couldn’t deny the strength and depth of her feelings for her husband. What’s more, she felt he loved her back. He rummaged through her memories of all the times Matthew had doted on her and kissed her and touched her and told her she was special. It was such a different experience from Charlie’s own parents, who were chronically aloof when they weren’t flat out absent.

Perhaps one more day as her wouldn’t hurt.

He started the day with Rebecca’s usual smoothie and then set about tidying the house. To make it more enjoyable for himself he did it naked. So much more fun when he could watch his tits jiggle or turn around to stare at his delectable peach of an ass whenever he wanted a break. He tried doing some cleaning in a pair of high heels, thinking it would be hot as hell. But it was mostly cumbersome and awkward so he soon gave it up.

The maid had done most of the work earlier that week, so today was mostly some light dusting, a little bit of spray cleaning, and some vacuuming. Afterwards, Charlie hopped into the shower to wash off. He took the opportunity to grope his tits again as he soaped himself up. He luxuriated in touching Rebecca’s body and making her wetter than water before finally dipping his fingers into himself and enjoying a quick orgasm.

Rebecca's memories told him she'd made an appointment at the spa to get herself all dolled up for Matthew's return. Charlie put on some loose fitting clothes: a billowy cream blouse and matching pants.

Before leaving for the spa he texted Allison, assuring her that he enjoyed every minute of last night and calling it a 'wonderful fling'.

Anytime you want another I'm here, Allison replied.

I'll definitely keep that in mind, Charlie texted back.

The spa was full of other rich white women whose primary job was looking good for their husbands. After Charlie picked out the color for his nails—a deep ruby red—the spa assistants ushered him into a seat and got to work. Someone handed him a glass of wine as they began with a hand and foot massage that was nearly orgasmic.

Another assistant buzzed around him to brush and blow dry and trim and color his hair. Charlie used Rebecca's memories to give orders and gossip with some of the regulars. He listened to Trudy, beside him, moan about her husband's constant trips abroad without her. He murmured agreement with Dahlia as he lay back, cucumbers on his eyes and cream all over his face. The spa was an all-day affair as they catered to his every whim to make him look ever more radiant and gorgeous.

This was definitely the life. Spending the neighbor's money to look pretty. All that was expected in return was that he look good and fuck. Both things Charlie

felt sure he would enjoy.

Rebecca seemed happy to be a housewife. As Charlie searched through her memories to share stories with the other women in the spa he discovered that Rebecca had never really enjoyed teaching. It had just been what her parents had expected her to do. Sure, she still enjoyed learning, as her extensive book collection attested. But she liked to do it at her own pace and she hated the admin associated with teaching. Matthew was the knight in shining armor who'd plucked her from her humdrum life and given her a life of possibilities. For now she was still in the honeymoon phase, content to stay home and please her man. Maybe later she'd pick up another career.

With those thoughts in mind, Charlie returned home and prepared himself for Matthew's homecoming. Charlie wanted everything to be just so when Matthew arrived. Every so often he would sink into Rebecca's mind to enjoy the little thrill of thinking about the neighbor walking through the door.

Charlie showered and perfumed himself and then spent an hour on his hair, putting it up in the half up, half down style he always preferred, with the swooping bangs across Rebecca's forehead. For this he left himself naked so he could enjoy the sight of Rebecca's body in the mirror. Just watching her move, feeling her from inside made him horny, but he resisted touching himself, preferring instead to build up the suspense.

A little while before his husband was scheduled to return home, Charlie finished grooming himself and slipped on one of yesterday's purchases: a gauzy white babydoll chemise. It was lacy and exquisitely feminine. A little decorative bow was tied neatly beneath his breasts. The silk brushed against his body with every motion, giving tantalizing hints of his skin.

Then he lay in bed and waited for an agonizing eternity. Rebecca's body was right there and yet he persisted in not touching himself, which only served to make him that much hornier and wetter.

Finally, he heard the front door open, followed by Matthew's voice calling out: "Hello? Rebecca?"

"Up here honey," Charlie called with Rebecca's dulcet voice. "I've got something to show you."

He quickly smoothed the covers and then posed at the foot of the bed, one leg out, one hand resting on a bedpost while he placed the other on his hip. He sunk into Rebecca's memories so his first emotion upon seeing the neighbor round the corner into the room was one of bright desire.

Matthew wore a button down shirt and dress pants. The top button of his shirt was open and he looked tired and worn out from his flight. But he brightened considerably upon seeing Rebecca, the tiredness replaced with a bright smile.

"Oh, hello," he said, dropping his briefcase on the floor.

It was strange and wonderful seeing Matthew through Rebecca's memories. He submerged his own feelings for the neighbor and lived in Rebecca's emotions. Every inch of his body yearned for the man.

"Welcome home," Charlie smiled. He slunk towards Matthew, his hips swaying

seductively at each step. He leaned on Matthew's shoulders, folding his arms gently behind the man's head and looking up into his eyes. "I've missed you."

Charlie brought their lips together. His entire body tingled with warmth as their lips touched and he inhaled Matthew's familiar scent through Rebecca's nose. Desire filled him, growing in strength as the neighbor clasped his waist firmly and leaned in to the kiss.

As his husband explored his mouth, Charlie pulled himself closer, his soft tits pressing up against the neighbor's masculine chest. The hands on his hips glided up and down his body, exploring Charlie by touch, down to his voluptuous ass and then back up to his shoulders. They continued kissing, warm and deep, Matthew's passion growing to match Charlie's own.

Charlie unbuttoned Matthew's shirt and yanked it open to spread his palms across Matthew's warm chest. He breathed in Matthew's spicy scent while their tongues met and the bulge from Matthew's cock pressed against Charlie's body.

Matthew's hands slid under Charlie's chemise and gripped his ass. Charlie's breath came faster. He'd been wet before but now he was nearly dripping just from touching the neighbor, and from the needy way his husband's hands gripped his body, moving around his soft curves.

Now Charlie unbuttoned Matthew's pants, moving faster, his fingers trembling as an urgent need made itself known within him. When Matthew's pants fell to the floor, along with his underwear, Matthew stepped out of them and Charlie hurried him to the bed.

Matthew lay on top of him, his hard cock pressing against Charlie's thighs as he lowered his head to enjoy Charlie's tits, popping them out of the top of the chemise so he could suck on the nipple and kiss each wide expanse of perfect breast. Charlie wiggled beneath him, so fucking wet already, and gripped his other breast. He released a soft sigh as he touched himself, enjoying Rebecca's body as much as his father. He plucked his nipple and gripped his breast, enjoying the heft of his tits, enjoying the warm weighty feel and the soft give of his own body.

Charlie whimpered in delight as Matthew kissed each breast, his voice growing higher in pitch and more desperate with need.

He pulled away from Matthew's lips long enough to beg: "Fuck me. Fuck me right now."

Matthew grinned as Charlie spread his legs and moaned as the cool air of the room landed on his wet pussy lips. And then something warm and hard pressed up against Charlie's slit. His pussy lips parted to welcome it inside. There was a pressure as the neighbor's cock met his tight entrance, a moment of pause that just made the inevitable penetration so much sweeter. And then Matthew was inside him. The cock slid in through Charlie's sopping wet canal, pressing apart the walls of Rebecca's cunt as it filled him.

Charlie moaned and drove his head back into the pillows, eyes shut to luxuriate in the beautiful heat filling his pussy. Matthew slid in to the hilt, until their bodies were connected and Charlie was so full. When he withdrew it left a brief emptiness that was sated only by the next thrust.

Charlie moaned as Matthew built up a steady rhythm, the cock sliding in and out of him, filling and emptying him in a steady rhythm. He opened his eyes and

glanced up at the dazzling man above him, saw him looking back with eyes full of desire. Desire for Charlie.

Matthew nuzzled into Charlie's neck, kissing a tender spot that made Charlie sizzle with heat. Charlie gasped, Rebecca's throaty cries of lust making him even hornier. He continued to grip his wonderful tit in one hand, feeling himself up as his husband fucked him. Charlie wrapped his legs around the man's waist and urged him deeper, faster. He slid a hand between the two of them, fingers landing on his swelling clit and circled the little pleasure button, wanting to touch himself everywhere, wanting to free every ounce of pleasure trapped inside him.

The burning desire filled Charlie's body and his cries came faster now "Oh! Oh! Oh!" as he approached the climax. He could hear the wetness of his cunt being filled with cock and it sounded beautiful in his ears. That was his pussy. His tits. His voice crying out for more.

And then suddenly he came. He dropped his tit and gripped the sheets as his body shook and shivered with orgasm. He was barely aware of Matthew's strangled grunt before he felt the cock throb inside him. spurts of heat filled his pussy and he clenched his eyes tight, his entire body roiling in orgasm as Matthew emptied himself into Rebecca's nubile body. He was more full than he thought was possible. The heat burned him beautifully, making his body tremble, his voice cry out as they orgasmed together, locked together in passion, the man's cock deep inside his needy wet pussy. The bright pleasure spilled through him with each throb of the dick, lessening only slowly.

When Charlie came back down to earth Matthew was still inside him and he collapsed on top of Charlie, breathing hard. The weight of his husband's body on top of him was comforting and welcome. Charlie stroked Matthew's back with nimble fingers as both their bodies cooled.

Finally, Matthew rolled off him and kissed Charlie's delicate nose. "That was a great welcome home."

Charlie giggled. "Yeah, it was."

It was then that Charlie realized he never wanted to go back to his old life. Why would he when he had everything he wanted right here? As the boy turned cougar held his lover in his arms and they drifted off to sleep, Charlie thought about how much he was going to love his new life.

#

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it, please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

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