

All Dressed Up

MtF Body Theft

by M. Wills

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All Dressed Up

I dropped another decrepit cardboard box onto the tiled kitchen floor then dusted the grime and cobwebs off my shirt as best I could. I'd been hauling boxes up from the crawlspace beneath the house for about thirty minutes. Sweat trickled down my armpits and my shirt was streaked with dirt.

“Wow, it's manky down there,” I said, removing my dust mask.

My mom was sitting in a hard backed kitchen chair, leaning over and sorting through one of the dusty cardboard boxes that I had previously brought up. Her wavy chocolate hair was back in a loose ponytail that jiggled as she poked through the boxes, pulling out their contents and arranging them into various piles. The kitchen was a mess of old books, board games, rusty appliances and baby clothes. She paused, rested her hands on her knees and looked up at me with a small grin. The black spaghetti trap top she was wearing hung loose at the neck, revealing a hint of bra clinging to bulbous breasts that I glanced away from. She always did wear much skimpier clothing than I was comfortable with seeing.

“Manky? That's a new one.”

“Yeah,” I nodded, running a hand through my wild brown hair to check for cobwebs, “One of the friends I game with is from England and he uses it all the time.”

Mom didn't say anything but I knew what she was thinking. She wished I had real friends here, not just online friends stationed all over the world. I didn't want to get into that argument and have to explain again how my online friends didn't judge me the way others my own age in the real world did. Online, I could be anyone I wanted with other like minded people. There was none of the pretending to be interested in sports talk or any other boring bullshit. None of the being teased for the way I walked or the way I dressed or my interest in things the other guys considered to be too girly.

I wasn't muscular or dominating or physically imposing. Quite the opposite. I often felt constrained by the typical masculinity of other guys my age and sometimes, at night alone in my room, would wonder what it would be like to be a woman. I felt that's what I should have been. I'd never revealed this secret inquiry to anyone in the real world, but had found a like-minded community online.

“Look what I found,” mom said, changing the subject and picking up a stack of yellowed notebooks from off the table. “Your old school work.”

I took them and flipped through them, laughing with mom at the space ships and cartoon characters doodled in the margins of my middle school notebooks.

“Wow, I remember this one,” I said, turning a full page drawing of a spaceship battle to my mom.

She took the notebook and smiled as she flipped through it. I flipped through another stack. Occasionally we'd laugh and hold up an old drawing or an old story I'd done. Suddenly mom grew quiet and I looked down over her shoulder to see what she'd found. It was a family picture I'd drawn when I was about seven. My stick figure mom smiled as she watched her stick figure son on the swing set. And holding her hand was my stick figure dad. Mom put her fingers on the stick figure

dad and let out a small sigh.

I didn't have many clear memories of dad. He'd passed away from a heart attack only a couple months after that stick figure picture had been drawn. It was normal for her to miss him, but sometimes I worried...I don't know...that she missed him too much or something. Like the memories of him were holding her back from living her life. She'd practically put her life on hold after he passed. She hadn't dated anyone and rarely went out with friends. Once the thought of my mom dating would have been horrifying to me, but as I'd grown older I'd come to realize that my mom was a person, too, with her own needs that she'd foregone for far too long.

I squeezed her shoulder. "There's a lot more boxes," I said gently, "Let's just get this stuff cleaned up, okay?"

Mom nodded and sniffed, setting down the notebook. She swiped a strand of brunette hair behind her ear and resumed picking through the next box, choosing what to keep and what to throw out. I watched her for a second as she worked, the dappled sunlight creeping in through the kitchen window flashing against her skin.

Her face in profile was picturesque, with her perfectly sculpted nose and exquisite cheekbones. Delicate eyebrows sat over almond shaped eyes. She was slightly plump, with wide hips and pendulous breasts. The jean shorts she currently wore were cut in a mom jean style, high-waisted and clutching a wide bottom. Her solid thighs poked out beneath, leading down to trim calves. She could definitely land another guy if she wanted to. It wasn't at all that I was attracted to my mom, but if I just could have looked a little more like her maybe my life would have made more sense.

I returned to the trapdoor leading down to the crawlspace beneath the house and carefully climbed down the narrow wooden steps. The ceiling was low and I had to stoop to reach the remaining few boxes against the far wall. The space was lit by a bare bulb and a desk lamp attached to an extension cord I'd rigged up earlier for more light. The two bare bulbs cast sharp shadows against the wall as I rocked the next box off the pile. When I got it down I saw that there was a fist sized hole in the drywall behind it. I would have thought nothing of it except for the green and gold glint of something deep back in the space. Curious, I looked around for something to widen the hole.

There was some old camping equipment on the ground, and I piked up a hiking stick and poked at the hole, leery of finding a rat or something equally horrible. The drywall crumbled around the stick and soon I'd poked enough of a hole to see some jumbled objects. They looked like a collection of yellowed comic books and a toy of some sort. The hole was now big enough for me to reach an arm through, which I did with some trepidation, grasping the toy and pulling it out.

It was a kid's ray gun that looked to be from the fifties. It had a bulbous plastic body in green and gold with a wide nozzle on one end and was in immaculate condition. I turned it over in my hand and pulled the trigger a few times, pretending to shoot the wall. Amazingly, a little red light lit up at the tip. How the hell was this thing powered? I figured this toy could be worth some money so I set it on top of the next box and carried it back up the stairs. I set the box down in front of my mom and picked up the ray gun.

"Look what I found. It was behind, like, a fake wall or something in the basement. You ever seen this?"

Mom turned her clear blue eyes to me, one dark eyebrow arched in question. I aimed the gun at her.

"Pew, pew," I said, pulling the trigger.

To my shock, my mom *deflated*, her skin and clothes falling back on the chair like a balloon with all the air sucked out. She looked like a costume someone had laid out.

I took a step back and stared with wide eyes. "What the fuck!"

Panicking, I aimed the ray gun at my deflated mom and pulled the trigger again. Instantly, mom was back to normal. She frowned up at me and answered my question as if nothing had happened.

“I’ve never seen that before. Huh. Maybe it belonged to whoever owned this house before us.”

My heart was still thumping wildly in my chest as I lowered the gun. “Mom? Are you okay?”

“Of course. What’s wrong?”

“I-- didn't you-- were you...?” I looked down at the toy ray gun in my hand, then back up to my mom. “You didn't notice anything strange?”

“What are you talking about, honey?”

“Nothing. Nothing. I just...” Curious now, I aimed the gun at her and pulled the trigger.

Again, my mom deflated, her empty skin draping onto the chair. I crept closer and stroked her deflated body. It felt rubbery, like a costume. A really intricate costume, but a costume nonetheless, even down to her painted blue eyes and shiny hair. I set the gun down on the table, picked up the mom costume and flipped it over. There on the back of my mom's neck was a zipper. I pulled it down slowly, half expecting her organs to spill out, but the inside was empty, lined with what looked and felt like red velvet. The zipper ended at her lower back and I found myself looking inside one of her hollow legs.

“What the hell?” I muttered to myself.

An idea occurred to me. I pulled off my shoes and socks then, slipped one foot down into the hollow of my mom's leg. I felt my toes sliding into place and the costume stiffened around me. I made a move to pull my foot out but in a second I could feel my mom's bare foot against the cool tile floor as the rubber clasped tight to my feet and my thighs. Suddenly I was no longer wearing a costume but felt like I was actually *in* my mom's body, feeling everything as if her skin was my own. I wiggled my toes and watched my mom's tiny toes move up and down.

This was so cool.

I stepped into the other leg and adjusted the costume up around myself. Somehow, despite me being taller and wider than my mom, the costume fit, adjusting to me with a slight squeeze. And then I was assailed by all the sensations of my mom's skin. I slid my arms into the arm holes and adjusted the rubber mask over my own face. Reaching around, I found the zipper and pulled it up my back. The instant the zipper reached the top the costume tightened around me, and suddenly it was if there was no costume at all. I *was* my mom.

I looked out at the world through her eyes, took a sharp breath through her mouth, ran her tongue across her teeth. I stood, my body now both shorter and slimmer than before, and made my way to the mirror hanging next to the hall closet. I stepped in front of it and found myself staring into my mom's reflection. Her little mouth was open in surprise, just like mine. Her dark chocolate hair tumbled down my shoulders.

I looked down at myself, at my mom's breasts straining against the top, the curves disappearing beneath the fabric. The little red black top revealing the smooth skin of my arms and shoulders. I gazed down past my shorts, sticking out one leg at a time to marvel at each wide thigh, each toned calf. I moved closer to the mirror, stroking my mom's face experimentally, watching as a little smile appeared on her reflected face. I could feel everything as I let my fingers glide down the bridge of my nose and across my cheeks, exploring the smooth skin I now possessed. I tucked a strand of hair back behind a petite ear, a move that felt strangely sensual with that little half smile on my new face.

“This is so cool,” I said as I experimented with making mom's body move, curling and uncurling

my fingers. And, god, I had her voice. I laughed then, enjoying the tingly sound of her, before twirling around. In the mirror, mom's blue eyes sparkled with merriment.

This body felt so good. So right. I danced around the house, getting used to how I moved, how light I was on my feet, adjusting to the feel of my body in space, each sway of my hips, each bounce of the breasts on my chest. Closing my eyes and taking in a deep breath I tried to see if the air smelled different. I opened my eyes and brushed the soft dark hair off my face, unable to stop smiling.

More curious than scared now, I pulled mom's top off over my head and tossed it to the living room floor. Christ, her breasts seemed huge. I gripped them, jiggled once, watched the skin bounce, before reaching around and unclasping the bra with an effort, letting it slide off my hands and free my new breasts. They hung down my chest, weighty and divinely bulbous, the skin smooth except for the striations of the bra. Each breast was studded with a cherry blossom pink areola, the little nub of a nipple barely visible at the center. I gently took my new breasts in each hand, hefting them to test their weight before letting them slip from my fingers so they could bounce together.

“Fuck, these things are heavier than I thought.” I whispered, another smile appearing on my mom's face as I made her compliment her own breasts.

I tapped my tits, making them sway on my chest. Christ, mom's tits were nice. I was hypnotized by the way they moved, swaying back and forth. I covered them with each hand, grasping as much as I could beneath each palm, and clasped them to my chest once again, stroking each nipple with my thumb as I gazed down at my mom's curvy body.

I could make her do anything.

My gaze slid over the slight pouch of a tummy—as expected for a woman approaching her forties—down to the jean shorts. I unbuttoned the shorts and slid them down my impossibly smooth legs, kicking them aside to gaze down in wide wonder at my mound, before turning to ogle my plump butt, still clasped by pink thong panties. I grabbed an ass cheek and jiggled it, enjoying the little bounce of my mom's juicy butt. The thong disappeared into the crack of my ass and I plucked I out before rolling the panties down my legs.

Now I was confronted with my mom's pussy. The dark thatch of pubic hair was sculpted into a triangle located just below my mound and pointing to my new entrance. I ran my fingers through the coarse hair and then, with trembling forefinger, touched the little slit between my legs. It felt slightly rubbery and warm, with a little bit of give. So strange not having a dick, nothing to bounce around or get in the way. Instead everything was neatly tucked away. Trimmed. Beautiful. Perfect.

I sat on the couch and spread my legs, tracing my entrance gently. This was *my* pussy now, my little lips I was stroking. They were still clasped together and not as sensitive as I'd imagined. My excitement came not from my touch but from looking at myself, from making my mom's slender fingers manipulate her exquisite body. A welcome warmth flooded me as I gazed down between my legs, eyes locked on that perfect line of her slit. I continued stroking myself, up and down, sinking back into the warmth that was beginning to flow through me.

I pushed harder into myself, allowing a finger to dip in between the lips of mom's pussy and find her moistening warmth. Stroking down and then back up, I soon landed on a spot that ratcheted up the heat twisting through me. I pressed a little harder, concentrating on that spot at the top of my pussy that was promising me so much. God, that felt good. My pussy lips grew looser, opening for me more and more, little flashes of pink appearing even as the tension inside my body continued to increase.

I brought my other hand to a breast, cupping it in my hand—there was so much of it!—kneading slowly while I continued working my fingers between my legs. Dipping down, my fingertips landed on my dew and I spread the moisture back up. So this was what getting wet felt like. The wetness

was accompanied by a lovely anticipation, making me fidgety. It twisted together with the tension, hinting at something huge. I sighed as the warmth grew inside me, growing more restless by the second as my fingers slid up and down my new pussy. This was no longer something I wanted, this was something I *needed*.

I brought another finger down onto the swollen nub of my pleasure and circled harder as I budded out beneath my fingertips, growing wetter, hornier. Now I was so wet. I could hear the sounds of my fingers squishing through my pussy. Oh, god, that was *my* pussy. I moaned, my mom's voice low and guttural now as the pleasurable pressure increased even more. I was so soft, so wet, so desiring of release.

I stroked myself faster, my other hand still squeezing my soft tit, eyes tracing every inch of my mom's body, enjoying the feel of her flesh, inside and out, the sight of her as she grew wet and horny. I felt so at home in her plump body. And I could smell myself now, a little hint of my musk hitting my nose. Delicious.

God, I was so wet with need. I whimpered as I stroked faster, fingers moving in tight circles, legs spread out to allow me access. I thrust a finger inside my canal and cried out in a strangled voice as a spike of heat shot through me. I pushed my two fingers inside, feeling the walls of my canal, thrusting into myself, my beautiful pussy needing to be full.

I mewed, low at first but rising in pitch as I fingered my mom's delightful body, enjoying her pleasure as the pressure filled me, rising, rising, until it exploded. I gasped, crying out "Oh fuuuck," as I came, body rippling with orgasm, fingers slick with my own juices, other hand grasping my massive tit. The orgasm was intense, sweeping through me, curling my toes and making my eyes shut tight. Pleasure reverberated through my entire body. I was humming with excitement and release, coming back down only slowly.

I was still so warm and wet when the orgasm finished, my mom's body promising yet more delight if I wanted to stay. But I'd done enough. Too much, maybe. I'd never been attracted to my mom, but now, inside her...well, this was a different story. This didn't feel like my mom's body I was desiring, it felt like my own. The one I should *really* have.

I reluctantly slid my fingers out of myself. They were shiny with my juices and I raised them to my tin nose, inhaling my wonderful tangy scent. On impulse I opened my mouth and sucked on my fingers, enjoying the wonderful taste of myself. Maybe I should stay. What else could I experience as my mom?

I put the thought aside for the moment. It was time to take off what I'd already come to think of as my mom costume and see if there was any reaction from the solo session I'd enjoyed in her skin. Redressing and then draping her body back over the chair where I'd found it, I picked up the ray gun off the kitchen table and shot her with it.

In an instant my mom was there, her cheeks a little flushed, eyes a little brighter. Maybe still feeling the effects of the orgasm. She fanned herself, looking up at me with wide eyes, as if afraid I'd just seen something I shouldn't have.

"Oh, I didn't see you there. I thought you took a break," she said.

Shit, did she have the memories of what I'd done? If so, it seemed that she assumed she'd made the choice to masturbate on the couch. I supposed it was a much easier assumption to make than that someone had taken over her body.

"Yeah, I took a break upstairs with my headphones on just in case you started singing again," I lied to put her at ease.

"Oh. Just wondering," she said, relief in her voice. She continued fanning herself. "Is it hot in here

or is it just me?"

Yes, I thought but didn't say.

I put the ray gun in the back of my chest of drawers behind my socks while I thought about what had happened. My mom seemed unaffected by it, and yet I still agonized over my what I'd done. Was it right to take over my mom's body without her knowing? But it had felt so damn good. Not just physically but mentally as well. Something about wearing her body had made the world seem right somehow.

By the end of the weekend we'd sorted through the boxes, marking some to keep, some to donate and some to trash. As we worked together in the kitchen I found myself glancing at my mom, observing how she walked, how she moved, catching all the little mannerisms that were so common they'd previously gone unnoticed, like the way she flicked her head to bounce her chocolate bangs out of her eyes, or the way she pinched her bottom lip when deep in thought. I told myself that my observations were just curiosity, but deep down I knew I was studying her, even as I wrestled with whether I should try out the ray gun again. Just one more time. Maybe just to be a woman out in public.

As we worked through the boxes we made idle chatter, eventually swinging the conversation around to the subject of mom and her social life.

"You should get out more, mom," I said, scribbling a label on one of the boxes.

"Says the boy who spends his life online," she gently retorted.

I pressed on. "I think I'm old enough you can leave me at home by myself. Isn't there anyone at work you'd want to date?"

"Well?" She pursed her lips and I saw a little smile flicker, but then she shook her head. "No. Not really."

"Well, then, go meet up with some friends. Go do...whatever it is women do. I feel like you haven't gone out for fun in a while."

"I know, I should," she sighed. "I'm just afraid I've forgotten how to socialize!"

I left it for the moment, but I knew she wouldn't follow up on it. She'd become too accustomed to staying home and unless something happened to shake her out of her habits she wasn't going anywhere. So I decided to be that something.

Sunday night, as mom was reclining in front of the television, I zapped her with the gun. She deflated and I slipped back into her body, enjoying the feel as her skin became mine. Once I was looking out through her eyes again I breathed a little easier. I picked up her phone and flipped through her social media. Surely there was someone on there she could meet. After about twenty minutes I found two of her old friends, Kathy and Kim, were passing through the city this week. I messaged them and set the wheels in motion.

When that was done I put the phone down and reached back to grab the zipper but hesitated. I kind of wanted to stay. After some internal back and forth I reluctantly unzipped her, shimmying out of the costume before zapping her back to life from the doorway. She carried on as if nothing

happened. My plan paid off a few mornings later.

“Do you remember Kathy and Kim?” She asked one morning before school as she sipped her coffee and I munched my cereal. “They were my roommates back in college. They’re in town this afternoon so I said we’d get lunch.”

“Hey, going out in public!”

“I go out in public,” she swatted my arm playfully.

“Work doesn’t count.”

“Hmph,” she pouted, thrusting out her bottom lip theatrically. “Well, never let it be said that your mother can’t change.”

When I was done with breakfast I grabbed my backpack from out of my room and slipped the ray gun into it.

“Bye, mom,” I said, jogging out the door.

I waited in a secluded spot in the park down the street, killing time on my phone until it was closer to lunch. Then I circled back around to my house. I could see my mom moving from the bathroom to the hall, slipping some earrings in. I silently crept in to the house through the garage. Removing my ray gun from my bag, I held it in front of me and waited at the bottom of the stairs, listening. I heard mom coming down the stairs and I aimed the gun, firing as soon as I saw her bare leg turn the corner.

Her leg deflated and I hurried up the stairs to find her laid out on the stairs like a costume. I unzipped her and stuck my leg in, enjoying the welcome feeling of the costume snapping to my body as my leg became hers. I put her on and zipped her up. As soon as the zipper reached the top of my neck I became her. No longer a costume, I was again my mom.

She’d chosen a light peach skirt and white blouse with billowy short sleeves. A simple gold chain hung around her neck and her fingers and toenails had been painted a matching peach color. Her brunette hair had been put up in a bun, held in place by a large plastic clip. A slight waxy taste of her lip gloss was on my tongue, and when I turned my head I caught a whiff of her delightful floral perfume. She was all made up, which was what I had been hoping for so that I could go out without having to figure out how to put myself together. Altogether I felt cute and comfortable, and I continued down the stairs in my mom’s body, the skirt swishing against my bare legs. I was a little unstable in her low heels, gripping the banister once for balance and shuddering as I imagined tipping down the stairs and injuring my mom’s body while wearing it.

When I got to the bottom I dug through her small purse for her phone. It opened at the touch of her fingerprint and I scanned through her email and messages. The thread about where and when they were meeting for lunch was right there, and even gave me the full names of Kathy and Kim, as well as a hint of their personalities. A quick trawl through my mom’s social media enabled me to catch up on the salient points of their lives. My heart was racing with anticipation. Not only was I about to go out in public as someone else—a woman!—for the first time, I was about to meet up with people I was supposed to know. True, mom hadn’t seem them in years, but still.

I took a deep breath and walked out to mom’s car, squinting in the bright light of day. I dropped lightly into the driver’s seat and glanced at the rear view mirror. Mom’s gorgeous face looked out of it, her mouth set in a little worry line. I made myself relax, forcing my mouth up into a smile, then started the car and followed the phone’s directions to the meeting place for lunch.

I parked and slung my purse over my shoulder as I stepped out. The wind brushed my skirt across my thighs and blew a few loose strands of hair into my mouth. But no one accused me of being an

impostor. No one gave me strange looks as I strolled into the restaurant and looked around.

Over by one wall were two women matching the pictures I'd seen on my mom's online feeds. There was a heavyset brunette wearing a loud leopard print skirt and black shorts (Kathy) and a slender auburn haired woman in a floral sundress (Kim). As if to confirm my suspicions, Kim had seen me and was waving me over.

“Ashley!” She laughed, clasping me in a warm hug.

Kathy stood and did the same, all of us chattering in the usual manner of people who hadn't seen each other in years-- “How *are* you?” “You look *amazing*.” “Oh my god, it's been so long.”

With the greetings done, I took a seat, smoothing my skirt out beneath me as I sat. We chatted amicably, catching each other up on our lives. Kathy was a teacher, Kim an executive at a logistics company. I wasn't sure what logistics were exactly but nodded sympathetically as Kim talked. Then it was my turn. This part was easy. I knew what my mom had been doing for the past few years. It was when the conversation turned to reminiscing about the past that I grew nervous again, but it actually turned out relatively easy.

Kathy and Kim would tell their stories and all I had to do was chime in with agreement every now and then and, when the topics turned to what my mom had done, I just feigned forgetfulness of details.

“Do you remember that time you got so high you thought the cashier at that grocery store was Tom Hanks?” Kathy asked, turning to me.

“Oh, wow, I wouldn't say I really *remembered* it!” I laughed, which just encouraged Kathy to tell the story.

I wasn't aware of just how much of a hippie my mom used to be. With all the grief she gave me when she caught me smoking one joint it was a total surprise when Kathy and Kim related the adventures of an Ashley completely stoned out of her mind.

The waiter broke in a few times to ask for our orders or to refill our glasses, coming up to the table with a polite, “Ladies?” which in itself was a thrill for me. No one suspected I was an impostor and gradually the tension in my shoulders eased and I was truly laughing at the ridiculousness of my mom's youth with her old friends. I crossed my legs at the knee, sliding my hand along my thigh every now and then, hardly believing how perfect it felt to slip into my mom's skin for a day.

My lunch consisted of delicate pillows of ravioli, which I found insanely delicious. Though I didn't know whether it was because the food was actually that good or whether I was tasting it through my mom's more refined palate or some combination of the two. It certainly filled me up and I sat back and belched happily, sending Kathy and Kim into gales of laughter for some reason.

When lunch ended we all said our goodbyes on the sidewalk just outside the restaurant, hugging and promising to catch up later. I slung my purse over my shoulder and returned to my car, stopping halfway down the sidewalk to gaze into the windows of a clothing shop. The mannequin in the display was wearing a dress in black and white with little hints of pink that would look incredible on my mom's body. Why not try it on? I had nowhere to be. Mom didn't work today and I wasn't eager to return to school.

I strolled in and pulled out a few sizes from the rack. I'd definitely have to figure out women's clothing sizes if I was going to do this again. Hiding away in the dressing room, I tried on a few until I found one that fit me well, cinching to my waist and draping down to give a hint of my splendid new cleavage—which I took the time to stroke and jiggle. The dress was summery and beautiful and perfect on my mom's body. So I bought it, handing over mom's credit card and walking out with the clothing bag in one hand.

I wondered how mom would remember this. Would she think it was her idea to get the dress? What would she think about the way I'd taken the time to play with her breasts?

I hurried home and then upstairs to mom's bedroom. I set the bag on the floor and then stripped out of my clothes, tossing my top to the floor, followed by my bra and panties. Standing naked in my mom's body in the middle of her bedroom, I looked down at myself, admiring the soft curves I now possessed, running my hands up and down my smooth body, gripping the curve of my ass, then my swaying tits, stroking myself while my body warmed.

"Mmm, so nice," I murmured, staring down at myself while my hands caressed each breast, grabbing the nipple and pulling it taut before releasing to watch it snap back into place.

I had a sudden thought and bent down to open up my mom's bedside table. Tucked away in the back I found what I was looking for. I pulled out mom's vibrator. It was a pink oblong, about the length of my palm, smooth and with a little upturned tip at one end.

I lay on the bed, mom's body stretched out beneath me. Her heavy breasts fell down the side of my chest. I set the vibrator down and stroked my body some more, enjoying my mom's soft skin, the way her hands looked as they felt up her own tits, pushing them into peaks before letting them fall back down across her body, sliding my hands between her thighs and caressing the coarse thatch of pubic hair above her entrance. It was a slower, more in depth process than when I was a teenage guy, able to rub one out during a commercial break. My mom's body was slow to warm but when it did, oh, she burned so beautifully.

My touch became harder, fingers gripping my skin, enjoying the soft body I now possessed. I returned my hand to my legs, fingers exploring my pussy. I was growing moist, the lips of my pussy expanding, welcoming my fingers inside. I was ready this time, my excitement jump starting my arousal. I sighed happily as I slid two fingers inside myself, caressing my velvety folds. I shifted my wide butt on the bed as I slowly fingered myself, watching my fingers disappear into my pussy, reappearing slick and shiny with my own juices. Pulling my fingers out of myself briefly, I licked them, getting a slight hint of my tangy cunt. When they were slippery with my saliva I returned them to my pussy, the wonderful gloss feeling so much more divine. My own wetness sprang up ever more to my touch and I dragged my juices up and down my slit. Fuck, I was making myself so horny.

Picking up the vibrator, I flicked it on and gently set it on my slit, just below my mound. Oh god, the vibrations were incredible, flowing through me as I slid slowly up and down myself, wetting the vibrator on my slick juices. I dipped in lightly to my pussy, cooing as the vibrations landed on my pleasure button. My other hand returned to my breasts, grabbing them in huge handfuls, growing rougher with my body, urging my pleasure ever higher.

I curled the vibrator down into myself, finding the resistance of my entrance. The tip soon slipped inside me, followed by the rest of the silky shaft. My breath shuddered in my throat as I sunk the vibrator deeper into my canal. It scratched an itch I didn't even know I had, but the relief was only temporary, my body soon growing needier. I slid the vibrator in and out of myself in a slow, steady rhythm as my other hand plucked at each tit.

My legs flexed and my back arched up as a quick burst of pleasure rocked me, driving a tiny "ooh" from my lips. When I came back down I was even wetter than before, and I plunged the vibrator back into my body with greater vigor, as excited by the feeling of the vibrating machine inside me as I was at the sight of my mom masturbating for my pleasure.

The warmth inside me grew to an inferno and I clenched my eyes tight, the tension building within me, growing tauter with each stroke of the vibrator until with a sudden explosion I came. My entire body tensed and released as I sighed in a long exhalation. The pleasure was immense, flowing through me, capturing my mind and filling it with the physical lust of my mom's body. I shivered

delightfully, crying out as the waves of orgasm crested through me, leaving me weak and warm.

It felt so incredible I did it again, continuing to slide the vibrator in and out of myself. The tension was back in an instant, growing quicker this time, my desire aided by my little moans, the sound of my wetness, the feel of my skin beneath my fingers. With a tremendous moan I came, body quivering around the vibrator, fingers digging into my luscious skin as the orgasm pounded through me, the second even more powerful than the first.

I came down slowly, my body rocking every now and then with an aftershock of pleasure. Only when I was all the way down did I reluctantly unzip my mom's body and climb out. Hiding outside the door, I aimed the gun at the mom costume and fired. She reinflated in an instant, stretching and yawning, not at all looking disoriented or confused.

I crept down the hallway, grabbed my backpack, and snuck out of the house, pretending to return from school about twenty minutes later. By then my mom was in the living room on her laptop, her little glasses perched on her nose. She looked up and smiled at me as I came in.

“How was your day?” She asked.

“The best,” I replied.

I managed to wait a whole day before next using the gun. I was waiting in the living room for my mom to get home from work. The instant she stepped through the door I zapped her, then giddily dressed in her skin. The second I zipped up the costume her tiredness fell over me like a blanket. My feet ached from the heels and all I wanted to do was zone out. Apparently these mental changes worked both ways.

I kicked off my heels and tossed my clothes aside. I poured myself a glass of wine and lounged naked in the living room, idly stroking myself as the wine warmed my mind and my fingers warmed my body. After bringing myself to a gentle orgasm, I moved into the kitchen where I put on an apron and began cooking dinner. When dinner was ready I reluctantly dressed her in an old t-shirt and jeans, then unzipped my mom and zapped her back to normal.

“Oh, have you been home long?” Mom asked when I came downstairs as she was setting the table.

“Yeah, I was online with my headphones in. I didn't even know you were home.”

She smiled, her relief palpable, probably remembering the fun she'd had on the living room couch and hoping I hadn't heard. She must have thought she was developing a habit.

We ate dinner in front of the television as usual, which was great because it saved me the hassle of making up something that happened at school. This time back in my own body was different, though. I was acutely aware of how big I was, how clumsy and thick my fingers were, how deep my voice was. It didn't feel right. It was almost like this was the costume and it was my mom's body I was supposed to have.

I tried to push the feeling away and wait a little longer before I became my mom again. She had to live her life, after all. But after I'd tossed and turned, sleepless in bed for several hours because of my lumpy body, I grabbed the gun and proceeded down to my mom's bedroom. Zapping her, I slipped into her and, once again embedded in her lovely form, I was asleep in minutes.

A strange alarm woke me up in the morning and I blearily reached out and tapped it off, feeling something heavy tumble down my chest as I turned. Only when my eyes traced the lovely smooth, golden skin—clad in amber panties and an oversized tee shirt—did I remember who's body I was in. I should have really hopped out of her then and gone to school. Instead I stretched, yawned, and went to the bathroom. My mom's face blinked sleepily out at me from the bathroom mirror when I switched on the light. I could get used to seeing that every day on me.

I did my business—which was a strange thing in itself to figure out these different muscles—then gazed at the small makeup collection laid out on the counter. I chewed on my lower lip in thought. I had no idea how any of this was supposed to work. I mean, I had a vague idea, and I could probably have muddled through. Or I could have jumped out, let her do her own makeup, then zap her again. But I didn't want to do either of those things.

I brushed my teeth and combed out my hair until it spilled loosely down my back in dark waves.

Then I returned to my room. Pulling out mom's laptop, I sat cross legged on the bed and searched the internet for makeup tutorials. I found a few that seemed like something my mom would do and carried the laptop back to the bathroom to try it out. It helped that I was limited by what mom already owned. That narrowed down the range of possibilities. That, plus some trial and error, left me looking beautiful and ready for work in about an hour.

Returning to the bedroom, I pulled some clothes out of her closet that I'd seen her wear to work before. Just a slightly frilly white top and some dress pants, nothing that would have been that special for her. But it was special for me. After fighting with the bra for a bit, the rest of her outfit came on easy. With one last glance in the mirror I headed to the kitchen.

My usual bowl of cereal was too sweet on mom's taste buds, so I dumped it and settled for the plain butter and toast she chose most mornings. Sitting at the table munching on it, it took me some more time to realize that the reason I felt so sour and wrongheaded was the lack of coffee. I wasn't a coffee drinker but the pod machine made it easy. I made a cup and savored it. It seemed there were still some things I hadn't quite adjusted to in mom's body.

Using mom's phone, I grabbed the address of her work and followed the directions. I drove with the windows down and the wind in my hair. Though when I arrived at her work I discovered why that wasn't the best idea when I had to untangle my silky hair and try to make myself presentable.

This job would be the real test. It was easy enough to fake social situations, but here I was, about to go into a job where my mom was supposed to know how things worked and I clearly did not. I didn't even really know what her company, Motorone Corporation, *did*. Something to do with artificial limbs. I was definitely starting to second guess myself. But I'd done so well with mom's life thus far I just took a deep breath and walked in to the lobby. Even then it didn't occur to me the real reason I was hesitant to unzip her and let her go through the day on her own.

The Motorone building was a three story glass and concrete box. There was nothing too fancy about it. The lobby was simple. Beige in color, the walls hung with non-offensive generic watercolors you'd find in any corporate setting. My first stumbling block was finding her desk. I had three choices: use the elevator to go up to one of the other two floors, or continue down the hallway towards a large room that looked like it held a collection of cubicles and from where I could hear the low buzz of office activity: people talking, fingers on the keyboard, phones ringing.

I was saved by a heavysset woman in a garish dress who swept in through the main doors and sang out my name.

“Ashley! Good morning!”

She was way too cheerful for his office but she seemed to know my mom so I smiled and went along with it, watching for any clues. We exchanged pleasantries and she continued walking down the hall as though she expected me to accompany her. So I did.

She had a massive red purse over one shoulder, which she set down on the desk of a cubicle a few rows past the door. Each cubicle actually held two or three desks and, attached to the wall behind the other monitor in the cubicle, I saw a picture of my old male self. I settled in, making small talk with the gregarious woman who's name, as I discovered from watching her log in to her computer, was Linda. I vaguely remembered my mom mentioning her once or twice.

Logging into mom's computer was easy. Her password was written on a sticky note attached to the monitor. I wasn't exactly sure what I was supposed to be doing, so I just perused her emails for a while to get an idea. I was interrupted by a man's voice.

“Knock, knock.”

I turned to see a blond guy in a blue shirt, the top button left casually undone. I wasn't really into

men but this guy was exceedingly handsome. Too handsome for the office, if you asked me. I felt my mom's heart start pounding and my cheeks get warm. The only other time I'd felt like that was one time in class when Heather Rainnes, a cheerleader at my high school, asked me for a pencil she could borrow. Weird to feel my mom's body responding physically to this guy. And this physical reaction affected my mind. I really wanted this guy to like me, maybe even...something more.

"Morning, Rich," Linda smiled broadly, glancing quickly at me.

Rich flicked his crystal blue eyes to Linda and acknowledged her greeting, then returned that intoxicating gaze to me. I felt naked beneath it. And I liked it.

"Hi, Rich." God, was mom's voice always that breathy? I was like a schoolgirl with a crush. "How was your weekend?" I managed.

"Pretty good. Hey, I started reading that book you recommended. Children of Time? It's really good right off the bat."

"Isn't it?" I agreed, having no idea what the book was about. Probably one of the many science fiction novels my mom read. "Wait until you get to the part about the..." I mimed zipping my mouth shut and throwing away the key.

Rich laughed, a booming, carefree laugh that sent delightful shivers through me. "No spoilers! I'll see ya."

He disappeared back down the hall and Linda swiveled her chair to me. "Oh my, just ask him out already!" She whispered conspiratorially.

"No," I waved her away, somehow blushing even more than before.

She giggled. "Come on. You're both single and gorgeous. It's like a fairy tale."

I turned back to my computer but the thought wouldn't leave me alone. This must be what my mom thought of Rich and somehow her feelings were bleeding through to me. The thoughts weren't unpleasant or even really alien. They really seemed like my own. God, this was confusing.

I kept running into Rich throughout the day. One or the other of us would make excuses to stop by the other's desk, and we even went out to lunch together with some other people. I considered unzipping my mom, letting her take her day back over. But I doubted she would do anything with Rich. I mean, she hadn't so far and she'd clearly been flirting with him for a while. In fact, she hadn't even really agreed to meet Kathy and Kim for lunch. That had been *my* initiative. It seemed that I'd been living her life better than she ever had.

So it was that I stayed inside her, not just for the rest of the day but for the rest of the week. I would go to work in her body, come home, eat dinner, masturbate, sleep and do it all over again. It was gloriously banal taking over her life. I felt accepted. I felt right. After the first day I got the hang of mom's work. Linda was lots of fun. Rich seemed like a great guy. But by the weekend I was ready for a little more.

I walked confidently towards the nightclub entrance, my hips swaying seductively, an enigmatic smile on my mom's beautiful face. Out of the corner of my eyes I could see that I turned heads among the rich, well dressed guys waiting in line. I cast a glance over one or two of them, raising a sculpted eyebrow and setting off their girlfriends, smiling to myself as they protested that they weren't staring at me. I'd found a slinky black dress in the back of mom's closet. The flowing fabric covered my form, clinging to my breasts and the swell of my ass, the slit up the side revealing flashes of my supple calves. I was practically stuffed inside this thing, my heavy breasts bouncing at each step.

I'd become adept at the makeup and hair and had gone all out tonight, putting my luxurious tresses up in a complicated bun, leaving a lock to dangle down seductively over one eye. My face was radiant and my figure was killer.

I walked up to the bouncer, bypassing the line. Putting one hand on my hip I looked up at him. "Room for a single lady in there?" I asked.

He grinned. "I think we can manage."

Unclipping the velvet rope, he ushered me through into the club. It was vibrant and loud, decked out in a retro eighties theme. Colored lights flashed on the dance floor, where a crush of bodies mingled together. A bar hugged one wall, trimmed in neon blue and green. The young and the rich strolled casually around, packed into booths or standing at the few small tables scattered here and there. My mom would never have been caught dead in a place like this. I wondered how she would rationalize coming here when (if?) I ever jumped out of her.

I stepped up to the bar next to an older gentleman in an expensive button down shirt. He had a handsomely lined face, like George Clooney. He glanced at me, nodded, and then returned his gaze to the room. Before I could order anything, a young guy in a flashy suit moved in next to me, smiled and offered to buy me a drink. He was too arrogant and his nose was too big for his face, but I let him flirt with me, enamored with the attention.

"You come here often?" He asked, sipping from a bottle of beer.

"Never," I replied, taking a sip from the amber colored liquid in my cocktail glass. "But maybe that could change?"

His want for me was obvious. Too obvious, in fact. He took excuses to touch my arm or slide a hand across my bare back as we talked. I removed his hand from my arm, surreptitiously at first but more obvious each time he did it. He presented himself as an entrepreneur, rich from selling some app or something, but there was a desperation and a phoniness in his conversation. I tried to break away, making an excuse that my friends were waiting for me.

"I'll come with you," he said, "I'd love to meet them."

"That's not necessary," I tried to persuade him.

"Come on," he said, suddenly aggressive. "You're not lying to me, right? Let's see your friends."

I was alone in a nightclub for thirty minutes as a woman and I'd already gotten myself into a dangerous situation. He tried to put his hand on my arm again and I twisted away but he held tight.

“What?” He growled. “You'll take my drink but now you're leaving? Fucking slut.”

“Hey,” a commanding voice cut in from behind me. The older gentleman was suddenly there, grabbing the young guy's arm, fingers digging into his forearm in a way that made the grip on my arm relax. “That's no way to speak to a woman.”

The older gentleman tossed the young guy's arm away contemptuously, making him spin in a half circle. “Now get the fuck out of here,” he spat, towering over the young guy who was rubbing his forearm like it hurt.

The young guy tossed me a dark look but slunk away into the crowd without a word. The older gentleman turned to me, his piercing gaze catching me, making me feel naked and vulnerable in a good way. “Are you okay?”

I nodded. “Thank you.”

“Looks like the asshole level in here is a little high.”

He resumed his stance at the bar, picking up his highball glass and gazing slowly around the room. I wanted him then. My body longed for him, a gentle ache settling itself within me. My mom's desire or my own I no longer knew. They were one and the same.

“My name's Ashley,” I said, holding out my hand.

He turned his attention back to me and took my hand, his fingers encasing mine gently, yet I could feel the power in him. “James.”

“And tell me, James, do you hang out in clubs saving women in distress often?” I asked with a smile.

He smiled back, his features softening. “Not usually.”

It turned out he was a junior partner at a law firm, only out tonight to try to fit in with some of the younger staff as some sort of misguided team building exercise. We moved over to a table in the corner where we could talk. I told him all about myself, using details from my mom's real life but opinions of my own. James was charming and dryly funny and incredibly intelligent. I found myself drawing closer to him as the night went on. Now it was my turn to reach out and touch his arm as I gestured, or place my hand on his shoulder as he bent down so I could speak into his ear. From his demeanor I expected him to be old fashioned in manners, so I was surprised when he drove me home and accepted my invitation to come inside.

He was courteous and polite, and it was I who had to make the first moves but when I did...oh. It happened a few minutes after we came in the door. I shyly showed him around the living room, unsure of how to proceed, and he pretended to be interested. Then I pretended to stumble, leaning on him for balance. He grabbed my shoulder, supporting me, his arm like steel wrapped over cotton. I stood on my tiptoes and kissed him then. Our kiss was long and lingering, his sweet whiskey breath mingling with my own. I licked his lips, teasing him until he opened for me and I slipped my tongue inside, skating around the contours of his mouth, exploring him by taste as our hands played up and down each other's bodies.

His hand grazed my cheek as he slid his palm against my face, thumb gently stroking me as we kissed. His other hand reach around and held me close. His grip was firm, comfortable, and I melted into him, gripping his shirt with my hands and shoving my tongue deeper into his mouth. That was his cue. He'd been holding back but suddenly his hands were all over me, gliding up and down my smooth skin, untying my dress and letting it slip to the floor as I unbuttoned his shirt and pressed

my palms against his warm solid chest. My mom's body was responding so quickly, my thighs growing moist, my face blushing as we unwrapped each other until we were both naked.

When he finally shed his pants his cock stood at attention, thick and long, pointing towards me. He stroked my breasts gently and gazed down at me, awe in his eyes. It was the same look of desire I had when I'd first seen my mom naked. He leaned down and kissed each breast, suckling gently on my nipples, tasting my soft skin. I sighed as the warmth flitted through me, the urges inside calling out, driving me on.

I took his hand and led him upstairs to my mom's bedroom. We kissed again, then he lay me down on the bed and knelt between my legs, gently spreading me apart. He ducked in between my legs and I moaned as his hot breath found my pussy. My hands came up to my own breasts, squeezing myself as he spread me open gently with fingers and tongue. I was so wet for him, welcoming him inside. His hot tongue pressed up against my clit expertly, undulating softly with the rhythm of my body, driving me hotter, higher.

It was delightful watching down past my mom's breasts, past her supple body, watching him enjoy pleasuring me as he stroked and suckled my delicate opening. Fuck, he was so good, fingers slipping into my folds as I grew ever wetter. The warmth twisted through me as he suckled, heating me until I released it in a loud, long moan of ecstasy, my body quivering as I came around his tongue. My legs flexed, fingers gripping my tits as I leaned into the pleasure. It blistered through me and I pressed my pussy up against his face even as he met me with tongue and fingers. When it settled into a dull roar I managed to moan "Fuck me", my voice dripping with lust.

He crawled up me like a beast, kissing his way up my stomach up my tits, dragging his hot cock across my skin. I took his face in my hands and kissed him tasting my pussy on his lips, smelling my tangy scent on his skin. There was a pressure between my legs and I reached down, grabbing his turgid cock and aiming it between my unfolding pussy lips. There was a moment of pressure and for a second I feared he was too big. And then my pussy spread for him and he slipped in, both of us moaning as our heat joined together.

His cock was perfect as it pressed against the silken walls of my canal, filling me inch by wonderful inch until we were merged as one and I held him deep within. His alien heat was delicious, sating a deep itch. He withdrew and slid in again, oh so gently, the head of his cock coming to rest lightly against my center. I could feel the power of his steely body as his fingers continued to explore me, sliding out and in, so slow, so in control. But I was past that.

"Harder," I commanded, my voice edged with lust, "Fuck me harder."

I could feel him smile as he kissed me. He obeyed, pulling out and slamming into me, ushering a grunt from my throat.

"Oh, yes, yes, harder!" I cried, my voice rising in pitch, sounding like a tiny girl as he pounded me.

The rhythmic slap of his groin on mine, the wet sounds of my cunt as I took his dick over and over again filled my ears. This was my body, my pleasure. My tits jiggled on every slap, my ass wiggling, my entire body feeling the shockwaves of his cock thrusting into me. I moaned, rising up again and again to meet him, locking my legs around his waist and urging him deeper. Now he leaned over me, grunting like an animal as he ravaged me, this crazy dirty relief all I needed. I came hard, crying out in a strangled voice as my body stiffened and clenched, pleasure spilling through my every cell. I shut my eyes tight as white hot heat tore me away. I was too much for James then and he came too, grunting and thrusting hard and deep. I felt him cum, felt his cock throb and then the wonderful burst of wet heat as he filled me. Each spurt drove another cry from my lips and I took him all. He filled me with his cum and I welcomed it, allowing his pleasure to burn through me.

The orgasm blew away all conscious thought. I was left breathless, my whole body ragged and weak as I came down, heat still rebounding through me. James's hard body stayed resting on top of mine, his weight so comforting, the heat inside me so perfect. Both of us were breathing hard. He kissed my cheeks, my nose, each eyelid, and I laughed the throaty sound of delight.

When he rolled off me I cuddled up against him, stroking his hard body, delighting in the contrast between that and my softness. We fell asleep holding each other.

The next morning there was a little awkwardness at first. James went to use the bathroom and I went in after he was done. I came out to find him collecting his clothes, unsure of himself. It was cute, this big, strong confident man not knowing how to act, waiting for me to tell him I was sure of what I wanted.

I led him back to the bedroom and made sure he knew what I wanted. He fucked me again, slower, more delicate this time, both of us taking the time to enjoy each other, to kiss and suckle every inch of our bodies. And then I rode him, clenching his cock between the walls of my cunt, fingers digging into his hard pecs as he clapped his hands around my waist and drove up to meet my downstroke. I stroked my clit as we fucked, cumming hard around his dick as he filled me again with his hot seed.

We collapsed back into bed and spent the rest of the day together, parting only at night after another round of sex. I returned home by myself, one last piece of business to attend to. I wrote a note in my male handwriting and left it in my room, describing how I was running away. There would be some bureaucratic hassles, but at 18 I was legally an adult, so the police wouldn't get involved. But it freed me to live my mom's life, to take it over and live it better than she ever did. I dated both James and Rich, each of them filling a different role. I enjoyed myself immensely. I'm sure they enjoyed it as well.

And when I got tired of it, there was always the choice to zap someone else and start over.

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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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If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

Take Her for a Spin

A woman is being possessed by her coworkers, but she thinks every unusual, sensual action is her own decision.

Fiancee in Law

An old man gets a second chance to make up for the regrets in his life when he accidentally swaps bodies with his son's gorgeous fiancee.

Give it Up

Dan offered to help out the beautiful college girl next door, unaware that she would take him up on that offer by swapping their bodies.

Let Me Stay

Shane is Will's best friend. Shane's wife, Alicia, is Will's worst enemy, an entitled brat who doesn't realize how lucky she has it. After chancing upon a magical being who grants Will a body swapping spell, he takes over Alicia's life, vowing to be a better wife and lover -- and just all around person -- than Alicia ever was.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 6

Six more previously published body swapping stories.

In the Game (Part 3)

In the conclusion to In the Game, Ethan and his team of gamer girls are on top of the world. But the integrity commission begins to suspect them of cheating, and Megan, a snoop reporter, won't stop investigating them. They have to do something to save their team from scandal and if Ethan can copy his mind into two new women to add to his team and enjoy their pleasure, well, that's just a bonus.

Taking Stock

Tom is able to possess people's bodies. While out shopping one day he sees someone that he must have. As he enjoys her body he finds himself falling in love with her, and decides to help change her life for the better. And for his benefit.

Busted

Jason's a bully who takes great pride in ruling the school, but things change when he makes fun of the new goth girl's big chest and she casts a spell on him and his friends, turning them into their own big busted fantasies. She gives them one chance to change back, but they'll have to fight their new burning desires.

Foreign Exchange

Chun isn't happy about being volunteered to swap bodies with an American teen in the name of diplomacy. But when she lands in the body of Ashley, a cute high school senior, she discovers that life in another country -- and as a sexy high school hottie -- is much more pleasurable than she ever imagined.

Got It Going On

My girlfriend, Stacy, is an amateur witch. She can do magic, just not very well, which is why I'm hesitant when she comes to me with a spell that will swap our bodies for a day. Turns out I should have said no, because an accident causes me to swap bodies with her elegant, curvy mom. I know it might be wrong, but there's so much fun to be had being inside Stacy's mom.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 5

Six previously published body switching stories by M. Wills.

Best Friend's Wedding

Drew and Jake used to be best friends, until Missy came along. She was rich and entitled and was responsible for taking Jake away. So Drew hatched a plan to steal her body and take over her life.

Compact Mirrors

Ellie, an average looking and poor college student, accidentally swaps bodies with Summer, a mean, hot high school cheerleader. Now they both have to navigate their new lives while trying to back to their old. Until one of them decides they don't want to go back.

And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.