

Body Switch Collection

Volume 10

by M. Wills

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I Wish: The Coin

Dave hated Jenna. He hated the smug look on her slender face whenever she hung up the phone after getting another sale. He hated the way she talked down to him, as if he were some sort of moron who couldn't dial a phone, much less clinch an actual sale. He hated the way she stared mirthlessly at him with her emerald green eyes after he tried to crack a joke, making him feel unfunny and worthless, turning the conversation away from him with a toss of her dyed blonde and a bored "Anyway...". He hated her nasally, high pitched voice that bored into his brain as he sat next to her, hour after hour, making sales calls. Jenna annoyed Dave to no end. He especially hated how she was so fucking hot and how much he wanted to spite fuck the hell out of her, hold her down and just drill into her tight little ass as she cried and begged for more.

Dave hated *himself* as he masturbated to her employee ID picture that he'd copied off the office database. Imagining those big doe eyes staring up at him, plump lips locked around his cock, round breasts jiggling as she sucked him off until he finally pulled away and came hard on her prissy face. Each time he promised himself it would be the last time he jerked off to her. But then he'd go into work and sit next to her, have her image seared into his brain, her infuriating voice echoing in his ears and by evening he'd have to take himself in hand to fantasies of her once more.

It was while walking through a flea market one weekend that his life changed. Dave was ambling through the crowded aisles, looking for old records. Every now and then he'd find a hidden gem for his collection that made the hours of searching worthwhile. He was stepping over baskets of knickknacks and worthless trinkets that spilled out into the pathway when he saw a flash out of the corner of his eye. He turned towards it and the crowd parted like Moses at the Red Sea. Dave found himself staring at an old woman holding up a shiny coin. Her eyes locked on his from the far end of the aisle and she nodded, encouraging him closer. The coin between her fingers sparkled with light. As soon as Dave laid eyes upon it he knew he had to have it. He didn't know what possessed him; he'd never been one for old coins. But there was something about this one that called to him.

He made his way towards the old woman and she held it out to him.

"Ah, is this one glowing for you?" She asked in a delicate, lilting voice.

It was a strange question, because the radiant light was brilliant, like holding a light bulb in her hand. Dave just nodded to her question and she handed him the coin. It was warm and surprisingly heavy. The glow was mesmerizing and Dave peered up to see the old woman staring back at him, as though trying to read something in his eyes.

She was actually quite pretty. He could see traces of the startling beauty she must have once been. The wrinkles gave her an air of sophisticated elegance and Dave also noted, with a quick glance, that her breasts were still full and perky beneath her billowy, low-cut blouse despite her being at least sixty years old.

"You want someone quite badly," the old woman said.

"Huh?" Dave asked.

She nodded to the coin. “This coin called to *me* when I wanted something. I've used up its powers and it's looking for a new owner. Looks like you're it.” She winked at him and laughed, a tingly gentle laughter that sent pleasant tingles up Dave's spine. Her voice was beautifully melodic and he felt he could listen to her for hours.

“Powers?” Dave asked.

She leaned close to him. “This coin can mentally and physically change another person anyway you like just through a wish. But be careful. You get three wishes and the object of your affection gets one.”

“How do you know I'll use it on her?” Dave blurted out.

She smiled knowingly. “The coin sensed your desires.”

“How much do you want for it?”

“Nothing. I don't need anything anymore.”

Just then a young man slipped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. He nuzzled her ear and she pushed him away gently.

“Henry, we've got a customer,” she giggled, her cheeks blushing red.

Dave couldn't help but gawk. The guy looked like he'd just walked off a movie set: chiseled jaw, roguish smile, impeccably coiffed hair and a body like a Greek god. And young. He couldn't have been much out of college and yet here he was with this—admittedly well kept—much older woman and he was obviously smitten with her. Strangely, Dave had a pang of jealousy watching them together.

“As you can see,” she winked at Dave, “You have to wish carefully, because they'll wish right back.”

Dave pocketed the coin and walked away, his mind racing. He glanced back once at the table, just in time to see the younger guy lead the woman away hand in hand. They were both giggly with excitement.

“Good morning,” Dave said to Jenna as he dropped his briefcase at his desk.

She glanced at him briefly and gave him a smile that didn't reach her eyes, before turning away and fiddling with her computer. Dave let his eyes graze down her outfit. She was wearing a green vest over a white, long-sleeve knit shirt. The shirt clung to her form, revealing the contours of her body, and especially her heavy breasts. Her matching green skirt was conservative in cut, and ended just above her ankles. Her blonde hair was tied up in a neat bun that she carefully adjusted as he watched.

She turned and caught him looking. He quickly sputtered, “How was your weekend?”

“Oh my gawd,” she began, turning her lightly freckled face to him. “Amazing. My boyfriend took me to this little spa in the mountains. So expensive but worth it. I say you just have to treat yourself, you know? How was your weekend? You look tired.”

“Oh. Fine. You know.”

“You've got big bags under your eyes.”

“Do I?”

“Yeah. Maybe it's your diet. You know, you shouldn't eat dairy. It's really bad for you. Having any dairy at all in your body makes you fat and it's really bad for your skin.”

“Cows seem to do okay with it.”

She peered at him for a beat, eyes flicking over his face. “Anyway...”

Sara came up to Jenna's desk before Dave could reply and the two women began gushing about some stupid reality TV show. Dave tried to ignore them but Jenna kept punctuating their conversation with nasally cries of “I know!” and “Oh my gawd” followed by her annoying giggle.

Dave slid his hand into his suitcase and grasped the coin, tired of their inane chatter. He mumbled under his breath, “I wish Jenna was addicted to my cock.”

The coin warmed briefly between his fingers. He dropped it back into his briefcase and sat back in his chair as he adjusted his computer. The conversation beside him faltered as Jenna became distracted. Dave ignored her even as he felt her glancing over at him. The conversation faltered into ums and has until Sara left. Dave started typing, deliberately ignoring Jenna, even as he was aware that she was shifting around in her chair and staring over at him. Finally, she rolled her chair closer to his and put her hand on his shoulder. It was the first time she'd ever touched him.

“Dave, um,” she giggled nervously.

He looked over at her with a slight smile. She bit her lower lip nervously while she fidgeted in her chair, long legs jiggling up and down.

“Yes?” He asked.

“I, um, oh,” she laughed again, her eyes darting around the office. She leaned in closer to him and whispered. “I don't know what's...I mean, I need to, um...can I speak to you privately in the conference room?”

“Sure.”

He pushed back from his desk and followed her bouncing little butt down to the nearest conference room. She closed the door behind him and then closed the two blinds on the windows facing the rest of the office before coming up so close to him. He could smell her vanilla scented body wash and see the little gold flecks in her green eyes.

“Dave, I, oh my gawd, I can't believe I'm asking this.” She giggled again. “Can I...can I suck your dick? Please?” She begged.

Dave laughed. “Whoa. I didn't know you were such a slut.”

There was fire in her eyes suddenly. “How dare you? I'm going to report you to HR.”

So, apparently being addicted to his cock didn't mean she liked him.

“Well, if you report me I'll get fired. And then you won't get any of this.”

Dave unbuckled his pants and dropped them to the ground. She was on her knees in an instant, scrambling for his cock. She lunged her lips onto his cockhead before it was even fully erect and began sucking, her retort muffled by his dick. He grew in her mouth and she moaned as she slid her plump little lips up and down his shaft. Her eyes were closed in ecstasy as she blew him, her tongue undulating against the bottom of his shaft. Dave stared down at her, watching her little blonde head move back and forth as she sucked his dick with a look of pure bliss.

She stroked him with one hand as she continued sucking, dragging her saliva up and down his cock until it was shiny and slick. She pulled his dick out of her mouth with a wet pop and licked up and

down the shaft, rubbing his dick across her face as she closed her eyes and cooed. She brushed his dick over her cheeks and then swallowed it again. Her moans grew quicker and she sucked him voraciously, head going faster and faster and then she shuddered, pausing with his cock lodged deep in her throat with a body-shaking orgasm. He came then, grunting as she kept her lips locked around his dick, spurting his cum into her warm, wet mouth. She drank it all down, moaning as she did so until he was empty. She held him in her mouth, making sure to swallow every last drop before releasing him.

Her eyes were closed in ecstasy and she licked her lips. "Mmm. So fucking good." She stood up and looked at him with barely disguised disdain. "I'll leave first. You wait five minutes and follow. No one can see us together, you understand?"

Dave nodded, surprised at the sudden change. She slipped out of the room, closing the door behind her. Dave waited a few minutes and then followed. He sat down beside her at his desk and she proceeded to make her calls as though nothing had happened. As the morning went by, her calls became slower and she seemed to be distracted, glancing over at Dave. She was definitely not hitting her numbers, but by lunch she definitely didn't care.

She grabbed his arm when he stood to go for lunch and urgently whispered in his ear. "I need some more dick."

She pulled him into a bathroom stall and locked the door. Then she was back on her knees, sucking him off. When his cock was in her mouth she worshiped it, and guzzled down his cum with gusto. But after that, she was back to her old self. She stood and glared at him, ordering him not to tell anyone. Then she left.

It was the same in the afternoon before Dave left. Jenna tried to steer him to her car but he shook her off. He was exhausted and just wanted to go home. She was furious, and she stomped and raved, but Dave made her shut up by threatening to cut off her supply.

The next morning Jenna showed up late, and when she finally arrived she was a mess. Her clothes were askew, the top button of her navy-blue dress undone. She was jittery, playing with her hands and muttering to herself. As soon as she saw Dave she flew at him and yanked him back into the conference room where she dove her lips back down his cock until he rewarded her with his cum. That seemed to calm her down. She collected herself and returned to her desk.

It was, Dave reflected, exactly how he'd worded his wish. Jenna was addicted to his cock in the same way a drug addict was addicted to heroin. She needed it or else she'd suffer withdrawal, and then when she got it she was filled with embarrassment and tried to pretend everything was okay. Until the cravings started again. It wasn't exactly what Dave had had in mind. All she wanted to do was suck his dick. The one time he asked if she wanted to fuck him she became furious, once again threatening to report him for being inappropriate. After she swallowed his cum it was like flipping a switch; she'd go back out to the office and be her snobby, stuck-up self. If anything, she treated him even worse just to make the rest of the office think there was nothing going on between them. Her subtle digs became overt and, when she wasn't sucking his dick, she was openly mocking him while *still* being the best sales person in the office. It was infuriating and it all made Dave want to fuck her even more.

That afternoon, when Jenna accosted him before lunch, he clutched the coin in his pocket and followed her into one of the empty offices. She locked the door and dropped to her knees, fingers coming up for his pants but he pushed her back. She flicked her blonde hair out her face and looked up at him with anger in her eyes.

"I *need* this," she growled.

"I know," Dave said, "I'm going to change that."

“What the fuck are you talking about? Just let me suck your dick so we can get out of here.”

Dave held up the coin. “I wish you were my bimbo slut with the biggest pair of tits in the world.”

The changes were immediate. Jenna's lips became even more plump and brightened to a ruby red, her mouth slightly parted in a constant 'o' of surprise. Her tits, already large and squeezable, quadrupled in size, dress adjusting to her form as her breasts tumbled outwards from her chest, expanding until each was as big as a basketball, both of them full but bouncy and natural. The intelligence faded from her eyes, replaced with a vacant look of astonishment as she looked down at her massive breasts and then up at Dave.

“What did you do to me?” She asked, in a high-pitched voice.

“You're getting what's coming to you.”

“What's coming to me?” She giggled. “I hope it's you.” She giggled again, sending her huge tits bobbing up and down.

“Get naked,” he ordered.

She hurried out of her dress, yanking it down her shoulders, nearly ripping it in her eagerness to obey him. She stepped out of it and Dave stared. Her bra strained against her mountainous peaks. Dave's cock leaped to attention in his pants and Jenna's eyes went right to it.

“Oooh,” she cooed. “Yummy.”

She jumped into his arms, wrapping her legs around him and sticking her tongue down his throat. He backpedaled until he landed on the edge of the desk, where he regained his balance. He sucked on her tongue, feeling her tits press against his chest as he wrapped his arms beneath her padded ass to hold her in the air. She moaned as she kissed him, not daring to let her lips leave his for more than an instant. Her desire was palpable and she thrust her waist against him, dry humping as they made out. She ran her hands through his hair, fingers tickling up and down his body.

He unclasped her bra and she shrugged it to the floor. Her bare tits were between them, and Dave's hand came up to squeeze them. God, they felt so perfect. Warm and smooth and absolutely gigantic. They spilled out of his fingers and bobbed as he dropped them to watch them sway down against her tummy. She sighed into his mouth as his fingers found her nipples and plucked each one.

“Fuck me,” she moaned between kisses, “Fuck me right now.”

She untangled herself from him and tore his pants down around his ankles. His cock leaped up between them, the head already glistening with precum. She stroked it with one hand as she lifted a leg and forced him onto the desk, straddling him. She guided him into her warm, wet opening, crying out as she sank onto him. She began riding him, grinding herself against his cock as he buried his head between her tits, kissing and licking and suckling her weighty flesh. Fuck, her tits were enormous. They must have weighed 10 pounds each, but they were bouncy and perfect, flopping around as she rode him, the strawberry-pink nipples spiking out in pleasure. Jenna gasped and moaned in absolute desire as he pounded urgently into her, gripping her soft thighs and slamming up hard. Her breasts bounced back and forth with each thrust and it wasn't long until Dave grunted and came, slamming up into her as she quivered and came with him, each spurt of cum making her moan ever louder until he was finally empty and she collapsed on top of him, clutching him to her.

“Oh, Dave, Dave, Dave,” she whispered into his ear, “You're amazing.”

They got dressed and returned to their desks. But Jenna was hopeless. Not only were her breasts so big they blocked her view of the keyboard, but she no longer knew how to work her phone and had to keep getting help from IT. They were only too happy to come up and help her, gawking at her

jiggling tits and secretly mocking how dumb she was behind her back. Everyone pitied her. She'd become the office idiot, kept around for her good looks but everyone figured that she was only here because she was fucking one of the bosses. When she wasn't battling with her phone, she was asking Dave if he could fuck her again. But Dave was just a regular guy, not a porn star, and he couldn't get it up again so soon.

Unless...

Dave grabbed the coin and hurried into an empty conference room with Jenna right on his heels. She couldn't run because her tits were so huge, and every guy in the office turned to stare as she bounced through. She waved at everyone, oblivious to the fact that they were drooling over her tits. When they got to the conference room and locked the door, Dave turned to her.

With his hand on the coin he said, "I wish I could instantly grow hard right after cumming."

Dave felt the change immediately. His cock grew rock hard and he had to struggle out of his pants. Jenna was on her knees in an instant, kissing and stroking his dick. Dave threw his head back at her expert touch. His grip slackened. He dropped the coin on the table and it rolled toward Jenna. She wrapped her lips around his dick and began sucking furiously, lips concave with effort. She arched her back, letting her entire body sway as she sucked his cock. Then she pulled off him with a wet pop and stroked his shaft.

"Oh, baby," she cooed, "I wish I could make you feel as good as you make me feel."

Dave was dizzy for a brief instant. He blinked furiously and when he came to he found himself arching his back while leaning on the table, a huge cock inches from his nose and a massive weight on his chest. Dave stood with a gasp and looked down to see Jenna's tits bouncing below him, so huge he couldn't see the rest of his body. It was then that he realized that the slender arm and dainty, feminine fingers were his. He was clutching his former cock, which was rock hard and glistening. He could still taste the tangy precum on his plump new lips. And it tasted divine.

"What the fuck did you do to me?" His former body cried, pushing him away and staring down at itself.

Dave wanted to explain about the coin and about the wishes and the apparent consequence of Jenna's wish. But when he opened his mouth to speak all he could say was "Please fuck me," in a high-pitched bubbly voice. It was the only thing he wanted, everything else gone from his already-empty mind. He couldn't think with that beautiful, perfect cock dangling in front of him.

Dave pushed himself away from the table and nearly pitched over at the weight of his tits. Jenna scowled and backed away as he came near and, god, his thighs were so wet, his own fucking body turning him on. He had to hold his tits so they wouldn't bounce as he followed Jenna until her back was against the wall.

"You turned me into a stupid horny bimbo."

"Oh, god," Dave moaned, "I did. Please, please fuck me and I'll change us back." He would have promised anything just to have Jenna's perfect cock inside him. He hated how much he was pleading, hated how his brain was turning but he just couldn't think of anything.

Dave leaned over the conference table and spread his legs. He brought one hand down between his thighs and landed on his wetness. He rubbed urgently, sinking into his oversexed new body. His fingers landed on his clit and he came at once, arching his back and crying out. A steady stream of liquid poured from his pussy, running down his legs as he fingered himself as fast as he could, but even that orgasm wasn't enough.

"Please, please, Jenna, I'll do anything you want, just fuck me." He begged.

His tits were pressed painfully onto the conference room table, fingers sinking deep inside his velvety folds. His entire hand was sopping wet and he curled his fingers around inside him to land on the dimpled nub of his pleasure. His body vibrated and he groaned as he came again. But still he knew he'd never be satisfied until he had his former cock inside him.

And finally, finally, Jenna clutched his perfect ass in her hands, fingers digging into his soft skin. She placed the head of her cock right up against Dave's opening. The pressure of his own cockhead sat there, promising delight. Dave tried to push himself back onto her dick but she held him down with one strong hand on his ass.

“You promise?” She asked.

“Yes! Yes. Anything!” He wailed. He'd forgotten entirely what she was talking about. It was too difficult holding more than one idea in his head and right now his only idea was her dick. And then she slid in and Dave was filled with an immense relief. He groaned gratefully as her cock penetrated him, sliding easily through the slick walls of his cunt. He turned his head awkwardly—still resting painfully on his tits on the table—and watched as his old body, grimacing, thrust into him again and again. Each thrust sent another shockwave of delight through Dave, building and building in a steady rhythm. His voice rose in pitch as he begged her for more, longer, harder. Each thrust was utter bliss, just what his body needed. She picked up speed, slamming against his ass and finally *yanking* him back to impale her on her cock.

She grunted and came as Dave convulsed in ecstasy around her cock. Each spurt of cum inside him set off another explosion in his head. He was aware he was screaming now but didn't care about anything except that perfect, delicious cock.

When she was done she pulled out. Dave turned around and sat up. His breasts were sore and he massaged them gently, fingers gliding over his warm skin.

“Stop that,” Jenna said, “Those are mine.”

“No they're not silly. They're mine!” Dave giggled.

“Okay. You got what you wanted. Now change us back.”

“Do what?” Dave asked, utterly perplexed. He tossed his long blonde hair over his shoulder, enjoying the silky sheen. He always did like taking care of his hair. Maybe he should use a different product next time? Or—ooh!—it would be really exciting to wash, then rinse, then wash again.

Jenna interrupted his train of thought—such as it was. “Swap our bodies back.”

“What do you mean, silly?” Dave knew something wasn't quite right but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Oh! Her cock wasn't inside him. Dave reached down to grab her dick and she backed away. She grabbed the coin off the floor.

“This thing! How does it work?”

“Oh!” Dave suddenly remembered now that Jenna was holding it. “It's a wish thingee. But it already granted our wishes.” He pouted.

“You mean we're stuck like this?”

“I guess so.”

“You fucking--” Jenna paused and glared down at her cock, which was steadily rising once more. Dave clapped his hands.

“Yay!”

Jenna threw him back onto the table and spread his legs before spite-fucking the hell out of him until he squealed. Again and again and again and again.

I Wish: The Genie

Logan and Caleb skirted the edge of the dry riverbed that ran along the outskirts of the forest. The parched earth was occasionally broken up by an abandoned refrigerator or a burned-out car. Logan aimlessly kicked a rock as he trudged along.

“God, my mom's such a bitch,” Logan moaned. “She won't let me go to the party.”

“You shouldn't have asked her,” Caleb shrugged, pushing his mop of dark hair off his face, “Just go anyway. Sneak out.”

“She'd kill me.”

“Dude,” Caleb stopped, “You let your mom control you too much. Just do it. What's she gonna do, ground you?”

Logan kicked a pebble into the ditch and watched it ricochet off the bumper of a car and bounce into the undergrowth. “She'll take away my car and cut off my allowance.”

Caleb slid into the ditch and jumped on the hood of an abandoned car. It creaked ominously. He bounced a few times, watching the metal flex and bend, then jumped off. He peered into the broken window at the interior. It had been stripped of everything valuable and then burned, leaving little more than the skeleton of the seats.

“Why would someone burn a perfectly good car?” He muttered to himself.

Logan scaled the slight cliff of the riverbank and slung his backpack onto a pile of dry leaves. It landed on something that clanged with a hollow, metallic sound. Logan kicked his backpack aside and looked down. There, half buried in a pile of leaves, was an old oil lamp. The brass was tarnished and deep scrapes covered the sides. Logan pried it out of the dried dirt as Caleb trudged up.

“Whatcha got?” Caleb asked.

Logan shrugged. “An old lamp.”

“Maybe it's got a genie inside. Let me rub it.” Caleb grabbed the lamp but Logan didn't let go.

“No way, man,” he grinned, “If there's a genie *I* get the wishes.”

Both boys rubbed the lamp at the same time and there was a tremendous boom of thunder that echoed from the lamp. They dropped it to the ground as thick blue smoke began billowing from the tip. Logan and Caleb jumped back, prepared to sprint away if they'd accidentally set off some sort of bomb or something. The smoke congealed and resolved into the top half of a blue-skinned man with burly arms and a broad chest. He wore a vest with vaguely Arabic designs inscribed on it, and a maroon fez was perched on his head. Where his bottom half should be was just a plume of smoke, still connected to the lamp.

“You have called me from the lamp,” he boomed, “And I will grant you three wishes.”

“Who gets the wishes?” Logan asked, when he'd recovered and stepped closer.

“You have both called me forth, so you must both share the wishes.”

Caleb came up behind Logan. He was trembling with excitement. “Okay. Holy shit. Ok...ok, we should figure out what we want to wish for before we say anything.”

“I think we should wish for money.” Logan said.

“Maybe. That wouldn't help you, though, your mom would just take it all. She's so fucking controlling.”

“Yeah,” Logan reluctantly agreed. “But we can change that. I can be the controlling one.” He grinned suddenly. “Genie, I wish that I could make my mom do anything I want.”

“Wait--” Caleb cried out at the same time the genie boomed, “It is done.”

The genie clapped his hands and there was a flash of light that blinded Logan and made him shut his eyes.

Suddenly Logan was gazing up at the showerhead in a bathroom as hot water streamed down on him. One hand was raised in the air and the other was clasped to his own chest, something slightly firm and warm but with some give filling his fingers. The arm raised in the air was slender and hairless, the fingers dainty, the nails gently manicured and painted a distinctive maroon. He recognized the faded scar on the thumb immediately and knew it was his mom's hand. So when Logan dropped his eyes to his chest he was not entirely surprised to see his mom's heavy breasts hanging down below him. One of her tits was gathered in his hand, slick with soap. Her breast was so big it nearly spilled out of his hand and he yanked his arm away in disgust, dropping his tit and watching it swing back and forth slightly, *feeling* the heavy weight of it sagging from his chest. His mom's pussy was thankfully hidden by his fat breasts, his little pouch of a tummy and his slight mound, but he could still see the coarse brown tuft of the top of her pubic hair. Below, solid thighs tapered to shapely legs, the skin smooth and soft. His feet ended in tiny toes, the nails painted the same deep maroon color as his fingers.

“Oh shit,” Logan whispered, his stepmom's voice dropping from his lips.

Logan felt off balance; top heavy and at the same time slightly ungainly at the waist. Soap suds and the remnants of his mom's sugar scrub still coated his body, the sweet vanilla essence of her body wash filling his nose. Still staring down at his chest in shock, nearly hyperventilating now, he stepped back out of the water. His ass pressed against the glass of the shower and the sudden cold on his butt made him jump. His tits bounced as he stepped back into the spray, head spinning around to see what had happened and catching a glimpse of his mom's bubble butt as it jiggled behind him. His wet, jet-black hair slapped against his cheek and he pushed it back quickly, fingers sliding against his soft cheek.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” He muttered, his mind spinning furiously to cope with the situation and trying to figure out what to do now.

The first thing he had to do was wash all the soap off him. The scrub was scratchy and uncomfortable and he had no choice but to rub his hands all over his mom's body to rinse it away. It wasn't actually that bad once he could push aside the fact that this was his own mom's body. His hands came back to his breasts and he picked them up in each hand, squeezing gently, exploring himself. He released them slowly and pushed them from side to side, watching them bobble hypnotically back and forth. They were nice to hold and fondle, and Logan soon got into it, fingers running across his soft skin. A sort of itch grew within him, a yearning for something more.

Curious now, Logan sucked in his stomach and leaned forward, gathering his boobs in one arm and holding them out of the way to gaze down at his new pussy. The slit was lined with curly dark hair and he brought one hand down into his mom's coarse bush, the fingers tracing the outline of his pussy. He placed his fingers on either side of his lips and spread himself, staring down into her rich pink folds. He slipped a cautious finger inside himself, landing on his silky folds and rubbing gently as an insistent buzz filled his body.

Logan was so busy exploring his new pussy that he didn't notice someone else entering the bathroom until he heard the creak of the shower door opening. He pulled his fingers out of himself and jerked his head around to see his stepdad climbing into the shower. Logan's arm was still gathering up his large breasts and his little mouth opened in shock.

“Looks like I got here just in time,” Logan's stepdad grinned.

Logan's eyes flicked down his dad's body, landing on his dad's cock, which was already growing, the shaft pulsing up slowly from an unruly mass of dark hair. Logan's dad was of a medium build and his arms were solid and slightly beefy. Logan gasped and jumped back, but his dad wrapped his arms around Logan's body from behind and pulled him close, nestling his cock up against the curve of Logan's ass. Logan could feel the hot throbbing dick sliding against the top of the crack of his ass. It was growing bigger by the moment but Logan was trapped in his dad's embrace.

His dad's hands came around Logan's tummy and gathered his tits in each hand, the fingers gripping and squeezing greedily. Logan froze in fear, unsure how to respond, not wanting to push his dad away and run like a crazy person. Another thing that stopped him were the little tendrils of warmth pulsing through his body as his dad held him close and played with his tits. Logan's dad nipped the back of Logan's neck, sending little tingles down Logan's spine. He trembled in his dad's embrace, closing his eyes and releasing a shuddering breath as his dad kissed his way across the back of his neck.

Logan pressed his glorious ass back against his dad's cock, feeling it slide up and down the crack of his ass. Logan's own hands came down between his legs, his fingers finding his mom's delicate folds as he slipped inside himself. It was easier this time and Logan could feel his own wetness even through the water streaming down on him. His pussy was slick and warm, and he fingered himself slowly, body undulating back against his dad's solidly built form. His dad gripped his tits harder, bobbling them, fingers sliding down Logan's soft skin to surround his nipples and squeeze, sending a burst of heat through Logan's body that made him gasp and throw his head back. His dad's hand came up to his neck, fingers sliding across Logan's cheek and lips. Logan opened his mouth and sucked on one of his dad's fingers as his dad nipped harder at Logan's neck. The cock pressing up against Logan's ass grew more urgent.

The hand around Logan's tits slid down his tummy and around his ass. A moment later Logan felt his dad guiding his cock between Logan's slick legs. His dad bent him forward and Logan leaned against the cool tile of the shower, arching his back and spreading his legs. His tits dangled down beneath him and he rested his cheek on one hand, eyes turned toward the glass frame of the shower where he could see the ghostly image of his mom's reflection staring back at him. Her dark eyes were half lidded in ecstasy and he moaned softly at her look of intense lust.

Logan felt his dad's cock slip between his legs and up against his pussy. He was dripping now and he wanted to be filled so badly, little caring that it was his dad who would be entering him. The head of the cock pushed up against Logan's delicate pussy lips, the pressure building slowly and then dissipating quickly as his dad's cock plunged inside. Logan moaned as his dad filled him, quick and urgent, the head of the cock pressing up against Logan's center. Logan half turned so he could watch his beautiful body get fucked, staring back as his dad gripped his heavy hips and pounded him. Logan felt only sheer delight as he watched his fat butt ripple with each thrust, as he felt the throbbing cock pound into him deep and urgently, faster and faster. Logan pressed back, crying out

in a louder voice as the rhythmic slapping of his ass filled the shower until his dad grunted and thrust deep, yanking Logan back and impaling him on the beautiful cock while they both moaned in ecstasy. Logan felt the white hot heat of his dad's cum as it spurted into him, blasting deep into his pussy. His body quivered and came, breath coming in sharp gasps as the orgasm washed through him, filling him head to toe with pleasure.

When at last his dad was done he stayed inside Logan for a beat before pulling out, leaving Logan strangely empty. Logan's body was still warm with the afterglow but now that his desires were sated he became extremely conscious that he was sharing a shower with his own father. They didn't say another word as they washed off, just sharing a shy smile, Logan's dad occasionally squeezing his tits.

Logan stepped out first and dried himself off, his unfamiliar body jiggling in strange ways. He couldn't help but stare at his mom's naked body in the mirror as he toweled himself off. A little smile played at the edge of her lips as her hands went around her waist and up to her breasts. The memory of the pleasure he'd felt was at the forefront of his mind. But still, he needed to get back to Caleb to get the lamp and get out of his mom's body. And also find out what had happened to his own body.

His questions were soon answered. Logan had just finished getting dressed, slipping into some jeans and a pink t-shirt—no bra, he didn't want to make a mess of it with his dad right there—when he heard someone coming through the front door and charging up the stairs. Logan went out to the hallway to meet them, not surprised to find Caleb, along with Logan's old body, waiting. His old body grabbed him by the hand and pulled him down the hallway, away from his dad. Caleb followed behind, the lamp cradled in his hand.

“You have to change us back,” his old body hissed. “The genie wouldn't grant the wish unless you were both together.”

Man, it was weird watching someone else move his body and hearing his own voice. Logan's mom must have felt the same, because she kept staring at him, and then away nervously, as if she couldn't quite believe what had happened. Caleb, on the other hand, was openly gaping at Logan.

“Holy shit,” Caleb laughed, “I was gonna warn you to think about your wish. Genies like to fuck with people.”

“Don't use that language, young man,” Logan's mom snapped from within Logan's body.

Watching her mannerisms play out on Logan's face just made Caleb laugh harder. “Oh, man, you really take after your mom.”

Logan grabbed the lamp from Caleb's hands and rubbed it. Once again, the smoke poured out from the hole at the end and the blue-skinned genie floated above the floor.

“I hope you have enjoyed your first wish,” the genie boomed. Logan thought he made out the hint of a smile on that impassive face.

“Shhh, keep it down,” Logan's mom hissed, turning to make sure the hallway door was closed.

“It looks like he's enjoyed it,” Caleb snickered.

Logan ignored him. “Genie, I wish that me and my mom would swap our bodies back.”

To his surprise, the genie boomed, “I cannot do that.”

“What?!” Logan cried.

“You have...defiled your body while you were in it.”

“You did what?” Logan's mom shrieked, turning to face him.

“He did what?” Caleb asked, confused.

“You didn't warn me of that.” Logan said, his cheeks burning.

Logan kept eye contact with the genie, refusing to look at his former face. He crossed his arms beneath his heavy boobs.

“You didn't ask.” The genie shrugged.

Suddenly, Caleb understood. “Oh, shit, you had sex in your mom's body. Oh, man!”

Caleb started laughing. Logan glared at him.

“What do we do?” Logan's mom asked.

“You fucked your dad!” Caleb giggled. “Now you're stuck. It's not funny but...it's hilarious.”

“Fuck you.” Logan said as Caleb laughed. “You know what, I wish *you* were stuck in *your* mom's body.”

“Wait!” Logan's mom cried.

“It is done.” The genie boomed.

The genie clapped his hands and there was a flash of light that blinded Caleb and made him shut his eyes.

Caleb was dizzy and disoriented as the room seemed to shift around him, and he was suddenly lying on his back on a soft surface. His hands were above his head, gripping what seemed to be the edge of the mattress as his legs were held in the air and spread apart. A mass of wavy auburn hair tickled across his arms. Powerful hands gripped his thighs and as Caleb opened his eyes, he was unsurprised to see his stepdad holding his new silky smooth legs. Caleb's stepdad was kneeling between his legs and now Caleb could feel the cock sliding into him, his little pussy growing fuller by the second. His eyes flicked down to his own body, taking in his mom's perky little tits, the nipples a rich strawberry red and spiked out with pleasure. He traced the smooth expanse of stomach down to his gaping pussy. His pussy lips were spread wide and his dad's cock sunk ever deeper inside, slowly filling him. Fuck, he could see his little pink folds wrapped around his dad's shaft. The slick sounds of his mom's cunt hit his ears and he was instantly aware of how soaking wet he was. Pleasure roiled his body and he moaned, trying to draw a breath to shout for his dad to stop but the pleasure was too intense.

“N-- n-- nooooooo,” he cried, surprised at the lust soaking his mom's voice, turning his pleas to breathy sighs as his dad's hand came down and his thumb landed on Caleb's clit.

Caleb's dad rubbed Caleb's swollen little clit as he fucked him hard. Caleb's perky little tits bounced on his chest and he struggled but his dad's grip was too strong. Caleb tried to push himself into a sitting position but his dad took it as a sign for more, and gripped his legs and began thrusting faster and harder, grunting as he slammed his engorged cock into Caleb's wet cunt. Caleb fell back down onto the bed, helpless as his sensitive pussy was fucked hard. He could feel his dad's dick deep inside him, pounding him as pleasure exploded through his mom's body. Suddenly, Caleb's entire body tensed, he raised his hips up towards his dad and trembled, a little mew escaping his lips as he came, orgasming around the thick cock that continued to plunge deep into his center.

Caleb's dad spread his legs wide, hands sliding down Caleb's soft inner thigh and pushing his legs apart as he slammed deep and fast into Caleb's aching cunt. He grunted and came, filling Caleb with

a wet heat. The hot, solid cock throbbed within Caleb's body. He could feel every spurt of cum entering his body and he convulsed in ecstasy, even as he realized he'd just become permanently stuck in his mom's body.

His dad finally finished and collapsed on top of Caleb, his heavy weight pressing against Caleb's warm body. Caleb wrapped his arms and legs around his dad, holding him close, suddenly needy for his solid body as little aftershocks made him shiver occasionally.

Caleb's dad went into the bathroom, and Caleb slipped into a robe and headed downstairs just in time to see Logan, Logan's mom, and Caleb's own body coming through the front door. From the angry look on his former face, Caleb knew his mom had been told all about her predicament. Caleb saw Logan's eyes flick down to his chest. Following his gaze, Caleb found that his robe had pulled open and one of his tits had slipped out. He hurriedly shrugged it closed.

"Thanks a lot, asshole," Caleb narrowed his eyes.

"Hey," Logan responded, "You thought it was so fucking funny, how does it feel?"

Caleb startled them both by admitting, "Pretty good, actually."

There was a beat of silence, interrupted by Caleb's mom. "We have to figure out a way to swap us back."

Logan, the lamp tucked under his arm, moved closer to Caleb. The two guys stared at each other, eyes sliding up and down the other's body.

"I mean..." Logan said, "These tits are pretty fun." He grabbed his breasts and jiggled them.

"Logan!" Logan's mom cried, aghast.

"I *am* still a little horny," Caleb said.

"Caleb!" Caleb's mom cried.

Logan leaned forward and kissed Caleb, pressing their soft lips together. Logan's hand pushed aside Caleb's robe and stroked his small breasts. Logan sighed into his friend's mouth as he wrapped his arms around Logan's curvy, soft form.

"What do you think you boys are doing?" Logan's mom cried in his deep baritone.

Logan looked at his old body, then back to Caleb. The two guys were still entwined, fingers sliding across their moms' supple bodies. Logan grinned and rubbed the lamp. The genie appeared in a puff of smoke.

"Genie," Logan said, "I wish our moms thought we'd always been in these bodies."

"Wait-" Logan's mom cried.

"Granted!" The genie boomed and clapped his hands.

Logan and Caleb still stood in the hallway, their arms around each other. One of Caleb's tits had fallen out of his robe again. Their two former bodies looked shocked and disgusted.

"Eww," Caleb's old body said, "Mom, not here. Gawd, you're so embarrassing."

"Come on," Logan's old body said, "Let's go play Xbox."

The two guys left the room, leaving Caleb and Logan behind, still in their respective mom's bodies, and both very much horny.

"Nice wish," Caleb said.

“Thanks, let's enjoy this.” Logan replied.

He slipped off his friend's robe and pressed her naked body against his own. Their tits bounced against each other as they kissed, their bodies warming. Logan slid a delicate hand between his friend's legs and caressed Caleb's soft pussy, already feeling the wetness gathering at his touch.

The lamp had disappeared somewhere to be found by another person, but neither of the swapped guys cared. All they cared about now was each other.

I Wish: The Gem

Beth pulled the car over when they were still three blocks from school. She looked over at her stepbrother, Sebastian.

“Ok, this is where you get out,” she said, flipping her silky brunette hair out of her eyes.

“Mom said to take me to school. That means all the way.” Sebastian said, hating the whine in his voice.

Beth rolled her eyes. “I’m not gonna be seen with you. Besides, you could use the exercise.”

Sebastian dropped his eyes down to his lap, his cheeks burning with shame. Even wearing a baggy gray shirt over a rumpled plaid button-down he could see the flab of his roly polly body. It wasn't fair having a hot stepsister, especially when Sebastian himself was just a mess. Beth looked good in whatever she wore, whereas Sebastian had a hard time just finding clothes that would fit. He glanced over at her, taking in her plain black spaghetti strap that left her youthful shoulders bare. The fabric hugged her lithe body, seeming to exaggerate the slight swell of her breasts. She had such a delicate face, with a little slip of a nose and perfect, glowing skin. It wasn't fair that she was so hot and he was basically an ogre.

“I’m big boned,” Sebastian muttered sullenly.

“Yeah, yeah, we all are,” Beth replied, leaning over him to open his door.

The gentle smell of lavender wafted off her skin and she once again tossed her hair back behind her head, completely heedless of her own natural grace. She had a smoothness of movement and a carefree attitude towards her body that Sebastian completely lacked.

“Out you go,” she said, “We're gonna be late.”

Sebastian heaved himself out his sister's car and slammed the door behind him. Beth drove off without even a look back, and Sebastian hurried to get to school before the first bell rang. He puffed along the sidewalk, cursing his sister the whole way. He stumbled on something, one foot sliding out from underneath him as some object skittered away into the grass. Sebastian landed heavily on his knee and a flare of pain shot through him. He stood and saw that his knee was skinned. Sebastian looked around to see what he'd trodden on. Sitting in the grass was a slick green stone in the shape of an oval. It looked like a piece of glass.

It was a lot heavier than it appeared and, looking into it, there seemed to be a strange glow emanating from the depths. Sebastian slipped it into his pocket and limped towards school. He barely made it into homeroom before the bell rang. Sweat dampened his armpits and his curly hair was plastered to his forehead when he finally squeezed behind a desk and collapsed into the chair.

Beth was already in class. She sat in the back row, nestled on her boyfriend's lap. Jake's meaty arms were around her waist, his nose buried in her hair, whispering something in her ear. She giggled and hit him playfully, her little smile lighting up her face. Jake looked up at her with a proud grin.

Sebastian turned away. He couldn't stand the sight of them. Sebastian always thought of Jake as a typical meathead. He was a running back on the school football team. Basically, just one giant muscle in a tight shirt. Jake had the dark, brooding look of an underwear model, and the cut body to match. Annoyingly, he always wore his navy-blue letterman jacket, as if it was such a fucking honor to be able to run after a ball.

The teacher finally came in and Beth took her own seat, crossing her long legs beneath her and sitting back with an amused look on her pretty face. One leg was crossed over the other and she jiggled her dainty foot slowly, letting the heel of her little sandal bounce back and forth. Her long legs and creamy golden thigh disappeared beneath cutoff shorts. At one point she caught Sebastian looking at her legs and she rolled her eyes at him. He turned back to his work, embarrassed.

When the bell rang Sebastian gathered his notebook and stuffed it into his backpack. He slipped out the door behind Beth and Jake. Jake's arm was curled protectively around Beth's slender waist and she leaned her lithe body against him. Sebastian's eyes flicked down to her little wiggling ass and then away. The disgustingly happy couple slipped down a side hallway by the back of the theater. It was a strange hallway to go down because neither of them were in any theater classes and, besides, the theater was empty in the mornings.

Sebastian went to his locker, lost in thought. It hadn't been so bad between Sebastian and Beth until about two years ago. Probably when Sebastian really started noticing girls, and especially noticing how hot his stepsister was. Beth, too, had changed, pulled into a higher social strata by virtue of her looks and athleticism. She didn't want to be seen with her fat stepbrother, and she ignored him when she wasn't showering him with scorn.

Sebastian's friend, Liam, came up to him as Sebastian was opening his locker. Liam was Sebastian's physical opposite: short and skinny. But both of them were social outcasts. Liam leaned against the locker.

"Hey, man," Liam said, "Where were you this morning?"

"Beth kicked me out of the car three blocks from school. I barely made it."

"Jesus," Liam muttered. "She's such a bitch. Someone really needs to teach her a lesson."

"She's not that bright so it would have to be a pretty fucking obvious lesson."

Liam laughed. "Yeah. Maybe we can spread rumor that Jake's cheating on her. Make them break up. Then she can be as miserable as she makes you."

"No one would believe us." Sebastian replied. "Besides, Jake would probably kick my ass. He's as much of an asshole as she is. No, I'd have more of a chance of becoming him or something."

"That would be cool. Then you could embarrass the shit out of her. And be the fucking king of the school."

"Yeah," Sebastian scoffed, "I *wish*."

There was a burst of heat from the pocket where he'd stowed the stone, and then the world changed in the blink of an eye.

Suddenly he was in a darkened space. There was an auditory ambiance that suggested a vast emptiness. His eyes were closed and someone's warm mouth was pressed against his own. His own tongue was lodged deep in someone's warm, wet mouth. Sebastian's hands clutched a petite body. He opened his eyes and drew back, gasping as his stepsister's pretty face came into view. He and Beth were tucked into the backstage of the theater. Behind her, Sebastian could see the maroon

curtains of the stage. The whole auditorium was empty, illuminated only by a few small wall lights along each side of the backstage area.

Beth giggled and adjusted her hands, which were linked around Sebastian's neck. He was so close to her face he could make out her little pores, and his eyes flew around her soft features, drinking her dark beauty in, from her enticingly arched eyebrows to her exquisite nose to her flawless skin.

“What's wrong, babe?” Beth asked.

Sebastian's mouth opened and closed. “Um-” The voice from his lips was a low rumble.

Startled, he stared down at himself and his eyes lit on the navy-blue letterman jacket he now wore, half unbuttoned and revealing a tight school t-shirt that clung to a muscular frame. Somehow his wish had come true and he'd ended up in Jake's body. Beth angled herself down to get in his eyeline and smiled, interrupting his thoughts. Sebastian was instantly aware of her warm closeness, and his own body's excitement. Something inside his pants twitched once, and Sebastian realized with a start that he was already half-hard.

“You want something else?” She asked, coyly.

God, she was beautiful this close up. When had she ever looked at him this long? And never with this hunger that he saw in her eyes. His earlier thoughts to humiliate her took a backseat to the longing in his new body. She took his silence for assent and bit her lower lip seductively, arching her body to rub her breasts against his chest. He was so much taller than her now, and she had to look up to meet his eyes. Everything about his new body felt more massive, more powerful, more confident. Beth turned her big brown doe eyes up to him as her hands slid down Sebastian's powerful new frame, landing on his pants.

He leaned down to kiss her. She closed her eyes and welcomed him in her mouth. He slid his tongue around, tasting her as she sucked on him. Her lavender smell—the same scent that filled the shower whenever she stepped out and drove Sebastian mad with longing—invaded his nose. He kissed her harder, driving his lips against hers as her fingers undid the button on his pants and pushed them down his legs.

Then his stepsister was on her knees in front of him. She reached into his boxers and wrapped her hands around his cock. She brought it out and Sebastian gasped at the sight of it. It was odd, to say the least, to see someone else's dick in his pants. And such a huge dick at that. The bulbous head leaped towards Beth's little lips, the long shaft disappearing into a blonde mass of pubic hair. Beth opened her pillowy lips and swallowed him. Sebastian stared down as his stepsister sucked his dick, her mouth open as wide as she could go to take him all in. Fuck, she was so warm and wet, her little tongue undulating against the base of his shaft as she drove her lips down deeper. There was a sudden tension flowing through Sebastian's body, concentrated in the base of his dick and he thrust his cock towards Beth's little mouth. She took him in, one hand still on his shaft, jerking him off into her mouth as she sucked him lovingly.

She came up gasping, a strand of drool connecting her lips to the head of Sebastian's dick. Her hand continued stroking him as she stared at his cock in sheer lust. Then she opened wide and took him again, faster, deeper this time, sucking his dick until her cheeks were concave with effort and his unfamiliar cock disappeared inside her hot little mouth. Seeing his bitch of a stepsister sucking his dick like a submissive whore was enough to drive Sebastian over the top. He came suddenly, grunting as he thrust uncontrollably into Beth's mouth.

She sputtered and pulled away, her nose wrinkled in disgust as Sebastian came, jetting milky white cum onto her fingers before she could pull away. The last couple spurts fell to the floor and Beth sank back on her heels, wiping her mouth with one hand as she scraped her tongue on her teeth. The

other hand, the one Sebastian had cum on, she held away from herself as if it was contagious. Sebastian gaped down at her, his cock deflating to a more manageable—but still thick—size.

“Eww,” Beth said with a prissy little look, “You have to warn me before you do that. You know I don't swallow.”

“You better learn,” Sebastian rumbled.

He had no idea where that comment came from. He'd never been so aggressively forward before. Beth looked up at him, her mouth moving without making a sound.

“What?” She finally managed.

There was a fire in her eye but her tone wasn't as strident as her words suggested.

“You need to lick my dick clean, girl, I can't go back to class like this.”

Sebastian's heart hammered wildly in his chest. In Jake's immense body he felt so boldly powerful and he could see that his sister liked it. Despite her strong personality it seemed she had submissive tendencies. She slowly brought her lips closer to Sebastian's now-flaccid cock and stuck out her little pink tongue. She moved closer, inch by inch, until she connected with the strand of cum dripping from Sebastian's dick. She let it land on her tongue and swallowed it, looking up at Sebastian with wide, frightened eyes.

“Good girl,” Sebastian said.

Beth smiled and helped him pull his pants up. He advanced on her, towering over her in his athletic new form. She backed up until she was against the wall, gazing up at him with a mix of longing and fear.

“J-Jake?” She asked, her voice quivering.

He planted his hand on her waist, fingers digging into her skin just enough to foreshadow the strength in his hands. She was trembling, her sapphire-blue eyes wide. Jake's hand slid down her waist, down her leg as he stared into her eyes, his face inches away from her pert little upturned nose. His hand slid beneath her skirt and climbed slowly up her warm inner thigh.

“Jake,” she whispered. “We shouldn't...”

She placed her hand on his forearm but didn't struggle as his fingers landed on her silky panties. He stroked her pussy once and she froze, before releasing a stuttering breath. Sebastian smiled and slid beneath her panties, thick fingers landing in her heat. God, she was wet and open for him, her slick pussy lips enveloping his fingers as he slid inside her. She closed her eyes, lifted her head as Sebastian stroked her, fingers moving in and out of her pussy. His eyes dropped down to her top and he watched her tits jiggle back and forth as she began undulating her body, dropping down onto his fingers and urging them deeper into her heat.

“You like that you little slut?” Sebastian growled into her ear.

Beth's breath paused, eyes squeezed shut. A little mew escaped her perfect lips and her body shook with an orgasm. He grabbed a handful of her coffee-brown hair and pulled her head back to hold her still as he fingered her. Her breath came faster as Sebastian's thick fingers plunged in and out of her cunt, thrusting deep inside, twisting through the walls of her pussy and landing against the dimpled nub of her center. “Oh!” she cried, a tiny little sound, almost as though she were ashamed of her pleasure.

Now he could feel her thrusting against his fingers. He yanked her head back harder, whispering in her ear, telling her she was a worthless little cunt, a dumb slut just there for his bidding. She came

suddenly and hard, eyes flying open as her voice rose in pitch. “Ohh fuuuck!” She cried. Her entire body shook and Jake pulled his head back to watch her cute face as her eyes screwed tight in pleasure, her tiny nose wrinkled up and she came around his fingers, sending a liquid stream down her legs as he thrust inside her, plunging through her warmth.

He pulled his fingers out of her and held them up to her face. They were glazed with her juices. He still held her hair in a fist.

“Taste yourself,” he ordered.

“Jake,” she whispered.

“I said taste yourself you slut.”

She opened her lips and wrapped them around his fingers, grimacing as she swallowed her own juices down and, unbidden, licked his fingers clean. Sebastian released her then and she clung to him as her knees went weak.

“Oh, Jake,” she sighed, wrapping her slender arms around him. “That was incredible.”

They walked back out to the hallway together, their hands in each other's back pockets. As they came out into the main hallway they heard a commotion. Someone was yelling while another person—the principal from the sound of it—was trying to calm them.

“I'm not Sebastian,” Sebastian's old voice cried.

“Ok, ok,” the principal replied, trying to calm him.

Sebastian and Beth turned the corner to see a crowd of people surrounding Sebastian's former body and the principal. Some of the students in the crowd were laughing, others just staring in disbelief. Sebastian's new body towered over the crowd and gave him a direct view of his fat former body pressed against the lockers, face white with fear as he gibbered uncomprehendingly.

“You gotta believe me. I don't know--” He cut off suddenly as he saw Sebastian's head poking over the crowd. “You!” He cried, and launched himself towards Sebastian.

The students scattered out of the way as Jake—and it must be Jake in that body—barreled towards Sebastian.

“Give me my body back!” He cried.

Jake's new body was lumbering and slow. Sebastian easily side stepped him and grabbed his collar with one meaty hand to swing him around and arrest his momentum before letting him go gently against the locker. Jake came at him again, but Sebastian easily swatted him away, enjoying the power of his new form as his muscular arms shot out and pinned Jake to the wall.

“Whoa, whoa, calm down there, little guy,” Sebastian said.

Jake struggled but couldn't escape Sebastian's iron grip. Sebastian looked down at Jake as he fought in vain. Jake looked up and met Sebastian's eyes. Sebastian winked at him knowingly, which just set Jake off again. When Jake tried to throw a weak punch, Sebastian let him, twisting him around and grappling with him from behind. He slipped his hand into Jake's pocket and grabbed the stone, hiding it in his fist as he held his former body down. A second later, two uniformed officers rounded the corner and grabbed Jake by each arm. He was still screaming as they dragged him away. The crowd started to break up, filling the hall with surprised murmuring. A few students came up and congratulated Sebastian on containing Jake. Beth slipped her arm around him and pulled herself close.

“My hero,” she said, looking up with wide eyes, her adorable pixie face full of longing.

If Sebastian ever wanted to humiliate her now was the perfect time in front of everyone while he was a hero. Instead, he leaned down and kissed her on the lips, stroking her silky hair with one meaty hand. He slipped the stone into his pocket. He had no doubt that the stone was the cause of the switch, and he would probably need it when he was ready to switch back.

All anyone talked about for the rest of the day was what had happened to Sebastian to make him go crazy. Sebastian, himself, initially thought that if the body swap was supposed to cause embarrassment for Beth, it had gone horribly wrong. But Sebastian was now being lauded and praised and looked up to for his physical prowess by the students. It was a complete reversal in fortunes that he was enjoying. And he surprised Jake's teachers by having a quick grasp of the concepts. He now had brains and brawn. And Beth, of course. She met him after every class, welding herself to his body as they strolled hip to hip down the hallways. She sat on his lap during lunch and he stroked her soft thigh beneath the table as she giggled and chatted with her friends. Every now and then Sebastian would drop an out-of-place comment, only aware of it afterwards when Beth cocked her head and gave him a strange look. She shrugged them off with a brief giggle, however.

Football practice started horribly. The drills were all right, but Sebastian didn't know any of the plays. Coach made him do squats and dead man drops as punishment until Sebastian's muscly arms were weak and trembling. Then he was sentenced to sit at the sidelines and review the book of his routes. Sebastian had a good memory for patterns and, after about thirty minutes of review, the coach put him back in. This time he got it right, dodging and weaving around the other players in his athletic body. God, it was a dream to be Jake. Beth watched from the sidelines with her girlfriends, draping herself in his arms and kissing him when he was done, as if that short time apart had been agony.

It was strange. She hated him so much when he was himself, but her whole demeanor completely changed when he became Jake. Every time he thought about humiliating her he felt a pang of guilt, and so kept putting it off, rationalizing to himself that there was always later.

Jake had a doting mom, and a dad that was a little *too* into football, but all in all, it was better than his own home life. Jake's mom cooked actual food, not just frozen lasagnas like Sebastian's mom, and Sebastian ate with gusto. Afterwards, he retreated to Jake's room and poked around. Sports trophies. Clothes. Free weights. Geez, Jake was really a walking stereotype.

Sebastian caught sight of himself in the mirror hanging on the back of the closet and stopped to look. With his solid jaw, deep set eyes, and broad shoulders, Sebastian was now the epitome of traditional masculinity. He'd expected to be a lumbering hulk but Jake was actually surprisingly graceful. It was weird touching his face with hands that weren't his, or going to pee and finding someone else's bulky cock in his pants. Touching it for the first time was an experience. It felt strangely intimate gripping Jake's dick. It felt like a part of him, but at the same time, was so different as to be completely alien.

That night Sebastian slid the stone into his underwear drawer for safekeeping. One more day in Jake's body wouldn't hurt anyone.

One day became two, and then three. Sebastian couldn't fake being as dumb as Jake. His pride—and the extreme boredom from the attempt—made him quickly resume his normal intellectual abilities. Jake's teachers were startled at how fast he was picking things up.

When his history teacher returned a test with a large A marked on the front, Beth remarked in her typically snarky manner, “Wow, you must have really taken a hit to the head.”

There was no malice in the statement, just an astonishment. And maybe a little confusion as she cocked her head and stared at him for a second until it became uncomfortable and he leaned forward to kiss her just to break the moment. She tasted of strawberries and vanilla. Sebastian felt

his cock lurch once beneath his pants as she slipped her tongue into his mouth quickly, before being broken up by the teacher.

As Sebastian walked with Beth out of one of their classes, he casually asked the question that had been on his mind for days. “So, what happened to your brother?”

“Psh.” She waved it away. “Some sort of nervous breakdown. They think it's, like, temporary memory loss. He's in the hospital getting checked up.”

“Are you worried about him?”

“Are you? What's with all the questions?”

There was that look again, as if she was peering into his face trying to see the truth. Jake looked away. “Just curious,” Sebastian finally shrugged. “Anyway, I gotta go to practice.”

He kissed her and hurried off. Sebastian was actually eager to get to football practice. It was fun, especially with his new body. And, even more unexpected, some of the other players were interesting, funny guys. He'd assumed they were all dumb loudmouth jocks, like Jake, but a couple of them were pretty funny, and even slightly nerdy in their own way. If they hadn't had the bodies of athletes and concentrated on sports statistics, they might have very well ended up at home playing Dungeons and Dragons.

Every night, Sebastian hesitated on making the wish to switch back. He didn't really want to go back into his own body while it was in some sort of psych ward. Plus, he was having fun being a smarter, gentler Jake. Sebastian was wrestling with that choice on the fourth day, when he stopped by Beth's house to drop her off after school.

“Come inside for a while,” Beth said, sliding a hand across his leg, “My parents aren't home.” Her flirtatious smile was maddeningly hot and Sebastian felt his cock stir.

He followed her inside and she took him up to her room, closing the door behind them. She stood with her back to the door. The tight blue button-down she wore stretched across her breasts, amplifying her amazing figure. To distract himself, Sebastian gazed around her room, pretending to see it for the first time. Her closet stood half open and cute outfits poked out. Her bed was neatly made, the cover a light pink and embroidered with roses. Sebastian picked up a little glass figurine from the dresser and examined it.

“You gave me that, Sebastian.” Beth said.

“Yeah, I remember,” Sebastian lied, replacing the figurine on the dresser, and then froze as he realized the name she'd just called him. He turned around, already ready with an excuse, but found her eyeing him with a coy smile.

“I knew it,” she said, approaching him. Her skirt swished across her creamy thighs. “You haven't been the same since Sebastian—or, Jake?—had that freakout in the hallway.” Now she was right up to him, gazing up with her pale blue eyes. Her sweet floral scent hit Sebastian's nose and his cock stirred again.

“Yeah,” Sebastian admitted. “We swapped bodies. It was this magic stone I found and I--”

She put her finger to his lips and stood on tiptoe, whispering into his ear, her hot breath tickling his neck. “Shhh. Just make me feel how I felt in the back of the theater. Call me names. Do what you want with my body.”

She reached around his neck and brought him close, their lips kissing tenderly at first, but growing more urgent. She opened her mouth and he slipped his tongue inside, running it around, tasting her

from the inside. She sucked on his tongue, hard. Painfully hard until he grabbed her arms and pulled away.

“That hurt,” Sebastian said.

“Sorry,” Beth said, not looking at all sorry, “I’m just a bad girl who needs to be punished.”

Still gripping her arms tight, Sebastian kissed her locking his lips to hers and thrusting his tongue inside her warm, wet mouth. He released her only to grip her top in both hands and tear it open, sending little buttons flying everywhere. Then his hand was on her bra, fingers digging into her soft breasts as she moaned into his mouth, rubbing herself against him. Her tit was firm and amazing to touch. Jake’s body was ready, his cock already rock hard, eager to take her soft, nubile body. He pulled her top down her arms and tossed it aside.

“Take off your bra and show me your tits,” he growled.

“Sebastian...” she murmured, but she did it. Her arms came up and she twisted, unclasping the bra and letting it slide down her arms.

Her breasts bounced free and Sebastian gaped at them. They were perfect. Firm little tear drop shapes with tiny pink nipples already spiking out in pleasure. She had the body of a goddess, and it was all for Sebastian. He grabbed her tits and thrust his head in between, licking and sucking and squeezing their weighty softness. He manhandled her tits as he sucked each salty little nipple, letting them bounce against his face as he eagerly licked his sister’s perfect body, pinching, grabbing hold tighter as she squealed and begged for more, harder. He squeezed one of her nipples between his fingers and nibbled the other one between his teeth and he felt her cum, tits bobbing up and down as she shook with an orgasm and a breathy sigh of relief.

When she came down Sebastian pushed her back onto the bed, where she landed with her skirt flipped up over her stomach, little pink panties on full display, waiting to be ravaged. Sebastian tore off his pants and advanced on his sister, Jake’s thick erection leading the way. He got to his knees and buried his face in her panties, inhaling her delicious musk. His solid hands gripped her thighs. She squirmed beneath him, but he easily held her down as he kissed his way between her legs. Her panties were already damp with her lust and he teased her, kissing across, pausing with his mouth resting above her pussy, then moving on.

“Please, please,” she begged. “Please fuck me.”

“I’ll fuck you when I’m ready, slut,” he growled.

Beth stuffed her fingers in her mouth, her body undulating beneath Sebastian’s grip. He released her thighs only long enough to take her panties in his hands and tear the fabric apart with a loud rip. Beneath was her lovely pussy, the little lips already swollen in desire, framed by a light dusting of chocolate brown pubic hair. He buried his mouth in his sister’s pussy as she cried out in lust. God, how long had he wanted to do this? To hold her down and make her his? His tongue circled inside her, exploring her cunt, licking up her salty juices. He landed on her clit and pressed hard, running his tongue through her insides as she came again. A little squirt of pussy juice shot from her cunt and Sebastian swallowed eagerly. He was now harder than he’d ever been, his entire being only bent on being inside her *right now*.

He stood and hoisted her in the air easily, flipping her over onto her hands and knees. He grabbed her thighs, driven crazy by the gentle curve of her ass wiggling for him. The smell of her was still on his lips, in his nose and drove him wild as he slid his cock in between her perfect little ass cheeks. He dragged his dick across her slit without entering, coating his borrowed dick in her juices. He gave her ass a quick smack and she yelped, then moaned, “Harder.” Sebastian dug his fingers into her supple skin as he smacked her again, louder this time, leaving a red mark. She wiggled and

moaned beneath him, lighting a fire in his cock. He smacked her again and again, each time rewarded with that wonderful little wiggle and a breathy moan.

He grabbed a handful of her long hair and leaned over her, his dick resting on the curve of her ass as he whispered in her ear, "Now I'm going to fuck you, you dumb cunt."

Not waiting for a reply, he stood and gripped his dick, spreading her legs with the other hand and guiding himself into her wet hole. There was a pressure as he entered her pussy and he pushed harder. His thick shaft slowly eased apart the walls of her cunt and then he was inside. He moaned as he thrust inside his sister for the first time. She was so unbelievably wet and warm, like she was made for this cock. Sebastian grabbed her ass with both hands for purchase so he could pound in, slamming his cock inside her again and again, taking out all the anger and frustration he'd ever felt towards her on her wet little pussy.

Her head was turned to the side, resting on the bed cover, mouth agape, eyes squeezed shut as he fucked her. Her fingers dug into the covers for purchase and he felt her pushing back, urging his cock deeper inside. He buried himself to the hilt, grunting as his cock pounded her tight pussy, pausing only to give her another slap across her ass, which had grown pink and red. Each smack was met with another cry of lust, each one higher than the one before. Sebastian thrust harder, deeper, building to a maddening crescendo before yanking her ass up and plunging down as he emptied himself inside her. He could feel his cum filling her, her pussy perfectly shaped to his cock. He filled every inch of her, cock throbbing as she took him all. His thrusts slowed but grew longer as he tried to sink as deep inside her as he could, until the last shot of cum had left him and he pulled out, dropping to the bed beside her in exhaustion.

She climbed on top of him, breathing hard. God, he could still feel the wetness between her legs. Her tits bounced on his chest as she traced his lips with her finger, staring down at him, the blonde highlights in her gorgeous brunette hair catching the ceiling light and making her look like an angel.

"I won't tell anyone what happened if you promise to do that to me every night." She whispered.

Sebastian nodded, only too happy please her and to enjoy both their perfect bodies.

Stuck Inside

Oliver bounced up the front steps of the townhouse he shared with his stepmom. His last pay stub was in the back pocket of his torn jeans. He was actually relieved that the growing epidemic had forced his crappy burger-flipping job to close. He was one of the lucky ones: he had a place to live, his mom was working from home with a steady job, and the other side of the townhouse was occupied by his best friend, Will.

And, of course, Will's hot mom, Jess.

As Oliver reached the top step, Jess came jogging up her side of the steps from the street.

“Hey, Oliver,” Jess chirped as she reached the top of the stoop.

“Hi, Jess. How you doing?”

“Oh, good,” she panted.

Jess's wavy brunette hair was held back from her forehead with a simple gray hairband. She glistened with sweat from her jog. She leaned on the elaborate wrought iron banister that separated the two townhouse steps and began stretching her calves, putting one foot out in front of the other and leaning forward. Her loose-fitting sleeveless jogging shirt hung down and Oliver got a quick flash of the sports bra clasping her two delicate breasts. Oliver glanced away, trying not to be so pervy, but his eyes were drawn back to her Lululemon jogging pants that hugged her butt and most of her legs. The pants stopped mid-thigh and revealed smooth, well-defined calves. She had the world's best ass and legs. Jess was somewhere in her mid-thirties—about as old as Oliver's own mom—but looked as tight and fit as a twenty-year-old. Her face was adorably crafted, with a perfect nose and deep, almond-shaped eyes. She was also, Oliver tried to remind himself, his mom's best friend from way back and had babysat Oliver on many occasions when he was younger.

“How are you?” She asked, shifting legs and glancing up at him. He looked away quickly, hoping she hadn't caught him staring.

“Good. Great, actually. I got let go.”

“Oh,” Jess frowned and Oliver wanted to kiss that little crease that appeared above her exquisite nose.

“No, no.” He waved away her concern. “It sucked. At least this way I get unemployment while I'm stuck at home. And I get to keep working on my project, which is what I *really* want to do.”

“You basically got a research grant then!” Jess laughed, standing up and twisting her upper body from side to side.

Oliver grinned. God, she had no idea what she was doing to him just moving around like that. She had such a carefree attitude and it reflected in the ease with which she moved her body around, as if she took for granted how lithe and athletic she was.

“How's the...what was it? Teleporter?” She continued.

Jess bent one arm up and back over her shoulder, holding her elbow with the other to stretch her triceps. The movement caused her jogging shirt to pull up, revealing a glimpse of her tender stomach. Will cleared his throat and forced himself to look into her emerald eyes.

“Yeah. Teleporter. It's good. I think I may be ready for a test soon.”

No one seemed to treat his project seriously. They asked after it as though it were some vanity art project he was pursuing, which is why Oliver found himself going into a long-winded explanation about how he had to modify the resonance waves for informational capacity, but that led to problems with the heat sink, and even with top notch equipment that was a serious problem. Jess's eyes glazed over and she nodded along until Oliver mumbled to a stop.

“Anyway, I should be ready for a test,” he repeated, lamely.

“At least you've got something to do besides work,” Jess responded. “I swear, ever since my office made us work at home I've been expected to be on the clock twice as long.” She rolled her eyes. “I thought being confined to our houses for a few weeks would be a lot simpler.”

“So did everyone,” Oliver said. “You got enough food?”

“We're good, I think. Look, I consider you and your mom one big family. We can quarantine all together. If you need anything, just hop the railing and come on over.”

She reached over and squeezed his arm reassuringly, leaving Oliver with the lingering scent of her flowery perfume, faint but still present after her run. She gave him a quick smile and slipped inside her front door. Oliver's eyes followed her in, lingering on the perfect curve of her ass before the door shut behind her. He shook his head and pushed open the door to his own house.

Oliver heard his mom, Lisa, on a phone call in the study. He poked his head in and waved. She was sitting at her computer, her headset on. She glanced up at him, smiled and waved back, before returning to her call. Oliver poured himself some sparkling water and opened the door leading off the kitchen and down to the basement. He flipped on the lights and the row of fluorescents he'd jury-rigged together flickered to life as he made his way down the creaky basement steps.

The basement was crisscrossed with wires and cables connecting a set of three salvaged monitors to a jumble of circuitry and electronic components in the center of the room. It looked like a robot had exploded, with circuit boards connected via wires running here and there, all jammed into several computer towers that had been re-purposed to hold the modified equipment. A separate set of cables split out from the main branch, connected to two metal plates, one of which had a small cube of pure copper sitting on it. If all went well—and it hadn't so far—the copper would be teleported from one plate to the other. Oliver set down his drink and got to work, eager to try out some of the workarounds he'd thought of during his long walk home.

Oliver grabbed his tools and began picking apart one of the plates to improve the connections. The kitchen door opened and someone tromped down the steps. From the heaviness of the footsteps, Oliver knew it was Will. He turned around to see his heavysset friend reach the bottom of the steps. He was holding a cardboard box filled with a hodgepodge of stripped electronics.

“Hey, man,” Will said, “Thought you could use some of these.”

Will placed the box on Oliver's desk and Oliver picked through it, pulling out an old CD player.

“Oh, nice, I can modify the laser on this.”

He set it aside and continued rifling through the box as Will settled his bulk into an old chair. It creaked but it held, which was something of a surprise given Will's girth. Growing up, Will used to be pudgy, and he and Oliver would retreat to this very basement to get lost in video games or *Dungeon and Dragons*, or just argue about the latest research in quantum mechanics. But a few

years of being bullied for his size encouraged Will to hit the gym. As in everything, Will was meticulous in his approach to fitness, and soon had replaced his baby fat with baby muscles and then man muscles. He was still the same old soft geek inside, but with a hard body that got him noticed by some of the cuter girls in their classes.

“You know this is impossible, right?” Will said, with an impish grin. He had the same playfulness as his mom.

“That is why you failed,” Oliver replied, echoing Yoda.

“Yeah, yeah. But, really, you can copy quantum information on a micro level but no one's ever been able to scale up from there.”

“Then I'll be the first.”

Will rolled his eyes. “I don't even know why I'm helping you with this.”

“Well, right now you're not,” Oliver laughed.

“Okay. Where you at?”

Oliver gave Will a quick rundown of the machine and set him to work taking apart the CD player and setting the laser up above one of the steel plates. They worked in companionable silence, Will occasionally stopping to ask a question. Mostly, Will seemed to get it. And while he did tease Oliver about how it would never work, he treated it as a serious scientific endeavor. Oliver appreciated that about him.

Will worked for about an hour, before begging off to go to the makeshift gym he'd constructed in his backyard. Oliver continued on by himself. He hoped to put everything back together before going to bed.

A few hours later, Oliver carefully extracted himself from the tangle of wires. He sat back in his scratchy woolen office chair. Setting the soldering gun aside on a little cart he'd cobbled together out of an old skateboard and a filing cabinet, Oliver wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of a broad hand. He leaned forward and examined the connection to the circuit board, poking it here and there. Everything seemed to be in order.

He left the hatch open and pushed himself over to the trio of monitors. One of them had a hairline crack running down the middle, and the other two flickered occasionally. The keyboard had seen better days, and many of the letters were faded. All of it had been salvaged from his neighbor's junk pile and were easily repaired.

Oliver booted up the machine, his hand on the power button in case it started sparking again. He breathed a sigh of relief when the Linux login appeared and the programs loaded properly. The little diodes on his circuit board were blinking green and yellow and he typed in a few commands to test the connection. He sat back and crossed his arms over his broad chest as the programs ran.

The creak of the basement stairs gave away Lisa's entrance from the kitchen upstairs. Oliver swung his seat around to greet his mom as she came into view: first her white sneakers, then her completely unhip mom-jeans, followed by her billowy burgundy top. She stepped onto the concrete floor and paused, one hand on her hip in her typical what-is-going-on-here stance. She glanced around at the tangle of wires that had taken over the basement. Finally, she shook her head, little crinkles appearing around her eyes as she smiled.

“How's everything going?”

“No sparks yet,” Oliver replied, cheerily.

“Oh, good,” she said. Then paused, her elegant eyebrows arching, “That *is* good right?”

“Yeah, mom. Sparks are bad for this machine.”

Lisa's plump face lit up in a smile. Oliver ran a hand through his short, dark hair. His fingers came away grimy with sweat, reminding him that he'd been working on his machine without a break since he got home. He stretched his arms out and cracked his knuckles.

“You okay?” Oliver asked.

Now it was Lisa's turn to push her hair back, tucking some loose strands of dark chocolate hair behind an ear.

“I'm fine,” she finally said, blowing out a puff of air, “Just finished work and I need to zone out for a little. Thought I'd check in on you. Make sure you haven't blown the house up, yet.”

Lisa was able to work from home during the quarantine, and spent hours on her computer and the phone organizing the logistics for a major shipping company. Like Jess, she seemed to be putting more hours in now than she ever had when the office was fully staffed, mostly as a result of the increased demand for food and medicine.

“No explosions, yet.” Oliver grinned. “But I'm ready to push the button for a test run. Want to watch?”

“Sure.”

She pulled up the other chair and settled into it, crossing her arms beneath her ample breasts. She crossed her legs as well, wide thighs stretching her jeans tight. She turned her slightly plump face towards Oliver.

“Okay,” she said, “What do you do?”

“It's all set. Just hit the button.” He gestured towards the red novelty “Panic” button that he'd hooked up as the starter solely for his own amusement.

Lisa moved to press the button but paused, her hand hovering over it. “Should I be worried?”

“Not at all,” Oliver replied, leaning down and retrieving the fire extinguisher he'd stashed under the table. “Whenever you're ready.”

His mom slapped the button. Oliver fully expected a gentle power up and a low hum, eventually resulting in a concentrated burst of energy that would transport the block of copper sitting on the near test plate to the far test plate. What he got instead was a flash of sparks and an explosion that made him shut his eyes.

There was a sudden silence and Oliver opened his eyes to find himself standing in someone else's kitchen. He was paused in the act of reaching up to a cabinet full of bowls, his arms draped in a man's blue and white striped work shirt that dwarfed his body. The cuffs were unbuttoned and fell down to his forearm, revealing smooth skin and delicate, girlish wrists. The fingers reaching for a bowl were slender, the nails carefully manicured to soft curves, the knuckles hairless.

Oliver lost his balance and grabbed the edge of the cabinet, gasping in a soft, distinctly feminine voice. He looked down at himself. The button-down collared shirt he now wore was only buttoned in the middle, and it fell away from his body at top and bottom. Beneath his top he glimpsed two bare breasts, perky and small, a slight hint of nipple visible just before it curved away in shadow. The shirt splayed apart at his waist, revealing his naked legs, his bottoms clad only in pale pink

panties. His golden, perfect legs seemed to go on forever. The calves and thighs were solid but graceful, his feet dainty, with tiny little toes, the nails painted a light pink.

“Oh, fuck,” he whispered in a breathy voice.

He glanced around the kitchen, feeling silky hair whispering against his cheek. He recognized the room immediately. It was Will's kitchen. He'd eaten in it hundreds of times. And if he was in Will's kitchen, and in a woman's body, there was only one person he could possibly be: Jess.

Oliver stepped back from the counter and gaped down at Jess's body. It stretched out below him, her curves covered by the loose-fitting shirt but revealing more of her elegant body than Oliver had ever seen. He turned his head and pulled up the back of his shirt, revealing the perfect swell of Jess's ass. The panties stretched across her bouncy butt, revealing only the very hint of her ass crack. Fuck, she really did have a nice butt. Curious, Oliver brought one hand down and cupped his ass, squeezing gently, enjoying the soft firmness. It was strange and amazing watching Jess feel her own ass, and feeling *himself* feeling her feeling her own ass.

The full import of what had happened hit him and he quivered with excitement. It wasn't teleportation; it was something even better. He wondered, though, if he was in her body, was she in his?

He pulled the top of his shirt away from his chest and stared down at Jess's breasts. Her perky little tits hung so tantalizingly close to his hands. He could feel the fabric sliding against his sensitive nipples. A frantic knocking on the front door prevented him from further exploration. Oliver hurried down the hallway, swaying a little as he came to grips with his smaller body and altered center of gravity. Oliver opened the door and froze. He knew what to expect but it was still jaw-dropping to see his own body outside on the stoop. Oliver's mom stood behind Oliver's body.

“Oliver?” His body asked, the voice a deeper timber than Oliver was used to.

He nodded, which made his hair tickle the back of his neck. His mom's body breathed a sigh of relief. “Good.”

Oliver's former body turned to her. “Good, Will? Why good? None of this is good.”

Will—now apparently in Lisa's body—raised his hands in a calming gesture. His arms knocked against his heavy breasts and made them bounce once. There was a brief but meaningful pause as Will glanced down and got himself under control.

“I mean good because it hopefully it means this...switch, or whatever...is localized to just the four of us. The last thing anyone needs is more mass panic. Can we come inside? I'm cold.”

Oliver stood aside and his mom and Will strode into the house.

“Am I--, that is, is my--” Will began, “Is my body still asleep?”

A man bellowed from the top of the stairs, answering Will's question. Will awkwardly hurried up the stairs in Lisa's body, still not sure what to do with his arms or his heavy breasts that swung madly with each step. Oliver and his mom were left alone at the bottom of the stairs. Oliver's mom took him in, seeing his half-nakedness for the first time.

“Oh! Oliver, um, your shirt...” She fidgeted and looked away.

Will looked down and saw that one side of his shirt had fallen away and one of his tits had popped out. He hurriedly covered himself and buttoned the shirt back up, then folded his arms across his chest. He blushed crimson and began talking to cover his embarrassment.

“Clearly, this isn't what was supposed to happen. I need to check on the machine and--”

His mom looked back at him, a look of fear in his own big brown eyes. “Oliver. The machine caught on fire. We put it out but...” she shrugged. “You need to fix it.”

They hurried back over to Oliver's side of the townhouse. Jess's body was as tall as his own, though she had much less mass. Oliver felt more delicate in some indefinable way as he jogged down the basement stairs. His frame was so light, his muscles so toned that jogging was a breeze.

The basement was a mess. The window was open but it still smelled of burnt plastic. Most of the machine seemed to be intact, except for one of the computer towers in the main column. The explosion had evidently come from there, because there was a char mark on the floor and ceiling, and the innards of the machine were twisted and melted.

Oliver poked through the machine, pulling apart components and examining wires. He had the base apart and in several pieces on the floor, and was taking an inventory of what might still work when Will and Jess came down the stairs.

Jess—now in her son's body—thunked down each step, evidently not used to her heavier size. Her hair was sticking up at a crazy angle and there were dark circles under her eyes. Will had his arm around her for comfort. Lisa was standing near the monitors, hands on her hips in her classic stance, the cocked hip looking a lot funnier on Oliver's body.

“What do you think?” Will asked, when he reached the bottom.

Oliver stood up and ran a hand through his silky hair. “Good news is I think the most important components are still intact. But I can't be sure until I do a full check.” He yawned, covering his mouth with one hand, fingers landing on his tiny nose. “But I can barely keep my eyes open. What time is it?”

Lisa glanced down at her wrist, but it was bare. The watch she normally wore was on her former body. She gently grabbed Will's wrist and looked at the time.

“Past midnight.”

“Look,” Oliver said, “I can't do anything tonight. Let's reconvene tomorrow and I'll take a closer look.”

With some reluctance, the others agreed. It was also agreed that they would sleep in their own beds to try to retain some sense of normalcy. So it was that, soon after, Oliver tucked himself into his familiar bed, in his familiar room, in the body of a woman that he'd longed to be intimately familiar with.

He switched off the light, but despite his exhaustion he just couldn't sleep. He tossed and turned, his body jiggling in strange ways, Jess's long pajama shirt getting crumpled up beneath him. He lay on his side for a long while, slender legs tucked against each other. Every time he shifted he became aware of her body as though for the first time, as his long, smooth legs whispered against each other, or he scratched an itch on his soft cheek. His thoughts were as restless as his body. It was agonizing sharing a bed with Jess and finally he sat up and clicked on the light. He knew it was wrong to explore Jess's body but he would never get to sleep unless he could calm that ember of desire that had been sitting in his belly ever since he discovered himself in her body.

He unbuttoned his shirt and slipped out of it, tossing it to the floor before gaping down at his breasts. They were breathtaking. Shapely and delicate, they fit snugly into each hand. Oliver gently probed their warmth, squeezing them together and releasing them to let them bounce back. He teased one of his nipples with a light finger, caressing it into a sharp point. It was so much more sensitive than when he was a man. Pleasure trickled through him as he watched Jess play with her tits. Oliver took a nipple in one hand and pulled slowly, stretching it out before letting it snap back

into position. At each touch, the trickle of pleasure flowed more freely, and soon he was running his hands up and down his breasts and his stomach, feeling up his new body.

A little sigh escaped his lips and he threw back the covers, revealing Jess's wonderfully tanned legs. He dragged his fingers up and down his inner thigh. His own touch sent little goosebumps through him and made him shiver with delight. He stared down at Jess's hands as he stroked her body, fingers gliding over the panties. He touched the silky fabric, pressed gently until it sunk slightly into him, the coarse pubic hair growing faintly visible beneath the thin panties. There was an urgency there calling him and when he pulled his finger away he found a spot of moisture.

Oliver took a deep breath, then hooked his thumbs beneath the panties and rolled them down his legs, bending his legs to do so and bringing them close to his face where he admired them. When he peeled the panties off he looked down at Jess's mound of cinnamon brown pubic hair, trimmed to small curls and formed into the shape of a triangle pointing towards his slit. His hair fell down his face and he tucked it back behind an ear before bringing one hand between his legs. He pressed his fingertips into himself, watched them as his pussy parted and he slipped inside himself for the first time. He stroked the rubbery folds and was rewarded with a deep satisfaction, as of an itch being scratched. The trickle of pleasure became a river and he pressed his fingers deeper inside, his other hand returning to his tits to stroke and caress.

It was an incredible feeling as he grew wet, a loosening without and a tension within as his body wound up. She was so warm inside. He dipped his fingers down the line of his slit and found his wetness. Gathering it on his fingers, he spread it back up his velvety folds. His breath caught in his throat as his fingers landed on the tiny nub of his clit. He rubbed in a slow rhythm, his other hand caressing his body, wandering across his neck, over his soft features, through his silky hair, just exploring Jess's body, touching every inch of her that he could.

Oliver's breath quickened and he rubbed himself faster, fingers disappearing into his pussy as the tension rose, threatening to burst. The pressure was immense, and he fingered himself quicker, mouth agape as the torrent increased until his pleasure finally burst and he moaned in Jess's silky smooth voice, thrusting his fingers deep into his cunt and circling rhythmically while his legs went taut and pleasure pushed all other thoughts from his mind. The orgasm ripped through his body, doubled by the sound of Jess's breathy moans, and the sight of her fingers inside her slick opening.

When it was over he needed more. His body wasn't fully sated. He thrust two fingers inside, rubbing fiercely. He leaned his head back on the wall and sank his fingers deep inside himself, curving through the wet walls of his cunt, thrusting hard into himself as he squeezed his tits. The little squelching sounds of his own cunt hit his ears and he had time to think *Fuck, that's my pussy* before the second orgasm pounded through him. The pleasure was immediate and intense. His entire body grew rigid as the dam burst, flowing pleasure through him as he cry out in a high-pitched cry of lust. He continued fingering himself all the way through the orgasm and down, slowing until he was exhausted and spent.

He pulled his fingers out of himself and rolled over, still naked. He curled up, finally exhausted, his fingers glazed with his own juices. He fell asleep, the intoxicating scent of Jess's pussy faintly lingering in the air.

It was quite pleasant waking up in Jess's body. There were some random aches and pains, but he lay in bed, absently playing with his breasts and stroking himself. He was conscious that, with any luck, the machine would be fixed and he'd soon be back in his own body. It struck him that this would be a perfect time for a quick orgasm, but he was interrupted by his mom knocking on the door. Oliver pulled the covers up over his breasts to cover his nakedness just before his former head poked in.

“Morning. I just need to get some clothes.”

“Ok.”

When she came in, Oliver was surprised to see she'd already stripped down to his boxers. His broad chest was bare and he watched the muscles in his former arms as she dug through his wardrobe. In profile, he could see the bulge of his cock beneath the boxers. It must have been as weird for her as it was for him. Weird, even, being in her son. But Lisa seemed to be taking it in stride. She was being picky about her wardrobe, searching through the stack of t-shirts until she found one that pleased her, and then doing the same with his jeans.

“You want some pancakes?” She said casually as she slipped on his clothes.

“Uh, sure,” Oliver replied.

“Ok, come on down.”

She closed the door. His mom hardly ever cooked breakfast and it struck him that she had probably been looking for a reason to get him out of bed before he could investigate Jess's body too thoroughly. Little did she know.

Oliver tossed the covers aside and rummaged around his closet for some clothes that would fit him. His new body was as tall as his old, but a lot less massive. He eventually settled on some sweatpants that ended up being incredibly baggy around his waist, and the smallest T-shirt he could find, which still dwarfed him.

Jess's adorable face greeted him in the bathroom mirror, her hair disheveled from sleep. His outfit made him look like a crazy person. Like someone who'd just woken up in another person's body. Oliver tore his gaze away from himself and used the toilet—another strange difference!—before brushing his teeth. Halfway through it struck him that he should probably be using Jess's toothbrush, because their germs certainly hadn't switched. Too late now.

He paused with his hand on his deodorant. It seemed weird to put his heady, oaky perfume on Jess's body, and Oliver wondered what his mom had done. He snuck into her bathroom and used her deodorant, coming away smelling of baby powder and lavender. He used his mom's brush to untangle his hair, but he wasn't about to even try makeup.

Oliver stumped downstairs towards the clanking of pans, feeling strangely tired and lacking...something. He realized what that something was as soon as the smell of coffee hit him. He'd never been much of a coffee drinker but Jess apparently craved it. He rushed to the coffee pot

and poured himself a huge cup of coffee with milk, sitting at the table and sipping gratefully as his mom bustled around the kitchen in his old body.

Oliver's mom glanced up at him and actually laughed. He shot her a look.

“Sorry,” she said, “You just look funny in that outfit.”

“I know,” Oliver said, sipping his coffee.

“Sleep okay?”

Oliver's heart skipped a beat. Had she heard him last night? “Yeah. Fine. I was exhausted. You?”

“I'm not going to say it wasn't weird sleeping in my son's body. And waking up with...” His mom cleared her throat and focused on pouring the pancakes into the pan.

Oliver was about to prod her but then realized what she was about to say. “You woke up with a hard-on,” he mumbled.

She bit her lip and turned away, nodding as she flipped over the pancakes. Oliver wondered what she'd done. Whether she'd explored it or let it go away. He tried not to think about it, but it was like being told not to think of an elephant. Suddenly, all he could picture was his mom, in his body, stroking his cock, her fingers sliding up and down his shaft as she stared down at it in wonder. The head appearing and disappearing between her fingers, rock hard and solid. Oliver shifted in his seat, trying to think of something else. His body was growing anxious, and a tiny spark of heat flared between his legs. Shit, was he getting horny thinking of his own dick?

Fortunately, his mom distracted him by sliding a plate of pancakes in front of him. He started to dig in, but found them too sweet. Jess's taste buds were supercharged or something, because he was tasting layers of food he'd never known before. He only ate two before pushing his plate away. His mom was ravenous, finishing both of their plates before sitting back, satisfied.

Oliver pushed away from the table. “Thanks, mom. I'm going to go check on the machine.”

He refilled his cup of coffee and carefully carried it down to the basement. He set the cup on the desk before resuming his inventory from last night. The damage looked worse than it was. One circuit board was totally shot, but luckily he could use one of his earlier prototypes with just a few modifications. There would be a lot of re-wiring, as well.

Will joined him about a half hour later.

“Hey, man,” he said as he came down the steps.

Oliver sat back in his chair and turned to see his mom's body descending the steps. Will had dressed her in a pair of his baggy shorts that clung to her ample thighs. His Atlanta Braves t-shirt draped over his large chest. He'd tied her long, dark brown hair back in a ponytail that jiggled with each step. He was holding a bundle of women's clothes, including a bra, which he set down on the desk.

“Thought you could use some help. And my mom thought maybe you wanted to wear some clothes that fit.” Will said, absently scratching one of his breasts and causing it to wobble back and forth. *He* clearly wasn't wearing bra.

“Thanks, yeah. Can you run some diagnostics?” Oliver stood and showed Will what to do on the computer, then returned to his own task.

They worked in silence for a few minutes before Will broke it. “So, um, how is it being my mom?”

Oliver snorted. “Bizarre. It's also odd watching my body act like *her*.”

“Yeah, tell me about it. Ever been reprimanded by yourself?” There was a short pause. “Did you, uh, *do* anything last night?”

Oliver looked up at Will and they both tried to feign innocence. “No,” Oliver finally said.

“Bullshit.” Will replied with a grin.

Oliver's cheeks went red. “Did you?”

Will glanced up at the kitchen door. It was closed. He wheeled his chair over to Oliver and said in a proud voice, “Oliver, man, I have the biggest pair of tits in the neighborhood. I couldn't help myself. Look at these things.”

Will lifted his shirt and Lisa's boobs spilled out. They hung down almost to her belly, heavy and succulent. The skin was partly striated with faint stretch marks, the pale pink areolae as big as half dollars. Will shook his chest and his tits wobbled back and forth ponderously. “You're getting sleeeepy,” he chuckled.

Oliver finally pulled his eyes away. “Stop, those are my mom's tits.”

“Yeah, but you're not in your body anymore. We're not related. Just two grown women. Alone.” Will placed a hand on Oliver's thigh. “Go on. Touch 'em.”

Oliver was undeniably curious. His own tits were small, perky little things. He reached out and cupped his mom's breasts, one in each hand. “They're heavy.” He whispered. He gathered them up and hefted them, squeezing them together, enjoying the way her skin moved beneath his own slender fingers. His mom's tits spilled out of his fingers and he manipulated them with growing curiosity.

It wasn't just the feel of Lisa's breasts that was turning Oliver on, it was also watching Jess's hands feel them up. Will moved closer until Oliver's mom's face was inches from his. He could see every freckle on her nose and the gold flecks in her brown eyes. Oliver's heart thudded in his chest.

“You like that?” Will whispered.

Oliver nodded. Will slipped his hand gently against Oliver's smooth cheek and pulled their lips together. Oliver didn't resist. He opened his mouth to Will's tender kisses. His nose pressed into Will's cheek and he caught the faint scent of jasmine as he closed his eyes and explored his own mom's mouth with his new tongue. Oliver's hands lingered on her breasts, fingers circling around and around her warm skin.

Will's other hand slipped around Oliver's back and they made out, gradually growing more passionate, their kisses becoming deeper. Oliver's body flared with desire as Will caressed his cheek, the other hand sliding down his back, over the curve of his ass, fingers digging gently but insistently into Oliver's firm butt cheek. Oliver pulled away from Will and lowered his head to Will's plump breasts. He gathered one in his hand and kissed the nipple softly, before wrapping his lips around it. His mom's breast was salty warm, and he flicked his tongue against her nipple. Will cooed softly above him, staring down as he watched his own mom lick her best friend's tits.

Warmth sparked through Oliver's body as he suckled his friend's tremendous breasts, moving back and forth between them, gathering them in his hands and plunging his face in between, surrounded by her warm weighty softness. Electric pleasure flickered between Oliver's legs, shooting up through his body. Will helped Oliver slip his shirt off, and then Will's hands were on Oliver's breasts. The two boys resumed kissing as each played with the other's tits. Oliver was slightly jealous that his friend had larger breasts, but his jealousy was soon washed away by the building pleasure between his thighs.

Will unbuttoned his shorts and wiggled them off his broad ass and down his legs before kicking them to the floor. Oliver did the same, and the two guys stared at each other for a beat, eyes playing over the other's bodies. Oliver's mom had a curvy, maternal figure, with a slight stomach and delicious thighs. Her slit was framed by dark pubic hair, coarse and evenly trimmed.

Will got on his knees between Oliver's legs, his heavy tits swaying back and forth. Will placed a hand on each of Oliver's thighs and gently spread him, before bringing his face close to Oliver's pussy. He kissed his way down Oliver's thighs, hot breath glancing over Oliver's pussy. Oliver trembled with need, electricity racing through him as he watched his mom's face gently kiss back and forth between her friend's thighs. Oliver took hold of his breasts and began tweaking his nipples. And then Will's tongue shot out and licked Oliver's pussy slowly from bottom to top. Oliver closed his eyes briefly and quivered, his hands playing more roughly with his tits. His breath caught in his throat. Will continued licking him, warm tongue sliding up Oliver's pussy lips as he opened for his mom, growing warmer and wetter at her hungry insistence. Her tongue wandered inside, landing on his clit and sending a fierce jolt of pleasure crackling through him.

Oliver sighed and leaned back in the chair, sliding down and spreading his legs as Will pushed his face in deeper, mouth open, tongue swirling against Oliver's clit, teasing his velvety folds, lapping at his sensitive nub. Fuck, watching Jess get eaten out by his mom was incredibly hot and Oliver came suddenly, the pleasure thundering through him. He groaned, stuffing his fingers into his mouth to stifle the sound. And still Will continued, lapping at Oliver's sopping wet cunt. Oliver's thighs practically rested on Will's shoulders now. Oliver's hands grew fiercer on his own tits, squeezing and caressing, enjoying his own softness. The next orgasm froze him with its intensity, his entire body locking in place, becoming stock still, releasing him with a tremendous blast of heat that made him moan again. He shook as he came, Will still inside him, not letting up, licking Oliver's cunt until Oliver ceased to moan.

Will looked up from between his friend's legs, his cheeks and chine glistening with Jess's juices. "My turn," he grinned. "Lie down."

Oliver stood on shaking legs and grabbed an old blanket, spreading it on the concrete floor before lying down on top of it. Will crawled up Oliver's body slowly, kissing his way up Oliver's calves, this thighs, back across his pussy and up his stomach. The whole time he let Lisa's breasts drag across Oliver's warm skin. And then their lips were back together. Will's breasts rested on Oliver's and as they kissed Oliver could taste the musky scent of his mom's pussy on Will's lips. Will dragged his body up Oliver's until he was kneeling on Oliver's face. He sat slowly, forcing Oliver's mouth against his own mom's pussy. Oliver opened his lips eagerly, tongue licking the moistened, swollen lips as they landed on his mouth. She tasted deliciously musky and wonderfully smooth.

Will rode him, his own hands grabbing his huge tits, bobbling them in his hands. Now it was his turn to cry out in a lust-soaked voice as Oliver licked his pussy, drinking in his juices. While he licked, Oliver's hand crawled down between his own thighs and he began pleasuring Jess's body once more, fingers sinking into his own wetness as he lapped at Will. Will rode him like this, sinking deeper suddenly, freezing and then releasing a long, low moan as he came. Oliver gasped too, but his was muffled by Will's pussy. Will resumed riding him, rubbing his wet cunt across Will's chin and his nose, covering Will's face in his own mom's juices. They came together the next time. Will's hands tightened around his tits and he squeezed as pleasure shot through him, gritting his teeth to stop the cries of lust from escaping. Oliver's body grew taut, the orgasm gripping him and then releasing with a desperate intensity. Will rode Oliver's face until the orgasm faded, and only then rolled off him and lay on the blanket beside him. Oliver pulled his fingers out of himself and licked them clean, savoring the sweet taste of Jess's cunt as it mingled with his mom's spice.

"Ok," Will finally said, "We can't tell them what we've done."

“Fuck no,” Oliver agreed. It was bad enough that he'd just eaten his own mom's pussy. It was maybe even worse that he'd enjoyed it so much.

Oliver looked up nervously at the group that had assembled around his kitchen table. Will sat to Oliver's right. He'd dressed back in his baggy clothes and had cleaned himself off. Oliver had put on the clothes Will had brought over, and was now wearing one of Jess's pink fitted shirts and some jeans. He had managed to get her bra on, and it sat uncomfortably on his chest. Lisa and Jess sat across from Oliver, looking strangely calm in their masculine bodies. Oliver wondered briefly if they'd been up to anything in their new bodies. After all, Oliver knew how horny his old body usually was.

Oliver cleared his throat. "So, uh, I've gone through the machine. Bad news is I don't exactly know what caused this--" He continued quickly before they could react to that "--but the good news is I think I can put it back to exactly how it was when this whole thing happened and it should swap us back."

"You *think*? It *should*? This doesn't sound very comforting." Jess said, glancing at Lisa.

Oliver spread his hands. "It's all I can do."

"Ok, well. Do it." Lisa said.

"Um, so..." Oliver screwed up his face as Jess and Lisa leaned towards him. "I sort of...need some parts from the electronics place near the mall."

There was a pause, then Will spoke up, "But everything's closed for at least two weeks because of the epidemic?"

Oliver bit his lip and nodded.

"Wait. So we're stuck like this for two weeks?" Lisa asked.

There was another silence as they all considered this.

"Fuuuuck," Jess exhaled, sitting back in her chair and rubbing her face.

"Well...what now?" Will asked.

"We need to get comfortable," Oliver said. "I suggest we keep as normal routine as possible, which means staying in our own houses. So I guess we start by packing up clothes for each other."

There was a little discussion, but they soon all realized this was sensible. The group broke up, Lisa and Jess going to their respective bedrooms to begin packing. Will lingered until they'd disappeared, then pulled Oliver aside by the front door.

"You didn't tell them everything." Will whispered.

"What do you mean?"

"You don't know what caused the swap or how it works. The next swap could be just as random, couldn't it? There's no guarantee we'll end up in the right bodies."

“Yeah. One piece of bad news at a time.”

“I guess it's not all bad news,” Will smiled.

“What do you mean?”

Will said nothing, but leaned forward and gave Oliver a kiss on the lips. The sweet taste of Lisa's floral scent lingered in Oliver's nose long after Will left.

Oliver grabbed a small suitcase from under the closet beneath the stairs and lugged it up to his room. He went through his drawers, folding up some clothes for Jess to wear in his body. He picked out his nicest clothes, partly out of a desire to impress her, partly out of a knowledge that she wasn't a woman who would enjoy slumming it.

Oliver's mom came in as he was folding his shirts and stowing them in the suitcase. Lisa left her suitcase outside the door and plopped down onto his bed. She attempted to cross her legs but gave up when she realized how ridiculous it looked—and how painful in Oliver's inflexible body—and instead simply leaned back on the bed.

“I know it's not teleportation,” Lisa said, “But what you did is still a pretty big deal. This is world changing.”

Oliver looked at her with a crooked grin. “You're proud of me for this?”

“Well, not for *this* specifically,” she gestured to herself, “But...yeah. How are you finding life as a woman?”

“Pretty much the same as life as a man. Only, that may be because I've been cooped up at home and haven't had to deal with the pay gap, or societal expectations. What about you?”

“It's been...interesting.”

Something about the way she said it made Oliver pause. “How so?”

“Look, Oliver, the elephant in the room is our genitals. So I'm just going to say it. I never really understood how much of your time was spent thinking about sex until I had your body.”

“And my dick?” Oliver smirked, needling her.

“Yeah. That, specifically.” She gazed back at him with a flirty innocence and eventually Oliver blushed and looked down.

Oliver closed the suitcase and pushed it down. The whole thing was overstuffed and he had a hard time getting the top to close enough so he could zip it. “Have you done anything yet?” Oliver grunted, asking the question that had been on his mind since the morning.

“No, but you have, haven't you?”

Oliver didn't meet her eye, just kept pushing down on the suitcase.

His mom stood. “Let me help you with that,” she said.

She came up behind Oliver, pressing her firm body against his back and placing her hands over his. She pushed down on the top of the suitcase and Oliver could feel her slightly grinding into him, the bulge in her pants rubbing against his taut ass. She closed it enough so he could zip it up, but she didn't release him. Oliver stood and his mom wrapped his own hands around him, holding him gently across his tiny stomach.

“Why don't I show you how to treat a woman right?” Lisa whispered.

Her breath was hot on Oliver's ear. She held him tight and Oliver was surprised at how quickly Jess's body responded to the masculine touch. His heart thundered in his chest and his mouth went dry. Lisa gently kissed the nape of Oliver's neck, sending little shivers down his spine. She kissed her way down his shoulder and back up as her hands began wandering across his soft form, coming up to his breasts, circling and teasing, then sliding back down. The heat of her broad hands penetrated Oliver's body, gathering in his center. He dropped his head back and sighed as his mom nibbled his neck gently. The throbbing manhood pressing against his ass grew more urgent, growing bigger as Lisa fondled Oliver's body.

Her hands slid down and grabbed the hem of his shirt. She pulled it up and Oliver raised his arms so she could take it off. He heard it fall to the floor and then there was a pressure against the back of his bra, before all pressure fell away, along with his bra. He let it slide down his arms before his mom slid her hands around him once more and cupped his breasts. She squeezed his tits, pulling him close, the hard heat of his former body making Oliver sigh once more with anticipation. The hands across his breasts were gentle but firm, squeezing his flesh then pinching his tiny nipples. He watched his beautiful body as his nipples grew sharp as diamonds, his own hands caressing Jess's tits. It wasn't exactly how he'd fantasized being with Jess but it was close.

Oliver unbuttoned his pants and pushed them down enough to reveal Jess's white panties. He pushed a hand underneath the silky fabric, fingers landing on his coarse pubic hair. He followed the trail down over his mound and across his slit. Oliver moaned as he pushed inside himself, rubbing gently as Jess's pussy opened for him. His dainty fingers circled inside his warm body. He could feel himself growing wet as heat spiked in him. Behind him, his mom slowly thrust her cock against his butt, her urgency barely contained. Oliver was soon wet, and he dragged his moisture across his slit, placing a palm against his mound and sliding his middle finger inside himself, fingering his delightful body and pressing his ass back against his mom's cock.

She grunted in his ear and her hands grew rougher, pinching and squeezing his soft flesh with a growing fierceness. Her kisses became little nips, teeth scraping against Oliver's neck in a way that made him burn with yearning. His pussy was sopping wet, fingers digging deep inside him, and suddenly he needed to be penetrated. The temptation of his own cock so close to Jess's delicate little ass was too much.

Oliver squirmed free of his mom and yanked his pants and his panties off. He climbed onto the bed on all fours. Arching his back, he stared around at his former body. He spread his legs and wiggled his ass, the air of the room whispering across his wetness.

"Fuck me," he begged, Jess's voice dripping with lust.

His mom yanked down her pants and Oliver was confronted with his own cock from a new perspective. The head bulged, aiming towards his slender body. His mom wrapped her fingers around his shaft and guided it up against him. Oliver felt the pressure against his pussy. He leaned his head down on the bed, ass up in the air as his mom pushed his own cock against his dripping lips. There was a slight pressure, building, building, and then she was inside him in a rush, cock sliding through his wet canal. He moaned as his mom filled him with his own dick, burying herself deep inside. Oliver could feel every glorious inch as she plunged into his opening. Her hands gripped his hips and she thrust deep until she had buried herself to the hilt. Oliver moaned, full and horny, body burning with desire.

Lisa withdrew and slid in again, slowly, gasping in sheer delight as she took Oliver's virginity. Oliver, too, moaned, looking down beneath him, watching as his tits jiggled back and forth and, beyond them, his own cock, appearing and disappearing into his borrowed cunt. He came at the site of himself fucking Jess, a quivering orgasm that made his cheeks burn and his knees go weak. His mom held him up, fingers clenching his ass as she continued thrusting, growing harder, faster. And then she was slamming into him, the wet sounds of Oliver's pussy combining with the slap of her

groin on his ass as his mom fucked him hard. His cries rose in pitch, “Oh! Oh! Oh!” and the feminine sounds of his body doubled his pleasure. Soon he was crying out, begging for her to fuck him harder.

“Oh! Oh! Cum inside me! Fuck my little pussy!” He begged.

She thrust and buried herself deeper than she'd ever done and Oliver screamed in sheer delight as she emptied herself into his body. The fire burned through him, blasting all conscious thought from his mind. All he could feel was her delicious spurts of hot cum, his own pussy quivering around his former cock. The sheer physical pleasure of being Jess and getting fucked drove him over the edge and he orgasmed hard, his mind blown apart by lust, his only desire to impale himself on the perfect cock over and over again, squeezing every last drop of cum from his former body.

When his mom was done she bent over him, resting her hot weight on his back as he collapsed onto the bed. It was comforting having her on top of him, the weight holding him down, her cock still lodged in his wet warmth. She pulled out, leaving him empty. She lay beside him on the bed and he curled over next to her, throwing one arm over his mom's broad chest as his new body was wracked with occasional aftershocks. Lisa stroked him absently, fingers caressing his petite tits.

“I can do this for two weeks,” Oliver murmured.

Epilogue

Sure enough, two weeks passed in no time. After the first day, it soon became apparent that everyone was splitting off into various couples to experiment with their new bodies. They ignored it for a little while, then talked around it, then all agreed it was actually helpful for surviving the quarantine with their sanity intact. Then there was no shame in splitting off into pairs. Lisa would sometimes walk in on her son masturbating, his fingers deep inside her best friend's body. She would usually join him—if she hadn't just had a tryst of her own.

Lisa and Jess got used to their new bodies as well, sharing tips and taking turns sucking each other's cocks. It was only fair after what the guys had done in their bodies. With a little practice, Lisa was soon taking her son's best friend up the ass, reciprocating when Jess finished, and fucking her son's body as jizz dripped from her own puckered hole.

When the quarantine ended, Oliver got the parts he needed from the store. But he hesitated for a long time before putting the machine back together. He didn't need to make excuses. The other three understood and agreed. When they'd all had enough, they gathered in the basement and Oliver pushed the button.

There was a flash. And then the world flipped for them all one more time.

Forbidden Love

“I had to practically drag him home. He passed out on the floor of his room and didn't get up until noon the next day.” Wyatt laughed, his voice tinny through the speakers of Rachel's computer.

“Wow!” Rachel said, “What a great roommate.”

Rachel lay stretched out on her stomach across her bed, the laptop in front of her. Her lean legs were up in the air and crossed behind her. She rested her head on one hand, occasionally sweeping her curly brunette hair behind her ear, as she gazed at her stepbrother on the laptop screen.

“Other than an insane roommate,” Rachel said, “How's college going?”

“College is...a lot to get used to.” Wyatt smiled, his sparkling blue eyes twinkling. “It sort of feels like starting over. I mean, *you're* a senior, so you're, like, the top of high school. And it's obvious. Graduating is like starting all over again. Except some of my friends can legally drink. And I don't have a curfew.”

Rachel shifted on the bed, keeping an eye on her image in the bottom corner of the screen. Her light pink top fell open slightly, just enough to give a glimpse of her petite cleavage. She left it like that, but it was impossible to see through the monitor whether it was drawing Wyatt's eye.

“I'm not looking forward to starting over,” Rachel grimaced. And then, as casually as she could: “So...met any girls?”

Wyatt smiled and looked down. He ran a hand through his clipped hair as Rachel's heart beat madly in her chest.

“Not any that are interested in me.”

Rachel was at once relieved and ashamed for being relieved. She kept telling herself that Wyatt being single didn't make her chances any better, and him being in a relationship would only make him happier. Rachel and Wyatt had practically grown up together and she loved him like a brother. Well, that wasn't exactly true. She loved him differently than a brother. She loved him in a way that made her squirm when she thought about him too long—which was often. There had been many nights before he'd graduated and gone to college that Rachel had lain in bed and touched herself to thoughts of him, knowing he was lying shirtless only a short walk down the hall. Her fantasies began with her walking in on him unexpectedly as he was stroking himself, and ended with an immense orgasm that left a growing wet spot on her bed. It was so wrong, and yet she couldn't help herself.

“I'm sure you'll find someone,” Rachel said.

“Yeah, well...” He trailed off.

“Oh, look what I got.” Rachel sat up on her knees and turned to the bookshelf behind her. She arched her back slightly, stretching up to let her cut-off shorts pull up her thighs and giving Wyatt ample time to ogle her lean legs. She'd spent an hour trying on different outfits and doing her

makeup for this casual call with her stepbrother. She couldn't help it, though. She wanted him to want her. She grabbed her tennis trophy and lay back down. "Ta da! First place!"

"Oh, congrats!" Wyatt said. "You use that technique I showed you?"

"Yep. Killed that little Kimmy bitch this year."

"Nice." Wyatt grinned. Then he looked offscreen. "Oh. I gotta go. I told my roommate I'd go to the gym with him this afternoon."

"Ok. I'll see you later."

"I'm coming home next weekend so I'll see you for real in a week."

"Can't wait!"

"Bye."

"Bye!"

Rachel signed off and rolled over onto her back with a sigh. Her feelings for Wyatt were so wrong. But it wasn't like they were *really* brother and sister. She grabbed her pillow and hugged it to her chest. Her thoughts kept dragging back to Wyatt: his smile, his body, his kindness. Her thighs grew warm and she promised herself she wouldn't touch herself. But it didn't take long for her to break down and slip her hand beneath her little jean shorts and dip into her moistening heat as she thought of all the things she wanted Wyatt to do to her. She stroked herself, fingers sliding against her little button as she imagined his arms around her, his mouth on hers, their bodies moving together in tandem. She muffled her moan with the other hand as her body seized with orgasm, guilty pleasure lighting her from within.

When she came down her cheeks were flushed and her thoughts were swimming. She needed a distraction, so she picked up her cell phone from off her nightstand and texted her friend, Jessica, to go out for some retail therapy.

“Oh my gawd, you would look amazing in these,” Jessica gushed, holding up a pair of artfully ripped jeans to Rachel.

Rachel added them to the small pile of clothes already in her arms as Jessica continued flipping through the racks. Jessica was effortlessly trendy, and had a knack for finding amazing clothes at secondhand stores like the one they were in. She also had a knack for attracting guys. Yet another college aged guy began flipping through the jeans on the other side of the aisle, glancing up now and then at Jessica.

“How do you find the good stuff?” The young guy finally asked.

Jessica turned her emerald green eyes on him and flipped her blonde hair out of her face. “You just have to have an eye for fashion.” She smiled.

“Ah, that's my problem,” the guy responded. “What about these? Are these stylish?” He smiled impishly as he held up a pair of fake leather pants.

“You do not have an eye,” Jessica laughed, pausing in her searching to turn her full bright smile onto the guy.

Jessica was a merciless flirt, and Rachel tried not to roll her eyes as she watched her friend banter with yet another guy. Still, Rachel couldn't help but feel the teeniest bit jealous at how easily Jessica caught and held attention. She had a supreme confidence about her body that Rachel lacked, and moved her body with an easy grace. No doubt Jessica's large, buoyant breasts, angelic face and perfect hourglass figure had something to do with all the attention. The guys flocked to Jessica and she encouraged them, as Rachel stood alone on the outside observing.

Jessica was obviously enjoying herself, so Rachel interrupted briefly. “I'm going to go try these on.”

She left before Jessica could respond, moving towards the changing rooms at the back of the store. Closing the curtain behind her, Rachel dumped the clothes into the chair and stripped down to her underwear. She took a moment to look at herself in the mirror, sighing as she took in her small breasts and petite figure lacking all but the barest of curves, and mentally compared herself to Jessica. Rachel was cute, though, wasn't she? Just not hot. Maybe if Rachel was a blonde bombshell she'd have better luck with guys.

Or at least one guy in particular.

Rachel shook that thought away before it could take hold and began trying on the outfits Jessica had found for her. She had to admit, the girl had style. Rachel soon settled on a faded concert t-shirt and some cute shorts with little red and purple flowers on the back pocket. She pushed the curtain aside and returned to the clothing area. As she passed through the furniture section, an old writing desk caught her eye. It was made of rich mahogany, and had delicate floral designs engraved in the wood. It hardly seemed like it belonged here with the bric-a-brac of the rest of the used furniture.

Rachel opened the drawers—real wood, not this Ikea cardboard that Rachel had in her own room—and peeked inside a few of them. She loved this old furniture. Wyatt always teased her that she was

kind of old fashioned like that. As she shut one of the small drawers along the side she heard a rattling noise. She opened the drawer again and found nothing but, poking around, she discovered the bottom of the drawer was loose. She was able to pry it up and beneath the fake bottom was a small gold pendant on a chain. It, too, looked old.

Rachel took it out and examined it. It sparkled in the light. The pendant on the end was a perfect sphere crisscrossed with some sort of lightning pattern. It was gorgeous. Rachel added it to the clothes and met Jessica up near the register. The young guy was just slipping her his number on a scrap of paper.

“Call me sometime,” he said, before turning and walking away.

“I can't take you out anywhere,” Rachel chided Jessica.

Jessica rolled her eyes. “Ug. It's easier just to take it and not call them.”

Rachel dropped the few items of clothes on the checkout counter and the cashier began ringing them up. Rachel held up the necklace she'd found.

“How much is this? I didn't see a price tag on it.”

The cashier peered at it, shrugged, and then said, “Five dollars?”

“Ok.”

She slipped everything into a bag and forgot about it as she went to the cafe to grab a coffee. Once again, all eyes were on Jessica. Rachel felt almost invisible. It almost would have been better if Jessica was a bitch, because then at least Rachel would have a reason to feel resentful. But Jessica was sweet and kind to everyone.

Rachel returned to her house in the late afternoon and went up to her room. She emptied out the bag of clothes she'd bought that day onto her bed. The pendant spilled out with a musical tinkle. Rachel picked it up and examined it. It was shiny gold, slightly tarnished in places. She unclasped it and slipped it around her neck, flipping aside her curly brown hair to do so. When she'd clasped it on, she fluffed out her curls and stood in front of the full-length mirror in the corner of her room. The pendant sat just above the neckline of her shirt. It was strangely warm against her skin as Rachel eyed it in the mirror. It looked nice. She thought it would have looked even better if she had a bigger chest. But then wasn't that thought giving power to the patriarchy? She should be happy with her body. She knew she was in no way ugly. But seeing all those guys throwing themselves at Jessica. Well, she wished she had Jessica's figure.

The top of her head itched and she scratched it. Somehow that still didn't sate the itch. Now it had spread across the whole back of her head. She leaned her head down, running both hands through her hair, scratching harder. When she looked back up at her image in the mirror she froze, both hands entwined in her curly hair. But even as she watched, her curls straightened and the hair lightened to a golden blonde. At the same time, it began growing, falling down Rachel's shoulders. In seconds she had a head of lustrous, shiny blonde hair that tumbled straight down her back.

The itching sensation spread to her face, and Rachel dropped her hands to her side and stepped closer to the mirror, her mouth agape. Her whole face was wiggling and, as she stared, the contours of her face changed. Her eyebrows thinned and grew lighter, arching beautifully over eyes that changed from a coffee brown to a startling emerald green. The shape of her eyes and cheeks changed, becoming rounded and softer, as her nose slimmed out, the tip turning up slightly to give her a perfect button nose. She could feel her teeth shifting, her entire mouth changing from the inside. When the changes finished Rachel found herself staring into Jessica's perfect face. She

gaped and stepped back from the mirror, the reflection of Jessica's head on Rachel's body doing the same.

Her arms were now wiggling madly, changing contours, growing lean. A mole here and there disappeared, reappearing somewhere else. A weight began growing on her chest and she could see her shirt pressing out even as she felt a pressure growing in her bra. Her chest grew larger, pushing against the bra in a way that was quickly becoming painful. Rachel hurriedly reached around and unclasped her bra. There was an instant relief and her breasts continued to grow, swelling to Jessica's ample proportions and tenting out Rachel's already tight shirt, lifting it up and away from a tummy that was already showing the ghostly hint of Jessica's tight abs.

She grabbed onto the wall for support as the room seemed to grow, soon realizing that she had lost some height. Her hips shifted and Rachel's gaze was brought down to her pink shorts. They, too, were feeling tighter and she could see her ass and thighs expanding. She quickly unbuttoned her pants and slid them down her legs before they became painfully tight, and continued watching as her butt expanded until it was a perfect little bubble butt hanging behind her. Her white cotton panties barely contained her supple new ass. Rachel's legs became tighter with lean muscle and her entire skin darkened slightly to a golden tan. Her fingers and toes itched and changed, becoming slightly shorter but daintier.

When the changes were done and the itching had stopped, Rachel found herself gaping at the reflection of Jessica, wearing only panties on her perfect legs, and a too-tight top over her heavy breasts.

“Holy fuck,” Rachel whispered. Her voice sounded like Jessica's, slightly throaty and higher pitched than Rachel's own. She brought her hands to her new, pouty lips in astonishment, noting that they smelled faintly of the flowery lotion Jessica had been using. She ran her fingers over her features, touching her friend's face, exploring her flawless new skin. Her eyes dropped down to her body. Holy shit, she was a bombshell! She turned and wiggled her ass, giggling in amazement.

Rachel pulled her shirt off, swept the silky blonde hair from her face, and then shrugged her bra off. Jessica's breasts bobbed down her chest and she grabbed them in both hands. Shit, these things were heavy, but perfectly smooth and teardrop shaped. She bobbed them in her fingers, let them sway back and forth, then gathered them up again and squeezed, her fingers digging lightly into her creamy flesh. Her excitement grew and she turned around again, angling her head to check out every inch of her body.

Rachel's panties were so tight around her thicker ass and she rolled them down her legs and kicked them off. Now she was naked except for the pendant that dangled between her tremendous breasts. Rachel's eyes were drawn to the perfectly manicured triangle of blonde hair pointing to her new pussy. She brushed her hand across it, following the trail down to her new sex. Her other hand came back to one of her breasts and she hefted it as she fondled herself, groping and squeezing her wonderful new tits. The fingers between her legs traced the outlines of her slit, gently prodding and pushing down, penetrating her body slightly, fingertips landing on the hood of her clit and sending tendrils of warmth flickering through her. It was exciting wearing Jessica's perfect body, watching her play with herself. Her little blonde form was so responsive. Already, Rachel could feel wetness gathering between her legs. She dipped her finger down and found her dew, then dragged it back up her warm, rubbery folds. She stroked in tight circles, feeling her nether lips grow looser as anticipation climbed through her.

She caressed her tit, pinching the little strawberry-pink nipple until it stood erect with excitement and pleasure coursed through her. Rachel slipped her fingers deeper inside herself, stroking faster, her swollen clit revealing itself as Jessica's pussy grew wet. It was so intimate watching her friend masturbate in the mirror, seeing her half-lidded eyes and feeling the pleasure rising within her. Rachel spread her legs wider and slid her fingers deeper inside, exploring her rich, pink folds. Her

fingers were glazed with her juices and her mouth gaped open as she fingered herself faster, harder, squeezing her fat tits as the intensity captured her body like lightning and then there was a sudden release that made her tremble and gasp. “Oh,” she cried, her legs trembling as she orgasmed, her body rocked with a deep pleasure as the tension released her.

She dropped her breast and it swayed down her chest as she leaned against the wall for support while her knees grew weak. Her fingers were still plunged into her wetness, and the tension was back in an instant. She fingered her new pussy hard, sliding her fingers in up to the knuckle, twisting through her folds, spreading her legs farther, squatting down to dig her fingers deeper into her center, pounding herself as the moist sounds of her fingers hit her ears.

She came again, even harder, crying out in a strangled cry as she tried to keep quiet. Pleasure rocked her body, made her squeeze her eyes shut as she fingered herself all the way through the orgasm, sliding in and out of her sopping wet pussy, slowing down as her body slowed, easing herself back down from her orgasm.

When she was done she pulled her fingers out of herself and fell back onto her bed, breathing hard. She propped her head up on a pillow and looked down at Jessica's naked body. So that's what Jessica felt like physically. But Rachel couldn't help but wondering what it would be like to go out in the world *as* Jessica. To get that attention. To have that confidence.

Rachel poked through her drawers until she found an outfit that would fit on Jessica's body. The black shirt was a little tight and she didn't have a bra that fit so the shirt stretched across her breasts, leaving the imprint of each nipple visible. There was a matching skirt that her mom had bought that was a size too big for her. Rachel wiggled into it, finally managing to get it over her friend's ample thighs and zip it up. Shit, she looked amazing, the clothes squeezing her curves into perfect, bouncy shape. She slipped out of the back door and away without her family noticing.

Rachel drove to a little open-air mall full of trendy cafes and shops on the other side of town, where she would be unlikely to run into anyone who knew Jessica. Just walking around in her curvy blonde body was a different experience. Guys took notice of her. She was being used to being glanced at in public—hell, every woman was—but this was different. These were longer looks. Conversation stoppers. These were groups of guys pointing her out to their friends. It was dangerous and exciting and hot as hell.

The two guys behind the counter at the cafe practically fell over themselves trying to flirt with her. She could sense the change as she walked into the cafe, the eyes on her body. It was unnerving. Inwardly, Rachel was still her shy, introverted self, but that didn't stop anyone. All it took was a little smile, a toss of her blonde hair, and one of the baristas slipped her his number along with her coffee. Too easy. Almost disappointingly so. Rachel barely had to say two sentences and only chuckled lightly at their jokes. Her body did all the work.

It did give her a strange boost of confidence. When she went into the cute boutique clothing store, the sales lady fawned all over her, and Rachel had her running off to bring back different sizes to try on, something she never would have ordinarily done in her own body. She would have either accepted the ill-fitting clothes or tried to find the size herself without bothering anyone. But the sales lady waited on her hand and foot. Was this what it was like being Jessica every day?

After a few hours Rachel tired of the attention. She returned to her car, feeling very much as though she'd just gotten offstage from a one woman play. She could finally breathe again. She returned home and parked a little ways down the street to change back. There was a moment of panic as she failed to transform when she removed the pendant. Her mind was racing with how she could ever explain to her parents what happened. Or how she would resume her life as her best friend's doppelganger. But she collected herself and slipped the pendant back around her neck. Then she imagined becoming herself, picturing her own familiar body as best she could.

The changes happened in reverse. Her legs lost their perfect muscle and became rather ordinary. She could feel her ass deflating as her thighs pinched back together into her plain, straight-waisted figure. It was a relief to feel her breasts shrink, the weight disappearing from her chest. The clothes she'd put on now fit her better, and she could breathe without feeling like her outfit was strangling her. Plus, the shirt now had some slack so her little nipples were once again invisible.

Her hair pulled back into her head, twisting and browning into dark tawny curls once again while her facial features remade themselves. In seconds she was looking into her familiar face in the rear-view mirror. Cute but undistinguished—in Rachel's mind anyway. A far cry from the hot model she'd been just moments before.

Rachel slipped off the pendant to avoid any unfortunate accidents before driving the rest of the way home. She shrugged off the questions from her parents and went to bed soon after dinner. She had a lot to think about.

“Hey, Rachel, how you doing?” A sweet female voice chirped up from beside Rachel.

Rachel froze for a beat, halfway in her school locker in the process of looking for her math book for her next class. She turned to see Jessica leaning against the locker next to her, smiling beatifically.

“Hey. Uh, good.” Rachel said, faking a smile even as the only thing going through her mind was how intimate she'd been with her best friend's body.

Fortunately, two guys from the school soccer team walked by just then and said hello to Jessica. Jessica turned her back languidly against the locker and gave them a little wave. Rachel gulped watching Jessica move, remembering how wonderful it had felt to be in her body and have her confidence. If there was any doubt Rachel was back to normal, it was vaporized by the fact that the guys had barely glanced at her. She was once again being outshone by Jessica's supermodel looks.

Jessica turned back to her. “You gonna take your brother out to visit the town when he visits next weekend? Show him everything he's missed?”

Rachel had forgotten she'd told Jessica about her stepbrother coming back home this weekend and for a split second there was a red hot jealousy that Wyatt and Jessica were conversing privately and that Jessica had somehow “stolen” Wyatt from her. But that was ridiculous. Wyatt wasn't hers and her daydreams about them together were just impossible fantasies.

“Yeah. You mean, like the new sign at the mall or the Forever 21 that moved in to the old Old Navy?” Rachel grinned.

“We can all go out and look at the pothole they just filled in in front of my house.”

“Ooh, he'll love it!”

The girls giggled together. But still, there was something about Jessica's apparent nonchalance that made Rachel think maybe she had the hots for Wyatt. Rachel couldn't shake the thought even as the conversation turned, and then the bell rang and they hurried to class. Rachel spent the rest of the day watching Jessica, seeing how she was treated from outside, wondering if Wyatt was into her, and if so, wondering how much she, herself, would roast with jealous anger if they actually did get together. Surely Wyatt was much too sophisticated to fall for the stereotypical blonde beauty. He must like mysterious, shy, gentle girls, right? Girls he shared a house with for a number of years and had ample opportunity to see in various modes of undress?

As class gave way to lunch, Rachel found herself wondering about what guys thought when they looked at Jessica. What did it feel like for a guy? Did they get that same flushing warmth and desire to be close? Or was it much more physical and intense? Rachel knew well how *she'd* felt when she'd stroked Jessica's heavy breasts and slipped inside her wet warmth. As she picked at her lunch she allowed herself a little smile at the thought that every guy in school would have *killed* to be in Rachel's position yesterday, when she had Jessica's body all to herself and could make her do anything. Was that desire for control what it was like for guys?

“Hello? Rachel you there?”

Rachel blinked and shook her head, pulled out of her thoughts by Jessica, sitting next to her on one of the bleaches, sandwich in hand.

“Yeah. Sorry. I didn't get much sleep last night. What did you say?”

Jessica rolled her eyes and tucked her long hair behind one ear. “I said, can you believe Tricia Wong and Andrew Banner are going out? I mean, what does she see in him? He's, like, ew.”

“He's your prototypical good looking bad boy,” Rachel said thoughtfully, “She's probably just doing it to make her parents mad. They want her to settle down with a nice Korean boy.”

“Even irritating my parents wouldn't be worth that.” Jessica nodded towards the far end of the bleachers, where Andrew, dressed in a studded denim jacket and jeans, nuzzled Tricia's neck. Every time she pushed him away he just came back, clearly enjoying her growing irritation.

Rachel watched him with interest, wondering what *he* was thinking. Did he think it was charming being so annoying? Did he care? Did he just want in her pants? Did he think that strategy would work? And what would it be like to *be* with Tricia anyway? She always seemed so goody-goody, but how far did she go with Andrew? Jessica's pussy was so tight; was Tricia's the same? Was it smaller? Wetter? Did her breasts feel different to touch? Fuck, the pendant had seriously screwed up Rachel's thoughts. She knew there was one way to answer her questions. But she fought the urge to change.

Rachel wrestled with the temptation of the pendant for the rest of the week, managing to employ enough self-control to refrain from using it even as the weekend grew nearer. Finally, just as she was about to break, she came home on Friday afternoon, swept through the door and was heading up to her room to put the pendant on when she saw Wyatt in the living room. She froze, heart hammering madly in her chest. It was unreasonable to feel this way about her stepbrother and yet, in the instant before he looked up at her from the armchair she took in his appearance.

Her eyes landed on his rugged face, memorizing his sharp jaw line and lean face. His hair was still cut to a crew cut, his body still trim and athletic. She drank in the way he sat there in the chair, arms crossed, staring down at his phone, oblivious to her hungry gaze. His shirt was tight around his biceps, and they worked gently as he shifted in the chair and flicked through some message on his phone. He looked up and caught her gaze with his impossibly blue eyes and his face cracked into a smile that shot through Rachel and made her knees weak.

“Hey, little sis,” Wyatt said, pushing himself up off his chair and crossing the floor in three quick strides.

“Wyatt!” Rachel managed to get out. “You're home early.”

He towered over her and enveloped her in his arms with a giant hug. She hugged him back, pressing close, smelling his spicy masculine fragrance. Her body stirred at his nearness and she pulled away first. She couldn't stop smiling. Couldn't stop staring up at him as he grinned back at her.

“Yeah, one of my friends gave me a ride back so we beat the traffic. Wow, look at you. Why, you don't look like you've aged more than six days since I last spoke to you.”

“That was only five days ago. What are you saying? I'm an old hag now?” Rachel grinned.

“Of course not. You're gorgeous.” There was a pause, just long enough to be noticeable as Wyatt's cheeks flushed red, and then he started babbling as he sometimes did when nervous. “You know, for a girl. For a sister. For my sister. You're looking good. I mean, you're not looking bad. I mean...you know.” He rubbed the back of his neck with one of his meaty paws.

“College sure has made you super smooth.” Rachel laughed to break the tension.

She slung her backpack down and lounged on the couch as Wyatt resumed his seat in the chair. She made him tell her all about his new college life: his friends, his dorm, his classes. After an hour that passed in what seemed like the blink of an eye, their parents came home and welcomed Wyatt back. Rachel took the distraction as an opportunity to head upstairs, glancing back only once at Wyatt as he settled back down and began repeating the stories he'd just told Rachel.

Rachel slipped into her room and let the door close behind her. She hurried to the pendant, which she'd stashed in the bottom of her bra drawer. Having Wyatt home again only made the itch to have him even stronger. Surely, he'd want Jessica. *Everyone* wanted Jessica. Rachel just had to figure out a way to change into her best friend again, and then get Wyatt alone. She fingered the pendant as she thought, finally coming up with the idea of slipping out after dinner and getting Wyatt's attention through the window later that night.

Waiting was an agony. She managed to forget her nervousness during dinner, where she laughed and joked with her family around the table. When it was over, she excused herself and hurried back to her room. Her thoughts were racing, her body already burning with anticipation. She lifted the pendant from the secret hiding spot before undressing. Now that she knew what to expect, she didn't want to burst out of her clothes again.

Rachel slipped the pendant around her neck and thought about Jessica. Thought about pressing herself close to Wyatt, stroking his arms, kissing his lips, running her hands along his firm body. In seconds she could feel herself transforming, but it didn't feel quite right. Her head itched madly again. Her hair was lightening to blonde but grew shorter, retracting into her head until it stopped, close cut and spiky. Her face wiggled and seemed to grow broader, her cheekbones and jaw becoming sharper, more pronounced. She gasped and ran her fingers along her face just in time to feel stubble across her cheeks and jaw. She rushed to the full-length mirror and aimed it up at herself to see her eyes lighten in color, going from a rich brown to a crystal blue. Her jaw dropped as she stared at Wyatt's head atop her own feminine body.

Even as she watched, her slim breasts were sucked into her body, reforming as flatter, more solid pecs while her torso stretched and grew upwards, adding on inches of height. Her stomach tightened, outlines of her firm abs appearing through the taut skin. Her arms stretched, muscles blossoming along her biceps and triceps, while her fingers thickened, the nails toughening, a light dusting of hair appearing on her knuckles.

The changes moved down between her legs. The light dusting of her own pubic hair grew longer, wilder, into an unruly light bush. Something quivered deep inside her and, as she watched in astonishment, her slit sealed up and a dick appeared, tiny at first but growing rapidly, forming a thick cockhead and a long shaft that hung down against her thigh, heavy and warm. Her legs, too, thickened, becoming tight masses of lean muscle as they lengthened. Finally, her feet widened and spread outward, the toes thickening, until her petite foot had been replaced with Wyatt's masculine, slightly hairier one.

When the changes were done Rachel hardly dared move. Her mouth was still agape as her eye wandered up and down her stepbrother's delicious form, roaming across his solid physique and down to the cock that dangled between his legs. It seemed huge, though she thought that was just her perspective. Finally, she had Wyatt naked for her, only the circumstances were wildly different than anything she could have imagined.

Rachel should have changed back right then, but curiosity got the best of her. She slowly touched her cock, watched it dangle back and forth before taking it in solid fingers and stroking it. It was so warm and comforting in her hand. The physical sensations were more immediate, and just her simple touch was already sending flares of desire through her, concentrated in the base of her new dick and radiating outwards through her solid body. She squeezed her cock experimentally, running it through her fingers. It was surprising how rough she could be with it, nothing at all like the

delicate strokes she gave herself. She could feel the muscles within her as her dick twitched, and when she dropped it she saw that it was already firmer than it had been just a few seconds ago.

She was interrupted from further exploration by a knock on the door. "Rachel?" Wyatt's voice called out from the hallway.

Rachel froze, unsure what to do. She couldn't very well answer Dave. Not with a man's voice. Not with *his own* voice. As she hesitated he knocked again.

"Rachel, you in there?"

With mounting fear she watched the doorknob begin to twist. The door creaked open, seemingly in slow motion. At the last second Rachel dove for her bed and burrowed under the blankets. She heard the door hit the wall.

"Rachel?" Wyatt asked, his voice closer now.

Rachel shut her eyes. There was no way she could avoid revealing what just happened, but maybe she could limit the fallout.

"Wyatt, please close and lock the door." Rachel called out, still buried under her covers.

"Who are you? Where's Rachel?"

Rachel felt Wyatt grab the covers and try to yank them off but she gathered them tight.

"Wyatt, close the door and I can explain everything." She called out again.

"If you've done anything to my sister I'll kill you."

"Your sister's safe."

There was a pause. Then footsteps moving away. The door closed and the lock clicked in to place.

"Now, who the fuck are you and what are you doing in my sister's room?"

"Now. Don't scream."

"Why would I--?"

Wyatt's last word was cut off as Rachel pulled the covers down to her neck and he froze. His eyes grew wide as he stared at his own face, his mouth working up and down but with no sound. He looked towards the door and seemed to be about to bolt.

"Wyatt. I'm Rachel. I've turned into you."

"That's-- what--?"

It was hot under the covers. Rachel pushed them off her chest and sat up, the pendant swinging across her pecs. She grabbed it and held it up.

"This thing is magic. It can transform me into someone else just by thinking about it."

Rachel could tell from the way his face was working that he wanted to dispute the existence of magic. But the evidence was lying in bed right in front of him.

Wyatt crept closer and reached out his hand. He touched Rachel's chest, poking and prodding gently. He slid his fingers up and over the distinctive little pattern of moles that mirrored the ones around his own collarbone.

"What the fuck?" He whispered, sinking slowly to the bed. He looked her up and down, and from side to side. "Why...why did you become me?"

Rachel hung her head. "I wasn't trying to. I was trying to become my friend, Jessica, so you would like me but I guess I got distracted."

Wyatt furrowed his brow. "Ok, but, I guess...You were trying to become Jessica so I would like you? But I like *you*."

"No, I mean. Oh god." Rachel put her head in her hands and squeezed her eyes tight. "This is so embarrassing. I guess...I like you. A lot. I've always-- loved you."

She looked up at him and slid her hand across his face. They stared into each other's eyes. Finally, Wyatt broke the silence.

"This is so weird having this discussion with myself. But...I've always fantasized about you, too. I thought it was impossible, but if I'd had any idea you felt the same way..."

"I can change back and--"

"No." Wyatt stopped her. For a second she thought he was going to tell her it was too late and all so impossible. But instead he said: "Stay like that. Give me the pendant."

She unclasped it from around her neck and handed it to him. He stood and put it around his own neck. "And now I just think of who I want to be?"

Rachel nodded. Wyatt closed his eyes and Rachel watched him transform.

His hair darkened to a rich mocha as it grew, spiraling into curls that spilled down to his shoulders. His stubble disappeared as his cheekbones and jaw softened, growing slimmer as his eyes narrowed and his nose shrank slightly. His unruly eyebrows became more delicate, softer, arching over almond-shaped eyes. Rachel gasped, suddenly staring up into her own face atop Wyatt's body.

The changes flowed downward. First his torso shrank, then his pecs softened, the shirt deflating as his body shrank. Two small points pressed out, growing slightly larger, wobbling into place as Rachel's own perky little breasts appeared beneath the fabric. The nipples tented out to hard points. Wyatt's arms lost their muscle mass and the light dusting of hair. They becoming slender and feminine, as his fingers elongated and thinned, the tips of his fingernails rounding to gentle points.

He opened his eyes—Rachel's own deep chocolate eyes—and gazed down at himself in astonishment, fingers hurrying to his belt and pausing as he felt himself changing. Rachel could imagine his cock withdrawing into his body before her delicate little slit appeared, just like her own transformation but in reverse. His shorts became baggier as the muscle of his legs became lean and tight, Rachel's cute butt hidden beneath oversized shorts. The final changes shrank his feet and toes, until they became delicate little things.

When it was all done, Rachel was looking at a duplicate of herself, dressed in Wyatt's clothes. He looked down at himself and a smile lit up his face.

"You- you're me? You could be anyone...why me?" Rachel asked.

Wyatt sat back down on the bed, brown eyes sparkling. He took Rachel's hands. She could hardly believe how soft her own skin felt from within Wyatt's harder body.

"You're the only one I want. I want you from the inside out. I want everything about you. I love you, Rachel."

Rachel leaned forward and Wyatt mirrored her until their lips touched. She closed her eyes as she tasted her own cherry lip gloss. Wyatt opened his mouth and welcomed Rachel's tongue inside. She tasted him slowly, following the contours of his mouth, his teeth, feeling her own body from the outside. She'd never been more attracted to herself. When she was a woman, she'd known she was

cute. But in Wyatt's body, having such a graceful feminine form so close, feeling his breath in her mouth, his hands in hers, she wanted her former body more than she'd wanted anything before. She gasped, pulling back and looking down into her lap. Beneath the covers, she could feel her cock stirring, growing harder as a desperate need overtook her.

Wyatt grinned and ran his hand across the covers. "Mmm, does that feel nice?"

Rachel nodded. Wyatt pulled his arms through his t-shirt and took it off, dropping it to the floor to gaze down at his new body.

"Oh my god, this amazing. You have no idea how long I've wanted to touch you." Wyatt whispered.

He brought his hands up to his new chest and gathered his petite breasts in his fingers, digging gently into his soft skin. There was a look of pure delight on his face as he played with his new breasts, knocking them back and forth gently to watch them sway on his chest. He grabbed them, tentatively at first but growing rougher, his fingers squeezing his tits together while Rachel watched. Wyatt looked up at her, his hand on his new breasts.

"This is so fucking hot." Wyatt said.

"Here." Rachel reached out and engulfed her breasts with her massive hand. She circled her fingers under her soft curves and across the nipples, back and forth, knowing exactly how her breasts liked to be touched. Wyatt watched, and when his little nipples poked out in excitement Rachel pinched them gently between thumb and forefinger.

"Fuuuuck." Wyatt bit his lip and hissed.

Rachel's cock was rock hard now. She'd never been so turned on by a woman—by herself—and her eyes skated across her former body as her hands grew greedy for the perky tits in front of her. She groped and squeezed, growing rougher as her own body burned with desire. Wyatt pulled the covers down and Rachel's cock sprang up to greet them, the cockhead bulging, the thick shaft throbbing as it pointed up towards Wyatt. With Rachel's hand still on his tits, Wyatt wrapped his delicate fingers around his former shaft and stroked slowly. The pleasure was immediate and intense, but instead of satisfying her, it just drove her on further.

She thrust up slowly into his fingers as she continued squeezing her tits, bringing her lips to his skin on impulse and sucking on one fat, pink nipple. The taste of her own body filled her mouth and she nipped at Wyatt's skin, sucking and licking, making him moan with delight. With one hand on his other breast, her free hand reached around and followed the supple curve of his back. The hand on her cock grew harder, quicker and she had to pause for a deep breath, pulling back from Wyatt and closing her eyes as an unexpected jolt of pleasure rocked her.

Wyatt took the opportunity to settle himself in bed on his stomach, Rachel's body stretched out below him, cute little ass in the air, his nose inches from his former cock. He grinned, glancing quickly at Rachel before sticking out his tongue and licking her cockhead. He licked slowly, kissing around the tip, teasing her. Her entire body grew taut and she thrust up towards his lips even as he moved away. Her eyes wandered down her former backside, the perfect golden curves so near. She had to reach out and touch. She sat up and gripped her former ass, squeezing the delicate little butt cheek.

Wyatt opened his mouth and swallowed her dick and she sank back onto the pillow with a moan. "Oh...shit." She opened her eyes to watch her own solid pecs rise and fall, thrilling in the power of her body. Below, Wyatt slid his mouth lower on her cock. Rachel's eyes lit up as she watched herself disappear into his wet warm mouth, her cock reappearing slick with his saliva. He went up and down slowly, sometimes stopping and holding her in his mouth, his tongue undulating against the shaft. "Goddamn, you're such a good little cocksucker," Rachel moaned, the words spilling out of her lips without thought.

Wyatt smiled and went faster, dragging his lips up and down his former shaft, as deep as he could go, using his saliva-slick hand to jack Rachel off into his mouth, pausing when she gripped the bed sheets and thrust up into him, holding her there on the edge of ecstasy until she recovered, and then sucking her dick some more. The way Wyatt's new lips moved, the way his little ass swayed, the desire in his eyes all drove Rachel crazy with lust. She grabbed his tit.

"Fuck me." She moaned.

Wyatt pulled his lips off her cock with a wet pop and smiled. He scooted up on to her, raising his pussy above her and preparing to lower himself onto her dick. Rachel caught a glimpse of her own velvety folds, a sight that thrilled her to no end. And then Wyatt's pussy was on her cockhead, now sliding down her shaft and she entered him. He was dripping wet and wonderfully warm as Rachel slid into him, her cock plunging into his wet canal. The feeling of being surrounded by his hot cunt was perfection, and Rachel gripped his thighs and thrust up, driven by the desire in her new body. Wyatt grabbed his tits and squeezed, playing with himself as Rachel fucked him, driving her cock up, up into his wet hole. He grinded against her, one hand coming down to play with his clit, rubbing himself faster as Rachel plunged up, deeper, slamming into him until he was crying out, moaning, and then he threw his head back and came.

Rachel gritted her teeth and grunted, doubling her efforts, enjoying the force of her body, the power rushing through her as she slammed her cock hard and fast into the sexy young woman above her. Watching her own face twist in pleasure, feeling the little body convulsing around her new cock was enough to make Rachel cum with Wyatt. She clutched him and orgasmed hard, exploding into him with a burst of force. She could feel each magnificent throb of her dick as she filled him with her cum, grabbing his hips and pulling him down hard and fast onto her. She squeezed herself into him, emptying her cock inside his slick cunt, enjoying the dying pulses of her dick. And then she rested there inside him, breathing hard.

Wyatt opened his eyes and looked down at her. His face was flushed and he pushed his hair back out of his eyes.

"Your body's incredible," he whispered.

"So is yours," Rachel grinned.

Wyatt leaned down and kissed her, long and slow, letting his soft body rest atop her hard one. Soon he pulled away and slid off Rachel's cock, lying in bed next to her.

"I guess we should change back," he whispered.

Rachel grabbed his delicate little fingers and kissed them. "We should," she agreed.

But neither moved, content to just lie in each other's arms. It would be much easier for them to date once Rachel was away at college and out of her parent's house. But for the rest of that weekend, they managed to find ways to carve out time for themselves, with each other and, sometimes, *as* each other again.

Chemical Reaction

The first four chemical compounds I make have no effect on my rats. They might as well be drinking water and I'm looking at a lot of lost grant money. I'm most of the way through my fifth attempt when I realize I'm lacking a spare test tube. I don't have the patience to clean out one and I don't know how quickly the liquid will evaporate, so I swipe a test tube from Greg's station, making a mental note to clean it and return it later. When I drop the mixture into Greg's tube it unexpectedly turns a bright blue. I'm running out of time and money so I'm going to have to give this a try.

I fill a dropper with the blue liquid and carefully drip a few drops of the synthesized chemical onto the rat pellets. Then I slip them into Minnie's cage. She comes running up, eager for some food. Mickey, in the cage next to her, smells the pellets and begins scratching at the wall, his whiskers wobbling.

"Easy boy," I say. "You'll get yours next."

The lab is dark except for the corner where my equipment is set up. I'm all alone. Again. Everyone else is probably eating dinner or having fun on a Friday night, and here I am holed up in my lab feeding experimental drugs to my lab rats. In other words, a perfect evening. I think I'm in the lab more often than Professor Harkaway, and he's supposed to be my mentor.

I prepare Mickey's pellets with the same chemical, then slip them into his cage. I push the record button on the camera aimed at the cages, then set the dropper down and take off my goggles. I perch on the edge of my desk to watch the two rats devour their pellets. I'm hoping it won't take too long to have an effect. When they're done eating, I slide open the insert connecting their two cages and let them play together. I watch them closely as they tumble playfully, Mickey chasing Minnie around the cardboard tubes. Minnie's always been the more standoffish one and she occasionally jumps back and swipes at Mickey in a warning to back off. I don't know how long the chemical will take to kick in, but I'm keeping my eye out for any sort of personality change. I know these rats well; we've spent many nights together in the lab. The drug I've been working on, and that I've just fed them, is supposed to alter their minds and make them more open with each other.

In the same way that ecstasy has recently been found to have beneficial therapeutic effects for humans, my new chemical will, hopefully, be able to help people form deeper emotional connections by activating a little-used portion of the brain. My theory is that there's sort of a universal subconsciousness underpinning everything, and if we can utilize those energy waves we can connect on a mind-to-mind level. It's sort of philosophy meets chemistry.

My observations are interrupted by the sound of the lab doors opening, followed by a familiar and welcome voice.

"I thought I'd find you here."

"Where else would I--" I turn, not surprised to find Rebecca, but completely surprised to find her wearing a radiant white gown, cut to her figure. "--be?" I manage after a short but noticeable beat.

Rebecca comes towards me, the dress spilling down over her legs so it seems like she's gliding but I can still hear the click of her heels. The dress clings lightly to her hourglass figure, clasping her

breasts gently before contouring in to her stomach and then following the gentle swell of her hips. Her midnight-black hair drifts in little waves down her back, curvy bangs swooping over her forehead. Her bright blue eyes sparkle gaily. Her face—beautiful even when plain—is made up to match her fancy dress, accentuating her alluring eyes and exquisite brows. Her smile lights up her face and takes my breath away.

I recover quickly. “Trying to impress my rats?”

“Maybe I'm trying to impress *you*.” She giggles and lets my hopes creep up on me for a beat before dashing them gently. “No, I'm going to a homecoming ball. The dean's pimping us all out to impress some donors and I'm supposed to be on my best behavior ”

The dean's not quite pimping us *all* out. Like me, Rebecca's a teacher's assistant working on her PhD. Unlike me, she's a people person, so it's no surprise the dean's using her to rope in some more donors and he conveniently forgot to invite me.

“Is it homecoming weekend already?”

“How long have you been cooped up in this lab? Banners have been up around campus all week.”

“I don't get out much.”

“That's what I like about you.” She nudges me playfully. Minnie squeaks once and Rebecca leans down towards their cage. “What's going on in here? Hey, little guys.”

“Technically, only one is a guy.”

“Technically correct. The best kind of correct.” She says without turning.

My eyes flick down her long form, admire her taut little butt beneath the dress. I step up close to her to look at my rats. Rebecca's familiar floral scent hits my nose and makes me dizzy with longing. Rebecca and I have known each other a couple years and I've never asked her out. She flirts with everyone, not just me. But she's also crazy intelligent and she's always easy to talk to. As a fellow Chemistry major she gets what I'm doing. And she's much easier on the eyes than the other predominantly male TAs.

“I'm working on a, uh, ring-substituted amphetamine derivative to enhance intra-species communication.”

Rebecca looks at me with her wide blue eyes. “You're giving ecstasy to rats?”

“Not exactly ecstasy. Though the chemical compound are similar.”

Rebecca stands and quirks an eyebrow at me. I laugh and lean casually against my desk. My hand lands on the dropper bulb and there must have been some of the chemical still in there because it squirts into my palm. I jerk my hand up in surprise and stare at it, wondering how I could be so stupid. Rebecca comes close.

“You okay?”

“Yeah, just...my hand.” I say, not wanting to admit that I failed to practice basic lab safety.

She takes my hand in hers and examines it. Her touch is warm and tender. “I don't see anything.”

She runs her fingers over my palm, right through the little streak of liquid. She must feel the liquid because she holds up her fingers and rubs them together. She looks up at me, her gorgeous face so close to mine I could count every freckle on her perfect nose.

“That's what you're complaining about?” She asks.

“I...I thought it was something else.”

I pull my hand away. How long until the effects kick in? And what exactly will they be? I don't think I've absorbed enough for it to do anything. But then again, this is all experimental.

“Anyway,” Rebecca says, “Just wanted to drop in and say hi. You've been holed up in here for a few days and I just wanted to make sure you're alive.”

“I'm alive,” I grin.

“Good. Want to hang out and watch crappy movies tomorrow night?”

“Sure, sounds good.”

“I'll text you.” She says, gathering her dress and swooping out.

I clean up the liquid on the table, slipping on gloves before wiping everything down and carefully disposing of it the cleaning wipes. By the time I'm done I'm starting to feel strange. Sort of calm and almost loosely connected to my body. I stare at my fingers for the longest time, marveling at how they move back and forth. Whoa. Fingers. Crazy. When I look back up, the clock on the wall seems to have jumped forward an hour. I swing my head towards my rats, everything suddenly moving in slow motion. Even through my daze, I can see Mickey and Minnie are being affected.

Minnie is lying on the floor of her cage, immobile. I step closer, the room spinning as I do so. She's still breathing. That's something. Mickey, on the other hand is walking around as though he's drunk. His legs aren't quite coordinated, as if he's forgotten how to walk.

But soon I can't concentrate on any of that because the room is shrinking, my vision reduced to a pinprick, and soon even that is gone, leaving me in total darkness yet somehow still conscious. I can't feel my body. The darkness is broken occasionally by a bright flash somewhere around me. There's a sense of motion, of being pulled towards something. There appears, on what I think of as the horizon, a solid spark that grows as I'm propelled towards it. It expands, filling my vision and I feel a slight jolt as I seem to hit it. Suddenly the world snaps back into being.

Only I'm no longer in my lab. I'm now sitting at a circular table in a large hall filled with other similar tables, all of them decked out with fancy place settings, the seats around each filled by people in formal wear. In the middle of the hall is an open area with a dance floor. I'm staring at an older, silver-haired woman I recognize as Professor Winthrop. She appears to be in the middle of a conversation with me, and she doesn't react to my sudden appearance.

“--st as ridiculous. But trying telling that to the board and they say it's not flashy enough.” She sips from the glass of red wine she holds in one hand. “Ah, well, same as it ever was, really.”

My lips move and a voice comes from my mouth, only it's not mine and I didn't consciously start to speak. “Still, at least *some* funding came through.”

I've got a slightly familiar feminine voice. I turn to look down at myself—or I try to anyway. My head doesn't respond. But the world swoops in a dizzying fashion as my head turns towards the table and I can feel myself reaching out to grab the glass of wine sitting in front of my plate. Only the hand reaching for it is slender and feminine, the nails delicately rounded. It's a woman's hand, and yet I can feel the glass beneath my fingers as my body—still completely beyond my control—lifts it and sips. When I put the glass back on the table I catch a glimpse of myself in my peripheral vision. All I can see is a gorgeous white dress. Rebecca's dress. And then it hits me: the voice I spoke with was Rebecca's voice, only heard through her own head which is why I didn't instantly recognize it. My hand rises by itself to push back my ticklish bangs from my face, fingers grazing against my soft forehead. Oh god, I'm in Rebecca's body. All I can do is watch, experiencing the

world through Rebecca's senses but without any control. My body shifts in the chair and I can feel the smooth dress hugging my curves.

Rebecca! Can you hear me? I cry out in her head. No response. But then, I can't hear her thoughts either.

“Well, that's why we're here, dear,” Professor Winthrop says, “Let's go get our research funded.”

She raises her glass and I find myself raising mine before taking another sip. As if on cue, we're interrupted by the dean of our faculty, Drew Tillmore. He's got a slightly younger, handsomely dressed man in tow.

“Rebecca. Alice.” Drew says, “I want you to meet Peter Hollingsworth. Peter here owns Fuller Pharmaceuticals.”

“I only own *half* of Fuller Pharmaceuticals,” Peter says with what he must think is a wry grin as we all shake hands.

“Professor Alice Winthrop is our Senior Professor of the Sciences, and Rebecca Atwell has got some promising work going on in the field of chemistry. I think you two might have a lot to talk about.”

“Subtle,” Rebecca murmurs under our breath.

After a little more small talk, Peter asks if I'd like to dance. I find my body rising, getting a brief glimpse of myself as I do so. Despite my fear, I can't help being excited at feeling Rebecca's supple body, at seeing a glance of her petite figure from behind her own eyes. Rebecca is so comfortable in her body, and she takes Peter's hand easily, even though he's a stranger. She laughs as we twirl around the dance floor, a bright, cheerful sound coming from my own lips. I can feel everything: the warmth of Peter's hand in mine, the swish of the dress around my legs, even the subtle bounce of my breasts at each step.

Through the rest of the night, Rebecca flirts and charms the donors and then has fun with her own friends. She takes to the dance floor with a couple other grad students and they laugh and talk. The wine keeps coming and we get drunk, the room sparkling and spinning. Rebecca is constantly surrounded by a group of eager guys, all competing for her attention. She cajoles some of the other donors on the sidelines to come dance with her. It's as though she can't help challenging herself, like she needs the eyes on her. Her flirtations are subtle, in the way she positions herself close, or reaches out and touches an arm, or just challenges some of the donors on their bullshit. She gets away with it, too, as they laugh and she smiles.

We're drunk and it must be well after midnight when Rebecca returns to her apartment. She strips out of her dress and tosses it to the floor, followed by her bra and her panties. She moves to the bathroom, her tits bouncing so beautifully from her chest. I want to touch them, it's all I can think about in my alcohol induced haze. She turns on the shower and, without warning, I'm suddenly in control of her hand for an instant and I reach up to fondle one of her tits. My fingers land on her breast and my control is then broken, even as I can feel the warm, heavy weight against my fingertips. Fuck, they're fun to touch. She looks down at herself, at her hand holding her own tit. She jiggles it and laughs. Then she steps into the shower. It's heavenly as she glides soap around her body and I feel every inch of her, my hands circling over my curves and between my legs, brushing up against my coarse pubic hair.

When she's done she towels off and slips into some panties and a long nightshirt. I try to make her pause, to look at herself, but she just dresses and falls into bed, the room spinning gently. She curls over and closes her eyes. Whatever brief influence I had over her is gone and sleep takes us.

The next morning, I'm jolted awake when my body rolls over in bed outside of my command. My eyes open groggily and my hands rise up above my head in a slow stretch. I'm still inside Rebecca and still without any control. My entire body stretches, limbs flexing, and then I toss the sheets aside and lie there, just waking up. One hand comes up to gently scratch my breast.

Mmmm, that feels nice.

Her hand lies there, gently stroking herself, fingers moving across her bouncy breast. She stares up at the ceiling and I get flashes of last night, faint memories of the dance floor, like her thoughts are bleeding into mine. I wonder, does it work the other way?

Get up. I will her. Get up, get up, get up.

She pushes herself to a sitting position, and our hand comes up to our head, brushing the dark hair back. Rebecca's long, lean legs stretch out beneath the billowy nightshirt. She pushes off the bed and I find myself walking through her sparsely furnished bedroom to the bathroom. She flicks on the light, glancing at herself in the mirror. She's still waking up and her eyes are half-opened. Her dark hair is a mess, spilling down her shoulders in unkempt waves. And yet I still think she's gorgeous and yearn to look at her.

She stops and checks herself out in the mirror, wiping the sleep from her eyes as she peers closely at her own angelic face. Her eyes graze over her perfect eyebrows, the shapely nose dotted with tiny freckles, the wide mouth. God, I could stare at her all day. She stays like this, looking at herself for a while, then shakes her head and breaks away. Was it my influence that made her stare so long at herself?

She gets herself ready, pulling her hair back in a ponytail and dabbing on a little bit of makeup. She returns to her room and digs through her creaky wooden drawers for a bra. She pulls her nightie off and slips her arms through the straps. Suddenly I'm staring down at her breasts. They're perfectly formed teardrop shapes tipped with pale pink areolae. They shake hypnotically as I slip the bra on, covering and clasping it at the back before adjusting her tits. The whole thing feels incredibly intimate and incredibly voyeuristic. What would she say if she knew I was in her head, feeling and seeing *everything*?

She opens another drawer full of pants and digs around. Her hand lands on some blue leggings I know she looks great in.

Put on the leggings. Put on the leggings. I implore.

She hesitates for a second, then grabs the leggings and tosses them onto the bed. She opens another drawer of tops and I try my influence again, willing her to grab a tight-fitting sweater, which she eventually does, along with a plain white undershirt. She sits on the bed and pulls the leggings up her body. I can feel each inch of the fabric as it clings to her supple calves, her thighs, pulling tight against her waist. The shirt and the sweater complete the outfit, and she stands in front of her full-length mirror, adjusting her clothes. Fuck, her ass looks fantastic in this outfit. As if she can hear

my thoughts her eyes linger on her own ass and she turns to wiggle it. Then she smiles at herself, grabs her wallet and keys, and heads out the door.

As we walk through campus, I reflect on the fact that it's clear there's some degree of influence I have over her. There's also a definite sharing of thoughts that's more distinct than last night. I catch flickers of her thoughts now, which is how I know she's going to her favorite cafe to grab a coffee and a croissant. She strolls through campus, completely unselfconscious. I, on the other hand, can't stop thinking about the delicious body I now inhabit. At each step I'm keenly aware of the leggings clinging to my legs and against my pussy. The swish of my thighs is intoxicating. I love feeling her clad in these leggings, feeling them brush against my skin. As we move through campus her pace slows and she grows fidgety. A warmth blossoms between her legs. Is that my doing?

She reaches her coffee shop and orders her usual to-go. She waits along the side of the counter, flicking through her phone. But her mind is distracted. Her eyes stay on one article for way too long as her thoughts are dragged by mine down between her legs where we've grown ever warmer in our short walk. She grabs the coffee as soon as her name is called and hurries back through campus. Her heart is beating fast and her shapely legs pound rhythmically, body jiggling with each step. The leggings slide against me and then, oh, there's dampness between my legs.

She bites her lip as she fumbles for the keys to her room, an unstoppable tensions twisting through her body. She hurries inside and lets the door slam behind her. She sets her coffee and croissant on the small living room table, then leans forward and plunges one hand in between her legs and strokes herself, fingers pushing the leggings against her clit. There's only a slight relief but I can feel her wetness on my fingers through the leggings. She gasps and rubs faster, pressing hard into the fabric but it's still not enough.

She pulls away, then slides her hand beneath the top of her leggings and against her skin, her fingers following the coarse hair of her pubes down to her slit. She's already open and warm, her pussy lips welcoming her finger inside. Fuck, this time the relief is immediate and deeper and she moans with growing anticipation. She lies on the couch and spreads her legs as her fingers circle around her rubbery clit, already moist with her dew. She follows her slit down, rubbing her velvety folds, dipping inside herself as she gasps.

Her body is delightful and I urge her on, both of us taken by her physical pleasure. My desire to watch her masturbate in her leggings must be influencing her, because she stares down at herself, one hand unseen beneath the tight fabric as she continues fingering her pussy. God, her wet heat feels incredible, her fingers sliding into her little cunt send shockwaves through her that makes her wriggle and twist on the couch, little moans escaping our lips.

She rubs faster, circling her clit and driving the pleasure through us. Suddenly, there's an immense pressure followed by an immediate release as she cums. "Oh, fuuuck," she cries. And hearing her voice just makes me hornier even as we orgasm. Her legs clap together, trapping her fingers inside her tight little cunt, as her body throbs with sudden pleasure. She almost stops, and begins to pull her fingers out of herself.

No. More. I order.

She sinks back inside with a soft coo, two fingers sliding into her wet hole, curling around to finger herself harder. The shockwaves are coming faster again as she slides in and out of her pussy, fingering herself as she continues twisting on the couch. She closes her eyes, little mouth open. She pushes her head back into the pillow as she chases the pleasure through her body, fingers moving in and out, in and out, until she comes again in a burst of heat. The pleasure makes her cry out and I revel in the incredible orgasm flooding every inch of her body, enjoying the feel of myself her inside and out.

When she comes down she's breathing hard. She laughs in surprise and pulls her fingers out of herself. They're glazed with her juices. God, I want to watch her suck on her fingers, want to be inside her as she tastes herself. She starts to raise her fingers to her lips then pauses, her nose wrinkling as her own musky scent hits her nostrils. Apparently even my influence is not enough because instead she rises and goes to the bathroom to rinse herself off.

Funnily enough, it's Rebecca who reminds me of my own body. When she gets out of the bathroom she shoots my phone a text asking if I want to hang out. It's only then that I realize I don't know what's happened to me.

We need to go to the lab. I concentrate on sending her the message.

She pauses, her finger on the power button of her laptop, about to browse the news. I keep repeating the message. She bites her lip. I can sense she's agitated and maybe she doesn't quite understand why. I'm her hunch and eventually she follows me. She grabs her wallet and keys and heads out the door. She's still in her leggings and though it's delightful to again feel them between my legs, I'm too worried about myself to get truly aroused.

“Tony?” Rebecca's voice asks as she pushes open the doors to the lab.

Everything's exactly as I left it last night. As she comes around the corner of my desk she sees my body lying crumpled on the floor. Her hand rises to her lips and she runs to me, kneeling to check my pulse. I'm still breathing. Still alive. That's something. But how do I get back? The test tube's been left out and the chemical's evaporated. Rebecca's eyes flick to the test tube as I think of it.

Rebecca calls the ambulance and as she waits for them to arrive she looks around. Minnie is still collapsed in the cage, her chest rising and falling. That's a good sign at least. Rebecca stares at Mickey. He's not right.

Go closer.

Rebecca stands and gets closer to Mickey. He's walking around as though he's drunk, his four paws uncoordinated, his head darting this way and that in short, jerky motions. It looks as though he's lost control of his nervous system. If that's my future in Rebecca's body I need to get out of here before I hurt both of us. But I don't have enough control. She's certainly not going to try to recreate my experiment with just a gut feeling.

Rebecca jumps into the back of the ambulance and escorts me to a hospital. My body is checked in and taken to a private room where it's hooked up to some tubes. The doctor comes in sometime later. There's nothing apparently wrong with my body apart from a cut to the head from when I passed out. That's good to hear at least. Brain activity is minimal and the doctor has no idea why. I need to get us back in the lab but Rebecca fights it. This is something different from just a nudge, and it's so far from what Rebecca would ever actually do that she continually rejects my commands.

She walks back to her place in a daze. It's late in the day. We're both worried about me. As she opens the door to her apartment complex someone pushes the door open from the other side, bumping her arm into one of her soft breasts. They say excuse me and Rebecca continues inside but it reminds me of last night when I had control of her hand and touched her breasts. Maybe it was the alcohol. If I can get her to drink some more it may weaken her mind enough for me to take control so that I can recreate the experiment.

I start thinking about going out to a bar. *Get dressed up. Have a drink. Or two.*

Alone, I add as she pulls out her phone to text some friends.

Rebecca is alert to my thoughts a little sooner, for she puts her phone away and starts getting ready to go out, humming something tunelessly to herself. She slides open her closet door and looks through her outfits.

The sundress. I suggest.

She grabs the paisley sundress and slides it off the hanger. Then she strips off her sweater, the shirt and her leggings.

God, her body is beautiful.

Even that simple thought is enough to give her pause. She looks down and admires herself. I can hear bursts of her thoughts now, criticism of her own body. Her legs are too fat. Her stomach too big.

Nonsense. I say, concentrating on what I like about her body.

She runs a hand along her taut ass and for a moment I think I have control as I make her fingers squeeze gently. And then it's gone as I'm forced to the back of her mind again. But Rebecca's admiration for her body remains. A ghostly tendril of heat flits through her at the sight of herself in the mirror. She goes to put on the sundress but I stop her.

No panties. I say. She pauses, biting her lip. *No panties.* I repeat. It seems like our minds are closing to melding now. I hope that's a good sign in terms of being able to recreate the experiment to find my way back to my old body, but I don't want to hurt Rebecca in the process.

We slide our panties down our legs, revealing our dark bush, the hair trimmed into a delicate 'v' that points to our slit. We slip the sundress on over our head and adjust it down our body, feeling slightly naughty at the thought of going naked beneath. I don't interfere when she does her makeup in the mirror. I'd make a total mess of it. Instead I just watch from behind her eyes as her nimble fingers dab and brush and comb us to perfection. When she's done she looks radiant. She grabs a cute clutch purse and throws her phone and keys inside, then heads out.

I know just the place and I guide her steps to a quiet little bar on the corner. From the glimpses of her thoughts I can tell she thinks she's wandering aimlessly, and when her eyes alight on my destination she thinks she's choosing to go in on impulse. The bar is small and quiet. A young couple plays pool in the back while a few other people sit scattered around drinking and talking in hushed voices. We order a Cosmo from the bar and retreat to a small empty table in the corner. We cross our lean legs and sip, just surveying the place.

Her memories are coming to me more easily now and I catch a fragment of one of her last dates, which was at this bar. There's a flash of sexy dark eyes and a chiseled jaw. The whole thing is tinged with an aura of anticipation. I encourage the thought, push into it and suddenly we're reminiscing together.

He was in her first-year chemistry class. Quietly intelligent. They studied for a test together, Rebecca moving closer, dropping more and more hints until finally her lips were so close to his he couldn't deny it any longer. The study session became a makeout session became a series of dates became her first college love. He was gentle, kissing his way up her body, treating her like a goddess as her flower opened for him and she gave him her virginity. The first time was quick, the next times less so as they grew to luxuriate in their bodies,. His hard, hers soft. Him moving gently in and out of her heat as she moaned and clutched at him. Sometimes she can still taste him on her lips, smell him on her clothes.

In the present, our hand slips down into our lap and we begin stroking gently, pressing the fabric of the sundress against our bare pussy. A growing need blossoms between our legs, the tension rising

as we stroke. She's hesitant to do this in a bar, but I'm insistent and the drink has loosened her inhibitions and her control. I continue to lead her thoughts on to her previous romantic encounters.

There was the guy she met at the triathlon. They watched each other's sharp bodies at the races, each moving with a powerful quickness. Afterwards, once the changing rooms had cleared out, she pulled him back there and let him take her, quick and hard. Her tits swung back and forth as she bent over the bench, arching her back as he gripped her hips and plunged into her sopping cunt, both of them grunting as he filled her, sating their needs. She can still feel his hands on her, his thick cock filling her.

Our hand slides down our leg and slips under the dress, following our warm thigh back up towards our waiting wetness. The cool air of the room hits our pussy as we pull our dress all the way back, revealing ourselves to the room. Though it's dark and there's a chair blocking anyone's view, it's still so naughty. Our fingers follow the coarse triangle of hair down over our slit, tickling our body gently, our nether lips slowly unfolding as tension builds within us. We tease our body with a fingertip, up and down, up and down, as the tension ratchets up inside us. We dip a finger gently inside, feeling our pussy swallow our finger, feel our own heat and moistness. We bite our lip and shift in our seat.

Then there was our professor. God, that was so wrong. But Rebecca knew what she was doing, playing the part of the innocent, flirty student. She shut the door to his office behind her, saw his eyes flick to her legs then away as his face reddened. He wanted it as much as she and she shifted closer, leaning over his desk to point out a certain exam question and letting the neck of her shirt fall down, presenting her delicate breasts. The next time she was leaning over the desk she was moaning as he thrust inside her, his body covering hers. He was firm but tender, and the danger of getting caught made her cum hard.

In the present, a waiter comes by to collect Rebecca's empty glass. We freeze, our finger inside us, trying to judge whether he can see our nakedness from his angle, whether he can smell our delicious musk as much as we can. Our heart hammers in our chest and our body tightens even as our pussy loosens, the pleasure building.

“Can I have another Cosmo?” We ask, hoping the waiter doesn't notice the tremble in our voice.

He nods and disappears and we sink back, letting our finger play up and down and then slip inside. We gasp as we land on our clit and rub in tight circles, up and down our wetness. Our pussy spreads eagerly at our touch and we gaze down at ourselves, our breasts jiggling slightly as our legs twist beneath the table. We pause as the waiter comes back, nodding in thanks, afraid that if we open our mouth our gasp will give away our secret. He glances at us as, beneath the table, we slip two fingers in deeper, sliding through the walls of our cunt, the slick warmth so amazingly divine. Then he leaves and we release a sigh, partly of relief, partly of pleasure. We spread our legs and thrust our fingers in deeper, and now we're sliding as deep as we can through our pussy from this position, in and out fingering ourselves to orgasm. Christ, we can hear the squelch of our wet pussy as our fingers penetrate our sopping cunt. The tension grows tighter, tighter until we're fit to burst, all the time we're plunging in and out, leaning back in the seat so we can drive deep into our pussy. Then we squeeze our legs hard as the tension breaks and we cum, biting our lip to stifle our gasp, throwing our head back against the cushioned seat as pleasure floods our body and liquid drips down our thighs, soaking into our dress.

Fuck, we want to touch our tits but that would be too much. Instead we bring our other hand into our lap and rub our clit as we finger ourselves. Our waist thrusts up as our fingers circle our clit, spiking pleasure through us. We plunge our fingers deep in as fast as we can, fucking ourselves hard as we rub our little clit faster, faster, until a deep moan escapes our lips and we clamp a hand over our mouth. The musky scent of our pussy invades our nostrils and we cum hard, harder than we've ever cum because we have to try to hold it in and that just makes it much more heavenly.

We slow our fingers in and out of our body as we come down. The hand over our lips loosens and I slide Rebecca's fingers into her mouth, tasting her cunt on her tongue. It's delicious, salty and sharp with the taste of Rebecca. She suddenly reasserts control and pulls her fingers out of her mouth. There's a faint disgust registering in her mind, battling with my own desire for her taste. She pulls her fingers out of herself from below and adjust her dress, then takes another sip of her drink, eyes darting around. Her bangs have drifted down over her forehead, tickling us. Her other arm lies loose at her side. I swipe her bangs back behind an ear with that arm, only realizing upon Rebecca's shocked glance at herself that I have complete control of that one arm. I flex her delicate fingers as Rebecca stares down at herself.

"The fuck?" She whispers.

"Rebecca," I whisper, using her lips and her voice. "Listen to me, let me explain what's happening."

She claps the hand she still has control of over her mouth. I use her other hand to try to pry it away. Anyone watching would see a brief struggle between Rebecca's two hands. I manage to pry her hand away long enough to say:

"Rebecca, it's Tony. I'm in your body."

Her eyes go wide and she stops struggling. I pick up the drink with one hand and bring it to her lips, but I can't make her drink.

"I'm going crazy," she mutters.

"No, you're not," I reply with her voice. God, it feels so good to be able to move myself, even if I'm someone else. "Let me explain. But first take a drink. You're going to need it."

She sips and I replace the drink, then explain everything that's happened along with my theory of how. During the course of it, we order a third drink. When I get to the end of the story Rebecca pauses.

"You've been in my body since yesterday?"

I nod.

"So you saw..." She blushes.

I can feel her shame and her fear but I match it with my own delight at seeing her, my joy at being inside her and sharing her life.

"But you seem to be gaining more control of me. What will happen to me if you...completely take over?"

I shrug, a one shouldered gesture in the half of her body I can control. "I don't know. Do you feel any different? I mean, besides me being in here, do you feel like you're transferring to my body?"

"No."

"Hmm," I pinch my lip in thought. The sudden fruity scent of Rebecca and her lingering musk makes me inhale deeply. God, she smells lovely.

Rebecca giggles.

"What?" I ask.

"That's a *you* gesture. Pinching your lip. It just seems weird on me."

"We need to get back to the lab."

“Tonight?”

“Yes.”

“I don't know if I can.”

“Why not?”

She giggles. “I'm so drunk I'm already talking to myself.”

Indeed, the room is swirling lazily. I don't trust my coordination to measure out tiny amounts of chemicals. I push my chair away and stand, leaning on the table as a wave of dizziness overcomes me. I lean on the table for a beat too long, my eyes staring straight down Rebecca's top at her breasts. It's only then that I realize I have complete control of her body.

“Rebecca?” I whisper, standing up as straight as I can.

I feel her affirmation in my mind.

“I have control of your whole body now but I can't go back to the lab drunk like this. We'll have to sleep it off.”

I pay for the drinks with her card and walk out into the brisk evening. Despite my underlying trepidation, it feels wonderful to move again. I stretch my limbs and do a little jump, enjoying Rebecca's limber, graceful body. The night has been sweetened with alcohol and everything seems so hopeful. Rebecca guides me back to her place and I feel her as she felt me, as something more than an impulse but less than a decision. I'm very careful how I treat her body, her consciousness ever present to remind me that I'm not alone. But, God, I want to touch myself.

We get back to Rebecca's place and I shed my clothes in the bedroom and walk, naked, to the bathroom. I know Rebecca can feel me growing wet, and as I wait for the shower to warm up my eyes linger on my reflection. My bare breasts are glorious, swaying from my chest with every slight motion. I know Rebecca is sharing in my delight at her body. I don't feel her shame anymore. But I finally tear my eyes away and step into the shower.

The warm water hits my skin and I soap myself down, taking my time to run my hands along each curve, over and around my breasts, picking them up and letting them bounce back together. Rebecca is no longer fighting, she's enjoying her breasts as much as I am, my lust and our drunkenness pushing her own hesitance aside. Between my legs I'm wetter than water. I turn off the shower before I can do anything, before I can take Rebecca in her own body. I towel myself off and fall into bed. The room is spinning gently and I'm so warm, Rebecca's sweet body so close. Sleep is an agonizingly long time coming.

I wake once more in Rebecca's room. I push myself into a sitting position, still not used to the ways my body shifts with each motion. I stretch and yawn, and only then do I realize I'm naked. I take half a beat longer than necessary to stare down at my amazing breasts and the little tuft of hair between my lean thighs.

“Rebecca, can you still hear me?”

There's no answer from within. She's where I was a day ago, trapped as a passenger with no influence. Only it's her own body she's trapped in. I hurry to the bathroom—still naked, my tits swaying with each step—and peer into Rebecca's face in the mirror, searching her blue eyes for any hint of her.

“It's okay,” I tell my reflection, hoping Rebecca can hear me. “We'll get you back in your body. We just need to get to the lab.”

I hope she's there and hasn't disappeared. The last thing I want is to return to my own body and leave Rebecca a vacant shell. I hurriedly get ready, brushing my teeth and raising her arm to roll on her deodorant. There's no avoiding my nudity and my eyes are drawn again and again to my body, taking in Rebecca's breasts, her taut ass, her luscious legs. I know I'm forcing her to lust after herself but I can't help it. I return to her room and dig through her chest of drawers, coming up with a cute black spaghetti strap shirt and matching skirt, along with some grey leggings.

I grab some panties from the drawer. There's something about going through her panty drawer that makes me feel more of a voyeur than just being in her body. I slide the panties up my legs and slip on a bra with only a little bit of fumbling. The shirt is cut to fit my body, and the neck shows off my wonderful cleavage. It's almost too tempting to look down and see Rebecca's breasts nestled within the top. God, I want to stroke and lick them. But this is my chance to dress Rebecca and I want to put her in an outfit I like best.

The little leggings cling to her legs and the skirt falls down her butt, ending at about mid-thigh. It's tight, and accentuates her ass. I do my hair up in a ponytail because it's easy, and I take some time to brush my bangs down like I saw Rebecca do. Finally, I slip on some black boots. I take one last glance at Rebecca's body in the mirror. She's perfect. I bite my lip, feeling the warmth start to build between my legs. With an embarrassed little giggle—I *know* Rebecca can feel what I feel—I turn and head out the door. I hop on Rebecca's bike and ride for the chemistry lab on the opposite end of campus.

I feel so incredibly fit. My legs peddle hard with minimum effort and I breathe deep through her nose. The main thing distracting me is, once again, my thighs rubbing against the leggings with each peddle, and the seat I'm seating on. I lean a bit forward to let the hard, leather saddle press against myself. Christ, I'm getting hotter with each push on the peddles and it's not long before I can feel the delightful loosening of my pussy, the tender lips opening for myself. I ride the bike and the saddle slower, hoping to stay in control of myself, but it only prolongs my delicious agony. Now each time I push down on a peddle my moistening pussy lips slide against each other and the

seat digs up against my clit. The closer I get to the lab the hornier I get. When I finally arrived my cheeks are flushed and my heart is racing, but not because of the ride.

I jump off the bike and I can feel the dampness of my leggings. Christ, my fingers shake as I lock her bike to a rail. I turn and take one step, and the feeling of my legs sliding together makes me shiver. It's early. There's no one around.

I duck behind some bushes and up against the chemistry lab, hiding in the corner where the steps meet the building. I lean against the wall, yank up my skirt and thrust my hand into my pants. I moan in Rebecca's throaty voice as I find my wetness, fingers sliding across my pussy. I can feel Rebecca guiding me, telling me exactly how to pleasure her body, and I follow her instinct. Three fingers rub against my clit as my other hand comes up and squeezes my breasts. I stare down at Rebecca's tits as I jiggle and shake them, the hand in my pants moving faster. Fuck, I'm so wet. My hand is sandwiched between my damp leggings and my dripping cunt. I rub myself faster, gripping my tit harder as the tension rises and then I cum. Leaning forward, I moan out my pleasure, my breasts dangling below me, hand still sliding back and forth over my wetness. I continue rubbing myself until the first orgasm passes. I need more.

I slide my fingers down my slit, following my soft pussy lips until my palm is pressing against my mound and over my clit. I thrust my middle finger inside myself, sliding in and out of my tight, wet hole. My body feels amazing and I finger myself harder, sliding in and out, enjoying the feeling of my cunt wrapped around my hard digit. I pound myself harder, driving my finger as deep into my wet heat as I can, the walls of my cunt gripping me. Pleasure explodes suddenly through me and I throw back my head, fingers tweaking my nipple, hand squeezing my breasts together as I cum, Rebecca's sex-soaked voice exploding from my lips. "Oh fuuuck," I cry. And I can feel Rebecca's pleasure inside me as her mind revels in the orgasm, fueling my own desire. My entire body shakes with a brilliant orgasm, whiting out any thoughts except of my own delight.

When I finally come down my knees are weak, and I slid into a crouching position. I wipe the hair from eyes and only then do I peek through the bushes to make sure no one is around.

"Sorry, Rebecca, I needed that," I whisper.

When I've recovered enough I stand and go into my labs, trying to ignore the cold, wet leggings now dripping with Rebecca's juices. Minnie is still lying on her side in the cage. She's breathing but I can't imagine a day without food or drink is good for her. Mickey is running in Minnie's wheel and when I lean down to look closer he hops off and comes to investigate. Just like Minnie.

"Hey, there, little girl." I say, poking a slim finger through the cage and stroking his head, "We're going to get you back in the right body. Both of you."

My work station is a mess so my first job is to clean everything up. As I'm rinsing out the tubes in the industrial sink I hear the door open. I look up and see Greg, one of the grad students I've worked with on a few projects.

I shut off the water. "Hi, Greg," I say.

He gives me a quizzical look. "Hi...I'm sorry I can't remember your name."

Oh, shit. Of course.

"I'm Rebecca," I say, holding out my hand.

He shakes it, then looks around at my workstation. "I haven't seen you in this lab before."

"Oh, yeah, Tony asked for my help."

"Tony's awake? Is he okay?"

“I mean, uh, he asked before the accident. I don't think he's awake. Is he awake?”

I close my mouth before I can babble any further. I laugh nervously and turn back to setting up my station. Greg doesn't ask any questions but I can see him glancing at me out of the corner of his eye. I unlock the cabinet and pull out the chemicals, glancing up at Greg every now and then and smiling when I meet his eye. I can't help it. Something about being in Rebecca's body calls me to flirt. I feel so confident.

That confidence wanes as the day goes on. I mix the chemicals, diluting and heating and concentrating, but the liquid stubbornly refuses to turn blue like it did the last time. I use up most of the day, getting more and more irritated. Finally, I set down my tools with a grunt of despair.

Greg looks up from his station where he's carefully pouring something into a range of test tubes.

“Problem?” He pauses, a test tube in his hand.

I pull my safety goggles off and stroke my hair back out of my eyes. “No. Yes. But I don't know what it is.”

I cross my arms beneath my breasts and try to think. It's a little harder with Greg staring at me. I look up at him but he looks away and resumes filling his test tubes. And that's when it hits me. I used one of Greg's test tubes last time. Whatever residue was still in it must have been the activating ingredient. But I've been working beside Greg for a while now. He treats everything he does as top secret and would never voluntarily tell me what he was working on if I just asked.

“I need a break,” I say. “How about you, Greg? We've been cooped up in her all day, want to take a walk?”

He's clearly torn between his desire to finish his work and his desire to be with a pretty woman. In the end, Rebecca wins, as she usually does.

“So what's your area of interest?” I ask Greg as we wander through campus together.

“I do environmental toxicology.” He says, adjusting his glasses above his patrician nose. “Right now I'm trying to see if the organic compounds naturally present in top soil are impacted by a range of herbicides.”

“Interesting. So you want to be a farmer.” He raises an eyebrow. I laugh and casually touch his arm. “Kidding. No, that's really interesting.” There's a sudden impulse for me to say something that can only be coming from Rebecca inside my mind.

I let the words come without thinking about them: “The EPA did something similar with their acid rain test mimicking the leaching of pollutants from a mono-disposal landfill.”

“That's right!” He says, surprised.

He starts drilling into the results, which I only vaguely understand. Fortunately, Rebecca is following it and I let her words flow from her own mouth. I don't really know what I'm going to say until I say it, and then I don't understand a lot of it. But like a cartoon character walking on air, if I don't look down—or overthink it—I'm fine. I can tell Greg's enamored with Rebecca. With her providing a quick grasp of the concepts and me providing the physical flirting and Rebecca's infectious smile, we soon have Greg laughing and giving us all the answers.

But a strange thing happens as we converse. The more I touch Greg, the more I look into his eyes and smile and laugh, the more my body gets turned on. Rebecca's amazingly sensitive, ready to get revved up at the slightest opportunity. No wonder she's such a modest flirt. All I'm doing is trying to get info out of Greg and my panties are already damp. I stop and pull back before I lose control.

Greg stops at the bathroom before going back into the lab, which gives me time to get to the lab first and swipe the necessary chemicals I need. After some more work I reach the final stage of my own experiment. Combining the new chemicals with the old, I'm ecstatic to find the liquid turning the deep blue that it was when this whole thing started. I quickly put on some gloves before dabbing some on Minnie and Mickey. Then I wait, staring at the rats in anticipation. After a few minutes Minnie opens her eyes. Shortly after, she's up and running around like nothing happened.

I put a stopper on the test tube and hurry out of the lab to the hospital, a spring in my step. I can feel Rebecca's excitement in my mind.

“Hold on, Rebecca, we're going to get our bodies back soon,” I say as I jog.

I enjoy my last moments in her body, my legs dashing so quickly, body moving in such a fluid motion. I'm going to miss this.

I close the hospital room door behind me and slowly walk towards my former body. Its lying on its back in bed, eyes closed, a hospital gown covering the chest. An IV tube snakes from my arm to a drip feed, and the heat monitor next to the bed emits a steady, if slow, beeping. My former mouth is slightly open and a trickle of drool falls down the chin. Wonderful. Just how I want Rebecca to see me.

I unstop the test tube and dab some on Rebecca's arm, then do the same to myself. This should open up the connection between us and then I just need to slip back. And, indeed, I'm starting to feel drowsy. I sit on one of the seats to the side of the room and cross my legs as sleep overtakes me. Once again I'm in darkness. Lights twinkle off in the distance—which I take to be other people—and one bright spark so close by, which I assume is my real body. The pulling feeling starts up but before I can respond another spark races out of me and into the bright spark in front of me. The pulling feeling stops and I immediately regain consciousness.

I'm still in Rebecca's body.

“Rebecca? You there?” I ask myself.

The body on the bed mumbles something. I snap my head up in time to see my former eyes opening groggily, one hand coming up to rub them.

“Tony?” My former voice says. He starts, hands coming to his throat, before staring down at himself. “Oh no.”

I stand and approach him, my mouth agape. “Rebecca?”

She nods and looks up at me. I'm staring into my own brown eyes but I can see a strange mind behind them.

“I saw--” she clears her throat and starts again. “I saw a light and I felt...this...urge pulling me forward.”

I nod. “That's how I got into your body.”

I sit on the side of the bed and she shifts to sit up, wincing as the IV needle snags her. I pull it out of her as she pulls off the pulse sensor around her finger. The machine flatlines and I switch it off. We stare at each other for a beat, eyes tracing each other from our new perspective. Her hand comes up and touches my face.

“So weird,” she whispers.

Her fingers are warm and I rub my cheek on them gently. “It is, huh?”

Her eyes trace down to my chest and pause on my breasts. She licks her lips. “You never realize how others see you until, well, you're *not* you.”

“I think we can switch back. We just both rub the chemical--” I start to remove the test tube from my pocket but she puts a strong hand on my arm.

“We don't have to switch back just yet. I mean, you've seen everything of me and I haven't seen anything of you.” She leans closer and now our lips are nearly touching. “I think it's only fair I get to ride you for a while.”

My heart hammers in my chest as she kisses me. She opens her mouth wide, tasting me, inviting me in. I slip my tongue inside and explore the contours of my former mouth from my new perspective. My nose presses against her cheek and fills my nostrils with her masculine scent, which sets my body on fire. Her hand rests gently on my cheek, fingers sliding through my hair as she brings me closer. I can feel her hunger for me and as I lean forward I shift my hand up the bed for balance and land on something hard beneath the covers.

We both pause in our kissing and look down. My hand is on top of my former cock. It twitches beneath me as Rebecca smiles and my body twitches with it. I stroke her through the covers as she returns her lips to my mouth. Her other hand slides up my leg, beneath my skirt, towards my silky heat. Our kisses grow faster, more desperate as our bodies hunger for each other.

Her hands are on my shirt and I help her pull it off over my head, brushing my hair back out of my eyes before reaching around to unstrap my bra. I shrug it to the floor and my perfect breasts bounce free. I grab them in my hands, massaging gently. Rebecca's on them in an instant, wrapping her warm lips around my nipple, her tongue flicking out, teeth nipping at my skin. I sigh as a bolt of pleasure flashes through me, the grand desire building between my legs. Fuck, she knows exactly how to please herself. I gaze down at my beautiful breasts as she licks and sucks, squeezing gently. Heat travels up through my pussy. My entire body is restless with desire.

I reach around her back and slide the paper gown off her masculine shoulders, pulling it down to reveal my former broad chest. She shifts her body back and forth and eases the gown off before dropping it to the floor. Her cock is between us, hard and proud. Before I can even think about it I lean forward and bring my lips to meet it. I've never sucked a dick before, never had the urge, but Rebecca's body *needs* it. So I wrap my lips around my own shaft and slowly sink my mouth down. My former cock fills me, sliding across my tongue. It's warm and with a pleasant hard-softness that fills my mouth, bringing with it a slight tangy deliciousness. I push my head down, welcoming my dick inside, sucking my own cock as deep as I can go until it hits the back of my throat. I pull up, leaving the shaft slick with saliva, then drop my head back down again, wanting to take it all in. I rise up and down, my tongue dragging underneath the shaft and undulating up and down as I suck her cock. It's delicious, so perfect between Rebecca's lips. Like her body was made for this.

I move faster, driving my lips up and down harder. Her moans increase above me. She's breathless with anticipation. I can feel her approaching the crest but my body needs more. I pull my lips off with a wet pop.

“Fuck me right now,” I beg.

She nods. I'm off the bed in an instant, my own body right behind me. I unzip my tight skirt and yank it down, then roll down the leggings but there's no time to roll them all the way down because I need to touch myself *right now*. My hand lands on my wetness, fingers stroking my already swollen clit. God, I'm sopping wet. I lean on the bed, one arm supporting myself, my head pushed into the sheets, my ass in the air, still stroking myself. My fingers circle my little clit, growing faster, matching the rhythm of my body.

Heavy hands grab my waist and pull me close. I turn around and arch my back, watching as Rebecca guides my former cock towards my pussy lips. There's a pressure there, building, building, and then with a long groan she slides in. I can feel it all, her tip, her shaft, every inch. Her cock feels so huge as she slides it through my wet, tight hole. Still rubbing my clit, I can feel her cock beneath my fingers as she fills me, pushing her dick in all the way until her groin is on my ass and her

cockhead is lodged deep in my center. It brings an incredible fullness that makes me sigh. Then she withdraws and plunges in again, in and out, soon reaching a rhythm.

I gaze down between my legs, watch my tits bounce crazily as she fucks me, her hard cock appearing between my legs, glazed with my juices, only to disappear into my wet cunt. Watching Rebecca get fucked while being in Rebecca getting fucked is incredible. The sound of my cock plunging into my former wetness, along with the slap of her groin on my ass is delightful. The tension spikes in me, the heat exploding into pure pleasure and I cum. I wriggle and twist on my own incredible dick, my body humming to an immense pleasure. I muffle my cries in the covers and push my ass back against Rebecca, begging her to keep fucking me with my body, before I'm rendered speechless with pleasure.

And she does continue. She grips my hips hard, plunging in and out. Now she's grunting and all I can do is hold on, spread my legs as she slams into me, the pleasure cresting once more and suddenly she explodes. Her cock throbs, hot seed pumping into me and I orgasm around her cock. I squeeze my eyes shut as my body burns bright with pleasure, gripping the covers in clawed hands as her cum fills me more full than I've ever been. It's what my body needs. The orgasm is massive. I tremble from head to toe, feeling each pump inside until she slows and stops.

She rests on my back, breathing hard. The heat of my hard body is so nice. Her weight on top of me is euphoric and I nestle closer to her. Eventually she pulls out, leaving me disappointingly empty. Then she crawls back into bed and motions for me to join her. I curl up my soft body in her masculine arms. I'm still trembling with aftershocks as she strokes me, each touch sending pleasant tingles through my body.

"Don't open that test tube," she whispers, kissing me on my nose, "Until we've had a little more fun."

Virtual Worlds

As the mailman lugged the brown box up the steps, Jay tore out of his front door without bothering to throw on a shirt. He grabbed it from the surprised mailman's hands—social distancing be damned—and shouted a hasty “Thanks!” before hurrying back inside the house.

Jay carefully placed the box on his kitchen table. It was unmarked except for his address, and wrapped in plain, brown paper, heavily sealed with layers of tape. Jay dug through his kitchen junk drawer for some scissors, then eagerly sliced through the tape and opened the cardboard box. The virtual reality rig was buried in a thick layer of packing peanuts and the chemical smell of plastic hit his nose as he gently cut through the cellophane wrapping around each piece of the rig. He placed each piece on the table: helmet, connectors, and a small black box that housed the hardware.

He unfolded the instructions buried in the bottom of the box:

Congratulations! As a loyal customer, you've been chosen to beta test Brilliant Entertainment's virtual erotic adventures. You're about to set off on an incredible journey where your wildest fantasies can come true. Here's how to setup the system...

It went on to detail instructions on how to connect all the hardware and login to the private network as well as how to operate the program. Jay glanced at it once and tossed it aside. It seemed pretty self-explanatory, and he was pretty good at figuring out computer programs anyway.

Trembling with anticipation, Jay carried the equipment back into his bedroom and began plugging everything in and setting it up. He'd been a subscriber to Brilliant Entertainment's porn network for years. Sure, he could have found free pictures on the internet, but Brilliant always had high end production values and was on the cutting edge of content, providing a variety of offerings that really couldn't be beat. He'd entered their beta testing contest not expecting to win, and was ecstatic when he was contacted to be one of the first to try out their new suite of VR erotica. They boasted that they could put people in the bodies of the performers and Jay was getting hard just imagining watching his favorite porn stars giving him a blow job.

The headpiece wasn't a typical VR headpiece. It had internal sensors that looked sort of like suction cups and which mapped onto the user's skull and spine, directly interfacing the brain. That avoided the need for bulky gloves and allowed the user to be fully immersed in the world.

When Jay had connected everything he lay down on his bed—the only bit of the instructions he'd bothered to remember—and slipped the headpiece on over his head, making sure that the sensors connected directly to his skin. The helmet covered his face, leaving him in darkness, and he felt along the side for the little button to power it on. He pushed it and heard a slight electronic whir as the system started up. A blinking green cursor appeared in front of him, filling his view. Then a soothing female voice spoke up.

“Welcome, Jay. This system has been pre-programmed for your exclusive use.” The voice seemed to be bypassing his ears and speaking directly inside his head. “The first program will start in a few seconds. Please relax your body and get comfortable.”

Jay made an effort to loosen his shoulders and sink into the bed.

“You may feel a slight buzz as the system maps your neural waves. This is normal.”

Indeed, Jay felt a pleasant buzz. It was a similar feeling as to when his foot was just about to go to sleep, only all over his body. It only lasted a few seconds.

“Thank you. Neural mapping complete. If you are ready to begin, think 'yes!'.”

Yes, Jay thought.

“Program one beginning in three, two, one...”

Virtual Worlds: The Biker

Jay was sitting on a bar stool in front of a nicked and stained wooden bar. There was no sense of movement or transition. Just one moment darkness, the next he was here. The bar seemed completely real. There was no lag, no sense that anything was special effects or computer graphics. Something cold was in one hand and looked down to see that his fingers were wrapped around a bottle of beer. Only, the fingers were slender and feminine. He followed the line of his bare arm. The contours were soft, delicate but still toned. Every inch of skin was covered in intricate tattoos.

Movement in front of him drew his attention and he looked up to see that directly in front of him, behind the bar, was a large mirror. His mouth dropped open. There was a woman staring back, her mouth just as open as his. His reflection. The woman in the mirror wore a maroon singlet with a skull across the front. The plunging neckline dipped down to just above his breasts, which were tiny but still strained against the fabric of the tight top. The nipples poking against the shirt looked odd and, pulling the top open to gaze down at his petite breasts, he found that each nipple was pierced with a metal stud.

Tattoos of words and symbols and images ran across both arms, over his chest, and down across his taut stomach. His hair was shaved just above one ear and brushed over the other side to fall in a plunging deep maroon waterfall down his shoulder. His nose and ears were pierced and, licking his lips, he felt a tongue stud knock against his teeth. His entire body was petite, and his dark shadowy eyes glared out from beneath spiky brows, which were also pierced. Glancing down at himself, past the perky tits, he found he was clad in skintight jeans, ripped here and there to show off some of his beautiful skin. Thigh high leather boots finished off the outfit, each with a small heel that was somehow both delicate and dangerous.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. This was not what he signed up for. He hadn't wanted to be a chick. He grabbed his little tits, squeezing them. They felt so real. He could feel everything, both his hands on his tits and the way his skin gave in so gently.

“Cancel program,” he called out in a tiny voice. There was no response. “Um, end. Escape. Quit.”

Each attempt was more frantic than the last, until Jay gave up. There was no indication of what he was supposed to do here. There had been no directions, no objective, unless it was in the instruction booklet he hadn't bothered reading. He took a swig of the beer, surprised at how accurate the simulated beer tasted. He had to give it to the designers, they did amazing work. Jay could feel every inch of his new female body even—as he shifted in his seat—the emptiness between his legs.

The door of the bar opened with a bang and three large men strode in. They were all beefy and walked with a distinct swagger, like they would kick the ass of anyone who got in the way. The leader was a blond wearing an immense leather studded jacket stretched across a broad chest. The guys to either side—one brunet, one with jet black hair—weren't as big but were still intimidating, with beefy arms studded with tattoos. They were all dressed in worn leather gear, possibly Hell's Angels, possibly something even more dangerous. They radiated an aura of supreme confidence as they zeroed in on Jay and walked slowly towards him.

The blond leader stopped in front of Jay and the other two moved around and behind him, surrounding Jay as the leader stared at him with a hard smile. They were so close Jay could feel the heat radiating off their bodies. Jay gulped.

“Hey, honey,” the leader said, “We're looking for a good time.”

“You found it,” Jay was surprised to hear himself say. What the fuck? He'd said it on impulse, as though prompted by the program. Like his mouth wasn't completely under his control.

The leader shot out his hand and grabbed a handful of Jay's hair, jerking their lips together roughly. The leader's spicy scent filled Jay's nose as his tongue invaded Jay's mouth, thrusting deep, claiming ownership of Jay's body. There was another hand sliding around from behind that landed on his tit and squeezed painfully. Jay's breath hitched in his throat and the leader pressed harder against his little mouth as Jay squirmed. Another hand latched on to his other tit, caressing his skin, twisting the little metal bar embedded in his nipple and causing wonderful pain to shoot through Jay's body, radiating down to his thighs and sparking an ember of lust. Their greedy fingers explored Jay's body roughly as he was forced to keep kissing, forced to be their little playtoy. And, despite the outer hardness of his new form, the sheer unfamiliarity of it all, his body clearly enjoyed being taken like this. He could feel himself warming, his thighs growing wet.

The blond finally released him and grinned, then slid an arm against his side and pulled Jay roughly to his feet. As a team they undressed him. He raised his arms in the air—again, motion not entirely under control, as though commanded by the program—as the brunet peeled off his top, freeing his little tits and they bounced wonderfully, the nipple studs briefly catching against the shirt causing a slight pinch that made Jay shiver in delight. The black-haired guy had unbuttoned Jay's pants and yanked them down, revealing slender legs, a snake tattoo winding up across one calf and around his thigh, the tongue flicking at Jay's pussy. Jay kicked off his pants, feeling a slight tingle of pleasure and realizing it came from the piercing on his clit. The leader snaked his hand into Jay's white cotton panties and pulled him close, his fingers grazing against Jay's shaved cunt as his lips latched onto Jay's nipples and sucked. Jay arched his back, sticking out his perfect, sleek ass into the waiting hands of the guy behind him.

He felt fingers digging into the skin of his ass, spreading his cheeks apart. And then there was a warm tongue circling his hole. Jay started, opening his eyes and catching a brief glimpse of the biker chick—of *herself*—half naked and being pleased by three guys. He was held fast by all three and couldn't even move as the warm tongue slid across his asshole, sending a deep pleasure through him. Jay grabbed his own tit, filling his fingers with his soft form, clutching at his nipple stud and twisting until the pain met the pleasure radiating through him and he moaned again, louder this time, his head dropping back as the men pleased him.

One of the leaders hands snaked down between Jay's legs, landing on his glorious slit, thick fingers sliding into his moist opening, playing with his clit ring and sending arcs of electric pleasure through him. The fingers in his pussy were rough, just what his body craved, sliding across his wetness and circling his little nub of pleasure. Each tap against the clit ring caused a shock of desire through him. Jay's other hand was by his side and he felt something hard and warm press into it. His fingers wrapped around the strange cock, stroking up and down, delighted at the attention, delighted that it was *his* body that was getting these men so worked up. He stroked the cock, craving the hardness between his fingers. The tongue flicked across his asshole and Jay's knees buckled with a sudden wave of pleasure. He was held up by the men, wonderfully helpless as they fingered and licked and tasted and squeezed his body.

Jay's hesitation evaporated as he gave himself over to the program and the delight filling his feminine body. Jay was guided to his knees, the hands leaving his clit as wetness dripped down his thighs, and the tongue leaving his ass. There was a cock thrust towards his lips. He grabbed it and sucked eagerly, his plump lips fitting perfectly around the cockhead. He swallowed it, letting the

dick fill his mouth, the hard-softness pressing against the top of his mouth and his tongue. It's heat filled him and he drove his lips down, pulling back up to leave the cock glazed with his saliva. It was deliciously musky, a hint of tang as the drops of pre-cum hit his tongue and he swallowed gratefully.

Then two more cocks thrust themselves urgently towards them. He took one in each hand, stroking up and down the thick shaft while he continued working one cock with his mouth. He pulled his lips off one with a wet pop, trading the one in his mouth for one in his hand, stroking his saliva down the throbbing shaft as he gulped down the next dick. He went in turns, greedy for the three cocks, sucking on them, running his hands down the glorious shaft as his body hummed with electricity. He was their little cock slut, content only to suck their dicks, to be their pleasure. They tasted divine, their cocks slick with his saliva as he continued stroking, rubbing his hands between his legs, gathering his wetness and using it to lubricate the shaft, wrapping his lips around it and tasting his own musky flavor as the three dicks were thrust towards his parted lips and he sucked voraciously. A drop of his own juices made its way down his leg and he sighed as he filled his mouth with cock.

The leader pulled away and slid over a chair from a nearby table. He grabbed Jay by the waist, hoisting his small body into the air and back onto the naked biker. Jay squealed, whimpering as the cock left his mouth and his body was wrapped up from behind and held fast in the biker's strong arms. There was a pressure against his ass and he shifted, feeling the thick cock head press up against his asshole, teasing his puckered entrance. The leader slid his cock beneath Jay's petite butt cheeks, covering himself in Jay's slippery juices before returning to Jay's asshole and pressing harder.

Jay's cry was muffled as a cock thrust into his mouth and deep down his throat, forcing him to concentrate on sucking, on undulating his tongue against the underside of the shaft as his asshole stretched to make room for the leader's dick. The pain lit up Jay's body and he gasped around the dick in his mouth, finally feeling the cockhead sink into his tight hole. He forced himself to relax as the man burrowed deeper, stopping his ass from clenching around the throbbing shaft that was filling him and causing him so much pleasure. The dick seemed to slide slowly inside forever, impossibly big, until at last Jay felt the man's groin resting against his taut butt and the cock was lodged deep into his center. He barely breathed, so painfully tight was his asshole. The leader gripped his thighs from behind and spread them, pulling them up in the air. Without the support, Jay was forced to lean back on the cock as it plunged deeper inside his asshole. He pulled his mouth off the cock and continued stroking as he gazed down at his little body, legs spread wide, his clit ring sparkling with his own juices, the shaft disappearing into his ass.

And then the brunet approached, naked, his dick already dotted with a drop of pre-cum. He approached Jay's pussy, spread apart by the man beneath him, pink folds glistening. The man plunged in, driving a gasp from Jay's mouth at the sudden fullness as he was filled from in front and behind. His pussy was so wet the dick slid right in, burrowing through the walls of his canal and striking his center, sliding across the clit ring and vibrating directly into Jay's brain with pleasure. He groaned, and the third biker took the opportunity to thrust his dick in between Jay's lips.

They rode Jay like this, a cock in every hole, thrusting in and out in a brutally-pleasurable rhythm. His body was theirs to control and they pounded him hard, taking him as they pleased, trading out until they'd each filled all his holes and his mouth was buzzing with the taste of himself, his ass was gaping wide, and his pussy dripped down his thigh in rivulets. Only when Jay was sore and begging for their cum did they oblige, holding his body tight between them, thrusting and pounding until pleasure surged through Jay and he came, body convulsing around the shaft, his head lit up with the most powerful orgasm he'd ever experienced. His body tightened and relaxed from his head to his toes as they came inside him, filling him with a wet heat, their throbbing cocks so delicious in his

mouth, so wonderful inside him as they filled him with their seed, thrusting and plunging, until they'd completely emptied themselves into his body.

They pulled out, the leader smacking his ass and making him tighten briefly around the dick still lodged inside, before he jumped up. Cum dripped down Jay's chin and he felt so amazingly used, his body still breathless, still recovering from being so empty and already desperate to be filled.

The bar faded to black, and Jay found himself back in his bed at home.

Virtual Worlds: The Granny

Jay had control of his own arms and legs again and was suddenly aware of the VR helmet covering his face. He felt around for the straps, disconnecting them before pulling the helmet off over his head. He rubbed his eyes and sat up. For a split second he missed the weight on his chest, before adjusting to being back in his own body.

“Fuck me,” he whispered.

The program hadn't been what he'd ordered at all. He'd been fully prepared to rail on Alison Tyler or Nadia Styles with a thick cock, not take one from behind as a plump granny.

And yet.

The pleasure had been so all-consuming and intense. Psychologically, Jay was spent with a round of orgasms. But physically, he was still horny.

He was struggling with how much he'd enjoyed it. He was definitely going to return the unit and get the one he'd signed up for. But maybe he should check out the next program, just in case.

After getting some water, he returned to bed and slipped the helmet back on. He felt around for the start button, finally managing to press it.

The soothing female voice spoke up inside his head. “Welcome, Jay. If you're ready to begin the next demo, think 'yes!'.”

Yes, Jay thought.

“Next program beginning in three, two, one...”

Jay was lying in a bed in a seedy motel room. The antiseptic smell of cleaner hit his nose and he took a moment just looking around at his surroundings. He was in a dumpy hotel room, with tattered curtains and peeling yellowed wallpaper. Jay pushed himself into a sitting position, eager to see himself.

There was a huge weight on his chest and he glanced down to find a black negligee holding two massive, floppy breasts. The neck swooped down, revealing a huge expanse of cleavage that would have been saggy had it not been contained by the tight clothing. The top of his chest was lightly striated with stretch marks and spotted with age.

“Oh, fuck.” He gasped in awe. The voice that came from his mouth was husky and slightly creaky.

He brought his hands up, finding that they, too, were wrinkled and spotted. The fingers were slender, the nails manicured beautifully. His arms were flabby and soft. He felt up his face experimentally, fingers gliding across heavy jowls and a gentle nose. His hair was curly and fine. Pinching a lock and pulling it around to look at it, he found it was silver colored.

His eyes were drawn once again to his tits. They were huge. He slipped his nightie down his shoulders so his tits fell out of his top. He grabbed them with both hands and hefted them. They spilled out of his fingers and he jiggled them, watching his skin rolling with motion. When he dropped them they flopped down against his doughy stomach. He marveled once again at the complete feeling he had. They really felt like his breasts, his body.

He lifted up the hem of his nightie and gaped down at his flabby legs, the flesh dimpled with cellulite. Between his legs was a wild gray bush, a little hint of his slit visible through the unruly hair. He slipped a hand down between his legs and touched his pussy, feeling the rubbery lips of himself on his fingers, and feeling his touch between his legs. It all seemed so real. There was no sense of wearing a suit or being in a program. For all intents and purposes he *was* this big breasted granny.

He slid off the bed, feeling the weight of his ample thighs wobbling as he walked around the room to investigate his surroundings. His butt and breasts jiggled with each step as his thighs swished against each other. There was a mirror in the bathroom and he stared at the aged face looking back at him. She must have been over 60. He brought a hand up and moved it around, watching his reflection do the same. He turned and wiggled his body, laughing as he watched her fat ass bobble back and forth. He patted his doughy stomach, watching the ripples roll across the surface of his body.

He went to the front door of the motel room and grabbed the handle but it wouldn't turn. Looking out the window to the motel parking lot beyond, it seemed two dimensional, like a picture backdrop. Clearly, he wasn't supposed to go outside. Jay wondered what he was supposed to be doing in this scene.

As if on cue, the front door opened and a burly African American man came in. His arms were each as thick as Jay's legs, and his shirt was stretched across a massive chest. He towered over Jay. His handsome face was in a wide grin, bright white teeth flashing like a shark.

“Looks like someone needs to suck a dick.” He rumbled, the bass in his voice causing wonderful vibrations through Jay's body. “You ready for granny's first big black cock?”

Without any further preamble, the mountain of a man unbuttoned his jeans and dropped his pants and underwear. His cock spilled out, flopping down his leg, thick and veiny. Jay gasped, his hand coming up to his lips. He stepped backwards, the man following him, until Jay's plump ass hit the bed.

“Go ahead. It won't hurt.” The man rumbled again.

Jay's eyes were drawn to the cock dangling between the man's legs. He'd never been the slightest bit interested in other men. He didn't mind watching a gangbang or three where several guys competed to fill a single woman, but it had never been the dicks that had turned him on. But for some reason—maybe it was the programming—there was something enticing about the thick cock in front of him.

Jay sank to his knees—they popped loudly as he did so—and tenderly grasped the huge monster in front of him. The cock was hot beneath his fingers and it sprang to life as he awkwardly stroked it, jutting up and growing ever harder until it pointed at his little lips. He lowered his mouth towards it, until the cockhead was positioned just inches from his mouth. The tip was already glistening with pre-cum. Jay opened his lips and slowly swallowed the head. It was warm and slightly salty in a pleasant way. It filled him, the shaft pressing up against the roof of his mouth and down towards his tongue. Jay had never given a blowjob before but he did his best, sucking on the dick as he lowered his lips as far down as he could, which wasn't very far. He came up coughing, the top half of the shaft slick with his saliva.

The man grabbed his head and gently urged him back down. Jay was forced to open his mouth as the man pushed his cock closer, and then he held Jay's head as he gently forced his dick down Jay's throat. It was so huge and the pressure on the back of his head wouldn't let up. Jay was forced to take in even more of it, willing himself to relax as he felt the head press against the back of his throat. Maybe it was the program, but Jay found himself deep-throating the huge black cock with a little effort. He could feel his baggy tits bouncing on his chest as his lips went up and down the shaft, wet sucking noises and the man's grunts the only sound in the room. As Jay continued sucking the cock he was surprised to discover a pleasant heat between his legs as his body grew wet. Jay continued slurping on the cock, plunging up and down, enjoying himself now as he stroked and sucked the delicious shaft. One hand sliding up and down the cock, aiding his tongue, the other hand played with his own saggy tits, squeezing them against his chest, feeling the delightful weight as he teased his own body into desire.

Suddenly, the guy pulled out and helped Jay onto the bed. Jay let himself be guided up and onto his back. Then the man yanked Jay's negligee up and they both gaped at Jay's jiggly body. His puffy fat stomach lay awkwardly between them, his two massive tits flopping to each side of his chest, the areolae huge and light pink. The guy grinned and guided his huge shaft towards Jay's silver bush. Jay watched in surprise as the head pressed against his nether lips, the pressure building slightly before his loose pussy opened up and swallowed the dick. Jay moaned, feeling every inch of the thick cockhead as it slid between the slick walls of his cunt and landed against his center. The man withdrew and pushed back in again, slowly reaching a rhythm. Each thrust sent heat blazing through Jay's mind even as it caused waves to travel through the fat across his doughy stomach and tits. He was soon moaning, his body cresting to an orgasm. Fuck, his body needed this fat cock, and it stuffed his loose pussy so full. His body grew hot and wet, approaching the precipice. But before he could get there the man pulled out and flipped him over.

Jay yowled as he squashed his fat tits, getting onto his knees just as the man grabbed his wiggly ass and thrust his cock back inside. The pleasure was immediate and Jay moaned as he was fucked hard and fast. His heavy breasts dipped down to the bed and they swung crazily beneath him. The cock was so thick, filling his loose pussy and pounding hard. Jay gripped the sheets in his hands and arched his back, eyes closed, pushing against the cock as it slammed into his gaping cunt, forcing his eyes open now and then to look down at himself, between the heavy bobbing breasts to the black cock appearing and disappearing into his pussy. A sudden orgasm caused him to shiver. He clutched the covers tighter and moaned, pushing his fat ass back against the massive cock and driving it deep into his body. He shuddered, his flesh jiggling as he cried out in a lust filled voice, pleasure filling his entire body.

In the back of his mind, Jay was embarrassed to be seen like this, to be some fat old whore getting fucked by a black stallion. But it did nothing to stop the physical pleasure as he was fucked hard, hands gripping the bed sheets as the orgasm rushed through him. As soon as the orgasm abated the black man pulled out.

“Turn around,” he ordered.

Jay turned and sat up awkwardly in his paunchy body. He was still breathing heavily, his tits rising and falling with each breath. The black guy grabbed his boobs in his massive hands and thrust his cock in between, rubbing Jay's juices on his tits, fucking his massive cleavage. His breasts were so big they easily wrapped around the thick cock, and Jay had no choice but to let himself be manhandled, the cock disappearing between his weighty breasts and reappearing inches from his nose, the musky smell of himself hitting his nostrils and making his body ache with pleasure. Jay didn't think anything could top getting fucked doggystyle, but then the man came with a grunt and pleasure exploded through Jay as hot cum splashed onto his tits and chin.

Jay clasped his own breasts as the guy fucked his tits, hot jizz running down Jay's skin and his body on fire with ecstasy. His creaky old voice cried out for more, even as splashes of hot cum rolled

down the rolls of fat on his stomach. The man came for what seemed like an eternity, and all the while Jay came with him, pleasure burning brightly as his body jiggled and shook, from his porky tits to his fat ass.

And then it was over. The man pulled away with a grin, leaving Jay sticky and warm. Cum dripped down his wrinkled old tits.

“See you next time,” the man rumbled.

The scene faded to black.

Virtual Worlds: The Pregnant Wife

Jay didn't even remove the helmet. He just waited for the soothing female voice.

“If you are ready to begin--”

Yes, Jay thought.

“Next program beginning in three, two, one...”

Jay was stretched out on his side across the white comforter of a bed in a nicely furnished bedroom. The room looked more like an actual couples' bedroom—family pictures on the wall, bookcase stuffed with books, half open closet—than a movie set. Jay was propped up on one arm and silky brunette hair draped down one shoulder. He looked down at his body, eager to know who he was now. His tender, feminine body was wearing a pink spaghetti strap nightie and, from the smoothness of the skin, he must be somewhere in his early twenties. Two plump breasts hung from his chest, looking round and juicy. He hefted one with his free hand, surprised at the heavy weight and the firmness, as if it was full of milk. Tracing his eyes down his nightie he saw why. His nightie jutted out over a distended belly. Jay touched it, surprised to feel a strange hardness. Pulling wide the top of the nightie he looked down beneath his heavy tits and discovered his round, pregnant belly. He ran his hand over his baby bump, exploring himself, fingers brushing across his solid stomach. Jay flexed his leg, staring down at his lean calf and delicate toes. Running an exquisitely manicured finger along his golden thigh sent little shivers through him. He bit his lip as his body warmed at this simple touch, only then realizing how incredibly erotic he felt, how hot and bothered his body already was.

He heard the soft shuffle of feet across the carpet and then a young man stepped into view. He had stylishly messy dark hair and piercing eyes. He wore only a pair of jeans, leaving his chest bare, and Jay ran his eyes across the man's broad chest.

“Hi, Constance,” the man smiled, his eyes lighting up, “I see you're all ready for me.”

Jay could only nod as the man sat on the bed next to him, leaned down and kissed Jay gently on the lips. Jay closed his eyes as a pleasant anticipation immediately spiked through his body. The masculine smell of sandalwood filled Jay's nose as they kissed. One of the man's hands came down, caressing Jay's thigh, up over the curve of his ass and across his hard stomach. Jay sighed into the man's mouth as the simple touch burned through him. Fuck, he was getting wet already. This body was divine.

The man's other hand came up, pushed aside one of the straps of Jay's nightie and took a breast in one hand. His fingers explored gently, sliding across Jay's warm skin, teasing his nipple with little pinches that made Jay gasp lightly into the man's mouth. Jay felt a wetness on his breast and pulled away from the kiss to stare down at himself. The man kept stroking and pinching Jay's breast and, as Jay watched, a little squirt of milk spilled out of his tit and onto the man's fingers. The man brought his fingers to his lips and sucked the milk off his fingertips, staring at Jay with a deep

desire, then he brought his lips down to Jay's nipple and wrapped his lips around Jay's sensitive nipple.

Jay threw back his head and sighed gratefully as the man drank from his tits. There was both a release as his milk spilled out of his full breast and a gently rising eroticism that made him shudder. As the young man suckled at Jay's tit, Jay slide his hands down between his legs. His fingers slipped between his thighs and he found he was shaved smooth. He slid into his gaping pussy lips, pressing a finger against his rapidly swelling clit.

The young man moved back and forth between Jay's breasts, suckling milk from each while Jay stroked himself and moaned. God, he was so wet, his thighs already slippery as he continued fingering his delightfully pregnant body. His breath came faster and he felt a blush rising in his cheeks. The man gently guided Jay onto his back. Jay's entire body wobbled as his breasts flopped down to his side and he felt the weight of his heavy belly sitting above him. His stomach rose beneath his vision, obscuring the view of the rest of his body. He continued stroking himself by touch, dipping into his wetness and spreading it up and down his slit as the man quickly slipped out his jeans. His cock was rock hard already, the cockhead glistening with a drop of pre-cum that made Jay horny.

The man positioned himself over Jay, suspending his body above Jay with the force of his two muscly arms. He slowly pressed his dick against Jay's wet opening. Jay spread his legs and wrapped his fingers around the man's cock and guided the dick inside his entrance. There was a brief pressure and the man pressed harder, harder, and then he man slipped in. Jay moaned as the guy's cock slid in oh so gently. The man held himself up on solid arms, staring down at Jay with a look of lust as he slowly fucked him, in and out, clearly enjoying each inch of his wife's warm, wet body. Each gentle thrust increased the throbbing tension inside Jay's body and his voice rose in pitch "Oh. Oh, Oh.". He came quickly, his hands running across his solid baby bump, feeling up his own body as he shook in ecstasy, dizzy with pleasure.

The man slid out and guided Jay onto his hands and knees. They had to go slowly, Jay clutching his heavy belly as he rolled over, his breasts spilling down to the side, jiggling as they knocked together. Then he pushed himself to his knees, his belly and tits hanging so heavy beneath him. He looked down at his wonderful body, at his swaying breasts. He leaned on one arm and took hold of one of his tits with the other. He brought it to his lips and sucked on himself, teeth nipping at his nipple as he spurted little shots of his own milk into his mouth and drank it down. The taste was slightly sweet, warm with his body heat.

The man came up behind him and slid his cock into Jay's pussy from behind. Jay was so wet the man slipped inside easily. He thrust into Jay's wet canal, driving deep into Jay's center, resting inside him for a moment, leaving Jay so pleasantly full, before pulling out and gently pumping in again. Jay continued licking his own tit, enjoying the taste of his body while the young man fucked him from behind. It was glorious, slow and sensual, like two lovers. The young man sped up, driven by his desire. He drove his cock in deeper, harder, as Jay moaned around the tit in his mouth, eyes closed, still sucking on himself. His whole body jiggled with each thrust, heavy bobbing belly brushing against the covers, dangling tit sloshing with milk as it swayed back and forth. The tension wound through him, breaking suddenly in a second, bigger orgasm. Jay opened his mouth and moaned, long and low, as the orgasm crested through him. He pushed his ass back against the young man, driving the cock deep up against his center as he shook with orgasm.

And still the man wasn't done. But neither was Jay. The man lay down and Jay climbed on top of him. His pregnant body was heavy and unwieldy, tits and tummy bobbing around as he tried to balance his pussy over the man's glistening dick. He managed to guide the cock inside himself once again and sat down on it, feeling every inch as it slipped inside him. And then he was riding the young man. The man's hands on his tits, squeezing his fat breasts, splashing milk down Jay's chest

and across his thick belly. Jay clung to his own belly, delighting in his top-heavy form as he grinded his pussy against the young man's dick, filling himself as deep as he could.

Fuck, Jay's nipples were so sensitive, and the man's hands worked wonders, squeezing them and sending little jolts of almost-pain to meet the pleasure flooding through him, ratcheting up the tension until it consumed Jay and he had to cry out, to scream out his pleasure as the third orgasm blasted through him. He rode it, grinding down on the cock, willing it deep inside him as the young man gripped his sensitive breasts and his own hands held on to his solid, pregnant belly. Then the man grunted and came, thrusting up inside Jay and driving the orgasm even higher, whiting out all thought but the physical pleasure of his body. Jay threw his head back and cried out as he orgasmed hard, his jiggly body still moving back and forth, still driving the cock inside him to milk every drop of cum out of the man's dick.

He slowly came back to his body and opened his eyes. He stared down at the young man beneath him, at his own glorious, pregnant body that had brought him so much gentle pleasure. He wanted to stay here forever, the man's cock softening inside him but still connecting them with a divine intensity.

But the scene faded and Jay found himself back on his own bed.

Virtual Worlds: The Maid

Yes, yes, yes, Jay thought before the female voice could even speak.

“Final program beginning in three, two, one...”

Jay was standing in a spacious, ornate living room. Huge picture windows filled one wall of the house, the light coming through them flashing off the polished silver furnishings and the gleaming wooden floors filling the room. The view to the outside world was slightly flat, as though it hadn't been rendered completely. Jay was standing in front of a large leather couch, bending over in the act of dusting the side table, a black and white feather duster in one hand.

He straightened up, his outfit crinkling, and looked down to see that he was clad in a typical French maid uniform. It was low-cut, revealing firm cleavage, held up by a tight black and white uniform that functioned somewhat as a bustier, lifting his breasts into ample mounds. Delicate white straps crisscrossed the black fabric across his tight stomach, a little white apron hanging down his pleated skirt. The skirt itself was frilly and lacy, stopping at mid-thigh. His skin was a light mocha. Jay didn't have much time to see what he looked like beneath the outfit because no sooner had the scene started than he was accosted by the woman of the house.

“Lupita! How dare you?” The woman huffed.

He turned to her. She had her hands on her hips and was glaring at Jay. She had a face that was beautiful in an icy sort of way, her brunette hair tied up in a tight bun. She was well made up and put together, with a low-cut top and skirt that contained her tight body. Perky little tits stretched out her top, and her calves were lean and shapely. She looked like a woman used to getting her own way. A bitch on wheels, as Jay would say.

“What ees wrong...” He paused, noticing the program had gifted him with a light Spanish accent. And then he added, after some thought, “Miss?” There was some impulse to role play, and a little spike of satisfaction from the program told him he was doing the right thing.

“You know exactly what's wrong. There was a little bronze Buddha statue right here on this table and now it's gone. What did you do with it?”

“Nothing, ma'am, I swear I deed not touch it.”

“A thief *and* a liar,” the woman hissed, growing angrier. “You will never work in this town again. You just wait until my husband comes.”

“Please, Miss, I deed not steal anything.”

“A likely story.” The woman stepped closer, and now Jay could see the flecks of gold in her startling green eyes. “And I suppose you'll do anything to prove it.”

As a prompt, it was a little heavy handed. But it let Jay know exactly what he was supposed to do next.

“Yes, miss.”

She stepped closer and slipped her arm around his waist, then brought their lips together. Her mouth was warm, her tongue eager, and he opened his lips for her, let her slip in and explore the contours of his new mouth. Her other hand came up to his chest and grabbed his breast, squeezing gently as they continued making out. He reached up and slid one of her breasts out of her top, hefting it in his hand and running his fingers along the tight skin. She'd clearly had implants, and her tits were hard but still nice to fondle. Her nipple spiked out beneath his touch.

She leaned down and kissed his breasts, hot breath sliding between his tits and over his nipple, making him warm gently. Something shifted between his legs as his body grew eager. The woman's hand left his breast and trailed down his outfit, slipping beneath the pleated skirt and coming back up his bare thigh. Her fingers landed between his legs and she pulled her head back, eyes wide.

“What's this?” She asked.

She flipped his skirt up and they both stared down, both surprised to find a cock between Jay's legs, her hands already on it. Jay's dick grew hard as she smiled and stroked it, her gentle fingers running up and down his shaft, slowly jerking him off. She returned her lips to his, hand still on his cock. Jay grabbed his own breasts and fondled himself. Fuck, that felt magical, having both a cock and tits. He pinched and pulled his little nipples, enjoying the feel of his soft breasts as his dick grew rock hard.

She slid her body against his, trapping his cock against her warm stomach and still stroking as best she could with her fingertips. He began grinding against her, his cock urgent with need as he pressed it into the fabric of her skirt. She tasted like licorice and her fingers were at once tender and firm, exerting the perfect amount of pressure, teasing his dick with long, hard strokes, backing off as she felt his cock begin to throb.

“What the hell is going on?” A man growled from behind the woman.

She jumped and half-turned, her hand still gripping Jay's shaft, holding him there. One of her tits was still bouncing free and Jay noticed her pale pink nipple was still a sharp point. Jay followed the wife's gaze to find a man standing in the doorway, his eyes blazing with anger.

The top button of his work shirt was undone, revealing the hint of a broad chest. He was lean and athletic, with a handsome face. His hair was dark and shaved close at the sides, longer on top. He gave off the air of a corporate man, one who was used to getting his own way.

“Henry,” she said, “Our maid here has been very naughty.”

“Oh, has she?” The man said, approaching slowly. His every move was deliberate, radiating power and control.

His eyes flicked over Jay's new body, tracing the swell of his breasts, the fantastic legs, and then arriving on the cock still grasped in his wife's hand. His eye widened and he grinned.

“She has been,” his wife said, “But I think we can forgive her if she lets us use her as our fucktoy. What do you say?”

“What do I say?” And now he was next to his wife, leering down at Jay who suddenly felt tiny even in his statuesque body. “I say get on your knees.”

His hand shot out and he grabbed a mass of Jay's hair, yanking him down to the ground as the wife released him. Jay grunted in pain, having no choice but to follow the hand or risk his hair being yanked out. In an instant he was on his knees in front of the husband. Jay's cock was still hard, his cockhead throbbing against the crinoline and lace of the maid outfit.

The man released him only long enough to unbuckle his belt and drop his pants. Then he grabbed Jay's hair in one hand. With his other, the husband grabbed his dick and held it up, then yanked Jay's face forward. Jay found himself opening his mouth, and then the cock was on his tongue. It was warm and soft in his mouth, growing even as the man crammed his dick deeper down Jay's throat. Jay wrapped his soft lips around the dick as his head was jerked roughly up and down the shaft. The cock grew in his mouth, slowly filling him, getting larger and firmer until he was scared he would choke on it. The husband drove Jay's lips down, down his rock hard shaft, then back up, using Jay as his own personal fucktoy.

Jay was dimly aware of the wife standing next to her husband, her hands down her skirt, fingering herself as Jay was forced to give a blowjob. The hand in his hair wouldn't let up and Jay felt so used as his mouth slid up and down the shaft. But his body ached for it, his cock growing harder—and bigger—than he'd ever felt. Fuck, he was going to cum in his dress just from giving head.

But then the man yanked Jay's lips off his cock with a wet pop. Jay came up, sputtering, a strand of saliva still linking the throbbing cockhead to Jay's lips. The wife had slipped out of her skirt and was leaning over on the couch, her ass swaying in the air inches from Jay's face.

“Fuck my wife,” The husband commanded.

Jay stood and raised his dress, his cock already dripping with pre-cum. He grabbed the wife's fleshy buttocks and guided his cock towards her wet hole. He slid in beneath her plump ass and up against her pussy, his dick rubbing the underside of her slit. She was dripping wet and he lubricated himself on her wetness, before pushing into her entrance. There was a huge pressure, and then he slid inside her. His dick traveled through her hot, wet cunt. He plunged in, driving deep, then pulling out before plunging in again. Jay's own tits bounced wildly on his chest as he fucked the wife, and he brought one hand up to play with them, gripping their heavy weight in slender fingers.

He felt someone pulling up his skirt from behind and turned to see the husband getting closer. Then two hands were on Jay's ass and the pressure of a dick against his asshole.

“What are you-?” Jay began, but the husband grabbed his ass hard with one hand and spanked him hard with the other.

“Shut the fuck up,” the man ordered.

Jay whimpered as he felt the thick cockhead press against his puckered hole. It felt massively big, how could he ever take it even in this body? There was a tremendous pressure as the man pushed harder, trying to force his way into Jay's ass. Jay's own thrusts slowed as his asshole gaped to try to take in the thick cockhead. It slid in slowly. He was so tight and on the verge of pain as the head passed his entrance and continued filling him. Now the shaft. He could feel each painful inch as it slid inside. He was so tight and the cock was so big, and yet it still came until finally, mercifully, the man's groin pressed against Jay's ass. He felt so full, his ass gaping around the thick cock in him as he, himself rested deep in the wife's pussy. It was a painful pleasure, a balancing act that made his body tremble and his knees weak.

Then the husband slid out and Jay did as well, feeling an immense relief, ended when the cock behind him almost immediately slid back in, easier this time through his tight hole. The pressure pushed Jay's own dick into the wife's sopping pussy. They grew into a rhythm like this, the husband fucking Jay, who, in turn fucked his wife, each thrust inside bringing with it a pleasure tinged with pain as Jay was simultaneously fucked and filled. Delight raged through his body and they all picked up the rhythm, bodies slamming together, Jay's tits swinging crazily from his chest once again as he enjoyed the sense of fullness and of being filled. The husband was so rough, squeezing Jay's sensitive ass and fucking him as hard as he could, grunting each time his cock slammed into Jay's ass until, with a last growl, he came. Jay felt the hot cum fill his ass, the cock throbbing inside his tight, puckered hole as he released into the wife, jetting his own cum into her sopping wet pussy.

while they all orgasmed together, their bodies climaxing in time, pounding and thrusting and pulling until they slowed and finally stopped.

The husband pulled out, and relief filled Jay's body as he was emptied. Hot cum trickled from his ass and down his thigh as he pulled out of the wife and adjusted his skirt.

“All right,” the husband said, “We'll let you off with a warning this time.”

Jay sank to the couch as the whole scene faded to black.

“Demonstration ended.” The female voice said. “If you would like more programs like this, please sign up for our subscription service.”

Jay hurried to get his wallet. He intended to ride out the rest of the pandemic—and possibly the rest of his life—in that amazing world of feminine pleasure.

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