

# **Body Switch Collection**

*Volume 2*

by M. Wills

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## Young Again

### Samuel

The small crowd was gathering for the last auction of the morning: storage unit D154. Samuel took pole position by the roller door as Steve, owner and manager of Steve's Self Storage, broke out the buzz saw and hacked through the padlock. Shoving up the door, Steve shone his flashlight into the gloom and said, "Let's see what we got here."

Samuel craned forward. The auction rules mandated that bidders couldn't go inside the units, just stand in the doorway and guess what might be hidden under covers or behind boxes. He scanned the contents that he could see in the dim recesses of the unit: piles of boxes, a cheap IKEA wardrobe, an ancient toolbox, a recliner that had seen better days, random cables, board games, plastics tubs filled with Tupperware and auto parts. He grinned, it was his kinda of unit: trash on the surface, potential treasure underneath... or possibly just wall-to-wall junk. And therein was the thrill of a storage unit auction. He counted his cash. This one he was going to bid on.

"Seriously, Dad!" Bethany's weary voice piped up behind him. "You're going to pay money for this?" She waved a dismissive hand at the unit. "Piles of dirty plastic crap and a busted armchair?"

Samuel smiled at his daughter. "You see plastic crap, I see potential."

"I see money better spent on college for my daughter."

Samuel ignored her, continuing to teach about the potential treasures of these auctions just as he'd done to Bethany her entire adult life. "The toolbox – couple of good quality tools could earn me a fortune in resale. And, look, bunch of old board games back there; anything vintage earns a mint."

"Hey, it's your money," Bethany sighed and tossed her long, wavy black hair out of her face. "Just don't ask me to help you move this junk."

Steve leaned over and interjected, "Don't be so quick to judge, sweetheart. Your dad's got an eye for finding the hidden gold."

Bethany folded her arms petulantly underneath her heavy breasts. "Please! Look at this stuff. You really think there's a Monet tucked away behind the wardrobe?"

Samuel watched Steve's eyes fall on Bethany's cleavage, pushed up by her folded arms and peeking over her top. He couldn't really blame him; Beth might have been pushing forty but she still had great tits, and a gorgeous dark-featured face with sultry lips. Samuel had long ago accepted that one of the perils of fatherhood was watching other men eye his daughter.

Steve eventually dragged his eyes up to Bethany's slightly plump face and grinned. "Maybe not a Monet. Folks with Monets stashed away don't tend to fall six months behind on their storage fees." Clearly ready to move things along, he turned to the small crowd and announced, "Ok, ladies and gentlemen, who's going to start the bidding? Lemme hear \$500."

Samuel knew early on that the unit was his. A guy in a plaid shirt threw out a halfhearted low bid, a pair of junk dealers in the back raised the price twenty bucks, but it was clear no one else was really

interested. Two minutes after the bidding started, Steve was yelling ‘sold’, accepting Samuel’s cash and letting him know he had a week to empty out the contents.

While Bethany—who refused point blank to touch the ‘cheap crap’—parked herself on a bench outside the storage unit, Samuel got to work sifting through the clutter. On first inspection, he had a sinking feeling that Bethany may have been right about this one. The boxes revealed nothing but worthless trash: plastic clothes hangers, battered paperbacks, shabby clothes that reeked of patchouli and dirty hippie, a bunch of herbs riddled with pantry moths. Disheartened, he ducked behind the wardrobe that blocked the back of the unit from view. The chances of finding a Monet were looking pretty slim.

What he found behind the wardrobe wasn’t a Monet, it was entirely more odd. It was a book: big and weighty with thick leather bindings and an elaborate embossed text on the cover. Even with just a cursory glance, Samuel knew he’d found something of real value. Intrigued, he opened it and turned page after page, admiring the intricate engravings and delicate faded print in a language he didn’t recognize. Reaching the last page, he stopped short. In contrast to the other pages, the text was crisp—as if freshly inked—and perfectly legible. It was also in English:

Swap the Vessel

A spell that permits the caster to swap bodies with any person of their choosing.

Instructions: trace the text...then follow its lead.

Enchant... evoke the magic

Incant... say the name of your vessel

Decant... flow into your new body

When you’ve had your fill:

Recant... swap back

The vessel will be prevented from communicating any details of the spell.

For a single moment, Samuel suspended disbelief and let himself enjoy the delicious fantasy described. Resting his aching knees, he leaned against the bare, concrete wall of the storage unit and imagined trading the creaking, decline of his 63-year-old body for something younger, tougher, virile and spry.

He was snapped out of his fanciful daydreaming by Bethany, who had apparently reached the limit of her patience. “Dad! Are you done in there? Can we take off?”

With a little flutter of annoyance, he realized that his two hours must be up: the two hours per week Bethany deigned to spend with her Dad before scurrying back to her life. He glanced at his watch: yep, two hours on the dot. She’d done her duty and she wanted rid of him.

Tamping down the annoyance, he gave the book a final appraising look and brushed a finger over the inky-black text of the body swap spell. Inexplicably, unbelievably, unthinkably... the text under his finger transformed to gold, glowing and shimmering under his touch. In shock he pulled his hand away and watched the writing return to black.

What the hell!

He reached for the page again and slowly traced his finger over the word ENCHANT. He felt it warm under his fingertip and shimmer to gold. A voice, deep and smoky, emerged from the book:

“Magic evoked.”

All at once, the hair on the back of his neck stood on end. How did... Confounded, he examined the book, pressed the bindings, searched for the trick—the hidden speaker, the electronic wizardry—that made the highlighted text and ethereal sound. There was nothing: just parchment and leather bindings. However it worked, it was ingenious! And he wanted to see it again.

“Dad!” Bethany’s shrill voice rang through the unit. “Seriously! Let’s go!”

Samuel realized his next decision—one that was obviously more petty symbolism than actual belief—was made. He traced the word INCANT and watched it glow. The book said sonorously, “Name your vessel.”

He smirked, didn’t hesitate. “Bethany.”

And then he swiped his hand over the word DECANT. Grinning, he watched the word begin to glow, and then his grin turned into a gasp of shock as he felt his essence rush from his body and plunge into Bethany’s body with a juddering thud.

It was completely impossible, yet utterly irrefutable. Suddenly, he was outside the storage unit, annoyed expression on his face, mouth slightly open, lips forming the word, ‘Dad’. He was Bethany!

He glanced down his new body: all at once shorter, tighter, softer, leaner, rounder. Wavy, dark hair cascaded down his shoulders and draped over...Samuel looked down and stared straight into his daughter's deep cleavage, nestled comfortably in a pink bra and spaghetti strap top. Needing to see to believe, he racing inside the storage unit, his body jiggling and bouncing, and found his old body, bent and reeling behind wardrobe. It looked up at him. “What... what happened?”

Unable to keep still, to believe what had happened, Samuel bobbed on his feet and felt the spring in his muscles and the bounce of his boobs. Grinning, he replied, “Body swap. You and me.” It was incredible hearing his daughter's light voice slipping from his plump lips.

“How?” Bethany asked. “How did you sw—“ And the rest of the question never emerged. Confused she tried again, “How did you body sw—”

Samuel picked up the spell book with his now slender fingers and read the small print at the bottom of the spell, aloud, “The vessel”—he looked up and pointed at Bethany. “That’s you”—He resumed reading, “will be prevented from communicating any details of the spell.” It was so easy to read this small print with Bethany's improved eye sight.

“But you can’t do th—” She broke off, utterly outraged.

Strangely unmoved, Samuel replied, “Can.” He grinned triumphantly. “Did.”

He watched the anger and fear coarse through his old body and play across his old wrinkled face. He looked so frail from outside.

He headed for the exit. “It’ll be a learning experience for us both, Beth. Come on. You were so eager to leave before, let’s leave.”

Behind him, he heard the defeated footsteps of his former self, following his thick, swaying hips out the door.

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Samuel dropped Bethany off at his house then drove to her house to resume her life. Bethany had seemingly accepted that she had to pretend to be her own father, at least for a little while. It wasn't like Samuel was giving her a choice.

Bethany's house was empty when Samuel returned in her body; his granddaughter was still at school and he had the house to himself. Samuel walked quickly into the bedroom to the full length mirror and gaped at his new reflection.

His daughter's face stared back at him, her mouth slightly open in awe. Her face was slightly rounded, with plump cheeks and a tiny, upturned nose. She looked a lot like her mother. Her dark, wavy hair draped down his back and tickled him whenever he moved. She was clad in a pink top with black stretch pants that clung to her bubble butt and thick legs. Samuel's new figure was curvy and soft and exceedingly feminine. Her breasts felt so heavy and Samuel clasped his hands across his pink top and watched the smooth, tanned skin wobble delicately beneath the little slip of his nose. His eyes were drawn back to the mirror while he made his daughter's hands fondle her breasts. She was very pretty when she wasn't scowling at him.

Curious, he pulled Bethany's top off over his head and swept the hair out of his eyes. He reached around and after a bit of fumbling managed to unclasp her bra. He shrugged out of it and dropped it to the floor—ah, sweet relief!—allowing his breasts to tumble down. They were so sore after being held in the bra for so long, red marks from the straps criss-crossing his skin. He hefted his new breasts in his hands, running his fingers across the warm, meaty flesh and gently massaging them. They were heavy, filling his hands and spilling out of his fingers. His nipples grew erect as his fingers danced across them. A warmth began between his legs, slowly spreading through his body as he watched his daughter play with her tits in the mirror, feeling every sensation from the inside.

He leaned his face down and brought a breast closer to his mouth. Sticking out his tiny, pink tongue he licked his own nipple, enjoying the slightly salty taste of his new skin, the warmth of his tongue across the sensitive nub of his daughter's breast. He wrapped his lips around his own areola and sucked gently as he watched himself in the mirror. The sight of his well-endowed daughter suckling her own breast was turning him on. His hot breath raced across his sensitive skin, lighting a fire between his legs.

He released his tits, watching them wobble back and forth, and slid his hands down his slight tummy. Slowly, he rolled his pants down, revealing his round ass and smooth legs. He slipped out of his flats and pants, then rolled down his panties slowly, unwrapping his body like a present. He couldn't move his eyes away from the triangle of hair between his legs, his thin slit just visible beneath the curly pubic hair.

At last he stood naked in front of the mirror and admired Bethany's body. His daughter really was very attractive, with enjoyable, rounded hips and breasts, and a soft-featured, pleasant face. His hand trailed in between his legs, across the scratchy hair. He let a finger sink gently inside himself, watched in the mirror and felt himself opening as his finger landed on his warmth. His other hand came up to a breast and he hoisted it and squeezed gently. The finger inside him pushed in deeper. He sighed as he pressed up against what must have been his clit, releasing a small burst of heat through him and driving up his lust for his new body.

He sat on the edge of the bed and spread his legs. Samuel stared down at his new body, framed by his massive tits, to his pink folds. Bethany felt so soft, so warm. He dipped a finger down into his growing moistness and spread it back up against his clit. He brought in another finger and rubbed harder. An airy gasp escaped his lips and his body burned with lust.

He groped his breasts and rubbed himself harder, faster, growing wetter and warmer, waves of pleasure pulsing through him, building on each other, until they crested and he cried out “Ohhhh” in his daughter's voice as he enjoyed his first female orgasm. The pleasure began in his warm pussy and spread throughout his entire body. He slowed his rubbing as it grew, and resumed harder when the pleasure began ebbing, his body needing more, his cunt crying out for pleasure.

His voice rose in pitch as he worked Bethany's body, all thought chased from his mind except how

he could pleasure himself harder. His fingers were soaking with his lust and he rolled his nipples back and forth between his fingers. Samuel threw his head back and moaned as another orgasm blasted through him. His body rocked back and forth as the pleasure ran through him.

Samuel lay back on the bed, his heavy breasts flopping over his sides, and continued masturbating his daughter's aching body as the musky smell of his pussy filled the room. Orgasm after orgasm cascaded through him until, exhausted, he let his hands fall to the bed. He lay there breathing heavily as the pleasure ebbed through him, a wet spot growing cool beneath his thick butt, his fingers wet and sticky with his lust.

He laughed Bethany's tinkling laugh and ran his hands through his hair. That was incredible, but he needed to clean himself off before his granddaughter got home.

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Samuel emerged from the shower with a plan. His new female body was still singing; he wanted to move, to dance, to be seen as a woman in his daughter's beautiful body... and he was going to take it out, to give himself everything he was craving.

Wrapped in a towel he headed for Bethany's closet and opened the door. She had a wardrobe full of sensible clothes: jeans, t-shirts, pant suits, sweaters... Samuel pushed past all of them until he found what he was looking for in the back. A dress: short, tight, black and asking for trouble. The tags were still on; Bethany was apparently saving it for a special occasion. Samuel was fairly certain this qualified. He wiggled into the dress and surveyed himself in the mirror. The dress hugged his curves. It was cut low at the front, the swell of his breasts peeking out. It was perfect. He watched as his daughter's soft face lit up in the mirror.

Just hair, make up, heels and then he was out the door. He headed for the bathroom and eyed the vast array of Bethany's make up with some trepidation. Swallowing, he grabbed an eyeliner pencil. No point being timid. He was just about to start when a voice from the door interrupted him. "Hot dress. Very hoochie mama!"

Looking up, Samuel saw his granddaughter, Samantha, standing in the doorway with her backpack slung over her shoulder. His heart swelled a little, the way it always did around Sam. She was his pride and joy: a high school senior with amazing grades, a place on the school varsity basketball team and a contagious laugh that lit up the room. She had dark hair like her mother, that framed a heart shaped face with big, brown eyes. Her body was trim and athletic, with small, perky breasts. While Samuel had always struggled to find ways to relate to Bethany, his and Samantha's relationship was something special, forged in a shared love of sports, mint-choc ice cream sundaes and vinyl. Some of the best evenings of Samuel's recent life were the most simple: just attending Samantha's basketball games and picking up ice cream with her on the ride home. Even at 18 years old she couldn't turn down an ice cream with her grandpa.

Samantha waved a hand at the dress. "You got a date?"

"No, just going out," he replied and then a thought occurred to him. "But we could have dinner together before I go?"

Samantha shook her head. "Nah, I've got Calculus homework, go out and enjoy yourself. We're still hanging out Saturday right? Mother daughter mani pedis and lattes?"

"Yes, of course," he smiled. A night out on the town, a nubile new body and the promise of a day with Samantha - life was officially very sweet. Then his smile faltered a little as he regarded the eyeliner pencil in his hand warily. It couldn't be that hard surely? He closed one eye and tried to draw a somewhat straight line on the lid. The result was, predictably, a disaster.

Samantha smirked at the mess he'd created and squeaked, "Oh my god! You want me to do it?" She

dumped her bag on the floor and headed in. “You gotta learn how to do a proper smoky eyes, Mom.”

Sighing in relief, Samuel handed her the eyeliner. “Please, save me from myself.”

“K, close your eyes.” Holding Bethany’s jaw, Samantha leaned in close and began to draw, shade and smudge.

Samuel felt the warm, unfamiliar sensation of her breath on his cheek, felt her face so close to his own, examining him closely. Searching for normalcy, he asked, “How was school?”

“You know, same same same: teachers, tests, teen misery.” Samantha dragged a q-tip along Samuel’s eyelids then added excitedly, “Oh, except, so, Tara Westfield—you know the girl I told you about with the skeezy boyfriend who works at that gross tattoo place on Howard and Main—anyway, she got her bellybutton ring caught on Sarah Fiedler’s shirt during basketball practice and it ripped out!”

Samuel arched Bethany’s eyebrow. “Really?”

“I didn’t see it but it was supposed to be so gory. Full-on horror film blood splatters.”

Samuel had always known Samantha was on her best behavior around him. She’d made sure not to swear, not to wander into topics she thought might be too sensitive for his delicate geriatric ears. He smiled... the odd folly of the young, always thinking that the elderly were liable to be shocked by any mention of anything not PG-rated. And now, he could hear the difference in her voice. She was just comfortable, bubbly and chatting with her mom and not censoring herself in the least.

Delighted, he delved deeper and asked, “Anything new on the boy-front?”

“Nah, sat with Jason at lunch though and he was so totally sweet and I started thinking that maybe I want him back.” She shrugged. “But I don’t know really... Think I miss the idea of him, more than him him.” Samantha clasped Samuel’s chin and instructed, “Open.”

He opened his eyes and watched Samantha study him, smudging some extra color at the corner of his eye. Apparently satisfied with this stage in the process, she said, “Ok close again.” As she added eye shadow, she asked, “So how was your day? How was Grandpa?”

“It was good. We went to a storage unit auction. Got this really good deal on—”

Samantha snorted and cut him off. “He’s still dragging you to those? I thought you said you wouldn’t go to any more.”

Surprised, Samuel replied, “What? Why would she—” He stopped himself.

Samantha didn’t seem to notice his slip-up, just plowed on. “It’s such totally creepy hoarder behavior. This is how it starts, you know. Couple of auctions here and there, the occasional yard sale; then, boom, he’s got a house filled to the ceiling with moldy teddy bears and broken toasters.”

Defensive, he retorted, “I... He sells most of it on. Makes a profit too.”

Samantha rolled her eyes. “Whatever. He’s so gonna end up like one of those old dudes that get caught under their collection of Victorian dolls and I am not gonna be the one to dig him out.”

Samuel couldn’t speak. The pain of the unexpected words choked his voice. Apparently Samantha didn’t need him to speak, she was happy enough doing all of the talking. She continued, “Did I tell you he called me again yesterday? Wanting to make sure he had every one of my basketball games on his calendar. Soooo annoying.”

He had to work to keeping the coldness from his voice. “What’s wrong with him coming to

games?”

“He always wants to drive me home and stop somewhere on the way. I mean, seriously, does he think I’m, like, an infant - all excited about ice cream with Grandpa? And if I say, ‘no, I wanna ride with my friends’, he gets all pissy; like he thinks I owe him a visit every week.”

Samuel took a breath and said evenly, “Maybe he thinks you owe him some respect.”

“Whatevs,” Samantha replied dismissively. Then, “Open up, you’re done.”

Samuel opened his eyes and leveled them, cold and glinting, at his spoiled granddaughter.

## Bethany

Bethany sat in her Dad's house and in her Dad's body. The shock of the situation was finally starting to wear off and, in place of the shock, was annoyance. Her Dad's crack about this being a 'learning experience' set her teeth on edge. It was just like the time when she was 17 and he'd heard her sneaking out of the house. When she'd got home a few hours later, she'd tried sneaking back in but found every door and every window locked. Eventually, cold and exhausted, she'd knocked on the front door, ready to face her punishment in exchange for a warm bed. But her Dad had simply opened the front door a crack, leaving the chain in place and said, "Probably shouldn't have snuck out," and slammed the door closed. She'd spent two hours outside shivering before he finally let her back in.

How long would he leave her this time before he decided she learned something? Two hours? A day? It couldn't be longer surely. She had a job to go to, a teenager to care for, a life to live. And he had commitments too, things he wouldn't want to miss: his weekly poker game, emptying that stupid storage unit, Friday night dinners at the tacky Italian restaurant round the corner. She'd give him a night, one night, to play out this little power trip. He had to come to senses by tomorrow. And if he didn't...what could she do?

Sighing, she glared down at her temporary body. It was a body that ached when she stood and creaked when she sat. Her mottled arms and legs seemed so thin and wiry, not to mention the...feeling between her legs that she didn't want to think about. She dreaded the first time she'd have to pee. And her body was also craving something.

Walking to the kitchen, she began opening random cupboards until she found what she was looking for: a bottle of single malt. Ugh, why her Dad felt the need to spend \$50 a bottle on something that tasted like soil and burned like hell was beyond her... but now she wanted it.

Grabbing a tumbler, she poured herself a hefty splash. She downed it in a single gulp, relishing the burn and peaty flavor. She poured another glass; this one she'd savor. She needed it.

She was halfway through her third glass when there was a knock on the door. She stood up from the table, too fast for her body as a quick flash of pain radiated up from her knees, and opened the door. Standing on the porch was a glamorous woman who looked to be somewhere in her fifties. She had a short, ski slope of a nose, and a cheerful, slightly chubby face. Her hair was pulled back in a bun; a light brunette color with streaks of blonde, dyed—but dyed well—to hide the gray creeping in. A black pantsuit hid large, pillowy breasts. Bethany's dad certainly had a type.

The woman smiled when she saw Samuel, the sides of her blue eyes crinkling up to add a few more wrinkles. Cute old lady was Bethany's first thought, before remembering that she was in her dad's older body now and this woman was probably younger than she was now.

"Hi, Sam," she said, leaning in to kiss Bethany on the lips. The move caught Bethany by surprise but was finished in an instant, leaving only the lingering warmth of her mouth and the slight taste of honey on Bethany's lips. A name surfaced in Bethany's mind: Lisa. This must be her dad's girlfriend that he'd mentioned but had yet to introduce to the family.

Lisa swept in like she owned the place, heading to the fridge and pouring herself a glass of wine as she chatted merrily about her day. Bethany felt one step behind. It was partly the drinks she'd had and partly that she wasn't privy to her dad's thoughts and had no idea of his history with this woman. The latter was somewhat clarified when Lisa placed her glass on the counter and wrapped her arms around Samuel's body, pressing herself close to Bethany.

"I've been thinking about you all day," Lisa smiled as she stared into Bethany's eyes, "Couldn't wait to get over here."

Bethany started to pull away, to think of how she was going to tell Lisa she wanted to be alone, but her body felt otherwise. The combination of the drink and Lisa's warm body pressed against Bethany's masculine form and the intoxicating honey scent of whatever lotion Lisa had used caused Bethany's new cock to twitch beneath her pants. Lisa kissed her on the lips again, and this time Bethany opened her dad's mouth and welcomed Lisa's tongue inside. It felt right having this soft woman in her arms as her dad's cock stiffened to attention. No Viagra needed here.

Lisa's hand slipped down the waist of Bethany's pants and wrapped around her dick. Smiling, Lisa literally led Bethany by her cock to the bedroom. Bethany's hands returned the favor as they walked, slipping beneath Lisa's pants and grabbing a handful of her ass. When they reached the bedroom Lisa turned and wrapped her arms around Bethany's neck. Bethany was so hard, a desperate yearning filled her new body as her cock strained against her pants.

They helped each other out of their clothes, flinging them aside before pressing their naked bodies together in a warm embrace once more. Bethany's cock pressed against Lisa's belly, throbbing with desire. Bethany leaned down and lifted one of Lisa's breasts. Her areolae were large round circles, each dotted with a tiny pink nipple. Her tits were heavy and full, sagging down and with light stretch marks, but they felt wonderful and tasted sublime as Bethany suckled eagerly, letting her tongue slide around and taste Lisa's skin as Lisa sighed above her. Bethany had never thought playing with a woman's breasts could be interesting, but in her new body she couldn't get enough of the delicious, plump tits in front of her. She wobbled them in her hands, watching as the skin bounced wonderfully beneath her fingers.

Lisa clasped Bethany's head to her breast and moaned, "Oh, god, just fuck me now."

Lisa lay back on the bed and spread her legs, revealing the dark pink folds of her cunt already glistening with desire as she played with her own breasts. Bethany looked down at her dad's body, at the bulbous head of the thick cock straining between her legs. Bethany had a desperate desire to bury it deep inside Lisa's buxom body. She knelt over Lisa and wrapped one hand around her dad's cock. It was warm and throbbed beneath her touch, a force of its own yearning to bury itself inside Lisa's warm, pink folds. She guided her dick against Lisa's wet pussy and slowly pressed inside. She moaned as she slid into Lisa, feeling every inch of the wet pussy surrounding her as she sank into Lisa's heat. Somehow the yearning grew even fiercer as she entered Lisa, as if scratching this desperate itch made her want even more.

She withdrew, then plunged in again, slowly pumping into Lisa's soft body with her dad's rock hard cock. They both moaned as Bethany thrust over and over, pumping harder and faster. One hand gripped Lisa's soft tits, the other held her up so she could stare into Lisa's gorgeous face. Her mind spun with love and lust. She wanted this woman beneath her more than she had ever wanted anything. She pumped harder, thrusting inside as Lisa lifted her hips and moaned. Bethany moved faster, burying herself into Lisa's center as she grunted, animalistic, a ball of desire, wanting to own Lisa, to fill her forever.

Tension built within Bethany's body. She gritted her teeth and pounded faster. Lisa wrapped her legs around Samuel's body and Bethany sank deep. The tension snapped unexpectedly and Bethany moaned as her cock spasmed and she came, spurting her seed into Lisa's cunt and thrusting,

thrusting, until she was empty and Lisa was full.

Bethany lay atop Lisa's body, breathing hard. The desire had fled and Bethany was astonished at what she had done with her dad's body. At what she had needed to do. She pulled out of Lisa and rolled over, her flaccid cock slick with their mingled essence. Lisa wrapped a leg around Bethany and nestled into Samuel's body. The pleasure had been intense but fleeting and, while she still wanted to get back in her own body, for the moment she was content to rest with her lover in her arms.

## Samuel

Samuel knew he eventually had to figure out a suitable punishment for his granddaughter. He'd thought they'd been having a perfect time together and she turned out to be a spoiled, ungrateful brat. Just like her mother. For the moment, though, Samuel pushed those thoughts aside and tried to enjoy being in Bethany's body.

There was certainly a lot to get used to. He was already off balance from his thick ass and heavy breasts, and the high heels weren't helping. What's more, the dress he'd chosen could barely contain him. His feminine body was on full display and he felt nearly naked, like his breasts were going to pop out of his top at any moment. He was barely holding himself together as he wobbled and swayed across the marble floor of the hotel. People must have liked what they saw, though, because he caught several appreciative glances his way.

Samuel made his way into the swanky bar and took a stool at the counter. There was some squirming and fidgeting with the fabric of the dress as he tried to sit and cross his legs without letting his dress slide up to reveal his white silk panties. Even then, he could hardly believe the miles of silky skin showing below his dress. There was no way he was changing position now. It wasn't possible without flashing half the room.

The bartender approached him and asked him if he wanted a drink. Samuel didn't think a shot of whiskey would be appropriate in his daughter's body. What's more, he didn't feel like having one. The idea of it slightly nauseated him. What was it his daughter always ordered? Some sort of wine?

"A Chardonnay, please," Samuel said.

Samuel smiled gratefully as he took the wine glass in his slender fingers and sipped slowly, looking around the swanky bar. A few other patrons, mostly middle aged men, were scattered around the room among the muted lights and elegant décor of the room. The men were in suits or neatly pressed collared shirts, probably guests of the hotel here on business. Samuel had chosen this particular hotel because it was expensive and attracted higher end clientele. He wasn't about to pick up some dirty imbecile from the local dive bar. Samuel wanted his first time to be perfect.

As he sat looking around, he noticed a couple in one of the booths at the corner of the room. She was a good looking woman with shoulder length, dark-blonde hair who seemed poured into a strapless red dress. He was ruggedly handsome, with dark, intense features and a blue button up shirt that was tight across his chest and biceps. They, too, were looking around the room, talking to each other occasionally, and shooting glances his way. After about a half hour of sitting alone, the woman in the red dress slid out from behind the table and approached the bar. Though there was no one else at the bar, she chose to stand next to Samuel to order her drinks: a beer and a pinot.

Samuel glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. She was slender, with petite breasts tucked beneath the fabric of her dress. But just from seeing the wonderful curve of the top of her breasts before they dipped down below the fabric, he could tell that they were stunning, perfect. Probably perky and firm and wonderful to stroke. She looked over at him and smiled.

Samuel thought she'd caught him staring, then remembered he was in his daughter's body and a

stare from a woman didn't have the same sexual connotation it may have had from when he was a creepy old man. He smiled back. She had an exquisitely striking face that reminded him of a model from a perfume ad.

"Are you waiting for someone?" She asked.

Samuel shook his head, sending his hair tickling across his shoulders. "No one in particular."

She looked him up and down as if trying to figure out a puzzle, then: "In that case, why don't you join us at our table?"

She bit her lip and blushed red, though Samuel couldn't understand exactly why. It would be another hour before he understood what she was really asking.

"That sounds great," Samuel agreed.

"I'm Isabelle," the woman said, proffering a slender hand with red painted nails.

"Sa...Bethany," Samuel said, catching himself mid-word. He still wasn't quite used to his new identity.

"SaBethany?" the woman arched one exquisite eyebrow.

"Bethany. Just Bethany."

They collected their drinks and returned to the booth, Samuel standing slowly and adjusting his dress once more before swishing off behind her. She had a wonderful ass, it wiggled back and forth beneath her red dress. The man in the booth smiled as she approached, light creases appearing at the sides of each eye. Up close he was even more handsome than Samuel had thought. The blonde slid into the booth first and Samuel sat beside her.

"This is my husband, Colin. Colin, this is Bethany."

Colin's hefty hand enveloped Samuel's delicate fingers and he squeezed firmly. He gave off an air of complete confidence and Samuel felt a pang of jealousy as Colin rested his arm on the back of the seat behind Isabelle. It was irrational. Samuel had no interest in men. And yet...the way Colin was staring at him with the hint of a smile on his lips made Bethany's body warm and fidgety. He could imagine parting his legs for this man and letting him fill his daughter's body. Samuel shook his head to clear this thought, tossing his hair back behind an ear to cover for his hesitance.

"You looked a little lonely," Colin said, "We're honored to have a woman as beautiful as yourself join us."

It was a cheesy line, but said with such sincerity that Samuel felt himself blushing and avoiding eye contact with the handsome stranger.

"Thank you," he murmured. Samuel glanced down at the table, his eyes flicking across his daughter's tremendous breasts, ripe and round. He looked back up at Colin and Isabelle, who were both watching him keenly with expressions of interest, as if they were presenting him with some sort of test and were waiting to see if he passed.

"Are you here on business or pleasure?" Colin asked, sipping his beer. There was the merest pause before the word 'pleasure'.

"Definitely pleasure," he replied, never letting his eyes leave Colin as he sipped his wine.

"We are as well," Isabelle said, slipping a hand lightly onto Samuel's bare leg and staring into his eyes. Her fingers were warm and delicate on Samuel's bare skin, sending goosebumps of anticipation up his daughter's thigh.

They talked for a little while about their lives, Samuel using as much of his daughter's life as he knew to fuel the conversation. The wine and the casual way they spoke put Samuel at ease. He warmed to them both, enjoying Isabelle's husky laugh, and Colin's dark, intense eyes. Isabelle's fingers left and returned to Samuel's body several times, brushing against his arm, lingering on his fingers. Samuel found excuses to move closer to her, leaning forward as he spoke to Colin, letting his daughter's breasts hang down, the beautiful curves tucked beneath the dark fabric of his dress inviting the man's eyes to linger.

At a certain point there was a pause. Isabelle and Colin glanced at each other, smiled. Isabelle nodded, then turned to Samuel. His hand was resting on the table and Isabelle placed her slender fingers on it.

“My husband and I have a room upstairs. Would you like to come join us?”

Bethany's body was relaxed and mellow. “Absolutely.” He was eager to try out his daughter's body with someone else.

Colin and Isabelle's hotel room was on the sixth floor overlooking the park. Samuel walked in and was greeted with a magnificent view across the city from the wall to ceiling windows along the far wall. As he stood to admire the view Isabella came up beside him and slipped her arm around his waist. Her softness pressed against Samuel's own. He looked over at her. She, too, was looking out at the city. Her aquiline face was exquisite in profile, lit only from the single light from the doorway.

She turned to him, smiled. Her face came nearer and then their lips were pressed together in a kiss. Isabelle was hesitant at first, but grew bolder as Samuel pressed back, slipping his daughter's tongue out and against Isabelle's lips. She opened her mouth for him, accepted him into her deep warmth and he tasted her for the first time. The crisp-sweet hint of wine was still palpable on her hot breath as Samuel let his daughter's tongue trace around the inside of this woman's mouth, breathing her in.

Samuel turned fully towards her, wrapped his arms around Isabelle's waist and pressed her close, her hands wandering around the back of the velvety red dress as their breasts pressed together. An ember of desire flared between his legs, pulsing slowly through his feminine form. He was used to this, the touch of a woman, the smooth cheek beneath his lips, the slender curves as his hands roamed from her shoulders down to the curve of her ass.

And then a man's hands gripped Samuel's waist, gently but solidly from behind. Colin's heat pressed against Samuel's stolen body and his hot breath landed on Samuel's neck, nibbling kisses gently up and down the soft nape of Bethany's neck. Each kiss sent another chill down Samuel's spine and he moaned softly into Isabelle's mouth. The bulge beneath Colin's pants pressed up against Samuel's rotund ass, strong and firm, hinting at things to come.

Samuel unzipped Isabelle's dress and she slipped out of it, revealing a trim, toned body, the shadows deepening the shallow contours of her muscles. His eyes roamed up and down her body, taking her in. She returned his gaze, unashamed.

“You're so beautiful,” he whispered. Isabelle stepped back into his arms and Samuel's fingers slid up her warm back, slipped across the strap of her bra and freed her. She shrugged herself out of it and pressed her nearly naked body back against him.

Samuel was on fire, burning for Isabelle, burning beneath Colin's slowly quickening kisses, the urgent throbbing of his manhood. Samuel wrapped his hair and held it aloft so Colin could unzip his dress. Samuel shrugged his daughter's dress to the floor, soon followed by his bra. His daughter's tremendous breasts hung free on his chest, plump and full. Colin reached around and wrapped a hand over each of Samuel's tits. He'd already removed his shirt and the heat of his chest pressed

hard against Samuel's bare back. Bethany's body lit up at his touch and he leaned his head back and closed his eyes, enjoying the desire floating through his body as he was sandwiched between their caresses.

A man's hand slid gently between Samuel's legs from behind and he spread himself so the solid fingers could land on his pulsing sex, hidden beneath the delicate panties. The fingers slowly pressed against him, rubbing ever so gently, teasing him as Samuel's body ached for more, for harder.

There was a stifled gasp and Samuel opened his eyes to see Isabelle naked, her own fingers circling into her wetness, disappearing between the lips of her pussy as she grew wet watching her husband caress another woman.

Samuel grabbed her arm and turned her towards the bed. Colin made to move his hand from between Samuel's legs but Samuel caught his arm and turned to speak over his shoulder.

“No. You keep going.” His daughter's voice was heavy with lust.

Isabelle sat on the bed and Samuel straddled him on all fours, his ass still in the air, Colin's fingers now slipping beneath the hem of his panties to dip into his rapidly growing wetness. Samuel stared down at Isabelle with lust his daughter's tits hanging in front of him, resting on the soft curves of the woman beneath him. He kissed his way across her cheek, down her neck, over her collarbone and across her breasts, moving down, down, each kiss bringing him closer to her sex, driving their bodies higher with lust.

And then his daughter's face was over Isabelle's pussy, the beautiful pink folds visible beneath him, soon covered by his own pink tongue. She moaned beneath him as he landed on her for the first time, tasting her delicious muskiness, knowing it was matched by his own.

Samuel licked long and slow, pushing his nose into her tangy, delicious pussy, inhaling her deep scent, flicking his tongue against her clit as she juddered and sighed at his every touch.

Samuel's ass was in the air and he felt Colin pulling the panties aside. A second later there was a pulsing firmness against Samuel's cunt, followed by a gentle pressure. Samuel was so wet it didn't take much for Colin to slide inside. And now it was Samuel's turn to shudder as his daughter's pussy was filled with this stranger's cock. He slid deeper, deeper, until Samuel held him all inside, clenched around his glorious pussy. Colin withdrew slowly, leaving an aching emptiness that was soon filled once more.

They continued like this, Samuel lapping at Isabelle's clit, Colin gripping Samuel's waist and fucking him from behind. Samuel felt himself dripping, each thrust driving the heat through him, his body on fire, burning as he moaned into Isabelle's sopping folds. Colin began moving faster, building to the rhythm of Samuel's body until he was gripping Samuel's thick thighs and plunging deep into the core of him. Each thrust sent Bethany's tits bouncing and jiggling.

Samuel and Isabelle came at the same time, their cries mingling. Isabelle's legs flexed and writhed beneath Samuel's tongue. She thrust her thighs up towards his face and he devoured her as his own pleasure exploded through him. To be wanted like this, to be needed for his body was powerful, intoxicating. He needed one more release, he needed Colin to make him a woman.

Samuel raised his head and arched his back. He stared into Colin's wild eyes. “Cum for me.” He begged, “I need you to cum inside me. Please.”

Colin grinned and sunk deep, deep. Samuel raised his head, shut his eyes tight as his own pleasure crested and then he felt the throbbing of Colin's cock inside his pussy and he came hard. Crying out as Colin grunted from behind and emptied himself into Samuel. Bethany's body needed this release, this fullness and he cried out in her lusty voice until the throbbing stopped and the pleasure slowly

faded.

With Colin still inside him, Samuel rested his face on Isabelle's thigh, his eyes still close to her glistening folds as he traced one finger inside, parting her, admiring her cunt.

Now that the immediate need for release had been satisfied, his thoughts wandered back to his daughter. He wondered how Bethany had fared in his body. Wondered if he should tell her what he'd done in her own.

## Bethany

The next morning, after extricating herself from Lisa, Bethany headed home, utterly determined to end this farce. She might not be able to articulate her annoyance but that didn't mean her Dad was going to dictate terms. She was going to make him change them back now... even if she had to do it by force.

She walked into her kitchen and found her former body looking pale and drawn. Anger coursed through her body and her voice emerged as a low growl, "This is the stupidest stunt you've ever pulled and it ends now!"

In response, her dad just quaked.

Bethany shook head in disgust. "You should be scared. This is insane, even for you." She glared. "How did you even do it?"

Her Dad sounded completely confused. "This is real? Not a dream?"

"Of course it's real. Now end it." She got in her father's face. "Sw—" Infuriated, she tried again. "Sw—" But the damn spell wouldn't let her say the words.

Her dad watched her, perplexed, and responded, "Sw?"

Bethany tried again, "You have to fix this, you have to change—" Done with trying to reason with him verbally, she grabbed his arms—her old arms, her father's arms now—and shook. "How do I ch—"

Samantha walked in and gasped, "Grandpa! What are you doing to mom?"

Reluctantly, Bethany let go of her old body and watched it cower in the corner. She turned to Samantha, "Sam...I...Are you ok?"

"I'm great." Samantha smiled. "What are you doing here so early, Grandpa?"

Bethany only got as far as, "I'm here to—" before the spell cut her off.

Samantha didn't seem to notice, just glanced at the clock on the microwave and said, "Whatevs, we need to get going anyway." She turned to Bethany's body with a smile, "Come on, mommy, you wouldn't want me to be late for school would you?"

Bethany watched, feeling utterly helpless as Samantha led her old body out the door. For some reason the word 'Mommy' stung more than anything. It had been years since Samantha had called her that... and she wasn't even in her body to enjoy it.

She gave herself a mental shake. Moping achieved nothing; she needed to think, to act. When she had been flung into her Dad's body the previous day, he'd been holding that book: big, old, coursing with a strange energy. The book had to be the key to the swap and, if her father wouldn't change them back, then she'd simply find the book and do it herself. Her father was dropping Sam at school: that meant Bethany had twenty minutes to search. The book was enormous; there couldn't be that many places to hide it.

Turns out there were more places than she'd thought. Bethany ransacked her own room before moving onto the bathroom, the living room, Samantha's room and kitchen. She was rapidly running out of ideas and time when she glanced out the back door and noticed the small ladder (which usually lived in the garage) leaning against the house. Playing a hunch, she hauled the ladder into the hallway. Climbing it, she shoved open the trap door to the roof space and glanced around. There, lying between the box of Halloween costumes and Christmas decorations, was the book. The stupid old sod hadn't even bothered to hide it properly.

She climbed into the attic, grabbed the book and brought it down to the kitchen. The leather creaked as she opened it and then her newfound hope faded. The text was old and so faded she could barely make out the letters. It was a language she couldn't identify: a garbled blend of indistinct letters and unknown symbols. Panic rising, she flipped page after page, searching for anything legible, anything she could feed into Google translate and begin to identify.

Then, just as she heard the car pull up outside, just as she was giving up hope... she found the last page. And there, in perfect, uncomplicated English, was her solution. She smiled as she watched her former body push open the back door and step inside. She touched her finger to the word "RECAN'T" and stared in awe as the letter took on a golden glow. Then a voice emerged from the text and whispered low and fierce: "Returned."

And then she felt herself flow and across the room and sink comfortably back into her old body. Gasping in shock she clutched at her body, her face, her hair, desperate for the confirmation that she was herself again. Turning she caught her reflection in the oven door: there she was, distorted in the glass but completely thankfully her. She left out a sigh of relief.

Her moment of grateful calm was interrupted by her father, back in his own body and clearly furious. He spat at her, "You did this! You did this to me!"

"Me? I just fixed your mess." She shook her head. "What was your plan, dad? Just take my body and run? Were you ever going to switch us back?"

For a moment, her dad turned still and silent. And his anger seemed to fade in an instant, replaced by desperation and confusion. He said pleadingly, "Please, you don't understand."

"Don't I? Really? What don't I understand?" Bethany had no sympathy. "That you're a sick old man? That you're the kind of man who would steal his own daughter's body?"

Her father stepped forward and grabbed her hand. His voice quivered as he said, "No, no, you're not getting it—"

"Oh, I get it." She pulled her hand away from him in disgust. "I just don't care."

"Please! Please listen. I'm not—" He was begging now, utterly pathetic. "You can't do this."

"Can." Bethany smiled triumphantly and picked up the spell book. "Did."

Bethany watched his eyes fall to the book and, before she had time to react, he'd lunged across the room attempting to grab it from her hands. But apparently he'd forgotten he was back in his older body with its frail old knees; he'd moved too fast. Bethany watched his left knee give out and his body fall, slamming his head against the corner of the kitchen counter before he hit the ground. He lay there groggy and whimpering.

The next step, Bethany's revenge, was actually laughingly simple. A couple of phone calls, a visit from a kindly social worker plus a hefty chunk of her father's cash... and her father was removed to the Lavender Gardens Elderly Care Facility. Her Dad made the whole thing remarkable easy: ranting on incoherently about how no one understood and that his elderly body was a prison.

Bethany rolled her eyes at his pathetic attempts at justification and happily signed the papers that

removed him from her life forever.

## Samantha

Samantha sighed in annoyance. There were so many things she'd rather be doing with her Saturday evening. Like hanging out with Jason who was currently going all-out in an attempt to get back in her good books. He was so eager to please: driving her to and from school every day, buying her NBA tickets and spending countless hours with his head between her legs showing her exactly how much he wanted her back as his girlfriend. It was seriously tempting, the boy knew what he was doing down there...but, then again, there were reasons to keep her options open. Mark Whitmore had whispered a couple of really filthy suggestions in her ear at Homecoming and, if the rumors about him were true, he was an opportunity she didn't want to pass up. The agonies of choice...

Her Mom put an end to her daydreaming, saying, "Come on, let's get this over with." Bethany pushed open the door and led the way into Lavender Gardens.

Sam wrinkled her nose. "Ugh, the place smells like disinfectant and old man. I hate coming here."

"I know but it's only once a month," Bethany placated. "We'll just go in, make sure he's sitting tight, not up to anything and leave."

"What would he be up to?" Samantha asked.

Her mother shook her head and said breezily, "Oh, nothing, just... making sure."

They headed for her Grandfather's room, pausing at the nurses' station outside his door. Bethany greeted the nurse behind the desk, "Hi Sylvia. How's he been?"

Sylvia smiled. "Pretty good. He was having some difficulties earlier in the week—one particularly manic episode—but Dr. Dhawan adjusted his meds slightly and he seems to be doing a lot better. I can page Dr Dhawan, if you want to talk through the—"

Bethany cut her off, "No, no need. Just as long as he's doing ok." She smiled and headed into the room.

Samantha eyed her Granddad's hunched form: slumped in bed, eyes vacant and glued to the muted TV. While her mom launched into one-sided conversation, Sam elected to park herself in the visitor's chair and shove in her headphones. She checked the time on her phone every minute and at five minutes on the dot, she gave a big smile and said brightly, "Time's up, Mom."

Her Granddad looked across at her smile and glared, an icy look of pure fury crossing his face.

Bethany ignored him and said, "Oh, yes, we ought to be going." She turned for the door.

Samantha said sweetly, "I'll be right out, Mom. Just want to say goodbye to Granddad."

"Ok, I'll meet you at the car." Bethany headed out.

Samantha closed the door behind her and turned to her Grandfather's body. Eye's glinting she said, "So... do you miss this?"

She ran hand down her body slowly, trailing her fingertips over her breasts, down the flat plane of

her belly and resting them gently over her pussy. “Do you? Do you miss it, Samantha? Do you miss living in this body?” She giggled. “Because I gotta say”—he pointed to the decrepit body in the bed—“I don’t miss that.”

Samantha snapped, “Fuck you! Give it ba—” The spell stopped her. “You asshole! How could you do—”

Samuel just laughed, luxuriating in his granddaughter's stolen body. “You know... when I did the spell and swapped into your mom’s body, I thought it was the best thing that had even happened to me. New body: so fresh, so fit, so freeing. I thought nothing could be better.” He smirked. “Then you showed up... and demonstrated just exactly how bitchy and spoiled you are... and I realized: youth—real youth like yours—is completely wasted on the young.”

The fingers over his pussy trailed back up and grabbed the tank top and bra that Samantha's body was wearing. He continued, “So I just had to swap into your body instead and I’ve got to say: apologies to your mom, but there’s no comparison. Samantha, your body... is just so responsive.” He pulled down the bra and his tender breast poked out, perfect and smooth. He pinched a nipple and sucked in a tight little breath at the jolt of pleasure. “I mean one little squeeze, one teeny tweak of your nipple and I can already feel you getting wet. Do you miss these little tits? Think they might be as big as your mom's one day?”

He squirmed, squeezing Samantha’s legs together, sighing at the little grind of friction on his pussy. He dragged Samantha’s tongue along her lip and said, “And then your mom—bless her—had to find the spell book and do the switcheroo, getting her own body back and dropping you neatly into mine. Of course, your mom chalks up my retreating to my room as me just being a teen. She has no idea of what I'm doing up there. Alone. In this hot little bod.” He laughed. “I should really thank her for all this. What do you reckon – fruit basket? Flowers?”

Samuel watch his old body move, watched Samantha maneuver it out of bed and across the room towards him, begging, “Please change this, Grandpa. Please, I'll do anything. I’m sorry. Please sw \_\_\_”

Samuel stepped out of her reach, opened the door and said simply, “Nah.” Smiling sweetly he called, “Bye, Grandpa.”

He closed the door and turned to an orderly, a big, well-muscled guy with tats spanning his massive biceps. Using an old-school combo he’d mastered very early on in the swap, Samuel rested a fingertip gently against his lower lip, crossed one arm under his boobs and pushed his elbows together. Peeking up at the guy through his lashes he squeezed his tits together and said, “Hi, so, totally sorry to bother you but I think my Granddad could use some help.”

He watched the guy’s eye dip to the curves of his breasts and mutter distractedly, “Umm... sure, Miss. What’s the...”

Samuel reached up and squeezed the guy’s arm. “Oh my god, thank you. He’s in Room 302 and he’s getting, like, agitated. I think maybe you need to up his meds.”

With that, he turned and walked for the front door. He swung Samantha’s hips, gave the orderly a good long look at his biteable ass. For a moment, he wondering idly what the orderly would do to his old body... but dismissed the thought pretty quickly. It was far more fun to think about what the orderly wanted to do to his new body.

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## Pleasureville

Blake sat up in his tattered armchair and flipped through the channels on the TV. Each scrambled channel just made him angrier.

“I thought you ordered the match,” whined Alan as he sipped another beer and licked pizza grease off his chubby fingers.

“I did!” Blake cried, “Where the fuck is it?”

“Didn't they send any instructions?” Joel chimed in, ever helpful. He pushed his thick rimmed glasses up his nose and pulled out his phone to search the internet for troubleshooting help.

“It's just supposed to be on the pay per view channel.” Miguel added.

“I know where it's supposed to be but it's not!” Blake cried.

Blake had invited his friends over to watch the Hassel-Welton heavyweight match and he was positive he'd ordered it. He just couldn't find it. He rubbed a hand along his stubbly chin and grunted in frustration as the others looked on, growing more and more restless. Blake's heavy dark stubble and broad features made him appear older than the others, though he was just a freshman. He'd invited the other guys over to show off but instead he was being embarrassed by stupid technology.

“Told you we should have watched at the bar,” Miguel said, leaning back on the faded plaid couch that smelled vaguely of mildew. He sipped his beer and grimaced. “Warm beer and no boxing.” He reached for the pizza box, but it was empty. “And someone ate all the pizza.” He said, shooting a meaningful look at Alan.

“Not my fault you're a slow eater,” Alan said, wiping his chubby cheeks. Then he turned to Blake “Come on, gimme the remote” he said, snatching it from Blake's hand.

He, too, started flipping through channels with no more luck than Blake had been having.

“Oh, yeah, you're doing much better than me. Well done.” Blake said, deadpan. Blake reached for the remote but Alan dodged out of the way.

“Have you tried turning it off and on?” Joel asked, reading from a random website.

“Give me the fucking remote, man.” Blake said, grabbing Alan's arm and they started wrestling.

“Ha, looks like we got some sort of fighting match right here,” Miguel said, draining his beer.

“Have you tried holding down AUX, INPUT 1, VOLUME UP and CHANNEL DOWN for five seconds?” Joel asked, trying another website.

Blake and Alan continued struggling to take control of the remote control. The two guys grunted and grabbed at each other, their meaty hands hammering down blows whenever they could as they fought. They'd both been on the wrestling team in high school and were thick, heavysset guys used to grappling their opponents into submission. Alan had gained some weight and had the advantage,

but Blake was wiry and kept slipping out of his grasp. There was much grunting and punching before the remote flew through the air and smashed against the wall.

“Come on!” Blake cried.

Joel looked at the broken remote, then back to his phone. After a second he added: “Have you tried super glue?”

“You broke it!” Alan said, gathering up the two pieces and trying to fit them back together.

“It wouldn't have broken if you hadn't grabbed.” Blake said.

“I wouldn't have grabbed it if you'd ordered the fucking match.”

“All right, I'm going down to the bar,” Miguel said, plunking his empty beer can down on the coffee table.

Miguel opened the front door and jumped back in surprise, raising his fists in preparation for a fight. There was an old man standing just outside, dressed in tatty blue coveralls and a worn leather tool belt. He had twinkling blue eyes and a thin white beard.

“Jesus, you scared me.” Miguel said, lowering his fists.

“Looks like you're having some trouble with your remote,” he said, nodding at the pieces in Alan's hands. “Lucky for you I'm a remote repairman. Let me take a look at that.”

He gingerly took the pieces from Alan's hands and investigated them. “Hmmm. Yep. Looks broken.”

“Awesome. Good thing we got a specialist's opinion,” Blake snorted.

“I'll take this and try to fix it. I'll leave you with this temporary remote.”

The man pulled a shiny, silver remote out of his tool belt and handed it to Blake. It was strangely warm.

“What's the catch?” Blake asked, suspiciously.

“No catch,” the man replied, “If you don't like it you get everything back.”

He turned and strolled out the door before they could ask him what he meant.

“The fuck?” Miguel asked the room. He poked his head out the door but the man had completely disappeared. He closed the door and sat back down. “Since when are there traveling repairmen?”

“Traveling remote control repairmen,” Joel added, googling just that.

Blake aimed the silver remote at the TV and pushed some buttons. The next channel he found was some sort of low budget movie. A large breasted black woman was standing in an immaculate living room in front of a long, leather couch talking to an exceedingly busty white woman who, with her high cheekbones and huge breasts, appeared to be composed of mostly silicone and plastic. Standing beside them both was a slightly chubbier—and also well-endowed—Asian woman. The dialogue was stilted and the acting worse. It was clearly a porno.

“Well, the remote works,” Blake said, “And we don't have a match, but we've got porno.”

“I'm not sitting here and watching porn with you guys,” Miguel said, getting up to leave.

“Just find the match!” Alan cried, grabbing the remote. The two brothers tussled some more, and then there was a loud bang and a white flash that obliterated their senses.

When the world swam back into view Blake was in a strange room that seemed vaguely familiar. It was a large, immaculate living room with a high ceiling and a long leather couch in the center. Daylight streamed in through huge bay windows behind him, illuminating the two other women in the room. One was a white woman. Slender and tanned and very, very blonde. She had a striking, angular face, with lips and cheeks that appeared to be as enhanced as her breasts. She wore panties and a garter belt that clung to her supple form, leaving very little to the imagination. Her giant fake breasts and swollen nipples were clearly visible beneath the thin pink fabric of her tight top.

The other woman was Asian, slightly shorter and chubbier. Her hair was cut into a gentle bob that framed her wide face and thick lips. She had on a tight dress that clung to her supple body.

Both women were both gaping down at their own bodies, poking and prodding at their tits.

Blake rubbed his eyes and realized his hands didn't feel right. He looked at them and saw slender, ebony fingers with dark painted nails. His eyes dropped down to his body. Two round, black breasts were partly covered by a simple blue, collared top. A gray skirt covered his legs, and beneath he had on black stockings and high heels.

“What the fuck?” he yelped in a deep, husky voice. The other two stopped investigating their own bodies and looked at him.

“Who...who...?” was all the Asian could get out as she looked from one to the other then back down at herself.

It soon came out that the Asian woman was Miguel and the plastic blonde was Alan.

Blake squeezed his tits experimentally. They were real. Soft and heavy. They bobbed back and forth as he hefted and dropped them, then ran his fingers along his smooth, black skin. His hands fluttered down and around to his plump ass. He grasped his skirt and raised it up, not surprised to find that this body wasn't wearing any panties and he caught a glimpse of the dark hair surrounding his new pussy before he rolled the dress back down and smoothed it around him. He looked around and it suddenly hit him: his clothes, the living room, the two other women. He knew where he'd seen them.

“Guys, we're in that porno. The one we were watching.”

“H-how?” Alan stammered in a high-pitched voice. He sounded—and looked—like a blonde bimbo.

Blake shrugged, making his breasts bounce up and down. He noticed Alan still had the remote in one feminine hand. Blake moved towards him, stumbling in his high heels and nearly tumbling onto the floor before catching himself on the couch.

“The remote,” Blake said, pointing to Alan's hand. “It must have been the remote. Maybe it can get us back.”

Alan looked at the silver remote in his hand, realizing for the first time that he was still holding it. It

was bent at a strange angle and when he aimed it at the TV and pressed the buttons it sparked briefly.

“Shit. I think you broke it,” Alan said, looking at Blake.

“You broke it. If you hadn't grabbed it from me we wouldn't be here.”

“If you'd ordered the match we wouldn't be here!” Alan said, stepping towards Blake who'd gotten back to his feet.

“If you weren't such an asshole,” Blake said, shoving Alan. Alan shove him back and suddenly the two were at it again, their tiny hands flailing wildly at each other as their enhanced feminine bodies jiggled. Miguel thought it would have been hot if the situation hadn't been so crazy. He stepped in and pushed them apart, one hand on each of their breasts.

“Stop! Stop! Let's figure out how to fix the remote and get out of here.”

“Fine,” Blake said, adjusting his top back over his breasts.

“Hey,” Miguel said, glancing around, “Where's Joel?”

They heard a woman's faint cry from upstairs and hurried towards it, staggering and clinging to each other as they tried to adjust to the weight distribution of their new bodies.

When Joel's vision cleared he found himself squatting on the floor of a strange bedroom. His knees were in the air and he was leaning back on his hands. Only they weren't his knees. They were firm and feminine, with gorgeous sculpted calves, thick thighs and delicate feet clad in high heels. In fact, his whole body was different. His skin was the flawless deep, rich brown of an Indian woman. Looking down he saw two small, firm breasts protruding from his naked chest. Though they were small the curves were perfect, the skin flawless and smooth, the nipples perky. Joel's new body was wearing some sort of fishnet body suit that had been pulled open to free his amazing tits. Looking down his incredibly female body, he saw why he had such a strange, pleasant feeling of fullness.

His feminine body was squatting atop a rubber dildo that had been suction cupped to the floor. The dark rubber head disappeared between the dark pink lips of Joel's gaping pussy. He gasped and lost his balance, tipping over on his heels and falling on to the dildo, sinking all the way to the hilt. He let out an involuntary gasp as a burst of pleasure flared through him.

“Holy shit,” he murmured. It felt so good he had to try it again.

His new body swayed in delightful ways as he pushed his butt back up into the air onto his hands, allowing the dildo to slightly withdraw. He sat down again, controlled this time, and closed his eyes as the hard-softness filled him with delight. He began bouncing up and down, slowly at first but growing in speed as sparks of electric pleasure danced through him, emanating from his pussy and spreading throughout his new body. He didn't know who's body he was in, but it felt so good he didn't really care. He watched between his legs as the dildo disappeared inside him and reappeared wet with his juices. He flew up and down on the dildo, pounding himself, his pussy wet and dripping with pleasure. He watched his tits wobble back and forth, mesmerized by their rhythmic bouncing. He bobbed down harder, faster, fucking his new body as a delightful tension built up inside him.

Joel threw his head back and moaned as he sank all the way down again. It was wonderful to be so full, to scratch an itch this body desperately needed to satisfy. He withdrew, then slammed his cunt back down onto the rubber shaft and the tension exploded, sending pleasure bursting through him. His knees clapped together and his hands gave out. He fell, his weight landing full on the dildo and driving it straight up into his aching cunt. He cried out, bouncing short, sharp bounces on the dildo to drive the pleasure through him. There was one last, loud cry, then he trembled and lay back on the floor, the dildo still inside him as he panted, hardly believing what had just happened. Surely it was a dream.

There was a noise from the doorway and he looked up to see three other women staring down at him: a black woman, a blonde barbie, and a stacked Asian—like the setup to a joke, Joel thought. Their mouths were gaping open as they stared at him.

“Someone's been enjoying themselves,” Blake smirked.

Joel struggled to sit up, each movement sending the dildo jiggling against the walls of his pussy and reminding him of his incredible horniness. It also didn't help that his new body was more top heavy than he was used to while his hips and legs were slimmer. He was all out of proportion but he

managed to grab hold of one of the bedposts and pull himself to his feet. As he stood he adjusted his fishnet body suit back over his tits, not that it covered anything. He might as well have been wearing nothing.

“So, then,” Joel began once he'd put his new body in as much order as he could manage and tried to act nonchalant, as if his friends didn't just walk in on him masturbating. “I'm guessing by your shocked looks that you're Blake, Alan, and Miguel.” They nodded. “Anyone know what's going on?”

“This guy,” Alan said, jerking a slim thumb towards Blake and Joel noticed dazedly that Alan's firm, fake breasts failed to wobble even a little despite their size, “Did something to this remote and now we're all trapped in his porno.”

“It's not my porno.” Blake said, defensively.

As they argued Joel picked up the dildo he'd been using and began sucking on it absently.

“What are you doing? Put that down!” Miguel cried.

Joel looked up, startled, then looked to the dildo in his hands. It felt so right having it. He tried to put it down on the bed but couldn't seem to make his hand let go. Already there was a yearning to fill the emptiness inside him once more, to thrust the toy back inside and fuck himself to orgasm again and again. It was all he could do to clasp both hands around it and set it in his lap.

“I don't know...I...I can't...it's like...I need it.” He shrugged, and the gaze of the other three shifted down momentarily to Joel's perky breasts.

“Guys,” Miguel interrupted before they could start again, “Let's just get the remote fixed and get the fuck out of here. Unless you want to live in a porno with these bodies. You know what happens to women who look like this in porn.”

They all did.

A rich, bass voice spoke up from the hallway. “Your sink's all fixed Mrs. Luther.”

A tall, broad shouldered black man holding a toolbox appeared in the doorway. He was wearing overalls and a tight t-shirt that was practically painted on. The arms protruding from the shirt were thickly muscular and glistened in the lights of the hallway. A name tag on his shirt identified him as Marcus. He smiled and cast an approving eye down Miguel's voluptuous Asian body. Miguel blushed and shifted uncomfortably, trying to cover his breasts but only succeeding in knocking them and making them swing back and forth.

“Ok, um, thanks,” Miguel finally said.

“Do you have any other clogged pipes that need fixing before your husband gets home?” Marcus asked.

“What about the kitchen?” Miguel said. It felt like the right thing to say and he hoped the guy would go away.

“Certainly, ma'am. Come show me what's wrong.”

The man placed a solid arm around Miguel's waist and led him down the hallway. Miguel felt himself being pulled along as much by a mental force as by the physical one, as if this was where his body wanted to go. Where his body was supposed to go. His tits and ass jiggled with each step.

“Wait, come back!” Blake called.

“I can't!” Miguel cried as he was lead away, “It's like...I have to go with him. My body won't let me

stop. Fix that fucking remote quick!”

And then he was around the corner and disappeared from view.

“Shit. What do we do!” Blake panicked.

“We stay calm and try to find someone who can fix this remote.” Alan said, his eyes flicking down to Joel's naked breasts. Alan thought maybe he could overlook the fact that his friend was inhabiting that body and dive between her legs if he ever got the chance. He shook the thought away. “Quick, before Miguel gets...Come on!”

“I'm not going out like this!” Alan said, looking down at his mostly naked body and pink top.

“Maybe there are some clothes in here,” Joel said, opening the closet door, revealing a rack of clothes even skimpier than what they were currently wearing. Joel pulled out a hanger that was holding something that looked like a sheer, white top made out of stretchy material barely bigger than his hand.

“Shit,” Alan said, “Looks like I'm going to be the sexiest bitch out there.”

Alan needn't have worried about his clothes. As the guys walked along the sidewalk, stumbling along in their heels and new bodies, they gaped in awe at the naked sexuality around them.

“Jeez,” Joel whispered, “It's a a city straight out of every porno.”

Young, exceedingly muscular men mowed lawns topless, others delivered mail in tiny thong uniforms and still others seemed to do nothing but hang out in the park, holding water bottles at arms length above them and letting the water splash down their oiled up bodies in slow motion. Women in mini-skirts walked their dogs, bending over every few steps to pet them. As they did so, their skirts slid up to reveal perfect, teardrop shaped asses.

Blake paused to watch two bikini-clad models with huge breasts washing a sports car in a driveway, splashing the water on each other and laughing, while upstairs in the house behind them a group of young women in just their bra and panties were engaged in a pillow fight. Alan grabbed Blake's tiny hand and pulled him on, Blake's black breasts bobbing uncomfortably on his chest, his heels clicking arrhythmically on the pavement as he struggled to keep his balance.

“Come on, we're fixing the remote and getting out of here.” Alan said, adjusting his own pink top for the hundredth time. It kept riding up and chaffing his solid breasts. He was curious about his new body, but he didn't want the others to think he actually liked this.

“Maybe this is, like, the fantasy land where pornos come from. Or go to.” Joel mused, absently sucking on the dildo that he'd recently used on his new pussy. “They all seem to fit into some sort of typical porno scene.”

“What about us?” Alan asked.

“Hmmm. Well, I can't seem to drop this,” Joel said, holding up the dildo. Joel was also incredibly wet, he could feel himself practically dripping down his thighs but he didn't want to tell the others that. His body was burning with a desire to plunge the toy back inside him. “Miguel didn't want to go with the plumber but he did and he's probably getting railed by that guy as we speak. Maybe each of us is supposed to be in a scene. It'll be interesting to see what scene you guys are in.”

“Interesting?! This isn't some sort of experiment!” Alan yelled. “We're in some sort of weird...porno world. We've all got huge tits and sexy bodies! I'm not waiting around to see if I'm going to get drilled by some rando. I'm getting out of here. ”

Joel shrugged, unphased by his friend's outburst. Truthfully, it took all his concentration just to talk and not drop onto a nearby bench, throw his legs in the air and fuck himself senseless.

By this time they'd reached a small strip mall. Each store had a porno name more warped than the one before. There was a coffee shop called Starfucks, an electronics store with a window full of sex toys called Radio Shag, a burger joint called Five Guys Banging Each Other, a clothing store called Bang-Anna Repube-lick, and, finally, The Gap (“Your butt plug superstore!”).

“Whoa,” Joel said, captivated by the display in the window of Radio Shag.

Electronic vibrators of every shape and kind were displayed, with several of the mannequins demonstrating exactly how they were to be used. Joel pressed his breasts against the window of the shop and gazed like a kid on Christmas morning at the awesome range of electric toys. "Let's go in here," he cried, turning to the others.

"This may be the closest thing to a repair shop we'll find," Blake agreed.

"Yeah. A repair shop. Right." Joel nodded slowly, still entranced by the range of toys in the window.

Blake stepped up behind Joel's plump, naked ass. He wanted to reach out and grab it, stroke his fingers down her slender crack and make her gasp in pleasure. But it was his friend inside her demure Indian body. Blake caught a glimpse in the reflection of the window of his own stacked black female body. His new form oozed sexuality, his dark eyes and pouty lips practically begging to give a blow job. He turned away, blushing at the erotic thoughts flashing through his mind.

Before they could drag Joel away from the window, a red convertible screeched to a halt in the parking lot behind them. A young man with slicked back hair and movie star looks jumped out and ran towards the group.

"There you are! I've been looking all over for you!" The man cried.

Even Joel turned to look, his breasts still pressed against the window as the man ran up to Blake.

"Who-who are you?" Blake asked.

"Jeez, three days on the job and you've already forgotten me. I'm Tommy. And Mr. Hammers you are going to be really upset if you don't get back to the office right now. Come on!"

Tommy grabbed Blake's arm and pulled him towards the car. Alan latched onto Blake's other arm and there was a brief tug of war.

"No," Alan cried, "Leave him alone."

But Alan's slender feminine form was no match for Tommy's power, plus Blake himself seemed to be no help. Blake wanted to fight, to shrug Tommy off, but his body wouldn't resist. Tommy soon tugged Blake free of Alan and hustled him into the waiting car. If Joel was right, then Blake was soon to find out what his "scene" was supposed to be. Blake wanted to explore his new body, but wasn't ready for someone else to do the same.

Tommy ran around to the other side as Blake pulled the seatbelt across his large chest, his body going along with whatever seemed to be happening.

"Get that remote fixed! Quick!" Blake yelled, as the car roared out of the parking lot.

Alan tried to run after him but quickly realized the futility of running in heels as he toppled to the ground. He picked himself up and brushed himself off. Fortunately he hadn't let go of the remote.

"Ok, let's get this thing fixed," Alan squeaked, turning back to Joel.

But Joel was gone.

Marcus, the sexy, black plumber, was kneeling down in front of the kitchen sink. His muscular arms were sheened with sweat from his exertions on the drain pipes. Miguel stood behind him, his ample butt leaning on the counter and his arms crossed beneath his heavy tits. He looked back and forth from his breasts to Marcus, warm feelings flooding him about both. He couldn't help being proud of the breasts he now possessed. They looked even bigger hanging from his tiny, Asian form. They were heavy and ripe, and their meaty weight felt so nice resting atop his arms as he looked down at himself. He flexed one pec, then the other, watching his tits bounce back and forth.

Miguel had tried to get out of the kitchen a few times but some force kept dragging him back. Less of a force than a desire really. He wanted to be here with this handsome plumber. Even when he heard his friends leaving out the front door he didn't feel any sense of urgency about escaping. His only sense of urgency came when he watched Marcus' thick muscles coiling beneath his tight shirt.

Shit, what was happening to him? He wasn't into guys. If anything, in this body, surely he was a lesbian. Surely?

His thoughts were interrupted by Marcus standing up. Marcus was huge and he just made Miguel, with his reduced Asian stature, seem that much smaller. Marcus wiped his hands on a cloth and turned to Miguel.

“Looks like that's all fixed, ma'am.”

“Great,” Miguel said, “That everything then. No fix nothing else. No hang around anymore.”

What the fuck? Now even his voice was changing, his accent becoming like that of a Japanese tourist who didn't have full command of English. A stereotype. Worse, a porno stereotype.

Miguel needed to get rid of Marcus. Every time he looked into those dark brown eyes a gentle ache surged through his body and he was scared of what Marcus might do if he stayed around. Scared of what he might want Marcus to do.

“Ok, let's see, that will be...” Marcus tallied up the total in his head, “Eighteen hundred and forty dollars.”

“Uhh...” Miguel paused. He had no idea where his money would be. “Just send invoice.”

“When you called for an appointment I told you I needed payment on the day. Maybe I can give you a pass if you can give me...something.”

There was no doubt what Marcus wanted but there was no way Miguel was going to do anything to this hunky, good looking man. Even as he thought this he was compelled to step closer to Marcus and bring a slender hand up to Marcus' chest. This close he could smell Marcus' woody scent. The heat from Marcus' solid chest seemed to penetrate straight through Miguel's hand and build between his heavy thighs. His treacherous body needed this man, and Miguel slid his hand down into Marcus' pants, brushing across the solid heat of Marcus' dick. Marcus smiled and placed a hand on Miguel's head, forcing him gently to his knees, his tiny nose in front of Marcus' groin.

With trembling fingers Miguel unzipped Marcus' pants and freed the thick, black cock within. It sprang to attention in his hand and he pulled it out and took it in both hands. The bulbous black head pointed straight at his lips, and the shaft was so thick his tiny fingers couldn't quite touch his thumbs when he wrapped his hand around it. He stroked up and down gently, hating it and needing it at the same time.

“That's right,” Marcus moaned, his thick hand still on Miguel's head. “Why don't you suck my dick?”

Miguel opened his mouth wide and slid his lips down over the head of Marcus' huge cock. His hands continued to stroke as he forced the dick back into his mouth, as far back as he could, and he was still only halfway down the massive member as it filled his mouth with the warm heat. He slid up and down, wetting his hands with his saliva and, working Marcus' cock with his mouth and both hands, he was able to stroke the entire shaft. His hands pressed into Marcus' groin as the hand on the back of his head pushed him further down. Blake had no choice but to open wide and try to relax as the dick was pushed further inside his mouth, the soft-hardness of the shaft sliding across his tongue with a slight but not unpleasant acrid taste. Miguel choked and came up sputtering, saliva running down his hands and chin, dripping onto his tits. Then the hand was on the back of his head again and wrapped through his black hair, controlling his every motion, forcing his lips down and up, down and up, faster and faster.

Marcus groaned above him and Miguel's breasts bounced beneath him as he worked Marcus' cock. Marcus moved him faster and Miguel sucked harder, running his tongue across the underside of the rippled shaft in an effort to get this over with. He didn't want to be blowing this mountain of a man but it seemed he had no choice. And Marcus had a hell of a lot of stamina.

After a few minutes of this, with Marcus grunting and groaning but still no closer to finishing, Miguel felt the hand on his head move, replaced with two hands, one on each side of his head. They gripped his hair and pushed him down harder and faster, face fucking him viciously. Miguel's lips slid up and down, his whole body jiggling as he sucked off the black cock, choking and sputtering as the thick black cock slammed into his pretty mouth and deep down his throat. He was forced to continue until at last Marcus groaned and wrapped his hands painfully through Miguel's hair, pulling him off and holding him in place. With his other hand Marcus tugged at his cock until he exploded all over Miguel's face. Miguel was held in place directly in front of the thick dick, closing his eyes as the hot cum blasted across his eyes, his flat nose, his lips, dribbling down his chin and dripping onto his breasts. It seemed to go on forever until Miguel was drenched with cum and finally Marcus slowed and stopped.

Marcus looked down at Miguel, “All right, I'll take that as payment.”

Miguel wiped some of the sticky seed from his face and, curious, sucked on his fingers. He closed his eyes and shivered at the delicious taste of Marcus' seed. Miguel was about to respond when he heard the front door opening.

“Shit, your husband's home.” Marcus whispered, his eyes going wide.

Husband?

Blake tried to find out where he was going and what he was supposed to do when he got there, but Tommy talked as fast as he drove. The convertible's top was down and the rushing wind ripped through Blake's hair and drowned out nearly every third word out of Tommy's mouth.

“...you to...the files...was gone...ha ha!” Tommy continued with his monologue as he tore through the streets, weaving in and out of traffic like a madman to the honks and squealed tires of other drivers.

Blake soon stopped trying to get a word in and simply gripped the seat beneath his fat bottom. Tommy kept glancing over at Blake to punctuate points of his conversation and wasn't at all deterred by the lack of response. The warm wind tore at Blake's clothes, making his deep-necked top flap viciously, threatening to totally expose his breasts. After about twenty minutes of terror, Tommy pulled into the parking lot of a tall chrome and steel office tower, coming to a stop in the middle of the bay reserved for wheelchairs.

“Here you are, door to door service. Except I picked you up in a parking lot and took you to another one so maybe lot to lot service, ha ha!”

Tommy bounded out of the car and raced around to the passenger side where he yanked open the door and helped Blake out. After prying his fingers out of the leather seat from their death grip, Blake stood shakily. Tommy took his arm gently and ushered him through the revolving doors and into a white marbled reception area, only breaking his running stream of commentary to momentarily say hello to a few of the people in the foyer as they headed for the elevators.

“Mr. Hammersyou said 'go find her' and you know whatever he wants he—hi, Barbara—gets so I went to your house, your parents' house, your former work. I mean I didn't—Pete, Charlie, hi guys—didn't have any clue after that so I thought to myself 'Tommy', I says to myself, I says, 'You're gonna have to scour the city', so that's what I did.”

Tommy guided Blake into the elevator and pushed the button for the top floor. The glass walled elevator lifted gently, revealing a sprawling view of the city as it traveled up to the top. When the doors opened Blake and Tommy stepped out into a plush, well-decorated office. Everything about the decor—the paintings, the furniture, even the plants—screamed 'Money!'. Tommy led Blake around to a small desk next to a larger office with opaque glass walls and a name plate that read “Dick Hammersyou, CEO”.

“Well, here you are, just like you left it. I imagine you've got a lot on your plate so I'll be off. How do you like it here anyway? Everyone treating you well? We're all one big happy family and there are no secrets here. I've heard Mr. Hammersyou has been treating you real well. Lucky! Ha ha!” And then Tommy was off back down the hallway, leaving Blake all alone with no clue what he was supposed to be doing.

Blake turned to his computer and the files scattered across the desk, looking for some hint. Suddenly, there was a hand on his ass squeezing. He jumped and turned around. Behind him was a handsome man with long blonde hair tied back in a bun. He'd somehow managed to pack his

muscular frame into a fancy suit that was bursting at the seams. He looked like a surfer who'd decided to go into business. And his hand was still on Blake's rotund ass.

“Yasmine! Glad you made it back here. Come into my office I've got something for you.”

Without waiting for an answer the man turned and walked into the CEO's office. Blake wanted to run, to escape, but his body refused to listen. The only thing he could do was follow Mr. Hammersyou into his office and shut the door behind him.

Joel was talking to the dildo salesman when Alan stalked up angrily behind him.

“Where the hell did you go?” Alan asked, “We need to stay together.” God, how could anyone take him seriously with his little voice?

“Look!” Joel turned to Alan, a look of wonder on his face. He held up a metallic blue cylinder that had been molded into a gentle spiral and was studded with small bumps. It looked like a medieval torture device. “It’s the Super Soaker 5000!”

“That right there is guaranteed to get up to three orgasms per minute or your money back,” the salesman interjected.

Alan glared at Joel. “I don’t need a machine that gives three orgasms per minute--”

“Lucky,” the salesman muttered.

“--what I need is to get the remote fixed so we can go home. Do you guys do repairs?” Alan asked the salesman.

“Yeah, we can fix your toys.”

“Can you fix this?” Alan asked, holding up the bent silver remote.

“That looks like the Silverado Luxurica.” The salesman said, taking the remote and examining it.

“It’s a remote control.”

“Oh, we don’t fix those.”

“Can you have a look?” Alan asked, placing a hand on the salesman’s shoulder and pressing his breasts against the man’s arm. “Please?” He wobbled his chest slowly, letting his boobs bounce hypnotically.

“Well...I guess I can try,” The man said, licking his lips.

“Oh, thank you!” Alan jumped up in the air and his entire body bobbed. Maybe it wasn’t so bad being a sexy, blonde bimbo.

“Hey,” Joel interjected, holding up the Super Soaker. “How do I know this will work for me?”

“You can try it out in the moaning rooms in the back.” The salesman pointed towards the back of the store.

“Fix that remote!” Joel squealed to Alan before taking off towards the back of the store, the Super Soaker in his hand, leaving Alan with the salesman. Joel’s body was unbelievably horny. The lips of his pussy were already moist with his lust and he felt them slide against each other as he walked.

Joel reached the moaning room and found a row of small cubicles. Some of the doors were closed and he heard grunts and whirring from inside. He found an empty cubicle and shut the door before

pulling aside his fishnet bodysuit and flicking the vibrator on. It whirred to life, spiraling slowly and warming quickly in his grip. He gently brought the dull point down between his legs, pressing the spinning top in between the lips of his pussy. He gasped as the nub pressed against his sensitive clit. The pleasure was instant, full body.

He slid the vibrator up and down his slit, the vibrations humming through him as his pleasure crested. He tilted the toy up and down against his aching lips, then gently pressed inside. He sighed as the warm metal filled him, still gently pulsing against his clit but now pushing the vibrations deep inside. As it neared his center he could feel the tension building within him, a wild excitement as the pleasure built up, threatening to explode. He looked down between his legs, watched as he thrust the toy into his body, feeling it fill him as it disappeared into his sopping cunt.

He flicked the speed up and was rewarded with a blast of pleasure. He moaned again, louder and longer, thrusting deeper inside himself. His body was so goddamn horny, he needed this. He thrust harder, sinking the toy all the way inside, pounding himself until he exploded. Raising his head he cried out as an orgasm blasted through him. He was dripping down his thighs, soaking his legs, and still he needed more. He leaned forward, forcing the toy hard up inside him, as far as it would go until the twisting spiraling nub landed on his ultimate pleasure button. Pulsing ecstasy roared through him, whiting out his surroundings, whiting out everything except the delight from his own body and he cried out, not caring who heard him, needing to release his pleasure to the world as he came again and again until at last he collapsed against the wall and slid the toy out of himself.

His breasts were heaving with each breath and he stood leaning against the wall for a few minutes until he recovered. It was delightful, but already he could feel the desire building in him again. This new body of his was never satisfied.

Alan counted six screaming orgasms from Joel before Alan gave up. The salesman had taken apart the remote at a little desk behind the counter and was poking and prodding at it. It didn't look like he was any closer to fixing it, though. Alan needed to get out of here, it was bad enough being stuck in someone else's body not knowing what he would be forced to do. He could do without listening to his friend crying out in pleasure.

"If my friend comes out tell him I'm going to the coffee shop next door." Alan said to the salesman.

Alan wandered out of the store and down to the other end of the mall. He passed the window to Star Fucks and looked inside. A small line of unnaturally good-looking people were waiting to be served coffee, but what really caught his eye was the barista. She was a smoking hot raven haired woman with a long face, a delicate nose, and the most amazingly piercing eyes Alan had ever seen. She was wearing a nightie in the same shade of pink as the one Alan's body was wearing, and the barista's was nearly as see-through. A lacy pair of panties and a garter finished off her outfit. It couldn't be hygienic but, damn, it was sexy. Alan pressed his face and his breasts against the door, wanting only to stare at the dark haired barista as a hundred thoughts cascaded through his mind.

After a minute of ogling from afar he decided to ogle from a-close. He entered the coffee shop and waited in line to order, staring entranced at the vision of beauty behind the counter the entire time. He was just able to glimpse the name tag on her top: Jelena. Because he was so caught up in staring, it took him a little while before he was aware of how all the customers were interacting with her.

The man just in front of Alan was a fireman, because of course he was. He had on the typical fireman coat and trousers, but minus the shirt. When he turned, Alan saw his solid pecs glistening in the light.

"Morning. Nice tits." The fireman said.

"Thank you!" Jelena giggled, shaking her breasts for him.

"Can I get one one grande drip?"

"You can have a grande. And you're already making me drip. You want cream in that?"

"Yep. I like my coffee filled with cream. Just like my women." He said, arching an eyebrow.

Her nose wrinkled in laughter. "What's the name for that?"

"Dickie Goodlove."

She wrote his name on the cup and passed it to one of the other workers. The fireman stepped out of the way and suddenly she was directly in front of Alan.

"Hi there," she smiled at him.

Alan's mouth went dry. He'd never felt such an intense desire for anyone as he did for her at this moment. He could stare at her all day, wanted to lie her down and trace every curve of her body, wanted to sculpt her so her beauty would last forever. Instead he cleared his throat and mumbled,

“Can I have a latte please?”

Her brows furrowed and he sensed her turning ice cold. What the hell?

“Yes,” she sniffed, suddenly all business. “What's your name?”

“Alan.”

“Unusual name,” she muttered, writing it on the cup. She handed it to one of the girls working the machine and shouted past Alan. “Next!”

Alan stood aside, confused at her treatment. What had he done wrong? He had to figure it out. He had to be with that woman. It was now the thing he wanted most in the world.

Miguel hurriedly got to his feet, still wiping the last of Marcus' cum from his chin, still in disbelief that he'd given a blow job. He could taste Marcus' salty essence in his mouth.

“He no see me like this,” Miguel whispered, cum drying on his tits. Miguel had a vague idea of where pornos involving a husband catching his wife with another man might end up. It was usually with the wife in between being plugged in both ends.

“Go hide in the bathroom and clean yourself off, I'll distract him.”

Miguel hurried into the bathroom just outside of the rear kitchen door as quietly as he could, grabbing his heavy breasts to keep them from bouncing painfully as he ran. He closed the bathroom door as quietly as he could. He heard muffled voices from the other room.

Miguel turned on the tap and wet some tissues to clean up his mouth and breasts. When he was done he touched up his makeup, deep red lipstick and the perfect blush just happening to be available in the medicine cabinet. He dabbed it across his delicate oval face expertly, making his dark features appear even more feminine and cute. The Asian woman in the mirror was a beauty, with MILF next door looks. It was only when he was rubbing his lips together to spread the ruby red lipstick evenly that he froze.

Why the fuck was he trying to look good? He should be trying to escape. The thought had to force its way into his head. It was like fighting through molasses. Much easier to just go with it. See what would happen.

Fuck. No. Escape first. That was the plan.

Miguel dropped the tissue and looked around the bathroom. The only window was high up behind the shower, and Miguel didn't think he'd be able to squeeze through it. The voices were still audible from outside the door. Miguel cracked the bathroom door open slowly and peeked out. Marcus' back was to him, the other man still out of view. Miguel waited until Marcus lead the man out of the room, then he tiptoed down the hallway away from the kitchen. At the end was a door that looked like it led outside. The garage maybe? Perhaps he could steal a key and get the hell out of here before he had to drink any more yummy cum.

Shit, no. He shook his head. It did taste good...and feel good being desired like that. But no. He had to get out. He wrapped his fingers around the doorknob and paused. Try as he might he couldn't make himself turn the handle. It felt wrong somehow. He needed to go back to the kitchen. He needed to meet the man who was apparently his husband. It was a compulsion he couldn't fight.

He walked back towards the kitchen and entered just as Marcus returned with another man. The other guy was a slim black man wearing a gray suit. He had rich, chocolate skin and a glint of something alluring in his deep brown eyes. He seemed handsome and debonair as opposed to Marcus' brute, animalistic passion. His eyes lit up when he saw Miguel.

“Hey, baby,” he said, approaching Miguel and kissing him on the lips. The man let his tongue just whisper across Miguel's lips, sparking a fire between Miguel's thighs.

“Marcus was just telling me everything he did.”

“Oh, really?” Miguel asked.

“Yep, I told Darrell about the upstairs and the downstairs sink. Everything.” Marcus smiled.

“I expected something like that to cost about eighteen hundred and forty dollars. But Marcus here told me he did it for half that.”

“Half?” Miguel asked, learning the cost of his blowjob.

“Yeah, I thought that was real suspicious, too. I think Marcus here is a sucker for a pretty face.” Darrell slid his fingers gently across Miguel's cheek. “What do you say we knock that total down to zero?”

Before Miguel understood what was happening Darrell pulled down the dress and locked his lips around one of Miguel's fat pink nipples. His tongue licked across Miguel's supple tits as his hot breath landed on Miguel's skin. A shiver ran down Miguel's spine as wonderful goosebumps broke out across his feminine arms. Marcus seemed just as surprised, but Miguel noticed his pants bulging out again. Jesus, was the guy a machine?

Darrell raised his head and look Marcus square in the eye. “Come over here and suck on these tasty titties.”

Marcus strode across the room and then Miguel was surrounded by their smoldering heat. They leaned down and sucked on his tits, Darrell smooth and sensual, Marcus hard and rough.

“Oh, fuck,” Miguel moaned, dropping his head back and letting his mouth gape open as the two men kissed and caressed his tits. Two sets of hands slid around Miguel's voluptuous body, groping and squeezing. Miguel could feel their eager desperation and his own body grew wet. He looked down at his tits as the two men fondled them. God, his body was lovely. These men made him feel so good, so sexy. He couldn't wait to let them do anything they wanted to his body. All resistance faded as Marcus' thick fingers landed on Miguel's pussy, pressing gently inside him.

Darrell slid behind Miguel and pressed his bulging cock against Miguel's ass, wrapped his arms around Miguel's body and played with his tits, bouncing and hefting them, dropping and lightly slapping them, revving Miguel's body into overdrive. Marcus' hand was on Miguel's thick ass, squeezing tightly, enjoying the pain he was causing as Miguel shifted and moaned between his two lovers. His body needed this.

Marcus hoisted Miguel into the air, turned and gently sat him on the kitchen table. Miguel lay down, his heavy fake breasts jutting from his chest. Marcus placed a firm hand on each of Miguel's thighs and spread him apart, gazing down as he revealed Miguel's shiny pink folds. He fingered Miguel's moistening pussy with one hand, rubbing up against Miguel's clit and sending a fire racing through him. With his other hand he dropped his pants, freeing his thick black cock. It looked even darker up against Miguel's pale skin.

Another cock obscured Miguel's vision and he turned to see Darrell standing naked next to the table. Miguel didn't hesitate this time, just wrapped his fingers around Darrell's cock, opened his lips and began sucking on his husband's long black dick. It tasted delicious, salty and musky, as he slid his tongue along the ridges of the shaft.

There was a pressure between his legs as Marcus pressed the bulging head of his cock against Miguel's pussy. He pushed hard against Miguel's lips, the pressure building, building, until Miguel's cunt spread open and Marcus sank in with a sigh. “Oh fuck girl.” He pushed deep into Miguel's cunt. Miguel felt every inch as the cock traveled through him. His pussy lips were wrapped tight around the thick shaft, barely able to take him, and still there was more entering, plunging deeper

into Miguel's sexy body. Miguel moaned around the cock in his mouth as Marcus finally filled him, the entire black cock inside his curvy body. Then Marcus withdrew and thrust in again, slowly at first but building speed. Miguel copied those motions with the cock in his mouth, taking it farther in each time until it slid over his tongue and pressed against the back of his throat. He gagged and spluttered but continued sucking, desperately needing to be filled from both ends.

The two men plugged away, working Miguel's body back and forth between them. Darrell's hands were on Miguel's tits, groping and squeezing. Marcus grunted as he slammed inside Miguel, plunging all the way in to the hilt, rocking Miguel's entire body and then he felt both men throbbing inside him. Miguel's mouth and cunt were filled with a blast of hot delicious cum. Miguel was deliriously full and he orgasmed as the men filled him, cum spilling out the side of his mouth as he tried to swallow everything his husband could give. With a final desperate push Marcus buried himself inside Miguel's body and Miguel cried out around the cock in his mouth, his body perfectly fulfilled, its aching need met.

They stood in this tableau for a few seconds. Then Marcus pulled out, spilling his seed down Miguel's thigh and Darrell pulled out of Miguel's mouth. A cry of disappointment escaped Miguel's lips as his body emptied once more. He hadn't even realized how much he needed that, but now that he'd been through it he wanted more.

Blake followed Mr. Hammersyou into his office and shut the door behind him. Out of the wall of windows across from the door he could see most of downtown. The office was tastefully decorated in rich browns and golds, and a large mahogany desk sat in front of the window.

Mr. Hammersyou crossed his thick arms and leaned against the edge of his desk, motioning for Blake to take a seat in one of the chairs directly in front of him. Blake slowly lowered himself into the chair. He was on edge, afraid of finding out exactly what his new body would be forced to do. He crossed his silky black legs and clasped his dainty hands in his lap. A small part of him wanted to run, but a bigger part of him wanted to stay.

“Yes, Mr. Hammersyou?”

“Yasmine, you're a good assistant, I like you.”

“Despite the fact that I disappeared the third day on the job and have no idea how to log into the computers?” Blake said, hoping to sabotage the scene.

But Mr. Hammersyou pressed on. “I know you're new. I don't care how much you know right now. I care about your enthusiasm.” He placed one leg on the other chair, bringing the huge bulge in his pants to Blake's eye level. Blake gulped. “I want someone who's one hundred percent committed to this company. Somehow who will do anything...anything that needs doing. Can I count on you, Yasmine?”

Mr. Hammersyou seemed so nice, charming even. Blake didn't want to let him down. “Of course, anything for you, sir.”

Wait, no! A small voice screamed from inside. He didn't care about Mr. Hammersyou, he only cared about getting out of this body and going home. But Mr. Hammersyou was here, a handsome stallion of a man. Blake could practically smell his masculinity.

“But can I count on you to do everything that needs doing?” Mr. Hammersyou unzipped his pants slowly. Blake held his breath waiting for the reveal, his anticipation growing by the second. After a few moments with Mr. Hammersyou leaning over him Blake couldn't hold himself back any longer. He reached his slender fingers into his boss's pants and wrapped them around the stiffening cock. He pulled it out and gasped at the size.

“It's so big!” he gasped in awe as he stared at the monster between his fingers.

Mr. Hammersyou's dick protruded out of Blake's hand, the round, bulbous head eager to be freed, the white of the cock contrasting beautifully against Blake's dark skin. It throbbed once in Blake's hand. He could feel the heat and the power beneath his fingers. The part of him that was screaming to run was shrinking all the time. Instead, Blake stuck out his tiny tongue and licked the head of the cock.

“That's right,” Mr. Hammersyou whispered.

Blake pulled down Mr. Hammersyou's pants, then ran his tongue up the shaft from hilt to tip, then

back down again, tasting the slightly salty sweat. He pressed his broad nose against Mr. Hammersyou's thighs so he could suck on the balls. He sucked them into his mouth gently, running his tongue lightly around them as his hand slowly slid down and up the shaft. Blake heard a light moan from above him and continued licking and sucking the balls while jacking his boss off. He wanted to please this man, wanted to give him anything to make him feel good.

Blake opened his ruby lips and took Mr. Hammersyou's cock into his mouth. He slid his lips down, down the rock hard shaft, filling his mouth with the hot cock, moaning as it slid across his tongue. Blake found his new body was good at giving blowjobs; his gag reflex was non-existent. He continued swallowing the thick cock, felt it press into the back of his throat as he took it all in, until his broad nose was pressed against Mr. Hammersyou's groin and he was full.

“Mmm,” Mr Hammersyou groaned, “You're a perfect little cocksucking slut.”

Blake was and he was proud of it. He would offer his boss everything, let him do anything to his body just to make him happy. The resistance inside him was dead, melted by the pure pleasure pouring through him from his moistening pussy. Blake began sliding up and down the cock faster. The slight musky taste was delicious, everything he wanted. Blake could suck on this dick for hours. His new pussy grew moist, a wonderful tingling feeling as his pink lips spread open and a vicious heat burrowed through him.

Mr. Hammersyou pulled away. He sat back on the desk and motioned Blake to climb up on top of him. Blake did so, crouching over Mr. Hammersyou's cock. Blake felt so empty, so wet. He pulled aside his panties, revealing his dark pink folds, before plunging on to the head of Mr. Hammersyou's dick and burying it to the hilt inside his sexy black body. “Oh!” he cried as he lowered himself completely, filling his body with the hardness he craved. His eyes opened wide as pleasure poured through him.

Blake rode his boss like this, dancing up and down on the head of the cock, guided by Mr. Hammersyou's hands on his waist. Blake stared down at the masculine god beneath him, squeezing the lips of his cunt around the cock, speeding up and slowing down in time with his boss's breathing, both of them dancing on the edge of pleasure.

Blake stared down between his legs, watched the hard dick enter him, felt it pound into his delicate velvety folds and then he felt it throb. Blake lowered himself all the way down and began rocking back and forth, grinding his cunt hard against the man beneath him. The cock slammed against Blake's dimpled nub deep inside and he howled out his pleasure. The desk was rocking back and forth as Blake continued grinding, his tits wobbling as he rode the man beneath him, forcing his boss to pound him until with a mighty groan he exploded.

Blake came hard with him, dropping his head back and crying out in a high pitched voice oozing with lust as he felt the dick spurting inside him, felt his cunt filling with seed, felt the pleasure burning through him. They cried out together as Blake sank his fingers into the muscular chest below him, hanging on as his desire blasted through him and he milked the thick white cock for every last drop.

When he finally came down he lifted himself off his boss, leaving a deep white pool of cum on Mr. Hammersyou's thighs. Hardly believing what he was doing, Blake lowered his head and licked his boss clean, running his pink tongue across the warm skin and swallowing the salty essence down, making sure to drink every last drop. When he was done he looked up at Mr. Hammersyou and giggled, happy just to make his boss happy. All of Blake's hesitation was gone, wiped away by the sheer pleasure of his sexy black body.

Alan was sitting at a booth by the window nursing another cup of coffee and staring mournfully at the sexy barista when Joel found him.

“There you are,” Joel said, flopping into the booth and sprawling out, “Oh my god, I’m exhausted. You know, maybe it’s not so bad here. I mean, yeah we’ve got tits, but on the other hand, we’ve also got pussies. And holy shit, my body’s insatiable. I’m so tired but I’m also horny again.”

“Yeah,” Alan sighed, watching as a man at the counter pulled his pants down for Jelena, who stroked the customer’s cock and laughed.

Joel followed Alan’s line of sight and looked over in time to see the raven haired barista grab the customer’s hand and place it on her tits.

“If I ever need milk I’ll just come over here and tap your jugs,” the customer said.

To which Jelena replied, “And if I ever need cream I know who to beg,” as she licked her lips suggestively.

“She flirts with everyone but me,” Alan moaned. He was growing moist just watching her move, watching her breasts bounce, listening to her talk. “I’ve been over there three times and she’s fucking ice cold every time.”

“Someone’s in loooove,” Joel cried, “So come on, tell me everything.” Joel placed his chin in his hand and stared at his friend.

“Man, you’re even starting to sound like a woman. Next thing you know you’ll be asking me about my feelings.”

Joel shrugged.

“I’m sooo sad!” Alan wailed, wiping away tears. “It’s just...I want her...so much. What am I doing wrong? You guys had it so easy!”

“It’s okay, it’s okay,” Joel reached over and patted his friend on the shoulder. “You know, my last five orgasms I didn’t need to have them but I wanted to.”

“What?”

“Well, it seemed like me and the others were sort of compelled to do our scenes. Miguel couldn’t break free from that plumber guy, Blake couldn’t stop himself from getting in that car, I couldn’t stop masturbating with everything I saw...until the last five. Those five were my choice. And they were amazing. Holy shit, I felt like my whole body was just going to explode. You know how you feel after a huge sneeze? Combine that with an orgasm you had as a guy and multiply it times--”

“Right, I got it.”

“Yeah, so, anyway...maybe whatever force is making us act out the roles of our bodies is weakening, or letting us free to make our own choices. The fact that you’re so obsessed with this

barista chick...”

“Her name's Jelena! And I'm not obsessed. I just think she's the hottest, most incredible woman I've ever seen and I would do anything to be with her and I'm not going anywhere without her.”

“Right. So...we can figure this out. This is obviously what you're meant to do but it's not working for some reason. What did you say to her?”

“I was nice, and polite, and I tried to flirt very respectfully, but she just cares about those dicks and their...dicks.”

“Maybe that's the problem.”

“What, not having a dick? I can't help it!”

“No, no, no,” Joel said quickly before Alan could start bawling again. “We're in a...a porno world, right? So maybe being polite is rude and the polite thing is to be sexually suggestive.”

“So I should go over there and...hit on her with crude sex metaphors?”

“Exactly. If I'm right, she'll be eating out of your hand...or wherever...in no time.”

Alan thought about it, staring dolefully out at the barista. Then he nodded. “Okay. Yeah, that makes sense. I'm going to do it.”

“You go girl!” Joel said, slapping Alan's cute little ass as he wiggled up to the counter.

“Hey,” Alan said to her.

“Oh, hi,” Jelena replied. “You want something else?”

“Yeah, I'd like one order of you...naked.”

The barista's cute face lit up. “Oh really?” she growled seductively. “Anything else?”

“Yeah. Can I have a my tongue licking you up and down and we're naked on the floor and your face is in my pussy?”

It wasn't very subtle but it worked. Jelena grabbed Alan's pink top and pulled him forward, leaning over the counter to kiss him. Her tongue slipped up against his lips and he opened his mouth for her, sucking her tongue inside and tasting her hot breath in his throat. His nose pressed against her cheek and he inhaled the faint scent of her flowery perfume.

Jelena's other hand came up to Alan's tits. She ran her fingers over his nipples, sending bursts of pleasure shooting through Alan's slender form. Alan's nipples pearled out at her touch and he reached out to her, his grasping fingers finding her warm body, sliding up over the curve of her breasts. She fit perfectly in his hands, her body warm and tender.

She pushed Alan back, her hair tossed over one eye as she stared at him with a sexy smirk. Then she vaulted the counter and dropped to her knees in front of him. She ripped down his panties and thrust her face between Alan's legs. Her tongue found his budding clit and she licked slowly, pulsing her tongue firmly across Alan's pleasure. His knees buckled and he grasped onto the counter as pleasure thundered through him. He stared down at the beautiful woman between his legs, framed by his own rock hard breasts. She stared back at him, maintaining eye contact as she lovingly licked the length of his slit. Alan grew wet, felt his pussy opening for her.

Jelena sucked Alan's pussy lips into her mouth, ran her tongue across them and licked off his wet lust, closing her eyes and moaning with delight as she did so. She brought one hand up, slowly slipping her fingers into Alan's sopping wet cunt. He felt every inch filling his warmth and he groaned. She curled her fingers inside him to land on the dimpled nub of his inner pleasure as she

pulsed her tongue against his clit. Alan's hands flew to his tits, squeezing and massaging, enjoying the feel of his enhanced body, the fullness inside, and then he came.

He threw his head back and moaned loudly, still pinching his nipples as Jelena continued suckling his aching cunt. Alan spread his legs apart and Jelena pushed in deeper, diving her face into his pussy until it glistened with his lust, rubbing himself on her and thrusting up inside him. Alan came again and this time his legs gave out. He landed on the counter breathing hard, the ripping pleasure still echoing through him as Jelena stood and approached him.

“Can I get you anything else?” She asked.

The cafe exploded with cheers and the two women looked around to see every guy in the place staring at them. Alan blushed but enjoyed the way they were all leering at him. He could sense their desire for his body just below the surface and it felt so good to be so sexy. Jelena kissed him on the cheek. He caught the deliciously acrid scent of his own musk on her face. She took his hand and waved to the crowd like a conquering hero.

By the time Joel and Alan walked back to the house from which they'd appeared—with the repaired remote and a Super Soaker 5000—Blake was already there. He and Miguel were lounging on the living room couch comparing stories about their day.

“What happened to you two?” Joel asked as he sank into the soft leather couch.

“I never thought I'd be into guys but today I fucked my boss and...oh, man, it was amazing.” Blake said.

“Just wait until you try my husband. I'm sure he wouldn't object to another woman in bed.” Miguel grinned “He's got enough cock for both of us.”

“We got the remote fixed!” Alan shouted triumphantly, holding it up in the air.

The response was not what he expected.

“Oh, uh, yay,” Blake mumbled.

“Good job,” Miguel murmured.

“Oh, fuck,” Joel moaned, already slipping his new toy into his insatiable sexy body.

“This means we can go home. Back to our own bodies.”

The others looked at each other.

“I...I sort of like this body,” Miguel said, looking down and caressing his heavy breasts. “I feel so nice,”

Blake nodded, Joel groaned and gave a thumbs up as his body shuddered with pleasure.

“You can go back,” Miguel said, looking up at Alan with his hand still on one breast.

Alan could go back, but then he'd never see Jelena again. And they had a date lined up for that night. And no one else had ever made him feel that good. Alan looked at the remote in his hand. Then he turned and threw it against the wall as hard as he could, shattering it. He straddled Miguel and squeezed Miguel's fat tits. He didn't care that he was looking at Miguel's male head, he just wanted his body. And Alan's own body just wanted pleasure.

The guys christened their decision with their first orgy. There would be many more to come.

## Ghosted

Tom leaned forward on my couch as he laughed and rested his elbows on his knees. A bead of condensation dislodged itself from the beer bottle he held loosely in one hand, dropping onto my green plastic couch. The couch was a retro 60s design that had seen its share of spilled beer over the years in my college apartment.

I liked Tom's laugh; it was deep and authentic. We'd been friends for some time and he was a nice guy. He gave me a ride whenever I needed one, bought me dinner—sometimes over my protestations—and was there for me when Derek broke my heart and I needed a friendly shoulder to cry on. He was the first one at my parties and the last to leave, helping me clean up and, once, helped to throw out an ex-boyfriend of mine for getting too handsy with some of my friends. We were friends. Good friends. At least I thought. It was only sitting there sharing that silence that I felt a tension in him I'd never noticed. Somehow I knew, right then, what he wanted.

He took another swig of his beer and looked up at me. We were alone in my apartment. My other two roommates were out at a club and wouldn't be back for hours. Maybe it was that fact that led him to think that something would happen, that there was something between us. But I hadn't thought about it like that. I was the one who was sick and wanted to just stay home and he was the one who drove over with a six pack and a big bowl of soup from the restaurant on the corner. He hadn't told me he was bringing soup, just showed up with a bag and a smile on my front steps. Now he was sitting on my couch, something clearly on my mind and I only just then figured out what it was.

He took a deep breath. “Brandy,” he started, “We like to hang out a lot, right?”

My stomach dropped. His tone, his demeanor, his gifts. I liked Tom but I couldn't give him the affection he wanted. I just didn't have those feelings for him and I didn't want to break his heart.

“I like to hang out with friends, Tom. You're a good friend.” I tried to warn him off gently. I wanted to save us both the embarrassment of naming what he wanted, as if ignoring it could preserve our friendship in the same way, as if things unspoken would be un-thought.

“I like hanging out with you, too,” he pressed on, “But I...I see you as more than a friend--”

“Tom--” I tried to break in.

“No, wait, let me finish. I like you...a lot. I thought maybe you liked me, too, and that we could be together in, like, a boyfriend-girlfriend way.” He looked down at his shoes, then back up at me, hopefully.

“I do like you, Tom, but not in that way. You're such a nice guy--” At this his cheeks grew red and his jaw clenched, as if I'd said exactly the wrong thing. Not knowing what else to do and wanting to get this over with I continued, “I thought we were good friends. We are good friends...but I just don't have those feelings for you.”

He nodded and dropped his eyes. The silence in the room deepened, became something lead-filled and heavy. I could hear my blood rushing in my ears and I didn't know what else to say. I didn't

think there was anything I could say to make it better. I tucked my long, blonde hair back behind an ear and stared down at my own knees, my forefinger tracing the small scar on my kneecap as I tried to find a way to sooth the awkwardness that smothered us like a woolen blanket.

“I thought...” he continued, then shook his head, “Ok...I should...I should go.”

He stood and left his beer on the coffee table before hastily grabbing his jacket and leaving. I let out a deep sigh and rubbed my eyes. This had happened to me once before back in high school. A guy I thought was a friend professed his love to me and I rejected him. Several times. He kept coming back as though his persistence would change my feelings and things between us just got worse and worse until he finally started spreading rumors about me just to spite me. All because he felt I owed him something, that I could give him something I didn't have.

That's why I couldn't handle Tom's feelings for me. I gradually stopped returning his phone calls, waited a few days to respond to his emails, and slowly tried to slip out of his life. It was as much for him as it was for me. Maybe if I had known what would come of it all I would have done it differently, but at the time I thought it was the easiest way for both of us.

## 10 YEARS LATER

I pulled on my Lycra running shorts, adjusting here and there until they fit comfortably, then did the same with my pink sports top. My top was looking a little ragged around the edges but it was hard to find one that fit comfortably over my breasts, so when I found one I liked I held onto it. I tied my blonde hair back in a ponytail and strapped my iPod to my arm before hitting play on my workout playlist. Immediately, Tom Petty started singing about dreams and running down them and I headed out to the park for my thrice weekly jog.

Some days I was restless and my energy seemed boundless. This was not one of those days. I had to push myself the four blocks to Central Park and once there it took some time to settle into a rhythm. By the time I managed to get my breathing somewhat in check, I was under the first of the three bridges and had been joined by a big guy in a red jogging outfit who'd come out from a side path and was now cruising along slightly in front of me. I was feeling jumpy and unsettled for some reason, a sense of foreboding hung around me that I couldn't shrug off. I tried to sink into the steps and let the jiggling of my ponytail serve as a metronome for my feet. It didn't help that every time I tried to overtake the guy in red he sped up just enough to stay in front. Some people are like that, though, using others to motivate themselves.

I got a good look at his clothing: brand new jogging outfit, dark sunglasses, little wire leading down his shirt to some hidden music player. He was a beefy guy with a blonde crew cut that screamed 'asshole', or maybe military. Maybe both. My inspection helped take my mind off of how much I just wanted to die from today's run. My legs ached and the sweat dripped uncomfortably between my breasts. I didn't think this run could get any worse.

My lungs were burning and my legs ached anyway, so I slowed down to let Red Guy go ahead. By now we were entering a dense thicket and the trees closed in around us. That's when I sensed someone behind me and turned briefly to see Black Guy. I wasn't being racist; he did happen to be a black man, but he was also wearing all black, in the same manner as the Red Guy in front of me who was wearing all red. He also had a wire running from one ear down into his shirt. Did these guys go to the same athletics store? I turned back around and noticed Red Guy had slowed down even more and was nearly in front of me. He glanced back at me and even with his glasses on I caught an unnatural interest in his demeanor. A warning bell went off in my mind.

Too late, I tried to stop suddenly and veer off back down the track from the direction I'd just come from, but Black Guy stepped out in front of me. He reached for my arm and I managed to dodge backwards out of the way, only to be wrapped up from behind by Red Guy. His arms snaked around my waist and he lifted me into the air as I struggled, his arms tightening around my abdomen and forcing the breath from my lungs, killing my scream before it had a chance to escape. I kicked out wildly behind me wherever I could, hoping to hit something, anything. I felt the heel of my foot hit a soft part of his body and he grunted, his grip around me loosening briefly. I clawed at his hands, scrambling like a cat in his grip and then Black Guy grabbed my hair and pulled my head back hard before stuffing some sort of cloth against my mouth and nose. There was a slightly sweet chemical smell and then the world wavered and my strength evaporated. As the world quickly shrank to a gray pinprick I heard Red Guy griping about where I kicked him and calling me a fucking bitch.

I awoke sometime later lying on a floor with my face pressed into a beige carpet. It had that sharp acidic smell of newly laid carpet. I slowly rolled over onto my side and saw that the room was painted a bright white and was empty of furniture. There was a window set in the wall across from me. Outside, the orange glow of the sunset was deepening to a dark purple and the lights of the high rise across the street were coming on. Looking down at myself I saw I was still dressed completely in my jogging outfit. I was a little woozy and I had a headache but I didn't appear to be hurt. Or worse.

I heard soft footsteps approaching through the carpet behind me. I felt a jolt, more mental than physical, and swung my head around but saw nothing, just the rest of the empty bedroom. The closet on the far wall was slightly ajar and a bare bulb swung gently back and forth on its string. The room was completely empty, yet I could feel the faint whisper of air that had been disturbed from the passage of a body. I chalked it up to my imagination, jumpy after being abducted. I had no idea if my captor were still around nor what they wanted with me. They hadn't tied me up and I couldn't hear a sound from within the rest of the apartment.

I stood slowly, using the wall for support until I got my legs underneath me. I flexed my toes and massaged my calves, trying to rub some feeling back into my legs. I didn't want to call out, didn't want to bring any attention to myself if the kidnappers were still around. The rest of the apartment seemed dark and empty but I wanted to be sure. When I was steady on my feet I crept slowly to the bedroom door and peered out. The place was empty. Not a person or a piece of furniture anywhere. For some reason they seemed to have dumped me into an empty apartment and left.

"Hello, Brandy," a woman's voice said. I jumped and looked around. It soon dawned on me that the voice had been my own; it had come from my own lips, in fact.

"You probably don't remember me." My lips were moving, it was my own voice speaking, but I wasn't the one doing the talking. It felt like there was someone inside me, controlling my mouth.

"But I remember you," my lips continued by themselves.

I clamped my hands to my lips, trying to get my voice to stop. Was I going crazy? My hands dropped to my sides against my control. I struggled to bring them up to my mouth, felt stiff resistance, and then...nothing, my ability to move my arms evaporated. Whatever, or whoever, was in my body, I could no longer fight it.

"What do you want?" I asked, and waited for my own response. My mouth was still my own even as the rest of my body was taken by a stranger.

"I want you to feel like you made me feel." The stranger responded in my own voice. "You're the heartless diva in your own selfish story. Well, I want to make you pay, I want to expose your every thought and impulse. You bitch."

And then I felt myself being pushed. I could still think, could still feel my body, but I was no longer in control. My hands ran across my ponytail and pulled it to my nose of their own accord, the stranger in my body inhaling deeply of my lavender scented shampoo. I was a passenger in my own body, experiencing everything but unable to have even the smallest impact on my body's movements. The stranger tossed my ponytail back and the room spun as he made me look down at my own body. I was forced to stare down at my arms, to run my fingers across my smooth skin as little goosebumps shot up beneath my touch. The stranger brought my hands to my chest and squeezed my breasts. I was terrified as he violated me, forced me to fondle my own body. I could feel his growing excitement reflected in my own body. His own emotions overpowering my own and a felt a warm excitement growing between my legs at the sight of my own body. I dreaded what he would do, for from the way he was bouncing my breasts in his hands I had no doubt it was a

“he” who was controlling me. I couldn't run, couldn't scream as he fondled my breasts and ran my own hands down the outside of my shorts. He turned around to look at my ass and squeezed my soft flesh.

Get out of me! I yelled in my head.

My body just laughed. “Still feisty. I like that,” my voice said. “You and I are going to have some fun.”

I don't want to have any fun with you, I snarled.

“You don't have any choice!” My voice yelled, “Maybe you don't realize it but I'm in charge now. I get to decide whether you get your body back in one piece, and what we do with it in the meantime.”

One hand reached up and twisted my nipple. Pain shot through me and my body faltered. “Oww, fuck,” he said in my voice.

That hurts you as much as it hurts me.

“Maybe so, but this time I'm the one causing the pain. And it's your life I'm fucking. You're going to remember everything I'm about to do in your body.”

He strolled through the empty apartment and out the door. My body moved naturally, as though he'd stolen even my sense of self. I sat trapped in my own head as my body headed out the hallway and down the street. I still had access to all my senses, could still feel the pavement beneath my feet, smell the aroma of the passing food cart, hear the sounds of the traffic, but I couldn't control a thing. I was forced to look wherever the stranger in my body did, forced to slip my hands against my breasts and adjust my running bra in the middle of the street as passing strangers stared. The desperation of my situation hit me. He could make me do anything and I would be forced to obey, powerless to stop him.

When we arrived at the metro he realized I wasn't carrying any money, so he simply hopped the turnstile. The trains were crowded with commuters returning home from work and we pushed on into a mass of bodies. As the train bumped and jostled us someone pinched my butt. The stranger in my body jumped and giggled—actually giggled at being felt up—then turned and shot a dazzling smile at the men behind us, all of whom were pretending to pay no attention but one of whom must have been the pincher. When the stranger forced my body to look away again, the hand returned, and this time sat against the cheeks of my ass, squeezing gently, first one then the other. I felt my body lean my ass back against the hand and give the man on the train free reign to feel me up. I was humiliated and angry but, oddly, starting to get turned on. It could only be the stranger in my body, making my body respond to his own feelings of lust. If he had this much control over me and was willing to let a random stranger stroke my ass, what else would he be willing to do in my body? And what else would he enjoy? He let the fingers circle the sensitive skin of my ass and slip down between the cheeks of my crack until I reached my stop.

When we finally got off the train I saw we were at the stop near my apartment. We stepped lightly up the metro stairs, jumped the turnstile again, and came up to the street. He must have had access to my memories because he headed straight for my apartment building without hesitation.

There was a man waiting beneath the awning of the building's lobby. He had close cropped dark hair and carefully styled stubble. The top of his light blue collared shirt was unbuttoned and I could see the broad outline of his muscles. Something about the combination of his build and the air of bemused confidence that he exuded reminded me of a stripper. I wanted to cry out for help, beg him to save me from the stranger in my body somehow. But of course I could do nothing.

The man looked up as we approached and smiled sheepishly. “I forgot my key,” he said.

“No problem,” my voice replied. My hands slipped into my small back pocket and grabbed my key. I unlocked the door and entered, holding it open for the man behind me.

I got into the elevator and the man followed me. My body didn't turn around but I could feel the man's heavy presence behind me as he stared at me, sizing me up. At the sixth floor I got out and the man followed me. Something didn't sit right; he was too close and I'd never seen him before despite the fact that there were only ten rooms on my floor.

My body unlocked the door to my apartment and stepped in. We tried to pull the door shut behind us but it wouldn't move. My head turned back and I saw the man, his hand holding the door open and a glint in his eye. Before my body could react he shoved his way inside and slammed the door behind him. He was strong and I stumbled down the hallway from the force of his shove. He was on me in an instant and pushed me to the floor before I could regain my balance. I fell onto my stomach and his body landed on mine, one steel hand wrapped around my neck, pressing me into the floor.

I screamed in my mind, urged my body to fight, to kick, to do anything to get away, but the stranger in my body did nothing as the man pressed himself against my back. I could smell the man's sandalwood scent as he leaned his face close to my cheek.

“Shouldn't have let me in you stupid cunt,” he growled into my ear. I could smell his slightly minty breath.

There was a pressure around my chest and then I heard fabric ripping. The man yanked my running bra off and his hand slid under me and fondled one of my breasts. This couldn't be happening. Even in my shock I wanted to deny what he was doing to me, but I didn't even have the option of escape. The stranger in my body lay placid, my heart pounding, as the man behind me gripped one of my tits. I had time to think about how strangely smooth his hand was before he squeezed and a shock of pain went through me. A gasp escaped my lips.

As the man's hand caressed my tit, I felt him grow hard beneath his pants, the bulge pressing into my butt. I felt my ass press into him in reply. Was the stranger in my body teasing him? Then the man's lips were on me, kissing my neck, nibbling my ear in some strange way like a lover. My traitorous body was growing warm and slick and I realized why the stranger in my body wasn't fighting back: he liked this. He wanted to feel the man forcibly have his way with me.

Fight him, you asshole! I screamed in my head.

There was no response. The room was quiet except for the faint sounds of the traffic outside and the man's kisses across my back. One hand still clamped around my neck as he removed the other from my chest. I felt him shift his weight and then he yanked my shorts down. His hand squeezed my bare ass, then the fingers slipped in between my cheeks and around to my front, landing in my wetness. He pushed up against my clit and an unwanted pleasure throbbed through me. How could I be so wet from this? How could I be enjoying it at all? And yet my body was undeniably turned on. The man's fingers brushed against my clit in a slow rhythm. The hand around my neck held my face to the floor, my head facing the wall. Hair spilled down into my vision and I couldn't see the man but I could feel his fingers inside me. My body ached for them and the stranger inside me pressed my hips against those pleasantly circling fingers.

Suddenly I exploded in pleasure, a gasp escaping my lips as I came despite my terror. My body wasn't my own but I was still sharing in the pleasure the stranger was having and his pleasure seemed to be doubled by my fear. I moaned, throaty and deep, a cry of undeniable pleasure as the man pressed his fingers deep inside me. I hated that my body was enjoying this so much but the pleasure was undeniable and overwhelming.

The man above me shifted some more, and when he finished, I felt the head of his cock pushing

urgently between my legs. His hand grabbed my thigh and roughly pushed my legs apart. Then he sank inside me. I wanted to cry out as he filled me but my body stayed silent, with only the occasional gasp of pleasure as he slid deep into me. My pussy wrapped around his cock, slick with my own lust as the stranger in my body let the man fuck me. God help me, it felt so good. I could feel every inch of his throbbing erection as he withdrew, then pushed in again, quickly building to a pounding rhythm. With his body on top of me I was pressed hard against the carpeted floor, smothered by the weight of him as he fucked me hard. The hand on my neck slipped into my hair and clenched hard, pushing my face hard into the carpet.

A cry escaped my lips, but one of pleasure not of terror. The stranger enjoyed being thrown down and fucked forcibly. My body tensed as the pleasure edged in again and then I came, pulsing and vibrating around the cock sliding deep inside me. I quivered and my eyes squeezed tight as pleasure rocked my body against my will. And then I felt him throb inside me.

“Ohhh!” I cried out as his seed spurted inside, each burst of heat sending a pulse of unwanted delight through my spine as I writhed below him. He drove in deep as he came, searing me with his lust until with a last groan and a thrust he was empty.

He lay on top of me, breathing heavily, his breath hot in my ear. I felt him trickling out of me and I wanted to cry, but instead my body sighed, almost in contentment. Despite my pain and my rage—or perhaps because of it—the stranger was enjoying himself in my body.

The man above me whispered in my ear. “You were a juicy little fuck.” He pulled out and slapped my ass, before the fingers through my hair departed. He stood and I heard my door open and close, then I was alone in my apartment. My body was still stretched out on the floor feeling warm and wet despite my mind reeling against what had just happened. I wanted to curl up into a ball, but instead I found myself turning onto my back. My bra fell onto the floor, the straps torn to shreds. Through a huge rip in my shorts I could feel the carpet beneath my bare butt. First a stranger had violated my mind, then another had violated my body. I tried to cry, but instead one of my hands slipped across one of my bare breast.

Don't you even care that a stranger just...just had his way with me? I screamed in my head, livid that the emotions running through my mind weren't allowed to be reflected through my body. But my scream of rage only seemed to make the stranger in my body hornier.

“Relax, it felt good having such a hunky man inside me. And he's right, you are a juicy little fuck,” my voice said, the words dripping with lust.

My body only seemed to get more aroused the angrier I became. My other hand came up and now both were running across my breasts, my fingers pinching and squeezing my nipples until they stood out erect. A sigh escaped my lips and my body twisted back and forth on the floor as an ember flared between my legs. Finally, I broke down and sobbed in my mind. As if in response, my hand slipped into my pussy and pressed up against my clit. My sadness was dulled by the pleasure throbbing through my body. I was horny as hell and hated myself for it. As my fingers pressed deeper inside I realized I was sopping wet, my own juices mingling with the cum of the man who'd been inside me.

I sobbed and gasped aloud as an orgasm rocked me. The stranger continued running my hands across my body, feeling every inch of my warm skin. He paused once to scoop out some of the cum left inside me onto his fingers. He held them over my face and forced me to look up, opening my mouth to swallow the drops of seed. They landed on my tongue, salty and warm, and I was forced to swallow them. I cried out in disgust and came hard once more.

“Ohh, fuck,” my own voice cried as my hands slammed back inside me, fingers curling around to push hard against my swollen clit and ride the delicious wave of unwanted desire. The orgasm burned through my grief and my body grew rigid with delight, groan escaping my lips as I bucked

and came around my fingers. I was ashamed and disgusted with myself but couldn't stop the flood of joy from washing through my body.

The pleasure peeked and receded, leaving me alone and naked on the floor in my apartment. I cried out inside my head, my mind reaching out for help. My mind fled to the image of safety and comfort, to Max, the guy I'd been seeing. His big brown eyes and his kind face loomed up in my mind. He would know it wasn't me in this body. Surely? But even this safety was ripped away from me. I felt a presence tearing through my thoughts and realized it was the stranger, privy to even my most secret thoughts.

“Your boyfriend can't save you. You're mine now and you owe me something. I'm paying you back for all the nice guys you've left behind,” my voice sneered.

My body stood and cast off the remnants of my ripped clothes. I found myself walking naked down the hallway towards the kitchen, which was also the living and dining room of my tiny city apartment. My hands reached automatically for the cupboard and pulled out a water glass. I filled it and drank it looking out the window above the sink. Across the courtyard there were lights on in some of the other apartments. People at home going about their business. I noticed a man's face peering out from one of the rooms across the way, gawking at the topless girl in the kitchen. The stranger in my body saw him, too, and deliberately bounced one of my breasts in one hand. When I finished the glass my other hand came up to my tit and I briefly felt myself up for the amusement of the man staring in. Then I winked and turned away.

“So what's this Max guy's deal?” My voice asked.

He didn't wait for an answer. Again I felt that alien presence as he ransacked my mind, stealing everything I knew about Max. The stranger forced from me my assessment of Max, peered in on the way I enjoyed his quiet presence and the mysterious thoughts that must be lurking behind his silence.

I felt my face scowl. “You think he's the strong, silent type, but he sounds like an empty-headed knucklehead. What about the nice guy? The guy who's always there for you when Mr. Calm and Mysterious breaks your heart?”

He delved into my mind and I couldn't stop him as he examined everything I knew, pulling up men I'd known from way in the past—like Tom from college, who'd become a totally different, much more hostile person when I told him I wasn't interested romantically and I was forced to break off the friendship—up to Nathan in the present. Nathan had helped me move into this apartment and occasionally invited me out to hear one of his favorite bands when they were in town.

My lips spread into a smile. “Nathan sounds like a nice guy.”

The stranger headed into my room and grabbed my phone off the nightstand. I watched as my fingers flipped through the contacts until they found Nathan's number and called him. The phone pressed to my ear and I heard it ringing.

What are you doing?

“Something you should have done a long time ago.”

As it rang, the stranger turned my body to my mirrored closet and posed for himself, one knee bent in a model pose, sliding my hand up and down my ass.

“Hey, Brandy, what's going on?” Nathan's deep voice said as he answered his phone.

“Hi, Nathan. Just seeing what you're up to. I just downloaded Get Out and didn't have anyone to watch it with. Do you want to come over?”

“Yeah, sure!”

“Cool. Do you want to head on over now? Maybe bring some beer or something?”

“Yeah, I'll see you in a bit.”

“Great. Byyyee.”

We hung up the phone and my body retrieved my laptop from the living room. It was infuriating to see the stranger walking about in my body like he owned the place. He knew where everything was and could access my memories instantly. I began to think I'd be stuck like this, forever forced to watch as the stranger lived my life.

My fingers flew across the keyboard as he downloaded some programs and then downloaded the movie. We left it on and went into the shower, finally washing off the remnants of the man who'd assaulted us. I hadn't had time to process that fully, so much had happened—was still happening. But I still wanted to scream as the stranger slid my own fingers around my body, making me feel myself up as the honey scent of my body wash filled my nose. I was forced to squeeze my breasts and slip my own fingers between my thighs before giving my ass a light slap. A giggle escaped my lips as the stranger ogled my shiny, naked body. I felt revulsion at myself and what I had been through. The stranger must have picked that up.

“Are you still hung up on getting fucked in the hallway by River?” My voice asked, staring into my own eyes in the mirror.

River?

“His stripper name.” My eyes rolled in exasperation. “Yeah, I know, lame. But he fit the profile. A nice hard body to take a girl by force.”

That whole thing was a setup?

My face smiled enigmatically. “Maybe. Just like this next one with Nathan.”

Nathan doesn't like me like that.

“Oh, really? I've seen your memories. I know how many times Nathan's been your shoulder to cry on, how many times he's just been 'in the neighborhood', how many times he's invited you out because he just happened to have an extra ticket, that time he bought you a gift because you were having a bad day.”

He's just being nice.

“Yeah, he's a nice guy but you don't appreciate him. I'm going to give him what he deserves. And if he's really not interested then it'll be easy for him to turn me down, won't it?”

As I sat and stewed in my head, my hair was pulled back in a ponytail with a few strands deliberately left free to float across my ears. I spritzed on some of my perfume before my body slipped into a t-shirt and pajama pants—bra-less and pantie-less. A few minutes later the downstairs intercom buzzed.

“Hey, it's me,” Nathan said over the loud background noise of traffic.

“Sorry, I don't know any 'me',” I giggled.

“Guess I'll just drink all this beer then.”

“Nooo!” I said as I buzzed him in to the building.

A minute later Nathan knocked on the door of my apartment and I threw it open wide.

“Someone order a beer?” he asked.

Nathan had dark hair lightly styled for that messy look. His rounded face always bore the hint of a smile and he reminded me of a slightly more clean shaven Toby Maguire.

“Come on in,” I said, standing aside.

I followed him to the small couch and sat beside him with one leg tucked under the other. He pulled two beers off and handed one to me. I set up the laptop on the coffee table and started the movie. I shuffled close to him so our shoulders were touching. I could feel his warm body so close to mine. We watched the movie and the stranger jumped during the scary parts. My hands clung to Nathan, running across his chest and onto his lap. Nathan scarcely moved as I held him. Was the man in my body right about him all along? By the time the movie ended I had practically ended up in Nathan's lap.

“Wow, that was intense.” My voice said as the credits rolled.

I turned my head to face him. Our eyes were inches from each other, his pupils dilated as an embarrassed smile crept across his lips.

“Yeah, it was good.” He licked his lips.

“Nathan,” I continued, “You're such a nice guy...” My hand came up to his chest, my palm pressed against his shirt and I could feel his heart pounding.

No, no no! I screamed in my head. He was about to change my relationship forever and force me to do something else I didn't want to do.

“...You're always there for me. I want to show you how much I appreciate that.”

Then my lips were pressed to Nathan and he was eagerly kissing me back, as though he'd been waiting for this moment for a long time. His hand slipped across my cheek and he pulled me close. The stranger opened my mouth and welcomed Nathan's tongue inside. I sucked on him, my nose pressed into his cheek and his scent invaded my nostrils. I could smell his masculinity around me and it was driving the stranger crazy, which in turn was driving my own body crazy. My body shifted around and I straddled Nathan on the couch. My hand grabbed his and brought it to my breast where he squeezed gently, gratefully. I had no interest in Nathan but my body was responding to the stranger's thoughts, and the stranger was very interested in him. A welcome tension began flowing through me, emanating between my legs and spreading through my body.

I continued making out with Nathan as he fondled my tits. His other hand slipped behind my ass. My legs spread apart and I sank down onto Nathan's lap, gyrating back and forth across his growing erection. My hands slipped through his hair and my body kissed Nathan with a frenzied passion. My own mind was tugged along into pleasure by my yearning body and I tried to disentangle myself from the desire racing through me but I couldn't stop myself from wanting this.

My lips pulled back but my hands still clasped Nathan's face, my thumbs stroking his cheek as we stared into each other's eyes. He was so handsome; I needed him so badly. No, no it's not me who needs him, I tried to argue.

“Tonight,” my voice whispered, “Nice guys finish first.”

I slid off him onto my knees in front of him, letting my breasts slide against his chest and over his erection as I dropped down. My fingers found the zipper on his pants and freed his manhood. It stuck up erect through his pants. I unfolded it completely from his underwear and grasped it in my hand. It was so warm and it throbbed for me.

Don't do this, I pleaded, but I knew the man in my body would ignore me and my pleas only

seemed to make him hornier.

My face came closer to the cock as my fingers gently stroked it. I looked up into Nathan's big brown eyes and smiled, then my lips opened and I took him into my mouth. I tasted him on my tongue and in the back of my throat as my lips sank down his shaft, rising briefly, then sinking down. Each time I came up I left his cock shiny with my saliva, and each time I swallowed him I went deeper, slowly taking him all into my mouth. He wasn't huge and I managed to take him all in until my nose was pressed into his dark mass of pubic hair and his musky scent overwhelmed me. I continued like this, swallowing and releasing as my saliva dripped down him. He moaned above me and I tasted his salty pre-cum.

My lips moved faster, following his rhythm as I held his soft-hardness in my mouth. His hands lay by his side as he let me control him. I wanted to stop, to walk away, but I couldn't. I was forced to continue sucking Nathan's cock until he trembled inside me and gasped. His hot seed filled my mouth in spurts as he groaned and I was forced to swallow it all down, letting the liquid ooze down my throat with a few drops spilling down my chin. My mouth remained on him, swallowing every drop I could until he was empty.

When he was done I lifted my face and looked up at him. I wiped a trickle of cum off my chin and sucked on it as Nathan stared back down at me.

“Oh my god, Brandy, that was amazing.”

“I thought you'd like it,” I giggled, hating myself for acting like such a slut for one of my good friends.

Fortunately, the stranger dodged Nathan's offer to reciprocate, evidently satisfied with the blow job. Nathan left soon after and I got ready for bed.

“I told you,” my voice said, staring into my own eyes in the mirror. There was something in my look, I could sense his alien mind deep in the back of my eyes.

That was the last thing I remember before waking up in front of a stripper pole.

When I woke up the stranger was still controlling my body. I had no idea how long I'd been out. I was a little disoriented and didn't immediately recognize my own bedroom. It had been reorganized with all the furniture pushed to the other side of the room. A metal pole had been crudely installed, drilled directly into the ceiling above and the floor below.

Some sort of mask pressed against my eyes and nose, partly obscuring my vision. Through the slits I saw that my computer had been set up on the bed. The camera was aimed at me and I saw myself reflected on the screen. I was indeed wearing a slim black mask, along with a silky black bra and a G-string. And that was all. My blonde hair fell across my shoulders in waves and my makeup had been done quite delicately. The stranger evidently wanted me to look my best for whatever he had in mind.

As I stared at the computer I realized that some sort of program had been set up. A stream of running commentary from people across the world was rapidly scrolling up one side. The picture of me had a small red dot in one corner next to the word “Live”. He was streaming me across the internet. Even as I thought this I leaned down towards the computer to search through some programs for music. As I did, my breasts hung down directly in front of the camera, granting the world a huge close-up of my breasts and garnering a bunch of thumbs up from the scrolling comments.

I leaned down until my face was visible onscreen. I was covered by a slim mask so I don't think

anyone could make out my identity, but it was still humiliating to be shoved in front of the world like this. I wasn't one of those people who wore deliberately skimpy outfits to show off their body. I valued my privacy, but the stranger in my body didn't and he seemed about to show the world everything.

“Hi guys,” my voice said, “I'm practicing my stripper moves and I was hoping you could help. Let me know what you think.”

The stranger flicked my eyes to the comments, which were coming fast and furious now: Thumbs up. Wow! Smiley face. I'd fuck her.

My fingers pressed play and a thumping music sounded from the portable speakers that were now hooked up to my laptop. My body stood up and wrapped my fingers around the pole. My hips started gyrating to the beat, swaying back and forth as my hands slid up and behind my neck. I tossed my hair back and danced around until my ass was aimed at the camera, the skimpy thong barely covering my ass crack as the stranger gyrated for the audience. He turned my head around so I could see my humiliation onscreen. I felt a smile flit across my lips then I stood up and wrapped my other hand around the pole. We moved smoothly, the stranger confident and assured in my body.

I threw my head back and slid around once, my hair fanning out behind me. Holding on with one hand I danced closer to the pole until I could feel the cold metal press against my thong. I leaned back and wrapped my thighs around the pole, then rubbed myself up and down the pole, pressing hard into it so I could feel the solidity against my pussy. Looking into the camera it looked like I was trying to fuck the pole. Once again, the stranger was making me warm and wet despite myself.

I swung around the pole once more, then leaned my back against it, one hand over my head and slid down, letting my chest sway back and forth. As I slid down I spread my legs. The tiny string of fabric barely covered me and, looking down, I saw that the stranger had gotten a bikini wax while I was out, leaving only a small landing strip of my pubic hair that was somehow still covered by the narrow fabric of my panties. The rest of me had been shaved clean. I wondered what else he'd done to me while I was out.

I stood and my hands slipped behind my back to unclasp my bra. I let one strap fall off my shoulder as I danced but held the cups to my chest with one hand. My mouth made an 'O' of surprise that turned into a smile as I teased the viewers. I slipped an arm out of my bra, still holding the cups to my tits. Then I did the same with the other arm. Both my hands were now pressed against my breasts, the only thing holding my bra in place. I knew what was coming next and was powerless to stop it. My body danced nearer to the camera before flinging my bra away and dropping my breasts. My chest shook as the stranger freed me, my tits bouncing back and forth on my chest.

I danced back to the pole. Grabbing it with one hand I leaned back, back, bent almost double, then spun around the pole again. I jumped onto the pole and clasped both legs around it, then slowly spun to the floor and arched my back again. My hands came up to my breasts and squeezed, wiggling them back and forth for the internet. I was still holding onto the pole and my head was bent over almost touching the floor as my body was splayed out for everyone else's amusement. I'd never had any respect for strippers, thought they were degrading themselves to give cheap thrills to anonymous strangers and now here was I, doing the same and turning myself on. No, I wasn't turning myself on, the stranger was. I was just along for the ride.

The stranger turned my ass to face the camera now. I looked around and smiled at the camera as my thumbs hooked beneath the hem of my panties. I rolled them down over my ass slowly to the beat of the music, then pulled them off my legs and let my fingers trail back up my calves, my thighs, flitting in between the crack of my ass before I stepped back and smiled at the camera, my backside on full display.

I found my legs wrapping around the pole and the hard metal pressed into my pussy. I drove it

deeper against my clit and gasped as a burst of pleasure hit me. Watching myself be humiliated I wanted to cry, but this just made the stranger hornier. He rocked against the pole, humping it, before raising on leg up in the air. He grasped it in one hand and raised it over my head and turned to face the camera, using my flexibility to spread my nether lips for the world. I was slick and glistening but inside I felt sick.

Both my hands wrapped around the pole and I thrust against it, feeling the pleasure building inside it. God, I was going to orgasm for them. I could feel the pressure building inside me as I thrust harder and harder, spreading my legs wide and sliding my clit up and down the pole. I leaned back and my other hand came to my breasts, jiggling and squeezing the weighty flesh. I moaned as my body fucked the pole, rubbing myself faster and faster until I came.

“Oh, god, yes,” I cried as pleasure flooded me. My juices dripped down the pole and my knees grew weak. My fingers held onto the pole as I pushed myself against it, sliding it in between my breasts and sticking my ass out behind me. I slid down, down, until I could feel the wetness of the pole rub off between my tits.

Only then did I stand and approach the computer.

“Thanks, guys. If you like this, be sure to donate to my channel.”

I waved goodbye and logged off. My hands slipped the mask off over my head and tossed it to the floor. I shook my hair out and turned to look at myself in the mirror.

“Well, Brandy, I've enjoyed our time together. I think I've got what I deserved. And so did you.”

He gave my ass a hard slap. WHAP. A red hand print blossomed across one of my cheeks as the pain stung me. He forced me to slap my ass again, and again. WHAP. WHAP. My skin turned bright red and I laughed in amusement. How I hated that laugh. My laugh. It sounded cruel coming from my lips.

“You've been a naughty girl but I think you've learned your lesson. Don't be a little cocktease. If you're going to get, you've got to give. Remember that.”

My knees gave out and I sank onto the bed. My body bounced on the springs a few times and then grew still. The only sound in the room was my own breathing. I lay there with my head pressed against the sheet for untold minutes, wondering what the stranger was up to in my body. My nose itched and I reached up to scratch it, and only then did I realize I was back in control of myself once again.

I pushed myself into a sitting position up against the head of the bed and then curled up with my arms around my knees. I was still naked and I felt extremely vulnerable. Was the stranger messing with me? Was he gone for good? I cried then, for all I had been put through. The tears dripped down my cheeks and my body was wracked with sobs. I was grateful and disgusted. Grateful that I had my body back, but disgusted at what the stranger had made me do and I knew at some point I would have to confront the fragments of the parts of my life he'd broken. My friendship with Nathan would never be the same. And I couldn't tell Max. He would never believe me; it all sounds so insane. And, oh god, the video. What if someone recognized me despite the mask?

My sobs slowly slackened and ceased, leaving me alone clutching my body. I unfolded myself from the bed and shut the laptop. The panties and bra I dumped into the trashcan. The stranger had bought them for me and I never wanted to see them again.

I took a long, hot shower, trying to wash the dirt of my body and out of my mind. I scrubbed myself until I was pink and glowing. When I stepped out I had a sudden fear that I wasn't yet alone. I swiped my hand across the fog on the mirror and stared deep into my own blue eyes, looking for any trace of the stranger. But all I saw was myself. Thank god.

I returned to the bedroom and found a message from Nathan on my phone: Wish I could have stayed last night. What are you up to tonight?

So the stranger had only been one day in my body without my knowledge. That was a relief. He couldn't have gotten up to much. Though, as I surveyed the stripper pole that was drilled solidly into my floor and ceiling, one day was enough. I considered not answering Nathan, just ghosting him in the same way I had ghosted other clingy boyfriends. But didn't the stranger say that ghosting got me into that mess? What if he was watching me? Waiting to see if I messed up before taking over my body once more? Maybe for good this time.

I edited a dozen responses before I finally replied to Nathan: Last night was fun but it was one time only. I'm confused and going through a hard time. I'm sorry. Can we still be friends?

It was all true, except the part about last night being fun. My body had been into it but I had rebelled, to no avail. It took Nathan a while to reply to that. I was in bed in my pajamas when the phone dinged with his response: I like you Brandy. I don't know if I can go back to the way it was.

The stranger was right. Behind Nathan's nice guy attitude there was a longing I didn't realize. And yet I couldn't help but feel that I didn't owe him anything simply for being nice. I wasn't like one of those South American monkeys that traded sex for shiny rocks. Was he a nice guy if he expected me to pay for his niceness through sex? I owed him nothing, particularly after what the stranger made me do to him. It could only have been such a tease for Nathan, thinking that I wanted him. With my thoughts circling around like that I slipped into sleep.

The next morning I awoke thankfully alone. I still dreaded that maybe the stranger had jumped inside me again while I was asleep but nothing in my apartment seemed to have been moved. If he did it, he didn't go anywhere. I spent the morning putting my apartment back together, rearranging the furniture and taking down the stripper's pole. Where did he even get a stripper's pole?

I slowly slipped back into my routine, but I was paranoid that the stranger was around, lurking somewhere. I changed my jogging route and kept an eye out for suspicious strangers. I double and triple checked my locked doors. I wasn't sure how close he had to be to take over my body but I didn't want to leave him the opportunity to get in.

At least the whole experience brought Max and I closer together. Of course I couldn't tell him what happened, but I didn't want to be alone. He made me feel protected and his apartment was a sanctuary of sorts. There were no terrifying memories here to intrude. I curled up against his warm body and buried my nose into his familiar scent.

By the end of the week I was confident the stranger had gone. He'd done what he wanted, enacted his twisted punishment for my perceived wrongdoing. Saturday morning I went for a jog. I slipped into the tight black jogging pants and the long-sleeved shirt last worn by the stranger. To face my fears I headed back through the park, taking a slightly different route to stay on the more heavily used paths. By the end of it I was red faced and panting but felt so good, like I had sweated the last of the stranger out of me and I could finally be free. As soon as I had that thought, my body turned away from my route home.

One hand swept across my sweaty brow, completely out of my control. I tried to stop myself, to force myself to turn, to fight what was happening, but to no avail. The stranger was back. I found myself heading into a cafe a few blocks from my house. I proceeded down the side hall of the cafe to the bathroom. It was one of those single toilet affairs. I pulled the door shut and locked it before turning to face the mirror.

"Hi, Brandy," my voice said. I felt my lips turning into a twisted grin as the stranger leaned over the sink and gazed at my image in the mirror. "You've done really well this week. I've been inside you the whole time, just watching. But you were getting complacent, and I wanted to remind you that if

you ever manipulate men again I'll be right here.”

I found myself unzipping my long-sleeve top, slipping my arms out and placing the fabric over a peg on the door. My fingers slipped over my pink bra.

No. Please no. I begged, but the stranger ignored me and I could feel my body already responding to his commands, to his pleasure.

I placed my hands on each hip and turned around to wiggle my ass in the mirror. A giggle escaped my lips.

“You've got such a great body, Brandy. If I had your body I'd fuck you every single day.”

My hands came up to my breasts, pressed against my bra and squeezed. My eyes dropped down to my cleavage and I watched my fingers manipulate my fleshy breasts. My mind hated it, but my body felt differently. I was getting excited by my own breasts. My fingers peeled off my sports bra and hung it on the peg. I turned to face the mirror and jiggled my chest to watch my breasts bounce. The stranger giggled and pushed my tits back and forth with my own hands, watching them sway from my body in glee. He made me smack my breast lightly with one hand, laughing as the pain flared through me and set my breasts to bouncing again. He picked them up and dropped them. It hurt as they bounced but he continued to do it, enjoying the pain, enjoying my humiliation and rage as he pleased himself in my body.

He rolled my pants down, revealing my pink panties. My fingers slipped between my legs, over the fabric of my panties and pressed into myself. I was warm from my jog and also from a lusty heat that flared up inside me as the stranger forced me to pleasure myself. My fingers dug into my panties, pushing the fabric against my budding clit. My hand gripped my panties in a fist and pulled up and down, rubbing the fabric deep against me. I grew wetter as I watched myself masturbate, my panties sinking deep inside. They were soaking now. The stranger brought my other hand down to my panties. He pulled hard and after some struggle I heard my panties rip. He continued pulling, ripping my panties off me and yanked them out of my pants. They were wet with my lust.

He looked into the mirror, making sure I was watching, before rubbing my wet panties across my face, over my nose and then stuffing my own panties into my mouth. I wanted to gag as my mouth filled with my own deep musky scent and my face was left shiny with the remnants of my lust. The stranger made me suck on my juices as his hands returned to my pussy. The fingers of one hand pressed against my swollen clit as the other curled up around inside me. My fingers thrust into my pussy as I leaned over the sink. A gasp escaped my lips as my fingers landed on my pleasure and my body tremored in delight.

The stranger made me push further inside myself, my body leaned over as my fingers sank inside. The hand on my clit rubbed faster, matching my breath as a beautiful tension flooded my body. Despite myself, I was so horny, just needing relief. When it came, it came fast. I straightened up as the pleasure hit me and I moaned, my fingers still flying inside me. I wanted it to stop, but at the same time I needed to finish. My fingers were soaking wet and I felt myself dripping down my thighs as I crested a final time. I bit my lips but a cry still escaped me as I leaned my face against the mirror and fucked myself senseless with my own fingers.

At last it was over. The pleasure slowly ebbed out of me. The stranger stood up and pulled my panties out of my mouth. He dropped them in the trashcan then adjusted my body, running my sex-slick fingers through my hair.

“That was nice Brandy. I hope you learned your lesson.”

Then he was gone and I felt myself falling. This time I realized he'd left and managed to grab onto the sink. I was disgusted by myself, at the warmth still flooding through me. But I felt an emptiness I hadn't felt last time. The presence I had become so used to over the last week was gone. I thought

finally I was free.

I pulled my cold, sweaty bra back over myself and zipped up my top. I washed my hands and face in the sink, trying to wash my lust off me. There was a knock at the bathroom door.

“Just a minute,” I called. I took one last look at myself in the mirror. I looked just like someone who'd recently finished a jog and not particularly like someone who'd just masturbated in a public bathroom.

I opened the door to see the woman who had knocked. She was a stunning brunette with long legs and a slim figure. Her top wasn't particularly revealing, but even so I could see she had fantastic breasts. Her face was slender and her brown eyes looked at me with a hint of amused disgust. Had she heard me pleasuring myself? I felt my cheeks go red. I could imagine she was thinking I was some kind of tramp.

“All done,” I mumbled, holding the door for her.

“Thanks,” she said.

As she walked in our eyes met and I thought I recognized something in her, a familiar glint that had been with me all week and only recently disappeared. She wasn't acting unusual and yet I knew. He was in her now.

I ran out as fast as I could, hoping to put as much distance between myself and the stranger as possible. It wasn't right leaving him in control of someone else's body like that, but what could I do? I could only free myself and, for the first time in a week, I did feel free.

## Tested

It's past midnight and I'm still cramming for my oral exam tomorrow. I can barely keep my eyes open and I'm confusing my fibula with my tibula. Is a tibula a thing? That doesn't sound right. I flip back a few pages in the book to the skeleton chart and stare blankly at it for a few seconds. I've forgotten what I was looking for. That's not good. Definitely time for more coffee. I rub my hands across the scratchy stubble of my cheeks. I just need to close my eyes. Just for a few seconds. I keep swiveling my chair back and forth because somewhere in my mind I've an idea that the gentle rocking motion will help stop me from falling asleep.

I awake several hours later with my head resting in the pages of my book and a small trickle of drool running down the side of mouth. There's also a mess of something soft and ticklish covering my face. I sit up slowly, still groggy, and wipe my mouth. My face feels smoother, softer and my lips seem plumper. I grab at the long, flowing curtain hanging down in front of my face and try to yank it off. I immediately feel a sharp stab of pain at the top of my head—like I'm yanking my own hair—and my head is forced down towards my breasts.

Holy shit, what??

I freeze, my eyes nearly popping out of my head as I stare down into the plump, rounded cleavage below me. Two massive breasts are nearly popping out of a black, lacy bra. I bring my hands up to grab them in astonishment and see my hands, too have changed. They're slender and feminine, the arms hairless and smooth, nothing like my burly, hairy body. Shaking now, I trace my eyes down my body, past my trim stomach to the black panties gently hugging my waist. The familiar bulge of my manhood is gone. Through the sheer fabric I glimpse the outline of my...my new equipment. I can't even think about it right now. Below the panties two firm, golden thighs spread out down gloriously long legs to my feet, clad in high heels.

I gasp and even my voice has changed, it's soft and airy. I look around the room in confusion, the hair whipping around my head. The room is a little cleaner and smells like vanilla due to the scented candle burning on the bedside table but it's definitely still mine. A thousand thoughts shoot through my head: How did this happen? I'm so beautiful. Who am I? This is impossible. And finally, the more banal: How am I going to take my oral exam?

I feel the panic rising in me as my breath comes faster, causing my breasts to rise and fall, which just causes more panic.

The text message alert on my phone breaks me out of this rising cycle of panic. I grab for it on the desk, my feminine fingers wrapping around the case as I slide one manicured nail across the screen to unlock it. It's a Facebook message from Alexandra, the girl I have a crush on. Why is she texting me? We're not connected and we barely know each other. I've mostly been ogling her from afar.

Hey babe, the message reads, Are you ready for the exam today?

She's calling me babe? Did I hit my head and fall into an alternate reality or something? That's when I notice the name on my profile: Sylvia. I scroll through my own Facebook feed. There's lots of pictures of a pretty brunette with full lips and a come-hither look on her sexy face. That must be

Sylvia. Or, me, I guess, now. There's one picture of Sylvia in a two piece bathing suit. I look down at the breasts hanging beneath me, then back at the picture.

Yep, those are mine.

What's more, I appear to be accompanied by Alexandra in a lot of the pictures. Here we are at a party. Here we are at the beach. Here we are at another party with some guy draped on me. To the rest of the world it must look like I'm Sylvia, that I've always been Sylvia. Looking through my feed and around my room, it seems like Sylvia's life and mine are mostly similar in interests and history, with some diversions here and there. And that means I still have to take the oral exam today. Damn. I don't think the professor's going to accept the excuse 'I woke up as a girl' as a reason to postpone. No one would believe that. Hell, it happened to me and even I don't believe it. I'm going to have to fake being Sylvia until I have time to figure out something else.

Well, at least I've got...shit! Two hours before the exam! I have to move fast.

I kick off my high heels and head to the bathroom, my new body wobbling and jiggling in unfamiliar—but not unpleasant—ways. I turn the light on in the bathroom and gasp in shock at the beautiful face in the mirror. I'm gorgeous. My perfectly manicured eyebrows arch over large brown eyes. My curves are sensual and extremely feminine. I reach around and unclasp my bra after a brief struggle. It falls to the floor and I stare at the mirror, then down to my chest. My hands come up by I don't touch my new body, hardly daring to believe that the beautiful image in the mirror is actually me, that this body is mine. With some trepidation I hook my thumbs underneath the elastic of my panties and slowly shimmy out, my ass moving back and forth hypnotically as, inch by inch, my new slit is revealed. I have a shallow layer of coarse, light brown pubic hair in a landing strip leading down to my nether lips. It's strange not seeing my usual cock and balls. Strange, and strangely nice. I want to touch myself, to explore my new body, but I'm scared and, besides, I don't have a lot of time.

I force my gaze away from my wonderful body and turn the shower on. I step in and let the warm water cascade down my chest and sluice between my thighs. My bar of soap is gone, replaced with a wonderful peach scented body wash. I lather myself up, taking the opportunity to feel every inch of my transformed body. I feel both odd—as though I'm feeling up a stranger—and completely normal, like I was born in this body. I spend a lot of time on my new chest, hefting my boobs and gliding my fingers over their warm heaviness. By the end of the shower the suds cover every inch of my delicious form and I'm pretty sure I now have the cleanest breasts in the world. I step into the stream and rinse off.

I towel myself off and return to my room to get dressed. I slide open my closet door and am pleasantly surprised at the array of outfits available. I pull out a few tops, hold them up and eye myself critically in the mirror. I quickly settle on a white button-down top and a black skirt, both of which I toss on the bed.

I hang the towel over the hook on my door (it somehow doesn't seem right to throw it on the floor as I used to do) and search through her...or rather, my drawers for a simple bra and panties. I slide the black panties up my smooth, long legs then slip on the bra. It's much easier to put on and the motions feel normal, like I've done this a thousand times before. Maybe I'm taking on the muscle memory of my new body? I slide and adjust the bra until it holds my breasts comfortably, then pull up the skirt. It sits above my knee, revealing miles of golden, glorious calf. Finally I pull on the long-sleeve white button-down shirt.

The fabric glides over my long arms and hugs my form. I button the top slowly, my breasts disappearing beneath the silky fabric until it's completely buttoned, then tuck it into my skirt and slip on a matching black belt. My large breasts strain against the shirt, yearning to burst out. I feel constricted and when I step in front of the mirror my body looks awkward and uncomfortable

buttoned all the way up like this. I undo a few of the top buttons, the shirt spreading open a little more with each one, revealing the deep valley of my breasts and freeing my body. I undo about three of them, until the neck of the fabric stretches across my breasts, holding them in place so that my bra is still hidden from view. But god, my tits. Amazing.

There's something about this top that magnifies my sexiness. Maybe it's the fact that it's sort of a man's style shirt covering an extremely feminine form, maybe it's the fact that my breasts and my body are nearly on display, but at the same time I still seem dressed up and classy. Whatever it is, I like it. I make myself warm just staring at my body in the mirror, turning this way and that, posing and making come hither faces at myself. But there will be time to explore later. I've got to get to my exam.

I step into some high heels and grab a small purse. I throw my phone and credit cards inside then head for the door, my beautiful ass swaying back and forth with each click of my heels across the hardwood floor.

Outside the building I meet up with Alexandra. She's every bit as beautiful as I remember, though possibly not as beautiful as I am now. She embraces me warmly and we swap kisses on the cheek as girls do. Her long, dark hair whips gently against my face and I get a fleeting whiff of her fruity shampoo. It's feminine, and clean smelling and perfect. I'd like it for my own.

'What do you use on your hair? It smells wonderful.' I ask her, slightly surprised by the higher pitched feminine voice dropping from my plump lips.

'You like it?' she runs her hands through her hair. 'It's L'overeau, my hairdresser orders it special. I'll get you some next time.'

'Yes, please!' I'm inordinately excited at that prospect.

'Did you see who's doing the exam right before me?' She asks, her eyes sparkling.

'Who?'

'Cute Scruffy Guy!'

His image pops into my mind at the sound of the nickname we've given him. A tall, handsome guy, could be a surfer. Alexandra and I have never talked to him but we've certainly talked about him. He's got intense eyes and I could almost get lost in them and I hope someday maybe he'll get lost in me. The thought gives me pause. It's not mine...not the old me's mine, anyway. I'm completely straight. Or I was. And now that I'm a woman I apparently still am. Thinking about this guy holding me, caressing my feminine form seems natural, nice even.

'Maybe we should have had him over to practice his oral on us.'

Alexandra covers her mouth and puts a hand on my shoulder, shaking with laughter.

Okay, okay! I say after a few seconds, trying to clear my mind. 'We should focus on this exam.'

Alexandra grabs my shoulders and hops up and down with nervous energy, her big, dark eyes going wide.

'Oh my god, are you ready for this? I heard Mr. Johnson's doing this exam.'

Mr. Johnson's a junior assistant professor only a couple years older than me and extremely handsome. With his dark, curly hair, chiseled jaw and toned physique he could leave Cute Scruffy Guy in the dust.

'I heard if you let him have sex with you he'll give you an A-plus.' I say.

'Hell, I'd do Mr. Johnson for a solid B,' Alexandra replies, laughing.

'That can be my backup plan.'

The thought isn't entirely unappealing, but I don't want to have sex with a guy in this body. Do I?

As I'm contemplating this Alexandra grabs my hand and pulls me up the steps.

'Come on, I'm going to be late,' she says.

We reach Mr. Johnson's office just as the door opens and Cute Scruffy Guy walks out.

'Good luck, ladies,' he mumbles as he passes us.

'Next?' Mr. Johnson's deep baritone voice calls out from within his office.

'Wish me luck,' Alexandra says as we hug. I take a seat on a chair outside his office as Alexandra shuts the door behind her. The door blocks most of the sound but every now and then I can hear a few muffled words. I go over and over everything I've studied but I'm distracted by my new form. It seems like no time has passed when the door opens and Alexandra steps out. She gives me a shy smile but before I can ask her how she did Mr. Johnson pokes his head out.

'Ok. Lucky last one before lunch. Are you ready?'

I smile and nod, blushing for no reason I can fathom as his dark brown eyes focus on me. I give a little wave to Alexandra as I walk in, my heels clicking on the floor.

I sit on the chair across from his desk and fold one of my long legs over the other. My skirt rises up, revealing a wide swath of smooth thigh. My thoughts are in turmoil; I'm trying to focus but all I can think of is the lovely legs beneath my vision, the large breasts straining against my top, the emptiness between my legs.

Behind me I hear the door close and Mr. Johnson takes a seat behind his desk. 'All right, Sylvia, let's get right into it.'

He launches right into the questions and I stutter and mumble my way through several answers. He's not thrilled with my responses. I'm not thrilled with my responses. I've been thrown off by the strangeness of the day's events.

Finally, after another blank look I blurt out, 'I'm sorry, I've been going through a lot of...changes. I know this stuff but I just can't concentrate.' I lean forward and plead, 'Is there anything I can do?'

His eyes flick down to my breasts hanging in front of him then back up to my face.

'Hmmm,' he says, standing and walking to his office door. I hear the KER-KLUNK of the lock falling into place. In a few steps he's by my side, towering over me with his hands on his hips and his crotch right in front of my eyes.

'So, what should we do now?' He asks, suggestively.

He wants me and I want an A. I also want him.

I slowly raise my thin fingers to his crotch and unzip his pants slowly, as though he might stop me at any second. I slide off the chair and onto my knees until I'm kneeling in front of him. I look up into his smiling face as I pull down his pants and grip his already hardening manhood in my tiny hand. It feels so big between my slim fingers. It's warm and pulses in my grip as it grows, hardening beneath my fingers until he's at full mast.

He sits back on the table behind him and I slowly bring my face down to meet his erection. I hesitate for a second, I can't believe I'm about to suck a man's cock. But I need to get it over with.

I open my plump lips and swallow the head. Using my tongue to wet his shaft I slowly lick up and down, going a little lower each time as his cock becomes slick with my saliva. The warm, salty taste of his pre-cum hits my tongue. It's delicious. I can feel my new body warming as his thick cock hits the back of my throat as I take him all in until my nose presses against his pubic hair. Down and up, down and up I glide my lips and my tongue. He wraps his fingers through my fine hair and pushes and pulls me. I'm his sex toy, his plaything as he controls my head, forcing me down and up on his warm shaft. I love it. Giving up my power to this man is making me wet.

Suddenly he pulls my head back off him.

'Stand up. Turn around.' He orders.

I do. He grabs the bottom of my skirt and flips it up, revealing my smooth, bubble butt and forces me onto my elbows against his desk. My hair flips down my face and I feel him press against my swollen nether lips. The head of his cock pushes, the pressure mounting until he slips inside me and –oh, god, it feels good. He wraps his muscular hands around my waist and pulls me towards him, impaling me with his cock as his lusty heat fills my dripping pussy.

I moan softly as he speeds up, my breasts swaying beneath me to the rhythmic slapping of his balls against my cunt as he pounds into me. It feels so good, I need it and I push back and my tight little pussy aches with fullness. A pain-mingled pleasure blasts through my body and I cry out in my feminine voice. 'Oh!' I can feel his desire, his need for my body as his cock alternately fills me and retreats.

Just as the fire burns bright through me he picks me up and flips me over onto the desk. He roughly pulls up my skirt, the desire for my body turning him into an animal as he leers down at my soaking pussy. Then he spreads my legs and thrusts inside and I'm in heaven. I've never felt so beautifully, perfectly full and his cock curves up and pounds against my womb and I cry out again as I grip the desk and an orgasm shatters me.

'Oh, god. Oh god! Harder!' I order him, my face furrowed in need. I ache for him.

He complies, gripping my legs and pounding himself into me, submerging his desire into my body until with a mighty groan he spasms inside me and the white hot heat of his seed fills me to bursting. I thrust up to meet him, my knees flailing uncontrollably in ecstasy as our bodies cum together and he empties himself into me while the fire burns through my veins.

At last he's done and he stays inside me, breathing heavily. Then, wordlessly, he pulls out and buckles up his pants. My face and body are still flush with desire. I stand and adjust my skirt and top, tucking my breasts back into my shirt. I can feel a trickle of his cum escaping down my legs and I press my thighs together to stop it. All I can think about is how good it felt.

When I exit the office a few minutes later, Alexandra is waiting for me outside.

'Did you pass?' she asks.

'I got an A-plus.' I smile.

## Failing the Test

The sausage was cold, the toast was stale, and the eggs were getting runny. If there was a more perfect metaphor for our marriage, I hadn't found it. Cameron came running in—all designer business suit, new cologne and preoccupation with his phone—and brushed a cursory kiss on my cheek.

I gave him a quick grin and grabbed his hand before he could run off. “Don't you want your breakfast? I made it special.”

Eyes glued to his phone, he asked, “What's so special about it?”

“Well,” I trailed a finger up his arm slowly, “you know what today is don't you?”

“God! I'm running late.” He pulled his hand out of my grasp. “Tell you what, Tina sweetheart, text it to me. I've got to go.”

Wounded, I muttered quietly, “Ok, I'll see you tonight.”

“Tonight?” he replied, faintly surprised. “No, babe, I'm away on business.” He dashed to the door. “Gotta go.”

“Cameron?” My call fell on deaf ears.

It was really simple: a few years ago, when we were first married, Cameron was attentive, loving, and determined to drag me into bed at every opportunity. I was something of a beginner in that arena but I was eager to explore my budding sexuality with my tender and loving husband.. That all ended when Cameron got this new job. Overnight he went from a design administrator, to an administrative designer; whatever that means. No, I know what it means. It means more time spent out of town and less time spent in the bed.

I sighed to myself and threw another breakfast into the trash. I wasn't normally the kind of woman to worry but that's all I'd been doing lately. Cameron kept coming and going with no regard for me; distant even on the rare occasions he was home. And now he'd forgotten our wedding anniversary. If I couldn't worry, then I couldn't do anything. Especially because, only last week, I had noticed that the wedding ring was missing from his finger.

Like any distraught person in the modern age I had turned to google. A quick search of my circumstances revealed forum after forum filled with sob stories and advice. Desperate for reassurance, I had posted my concerns and then instantly logged out, immediately determined not to read the replies.

But now I couldn't ignore the problem any longer. I took a seat at my laptop and opened up the web page. The replies were crushing.

Cameron was constantly away on business. Cameron wasn't intimate in the bedroom anymore. Cameron sometimes left without saying a word. Cameron didn't usually eat at home. Cameron was happier when he was on his own. Cameron took off his wedding ring. The forums told me what I had suspected but not wanted to acknowledge: Cameron was cheating on me.

I clutched my hand over my mouth, a fierce rush of tears building behind my eyes and threatening to fall. I didn't want to believe it but the evidence was overwhelming.

That's when I saw the flashing message icon in the top right hand corner of the forum. On autopilot, I clicked it and brought up a new message with the subject line: There's a Way You Can Know For Sure. I grimaced, realizing it was an ad, but my eyes scanned the message regardless and I found myself clicking through to the website...because what it was claiming to sell was an unbelievable item at an unbelievable price: a magic spell book, for free.

No, I thought to myself. That's silly.

There's a way you can know for sure.

In a moment of weakness—with a supposed solution only one click away—I input my name and address and hit 'Order'. I slammed my laptop shut and marveled at my own gullibility. It was so obviously a scam. And, on the crazy off chance that a book actually did arrive, what would I do, turn Cameron into a frog?

The spell book arrived less than four hours after I placed the order. It was old and heavy, with desiccated pages and a worn, threadbare cover. Flicking through, I found page after page of spells: truth spells, memory spell, invisibility spells. All of them impossibly convoluted and complex with ingredients I had never heard of.

Except for one spell: a body swap spell. It stood out, simple and crystal clear requiring only a few ingredients and the willing participation of one other person. A plan was hatching in my mind.

“Hello, Administrative Design, Stacy speaking.” She sounded young and blonde and pretty. Her voice was so sickeningly sweet and accommodating it turned my stomach. If Cameron was cheating on me, maybe it was with her.

“Uh hi, this is Tina, Cameron’s wife.” I swallowed and forced myself to sound more confident than I felt. “I need to get hold of him. Could you please tell me where he’s staying?”

“One moment please.”

Did she get a little colder when I told her who I was? No, that must have been my imagination.

I jotted down the information she gave me and hung up. Now that I knew where Cameron was staying I considered the rest of my plan. On the surface it was straightforward: I would swap into the body of another woman, approach Cameron, seduce him and find out if he would cheat on me.

The whole thing seemed ridiculous but there was a sense of relief in just doing something, in not just sitting around and wallowing in suspicion and uncertainty. It drove me forward. Drove me to book a plane ticket. And find a hotel room. And call an escort agency. And get on the plane.

\* \* \*

The hotel room was cramped and filthy, a noisy room in a dangerous part of the city. It didn’t matter, I wasn’t going to be staying here long. I just needed a quiet place to perform the magic.

There was a knock at the door and I opened it to what I can only describe as an ebony goddess. My eyes flew over her luscious curves, her satiny dark skin, her full tight breasts and her perfectly bubbled butt. Her dress was skimpy and glittery, it clung to her body, hugging the swell of her breasts and revealing the lean length of her thighs. Her attire—not to mention her bright, curly pink hair—signaled clearly to the world that she was open for business.

She was from an entirely different world and I gulped at the thought of being her.

“Are you Tina, honey?” she asked. Her voice was a little deeper than I would’ve expected. I nodded and she continued, “Alright, this is your first time with a woman? I charged one hundred for the first fifteen minutes, and ten for every fifteen minutes after. That okay, hun?”

“Well, actually,” I shuffled my fingers together, “I had a different proposition.”

“I’m sorry?” she moved towards me and I stepped back. “Were the prices not clear when you rang?”

“No, it’s no that...” I felt my back touch the wall. “I want to offer you more money, to do... something very unusual.”

“You wanna do ass stuff?”

“No, no, nothing like that. Just...I don't think you've ever done this before. It's unusual.” She looked towards the door, clearly about to leave. “Three thousand dollars.” I blurted.

“How unusual?” She paused, clearly still wary but tempted all the same.

“I want to swap bodies with you,” I said bluntly, “so I can see if my husband is cheating on me.”

“You must be as stupid as you is skinny,” she laughed. “I’m outta here. You crazy. As if I wanna be a stupid, mousy bitch.”

“No wait,” I said. “Just try it, if it doesn’t work I’ll still pay you.”

She blew a puff of air in exasperation. “Lemme see the money,” she said.

I showed her the rolls of cash I had gotten out of our savings account. She grunted, then nodded. “How long for? Supposing it does work?”

I felt my hopes flare. “A few hours, two at most. The spell only lasts that long.”

“A’ight,” she said, eventually. “Where you want me?”

“On the bed.”

She took a seat on the bed. I gently lay her down then lay down next to her. I grabbed the book from the nightstand and read the instructions again. The salt, lavender and sage were mixed and on the bed, we were both lying down and we had both given our consent. It was time to see if it worked.

For just a moment I paused. What if the book was just an elaborate joke? What if it didn’t work? More terrifying...what if it did? I gulped and forced myself to speak the words aloud.

I felt a tickling feeling, like a current of electricity start in my toes and flow upward through my body. It began pulsing, like my body was filling with electricity. There was a sharp, acidic taste in my mouth. I groaned and heard the woman next to me groaning too. The room rattled, jittery like an earthquake, then the bed splintered beneath us and we crashed to the floor.

I woke up to the strangest headache of my life. It wasn't painful, just dizzying, like I had been spun around and around for the past hour. What was more disorientating though was seeing my own body lying there asleep next to me. I looked down at myself seeing nothing but cleavage. My massive mocha breasts pushed together in a tight bra. In awe, I grabbed them, my now pink manicured fingernails digging into my skin as I squeezed. I winced with pain but smiled despite it. I was now a skimpily-dressed prostitute with enormous proportions.

"What in the hell happened?" The prostitute mumbled as she slowly stirred and turned over in my body. She took a look at me, or her, and screamed, "Now what in the—"

She stopped mid-sentence to inspect her new hands. They were dainty and delicate, much smaller than her old pair, or my new pair.

I could empathize. It was weird seeing yourself like this. I thought it would be like looking in a mirror but really it was like watching my twin. I watched my former body stand up; I really had let myself go these past few years. My butt was too big, my face could use some make-up, and I was skinny in the all places I didn't need to be. It didn't help that as she turned to inspect herself I saw my own body from angles I'd never seen before. She was right; I was mousy.

She glared at me. "Goddamn, I didn't think this would really work! I don't wanna be a skinny white bitch!"

"It's okay," I said, trying to calm her down. "It'll wear off in a couple of hours."

"Fuck that," she said, pushing my hands away. "Gimme back my body, gimme back my titties."

"Three thousand," I blurted out. "It's yours. Just let me use your body."

I watched her consider before finally snapping, "Fine." She ran a hand down her chest. "Your body feels strange."

"So does yours." I gestured to her breasts, then felt my stomach. "Have you eaten dinner?"

"Dick," she smirked, or I smirked. It was a bewildering experience, hearing her vocabulary coming out of my own lips. "But nah man, I don't eat after three o'clock. And you better not, either. I might gotta do ass stuff later."

Her mention of ass made me realize that something was uncomfortable in my tight pants. She must have been wearing a thong, because the thing was cutting me up my, or her, crack.

"Ok. I've got to get going. I need to go meet my husband."

"Hey now." She approached me. My old body was smaller and much less intimidating than this one. Still, there was something behind my old eyes that made me hesitate. "You bring ma body back and bring it back right. I'll find you otherwise and you ain't gonna wish I did neither."

"I'm just going to see if my husband would cheat," I assured her. "That's all."

“Yeah well,” she crossed her arms awkwardly and I could tell she had been expecting her arms to be greeted by a heaving set of breasts, “you best be quick about it, ya hear?”

“As quick as I can.” I headed awkwardly for the door, her purple heels giving me some trouble. Not that I didn’t know how to walk in heels, it’s just these were a little larger than any I had dealt with before. And my body was a little more amply proportioned than I was used to.

“I’ll be back soon, don’t go anywhere.”

“Bitch, where am I gonna go like this?”

#### 4.

Cameron's hotel was an enormous building with an expansive open lobby. Bars sat at either end of the room and fifty or so couches and tables filled the space. I walked in off the street to a roomful of stares. Of course; I looked like a prostitute. Technically I was one. My sequined dress was cinched in tight around my tiny waist and my luscious black breasts were nearly spilling out the top. I caught a look at myself at one of the mirrors behind the bar. I hadn't had a chance to admire this girl's curves in the mirror before; if it wasn't for her big mouth, maybe she'd get somewhere in life.

Cameron was at the bar, a coke in one hand and his phone in the other. From his expression I guessed he was having a rough day...but was it from his business meetings or the scandalous hook-ups? I approached him, keeping my mind on my hips, making sure they swayed in a particularly alluring way to capture his eye. Cameron took a look at me in the mirror, then went back to his phone.

"Hi," I beamed her pearly whites at him. "I'm..." I paused, in my haste I hadn't actually learned this girl's name. Finally, I licked my plump lips and said, "I'm Deborah."

"Hey," he said. "Can I help you with something?"

"Yeah, I'm hoping you can." I leaned over on the bar beside him, giving him a thorough show of her goods. He didn't even look down. "Fancy a ride?"

"Not really," he half-laughed, then flashed his ring finger. "I'm married."

"That don't matter," I pressed on him. "What happens here stays between us."

"Are you drunk?"

"Wha—"

"Listen, just go away," he snapped. "I'm not interested."

To the outside world I managed to look disappointed. I scurried out of the hotel faking total humiliation. Inside though, I couldn't be happier. Cameron definitely wasn't cheating because this body was the kind that would make a guy stray. She was beautiful and totally Cameron's type. If she didn't get him to cheat, no one would. Well done, Cameron! I was beaming all the way back to the hotel, even if walking was a struggle in the heels.

\* \* \*

The door of the seedy hotel room was open. That was the first warning sign. I stupidly ignored it, stepped inside and instantly wished I hadn't. My body should have been there, sitting on the bed waiting for me to return. It wasn't there. But someone else was. Two someone elses, actually. One was tall, dark, and lavishly-dressed with all manner of jewelry. The other one was thick and squat, clearly the muscle. The well-dressed stranger smiled at me, flashing a golden tooth in my direction.

"Well, well," he said. "She finally returns. Where you been at Demi?"

"Oh," I said, looking around quickly. "Where's the girl?"

“Bitch, what girl?” He moved right up to me, his eyes flashing with anger and his cheeks flushed. I could smell the booze on him and something else, probably drugs.

“I’m not who you think I am,” I smiled meekly. “I was, well, we swapped bodies.”

“Shut up!” He slapped me across the face once. It stung, but more than anything I was surprised. What had I gotten myself into? “You got the money from that ho?”

“No, I’m sorry,” I said. “She kept it.”

“Well, you go’n have to make it up to me then. One way or a’other.” He motioned to the burly guy who placed his arm around my body in a firm grip and led me out the door.

The stranger, my new pimp, forced me into his car and drove me through the city in silence. A few times I tried to explain what had happened, that I’d switched bodies with his girl, but he refused to believe me. Hell, I barely believed me and I was the one who’d done it. At one point he said that I looked like her, and that was good enough with him. I found myself wondering where my old body had gone. Had Demi taken off with it? Would I ever get it back?

I was caught in very dangerous situation but I knew the spell would wear off soon and I’d be back in my old body. It would be a relief; my heels were killing me and my back was aching from having to haul around these big breasts.

Ten minutes later we stopped outside a dilapidated house. Looking out into the street, I got a little concerned about getting out of the car. This was a ghetto part of town. It was the kind of place you’d get stabbed twice with a butter knife, and pissed on for fun. It wasn’t like I had a choice though; the pimp got out and pulled me from the car by my pink hair.

That’s when I noticed the time on one of his many wristwatches. Two hours should’ve been up five minutes ago. Yet here I was. Still trapped in an alien body. I started panicking, my chest heaving but the pimp didn’t notice or care. He just forced me onto the porch and rapped on the door.

Another man answered the door, a scar running down the right side of his face. “Hi Demi.” When he smiled at me, I noticed the missing teeth. “Nice to see you again.”

I turned back to the pimp who merely tapped one of his watches. “Don’t take too long in there,” he warned me. “We got a load of clients today.”

“No, wait,” I protested but the door slammed shut and the new stranger led me down the hall. His house was a mess of trash, all probably teeming with cockroaches. The smell was beyond anything, even a dump. The stranger let go of me once we were inside his bedroom, took a seat on the bed and gestured for me to come over.

“Let’s have some fun sweetheart.”

“I don’t suppose you want to cuddle?”

“What’s wrong with you?” he snapped. “You ain’t sounding like you.”

I recalled the pimp’s slap then, the one hard strike at my cheek and smiled, “No, it’s me. What you feeling up to, hun?”

He smiled, “That’s better.”

I walked towards him slowly, seductively. My body moved on instinct alone, pure muscle memory. I had never moved like this before in my life. He placed his hands on my hands and squeezed. Then pushed his head into my tits. I laughed despite myself; it did kinda tickle. Then he lifted me with pure brute strength and threw me onto the bed, climbing on top of me seconds later.

“I’ve been thinking about you Demi.” He leered above me, then clamped a hand over one of my breasts and squeezed. “Your soft tits, your big ass, your lips.”

The man didn’t undress me but he did force my tits out over my clothing. He kissed them, exploring my nipples with his tongue. Despite the situation, I could feel my body getting excited. My nipples grew erect in his mouth and a sigh escaped my lips as his rough hands gripped me hard. There was no tenderness in his kiss; he simply wanted to devour me. But that was just what my body seemed to want. I found my hips gyrating underneath his cock as he forced himself down hard onto my tits, nibbling them, sucking them, squeezing them. He was completely in control, a fact that was both scary and thrilling. The waves of arousal through my body told me as much.

My panties were off a few moments later, and his thick fingers sank into the depths of my new cunt. I couldn’t hold back the moan, which only spurred him on, grinding his thumb against my clit until my breath was coming in harsh, staccato gasps. I had never been so wet before, not in all my time with Cameron. Was it the body or the man? I didn’t know. What I did know was just how big a cock this stranger had. Knew it when I felt his head pressing up against my pink pussy lips, and when he rammed it into my pussy, completely unconcerned by my gasp of pain.

He was so thick as he pushed deep inside me. My pussy gripped his shaft and I groaned at the overwhelming fullness of pleasure bordering on pain. His dick was so hard and felt so good in my new cunt. He thrust into me, each time he went a little bit deeper and a little bit faster. This guy didn’t care about me getting off, he was in this ride for himself and he didn’t care that I knew it. The stranger wanted to come as fast as he could and it was only a few minutes more before he did. I wanted desperately to please him, wanted my body to be good enough for him to fuck hard and keep coming back for more.

These weren't my thoughts. What was happening to me?

His cock throbbed and he exploded inside of me, his cum hitting the inner walls of my cunt. I moaned and whined like the whore I had become. I clutched hold of him tightly, unintentionally digging my nails into his skin as I bucked and thrust my hips up to meet his throbbing cock, all conscious thought blasted from my mind.

It was the best sex I had ever had.

I'd never had so much sex in all my life. It seemed that every hour I was taken to a new place to be pleased by strangers: old and young, rich and poor, lowlife thugs and respectable businessmen. Then, sometime before sunrise, I was thrown back the car and driven to a skeezy casino on the outskirts of the city. It felt like I was there forever, on my back in a dirty back room. Night and day blended together as strangers rotated in to fill my curvy black body. There were pauses only to clean myself for the next client. They used my body, fucking my mouth, my pussy, my ass, until everything burned with pain and pleasure. I was too tired to think, too tired to complain. I was just a fucktoy.

At some point, we headed back to the city. I slept in the car when I could. It was beyond exhausting and I only managed to get through it thanks to my fierce new libido. Demi's body was always horny, always begging for more, always ready the next man and the one after that.

Finally, the pimp dropped me off at Demi's home. He gave me a split of the cash (a measly ten percent of what I had earned) and slapped me on the ass. Apparently, he was happy, so that meant I should be happy. He peeled away while I searched for keys in her purse.

Demi's small apartment was bare and squalid. The fridge contained half a tub of yogurt, some old milk and nothing else. I closed the fridge door, my stomach growling. I needed food but I needed sleep more. I stumbled to the bedroom, completely exhausted, and fell into bed.

It wasn't until the sun's beamed in through the curtainless window late the next morning that I stirred back to life. And, for a few sleepy moments, I held onto hope. I didn't know how the spell worked but I thought there might be a chance of I'd wake up back to normal. But with wakefulness came reality. I wasn't lying in my customary position on my stomach; I was lying on my side, my giant breasts heavy and uncomfortable. I sighed. I was still in her body.

I couldn't live like this. I had to get out of here. Then my eyes fell on Demi's keys. It was my first bit of good luck: she had a car. I scrambled out of bed and took a quick shower. I needed to wash last night's experiences off me and out of me.

My ebony body had amazingly clear skin and was in great shape, especially for a prostitute. I lathered myself up, running my hands across my oversexed new body. The bright pink nails contrasted sharply against my dark skin.

When I was done I stepped out and stared at my naked image in the mirror. There I was, a black prostitute with bright pink hair, heavy tits and a plump ass. No wonder men wanted to fuck me. Thinking about it made me smile. I liked their attention. I enjoyed pumping men, wrapping them up in my velvety folds until they exploded inside me. It was the only power I had. I shook my head. More strange thoughts; were they hers? I certainly didn't value myself by how many men I could get to cum inside me. Nervous now, I got dressed in her most sensible outfit and headed to the parking garage.

The car was ancient and ugly but it started easily and that was all that mattered. I pulled out of the garage and started on my five-hour long journey back to our home in the suburbs. Every second

spent on the road was a second spent thinking about future. Could Cameron learn to love me in this body? Would our marriage still work? With each passing miles my determination grew. Whatever the problems, Cameron and I would work through them together.

My home was the last house on the street. I pulled up to the curb and stopped the car. My hands were shaking and I was on the verge of tears, completely dreading the confrontation to come. I'd been gone a few days—Cameron was probably worried sick—and then there was I, a stranger, turning up on his doorstep and claiming to be his wife in disguise. He wouldn't know me...or worse, perhaps he'd recognize me as the girl who had approached him in the bar.

I knocked on the door and almost fainted at what happened next. I was there to greet myself. As in, my body, my old body, was on the other side of the door. Smiling brightly and beaming genuinely. It was Demi. She didn't seem surprised to see me at her door. She opened it and gave me a look up and down.

"I was wondering where you were at?" she laughed. "Couldn't get away from him, eh?"

"What's going on?" I asked, completely confused. "Where's Cameron?"

"At work. It's two in the afternoon, hun."

Of course he was at work...and then I realized. This was my chance to fix it all. "We need to switch back."

"Hell nah," she said, sneering. "I ain't givin' up this body or this life. I ain't as stupid as you look."

A fierce, unfamiliar anger filled me. I raised my hand to slap the sneer right off her face...but I found myself curiously unable to carry out the act, my hand halting in midair. "What the—"

"You can't hurt me," she grinned. "I found your book, used it myself. Now you trapped as a ho and I'm livin' it large."

"This isn't fair," I tried to push past her, tried to get inside my own home, but she was surprisingly strong in my body. I could only beg. "Please let me in. Please, I don't want to be trapped as you!"

"Too late for that, honey," she smirked. "It's what's best for everyone. I enjoy it, Cameron enjoys it and you could use a bit of rehabilitation."

"Cameron likes it?"

"Oh yeah." She stepped closer, her voice full of scorn, "See, unlike you, I know how to please a man in the bedroom. We been getting' up to all kinds of nasty stuff, he loves the new you. I ain't no missionary bitch. Your husband got a real delicious dick."

My anger boiled over. "You, you...intelligent and attractive woman!" That came out wrong, I was trying to call her a bitch. "What have you done?"

"You can't insult me," Demi laughed. "Another spell. You'll just give me compliments."

"I hope you have a pleasant evening," I snapped. "You can't do this, I'll tell Cameron the truth."

"Two problems there." She held up two fingers. "One, he won't believe your stupid ass anyway.

Two, my spells say you can't."

"I'll find a way!"

"You won't," She put a hand up and shoved. "Now, get off my porch, you skanky ass ho."

I waited in my car just a little way down the road. When I saw Cameron's car enter our drive, her drive, I took off running. My last hope was to convince him of my true identity, hope he would recognize the me inside this body. He saw me coming and went wide-eyed; he did recognize me from the hotel bar after all. I ran straight to him, taking my chances.

"Cameron," I called, tears in my eyes. "I have to talk to you. You've got to believe me. I really need to suck your cock."

"What?" He turned away from me but I grabbed him.

"No," I said desperately. "I want you to fuck me so hard."

"Just go away," he hissed. "I don't even know how you found me."

"Please it's me, it's stupid bitch," I said, the frustration making my voice shake. "Oh fuck, come on!"

"Hey!" Another voice joined the fight. My old body, Demi's new one, came out the house to meet us. She looked pissed but there was teasing little glint in her eye. She stared me down. "I thought I told you to get lost."

Cameron gaped, "Do you know her?"

"Please," I mouthed the word to her. "Please."

"Yeah, yeah," she smiled. "I was just playing. She's a surprise for you, Cameron."

"What?" we said in unison.

"Yeah." She gave Cameron a slow smile. "We've been getting so freaky lately, I thought you might want a threesome?"

"A threesome," Cameron looked stunned, then smiled. "Wow, really, Tina?"

"Yeah." She reached over and slapped my ass hard. "How about it?"

Cameron headed inside, clearly thrilled with the turn of events. As soon as Cameron was out of earshot, Demi leaned into me and hissed, "I got a good life out of this deal bitch, so imma do you a favor. I'll let you fuck him one last time before you're out on your ass and sucking dick for loose change."

At the thought of a threesome, my body went wild. I could feel my pulse suddenly racing and my skin too tight. I was wet before we even reached the bedroom. Cameron was waiting in my bedroom—her bedroom now—for us to arrive. He smiled at me, then turned to his wife pulling her into a tender kiss and murmuring grateful thank yous across her skin.

I had never been in a threesome before but Demi clearly had; she was right into it. She pushed Cameron onto bed, straddled his legs and kissed him hard. He dug his fingers into her hair, pulling her closer for a bruising kiss. His eyes were open, staring right at me. Then he extended his hand and beckoned.

Despite the pulsing need between my legs, I couldn't move.

Demi laughed softly at my hesitation and studied me. She turned to Cameron. “What should we do with her?”

I could feel Cameron’s eyes traveling down my body, lingering on my curves. “What do you suggest?”

Demi stood, walked over to me and planted a soft kiss on my lips...followed by another one. Then another. And then we were kissing, hard and fierce, all gentleness gone. My body screamed for more. Her hand trailed up to my breast; finding my taut nipple through my top and squeezing with a delicious, tugging pull that had me gasping against her mouth. I opened my eyes and could see Cameron, his eyes wide and fixed on the pinch of her fingers on my nipple.

She winked at him. “So, she’s gonna suck your dick while I sit on your face.”

There was no room for disagreement; she was in charge and we followed. She slid off her panties, pushed Cameron back on the bed and straddled his face. Unable to resist, I knelt between his legs, removing his boxers so his dick could spring free. I was going to miss Cameron’s dick. I licked it first, stroking the shaft with my tongue, hearing his moans of pleasure mingling with hers. Then, tentatively, I put his cock in my mouth and forced myself to work it slowly up and down it. One upside of this body, I discovered, was the lack of a gag reflex. I could really fit him down my throat.

As I sped up on his cock, feeling it glide slick and hard in my mouth, I looked up at the pair above me. Demi was looking back at me from my body, grinding on my husband’s face. Her lower lip was clamped in her teeth and her pert little breasts, now free, bounced up and down gently. I had never looked so sexy. She released her lip and smiled, “Let’s switch things up a bit.”

Now Cameron was leaning over me, his eyes hooded and his breath hot and harsh on the satiny skin of my belly. His tongue was exploring my new body, working his way up to my breasts. All the while my hips shifting and swirled against him, desperate to press against his erect cock. I needed him so badly.

His mouth trailed slowly up my neck, kissing and sucking my flesh until I couldn’t contain the need any longer. I dragged his mouth to mine and instantly he matched me, laying it on hard, harder than he ever had when we were together. I could hear his gasping breaths between kisses and feel his straining dick rammed against my thigh. He had never been this turned on with me.

Then I felt his cock slide into my sopping wet cunt. I shouldn’t have been so turned on, not with the way that things were, but there was no denying it. I started whining in pleasure, aching for him to go harder, begging him to pound me...and that’s when my former body joined in. Demi leaned over me, forcing my tits—her tits now—against my face. I had no choice, their soft warmth was pressed against me, grazing her hardened nipples along the seam of my lips. They weren’t as big as my new ones but they were still perky and perfect. I found myself missing them already.

She straddled my head as Cameron fucked me hard. She forced my own cunt into my face, still dripping with Cameron’s saliva and her cum. For a moment I didn’t want it, I shied away, but then I felt it: my new libido craving more. Suddenly, I found myself hungry and I lapped at my cunt like any good meal, tasting its salty warmth and digging in, exploring my velvety folds from my new perspective, enjoying the taste of myself as I dripped down my new throat. Demi giggled happily, clearly loving every single second. Cameron was still fucking me, his cock pulsating inside me and I could tell we were near the end. And could feel my own orgasm just below the surface, fierce and starting to build.

“That’s so fucking good,” Demi moaned as my own juices trickled onto my tongue. “Right there.”

It was a strange experience, tasting your own cunt, feeling your own clit against your tongue...but it didn’t stop me. I latched down on my clit, sucked it, grazed it with my teeth...anything to hear my old body moaning over and over again.

That's when the waves of pleasure shot through me, that's when my every muscle pulled tight and twitched, that's when I grabbed the covers in talon claws to help me through the pain of ecstasy. Cameron came inside me, shooting his load like an old pro, and at the same time Demi vibrated above me, pushing her pussy down onto my face and rocking back and forth. Her pussy dribbled down my face. We all screamed together in one high-pitched orgasmic chorus.

\* \* \*

That day my life officially began and ended. Demi gave me two hundred dollars for fucking my husband.

"Don't wanna get any trouble from your pimp." She winked. "You'd better be on your way."

"I'll make you pay for this," I said, "you stunning woman."

"No you wont," she smirked. "And in case you haven't guessed, this spell is permanent, hun. It'll last forever."

"I'm stuck?" I asked, already knowing the answer. "You'll never change us back will you?"

"Why would I do a stupid thing like that?"

I stood on the sidewalk looking back at the house that used to be my own and felt nothing but regret. It wasn't my home anymore; it wouldn't ever be again. There was nowhere for me to go now except back to an empty apartment and an empty life of pleasuring clients for money. I felt compelled to do it, unable to resist...and I realized that perhaps the urge was yet another spell Demi had cast on me.

Resigned, I turned the key in the ignition. My car whirred to life and spluttered down the road. Minutes later, my phone rang. It was the pimp, my pimp.

"Bitch where you at?"

"I was with a client. I'm on my way back now."

"Well you better move your ass girl," he said. "I've got twenty clients lined up tonight and they all want a piece of you."

My heart sank. "Do we have to do this tonight?"

"Bitch, what do you think?"

"Okay," I sighed and hung up. Tonight would just be the first of many, just another night working.

## Swap Course

'No! No! No! No! No!' Lawrence cried as he died once again and his screen faded to black.

'Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!' Jess laughed beside him and pumped her fist as the game pronounced her the winner and the camera circled around Lawrence's character lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood.

Lawrence dropped his controller and slumped back onto the living room couch, sweeping his brown hair back across his forehead. 'Aw, man, I almost had you that time.'

'Almost only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades. Like the one I chucked at you!' Jess said, her brown eyes sparkling in glee as she covered her mouth to suppress her giggles. It was a look that never failed to make Lawrence want to either slap her or throw her down on the floor and make wild, passionate love to her in equal measure.

Lawrence had been best friends with Jessica—Jess to her friends—since freshman year and she'd never been graceful in victory, which was annoying because she was so often victorious at just about any third person shooter they'd ever played. Lawrence had also had a crush on Jess for at least that long. He could close his eyes anywhere and conjure up her cute face with her tiny, rounded nose and flawless skin. He could imagine sliding his fingers through her auburn hair, set with deep blonde highlights, and pulling her soft lips against his. Running his hands down her petite, athletic body, slipping in between her taut thighs and unleashing her hidden desire for him, sending shock waves through her body as she cried out his name. Lawrence could only imagine these things because he'd never revealed how he felt about her, knowing she saw him as a friend but not a boyfriend. He nursed his secret crush in his room alone and was filled with shame each time he erupted into a tissue while imagining what he wanted to do with her.

Jess sat back on the couch and sighed. Lawrence looked over at her. Her brow was furrowed, the tight line of her mouth curled down. She was disturbed about something but, God, even disturbed she was the most adorable woman he'd ever seen.

'What's up?' Lawrence asked.

Jess turned to him and Lawrence had to force himself to concentrate on her words and not get lost in her big brown eyes.

'So...I've got this Swap Course thing tomorrow,' she began.

Swap Course was a special class at their school. Students got paired off with each other and each pair swapped bodies for the week to see how it felt to live as someone else. Lawrence didn't understand the science behind it, something about negative externalities and linked quantum particles. Whatever it was, he wanted no part in it and hadn't signed up.

'You're gonna do it, huh?'

She shrugged, 'I don't really have much choice. My mom says it'll be good for me.' She rolled her eyes.

'Who did you get?'

'Jamal.'

There was a pause as she looked at him. Lawrence blinked.

'Jamal? Jamal's gonna be in your...'

She nodded, a sad smile playing at her lips. Lawrence desperately wanted to take her into his arms and kiss her forehead, tell her it would be all right. But he didn't know if that was true. Jamal was a big, black, mountain of a kid that few people could stand. He was arrogant and perverted, constantly making unwanted advances on every woman unlucky enough to be near him as though he were the universe's gift to women. An asshole, basically. And that asshole would have the pleasure of being inside Lawrence's sweet crush for an entire week. Lawrence was flooded with a mixture of envy and a sickening sense of dread.

'Can you do me a favor?' Jess continued, 'Can you look after my body and make sure Jamal doesn't do anything crazy in it? I've asked Caleb, too, of course, but he's not always around.'

Caleb was Jess's stepbrother. Like Jess, Caleb was athletic and even sort of popular. His sport was basketball while hers was track.

'Of course, yeah, you got it.' Lawrence lived next door so it wasn't a strange request. In fact, the two were such close friends that Lawrence knew how to clamber up the side of her house and swing around to her window whenever he wanted to visit.

'God. Jamal. Really?' Lawrence asked. 'Now I wish I had signed up for Swap Course, I'd give up my body so you wouldn't have to be him.'

She patted him on the leg and smiled, 'That's sweet, thanks.'

Of course, she wouldn't have said that if she knew what Lawrence would have done in her body, but he let that pass.

'Stop him if he gets too crazy or does...things,' Jess shivered.

There were protocols in place to prevent such abuses of another person's body, some sort of mental block they put in place for protection. But still, there were ways to push the limits.

'Oh, fuck yeah. I'll be right outside. And besides, it's only for a week. Right?'

\* \* \*

Lawrence was late for school the next day and didn't see Jess before the swap. After the last bell rang, Lawrence headed to his locker to get his books. He was interrupted by a deep voice from behind him.

'Hey, Lawrence.'

Lawrence turned and looked up. And up. Jamal was towering over him, his arrogant face somehow seemed a little kinder.

'Jess?' he asked.

She nodded. 'It's strange, I'm huge and black and I've got this...penis,' she whispered, before covering her mouth to suppress a giggle. It was unsettling to see Jess's girlish mannerisms playing

out on Jamal's body.

'How do you guys cope with these things?' She continued, shifting her weight from leg to leg.

Lawrence shrugged, at a loss for words.

'Look,' she continued in Jamal's bass voice, 'I'm supposed to stick to his schedule, so that means I have to go to his house. Keep an eye on my body.' She patted him with a meaty hand. Lawrence winced as the hand came down heavy on his shoulder.

'Sorry, don't know my own strength, yet. Let me know if he does anything,' she said, before tottering slowly away down the hall in her unfamiliar, large body.

\* \* \*

Lawrence stopped by the track after school and climbed the rickety wooden steps up to the announcer's tower. From up here he easily picked out Jess's lithe frame running around the track, her long legs swinging back and forth as she overtook the others on the team. It seemed Jamal was following all the rules so far. Lawrence kept watch until the sun began to set and practice ended. He followed Jamal from a safe distance as he threw his stuff into Jess's car and jumped in, still in her track outfit. Lawrence followed Jamal all the way back to Jess's house.

When Lawrence got home he quickly ran through his house and out the back, where he clambered up the trellis of Jess's house and swung around the back gable to take up a position on the roof just outside her window. From here, the two roofs met at a right angle that shielded him from view of the street in one direction and faced the blank wall of his own house in the other, giving him his own secluded portion of roof to sit on. He sat down beneath Jess's window, only his eyes and the top of his head poked out above her windowsill as he gazed into her room.

Jamal entered in Jess's body and closed the door behind him as he dropped his bag on the floor. He was still wearing her track outfit: short, black spandex shorts that clung to Jess's tiny, round ass and left her long, lean legs bare, and a bra top that held tight to her small chest. Jamal's body was still shiny with sweat from his workout, Jess's rippled abs gleaming in the light of the bedroom. His hair was held back in a ponytail with several strands plastered to his forehead with sweat.

Jamal stripped off his top and flung it to the floor, revealing Jess's tiny breasts. He brought her slim hands up and wrapped his fingers around each one, squeezing and running Jess's fingers against her own soft flesh. He drew lazy circles around his pink areolae, gazing down at his new body in delight. Jess's cute face lit up in pleasure as her nipples pearly out at her touch. Jamal made Jess's body squeeze her sensitive nipples between thumb and forefinger and let out a gasp. Lawrence watched from outside as Jamal manipulated Jess's body from inside, making her touch herself, driving her body warmer with pleasure. Lawrence felt his manhood rising despite himself as he watched his crush fondle herself from his hidden perch.

Jamal plopped onto the bed. He wiggled out of his spandex shorts, raising his long, shiny legs in the air to kick off them off, followed by his panties. Jamal and Lawrence gazed at Jess's naked body for the first time, each speechless with lust. A drop of sweat beaded and slid down Jess's trim stomach as Jamal slipped Jess's slim fingers inside herself, rubbing fast, attacking his body like a woman possessed. There was no foreplay, just greed for his new form as Jess's body opened for herself. Lawrence watched as Jess sunk her fingers deep inside as she continued to play with one tit. The fingers between her legs grew shiny with her lust and Jamal let out soft moans in Jess's delicate voice. 'Ohhhh,' he whispered as he raised his pelvis to force himself in deeper.

Lawrence was growing so hard watching his desire play out in front of his eyes. He unzipped his pants and took his own manhood in his hand. He was warm and hard as he stroked himself while he gazed at Jess furiously masturbating on the bed.

Beads of sweat ran from Jess's face as she worked her body hard, pushing her fingers in deep to satisfy the aching between her legs, thrusting her pelvis up and up and then her eyes opened wide and her breath hitched. Her whole body spasmed and she gasped, a long release of delight as her first orgasm coursed through her body and her legs shivered in ecstasy. Her fingers slowed their circling as the orgasm passed through her body but was soon back at full speed, chasing her pleasure, her fingers sliding in and out of her velvety folds as she moaned faster and louder.

Tension built up in Lawrence's body, centering on his cock as he rubbed his shaft to match Jess's rhythm, imagining himself inside her sweat-soaked body and then he came, clenching his jaw shut to quiet himself as he spurted onto the roof. He was joined by Jess's voice growing in pitch and intensity as she approached the edge and toppled into ecstasy. Her legs clenched tight around her fingers as Jamal swirled her fingers through her slick folds, his other hand clamped hard against her breast, the nipple slippery from his sweat, 'Oh! Oh! Oh God!' he cried as he came, the orgasm pounding his tiny form while Lawrence finished spurting and stared at his naked friend.

When Jamal was finally done he pulled his fingers out of himself and lay spread-eagle on the bed breathing hard and simply staring down at Jess's naked form. After a few minutes he got up, grabbed his towel and left the room. Lawrence zipped up his pants and scurried back to his house. He had good dreams that night, but nothing could top what he'd seen in real life.

\* \* \*

During the week that Swap Course took place, Lawrence and Jess met up every day. Lawrence filled her in on what Jamal had been doing in her body, leaving out the masturbation, which had become a nightly ritual that Lawrence secretly joined in on from his rooftop hideout. Lawrence suspected Jess had experimented with her new manhood as well, though she never came out and said it. She told him how people tended to show her an unusual deference from within her hulking, black body. It was a much different experience than being a petite white girl and there were some things she liked about it, though she studiously avoided mentioning the other physical attribute she had of Jamal's. The closest she ever came to admitting to Lawrence what she had done in Jamal's body was when she was showing Lawrence the pics of herself that Jamal had texted her.

They were nothing too crazy, mostly her body posing in her track uniform and making duck lips, but always fully clothed. Jamal was certainly being more subdued in Jess's body than Lawrence thought possible. He had a suspicion that there were much more lascivious pics lurking somewhere on Jamal's email for quiet enjoyment later back in his own body. It was against the Swap Course rules but it was an open secret that everyone did it.

'I never thought I was gorgeous or anything, but seeing myself from inside this body...I don't know,' she chuckled in Jamal's deep voice, looking at her former body in the phone. 'Am I in love with myself?'

'It's a natural guy thing to do, to be attracted to a pretty girl,' Lawrence replied and immediately blushed as he realized what he'd said.

Jess just nodded but said nothing, continuing to stare at the picture of her own body.

\* \* \*

At the end of the week, Swap Course was over and everyone was put back in their normal bodies. Lawrence met Jess outside the classroom.

'You're back!' he cried, 'How does it feel?'

She ran a hand through her auburn hair and smiled. 'It's nice. I like my body. I missed all of this,' she said, smoothing her t-shirt over her abs.

Jess and Lawrence soon fell back into their old routine and for a few days it seemed that Swap Course would just be a memory. But the next Friday Jess seemed different. She missed her track training and Lawrence found her back at her house. Jess's mom let him in and when he joined her in her room she was sitting on the bed looking at her phone.

'Where'd you go?' he asked, 'You missed practice.'

'I, uh, had some stuff come up,' she said, 'Hey, what do you think of this?'

She held the phone up and Lawrence took it out of her hand. It took him a few seconds to figure out what he was looking at. Then the blurred pink shape and the coarse, brown hair resolved themselves in his mind and he realized he was looking at a close-up of Jess's pussy.

'Whoa...is that?'

She nodded.

'Did Jamal take that? You should tell someone.'

'I'm telling you.' She held up her hand for the phone and Lawrence gave it back to her.

'You don't seem too worried.'

'That's, uh, because...I've got some pictures of him.'

'Really?'

'Yeah, I mean, I've got some dick pics I can show people if he...sends this out or whatever. Not that it would embarrass him. I mean, Jamal was huge.'

Lawrence was taken aback at Jess's sudden candor. 'Um, yeah?'

'Yeah, I practically needed two hands to hold it! Bet you don't have that problem,' she giggled, her little nose wrinkling adorably. 'You just need like, one finger, right?'

'I've got a regular size, I'm not...I don't...' Lawrence stammered. Had being Jamal made Jess a little more vulgar? More willing to offend?

It wasn't just her attitude that had changed, she seemed to have lost her video gaming ability. Lawrence beat her four times in a row before she gave up with a shrug and soon kicked him out of her room.

The rest of the week was the same. Jess didn't seem to be interested in the usual things. Lawrence quietly cornered Jess's stepbrother one day when Jess was out late and Caleb agreed that Jess was acting different.

'I think that Swap Course really messed her up,' Caleb said, 'This is sort of how she was acting when Jamal was in her body.'

'Maybe he's still in her.'

'No, I stopped him from picking on some people in the marching band this afternoon. He's definitely himself.'

Still, Lawrence had his doubts. That night, Lawrence climbed up Jess's house and crept to her window. She was lying on her bed with her legs in the air. Her nightshirt was pulled up and her fingers were inside herself one more. Her other hand was up in the air, pointing a phone at herself as she writhed and moaned on the bed. Her window was wide open, as though she had no idea this was Lawrence's secret entrance.

'Shiiiiit,' Jess said to the person on the other end of the phone, 'White girl's...uh...still got a tight ass pussy.' She said, still working her fingers against her sensitive clit.

Lawrence banged on the window and Jess dropped her phone and looked up wildly. Anger ran across her pretty features.

'The fuck are you doing in my bedroom you got-damn pervert.' Lawrence had never heard Jess speak like that before and it was a dead giveaway she wasn't in her body.

'Who are you and what have you done with Jesse?' Lawrence asked.

Jess paused. 'I'll call you back,' she said into the phone before ending the call.

Jess sat up, still naked, and faced Lawrence. She spread her legs, revealing the gleaming pink nether lips.

'You got some sort of crush on home girl here?' She asked with a leer. 'Maybe you're jealous you can't get all up in this.' She ran her hand across her moistened lips, leaving a slick trail across her thighs.

'Jamal?'

'Yep.'

'But Caleb said you were you, how are you--?'

'Caleb? Oh, yeah, my brother. Yeah, he's right. I am me. And I'm also Jess. I know a guy who knows how that Swap Course stuff works and he was able to put a clone of me into here and put me back in my body. So, I'm two different people at once.'

'Where's Jess?'

'Don't know, don't care. Come to think of it, my boy said something about overwriting her. Some sort of computer shit. Doesn't matter.'

'Give Jess her body back!'

'Fuck no. I like this. And you ain't got nothing on me, anyway. Nobody's gonna believe you if you tell 'em. Not with the other me walkin' around. I can play the good, little white girl bullshit, too.'

Jamal batted Jess's eyes and tilted her shoulders up, assuming a picture of adorable innocence. 'It's just me, honest. I don't know what he's talking about. But I do know that he sneaks into my room in the middle of the night.'

Jess's features turned hard. 'Now get out of her before I start screaming that you raped me. I need to get back to some "me" time.'

Jamal lay Jess's body back down on the bed and slipped her fingers back inside himself with a sigh as Lawrence turned away.

\* \* \*

The next couple days Lawrence stayed away from Jess, though he watched her from afar. She started hanging out with Jamal and his friends and her outfits got skimpier. She took to wearing tiny shorts that barely covered her firm ass and allowed glimpses of her pink panties when she crossed her legs. Her grades dipped as Jamal spent most of his time in class feeling up his own body, running his hands over his perfect legs. Lawrence caught his eye once and Jamal stuck out Jess's little pink tongue then, after glancing around the room to see no one else was looking, he reached down and quickly pulled his panties aside, giving Lawrence a glimpse of his soft bush. He laughed as Lawrence turned beet red.

When Jamal wasn't feeling himself up, he was letting other people feel up Jess's body. Rumors began circulating that Jess had fucked her way through every one of Jamal's friends and was being passed around like candy to guys and girls alike. Lawrence was angry and sad for his friend but also, shamefully, a little turned on. He couldn't help but ogle Jess as she walked by, her tiny ass wiggling, her body almost completely on display. He still wanted her, and it made it worse that she was now having sex with everyone but him. He watched her with growing arousal and jealousy as she hung out to the side of the field after track with Jamal and his friends, giggling and laughing as they fondled her ass and took their turns sticking their tongues down her throat.

That Thursday, Lawrence hung out outside the girl's locker room after practice, hoping to be able to pull Jamal aside and plead with him to leave Jess's body, or at least wrangle the secret of how he was able to game the Swap Course equipment. The locker room had cleared out after thirty minutes with no sign of Jess. He'd seen her go in, so she must still be in there, unless she'd gone out through the school. Lawrence hoped not. He waited another ten minutes before poking his head in the door and listening. He didn't hear anything.

He withdrew his head and took one last look around to make sure nobody was watching him, then he ducked inside the girl's locker room. He slipped his way quietly past the rear row of lockers, sweating in his nervousness. If he was caught in here he'd get in serious trouble, not to mention be branded a school perv for life. But he was worried about Jess.

As he rounded the second row of lockers he heard whispering from the far side. He peeked carefully around the corner and saw Jamal and Jess.

Jamal had his muscular arms wrapped around Jess's body, dwarfing her with his huge, black form. Her arms were curled around his back, running up and down his bare skin as they made out. Jess's back was to Lawrence and he listened to the sound of their kissing as he watched Jamal's dark hands slide across Jess's pale back. Her skin was still shiny and glistening with her sweat. Her hair was up in a ponytail, strands of it plastered to her neck after her intense training. Jamal's hands slid underneath the elastic of Jess's shorts and squeezed. She jumped and laughed into Jamal's mouth, a delirious, sexy laugh. Then she pressed her face against his once more and they made out, their passion intensifying, their hands exploring each other's bodies.

Jamal pulled off Jess's shorts and she stepped out of them, then lifted her arms and let him pull off her top. Jamal tossed it down the locker room in the direction that Lawrence was hiding. Lawrence darted his head back as Jess turned around, then slowly peeked out in time to watch Jess press her ass against Jamal's crotch and begin gyrating her body up against Jamal as she ran her hands over her own slick form. Jamal had his own pants down and Jess sighed happily as she pressed her ass against his erection, her eyes closed, a smile playing on her lips. Lawrence felt himself growing hard as he watched his crush rub her naked body against the thick, black cock behind her.

'Ohhh,' Jess sighed, turning her head to face Jamal, 'I can't stand it. I need you to fuck this little ass.'

'Girl, it's about damn time,' Jamal grinned and roughly pushed her down. She propped her arms against one of the benches and arched her back so her rounded ass was sticking out as she spread her lean legs wide. Her perfect profile was to Lawrence, the graceful cat-like curves of her body nearly making Lawrence cum there and then. She turned her head to Jamal and smiled.

Jamal turned to her and Lawrence saw his manhood. He hadn't been bragging, it really was huge. Jamal grasped his thick shaft and slid the black head between her legs. He pressed up against Jess's nether lips as she sighed softly. Then he pushed forward, his bulbous head slowly pressing into Jess as she bit her lip and leaned back into him. Lawrence could see her lips parting slowly as Jamal's cock disappeared inside, filling her tender pink folds with his manhood. Jess bit her lip and gasped as he continued pressing forward, inch after inch disappearing inside her until his groin was pressed up against her pale, tender skin and he lay deep within her.

'Oh, fuck, yes. I've missed my cock,' Jess whispered.

Jamal gripped her ass in his muscular, ebony hands and withdrew, before slowly pushing back inside her. He stared down at the crack of her ass, entranced as he watched his black cock disappear into her little white body. They went back and forth, slowly picking up speed, the rhythm of Jamal's balls slapping against Jess's ass growing louder in the locker room until they were pounding together.

Jess moaned and gasped like a bitch in head as Jamal thrust into her, a look of possessive determination on his face. He wrapped his hands through Jess's hair and yanked her head back. She cried out, her body forced into an upright position as he continued to slam into her, pounding her like a beast, nearly bending her over backwards as he had his way with her. Jess's own cries rose in pitch as her tiny body was forced into Jamal's pleasure and her whole body ached with fire and then Jamal grunted and thrust deep, cumming hard and emptying himself inside her as she moaned around him. Lawrence watched as Jamal pulled her head back still further as he came, her hands rising off the bench so she was being held only by her hair and she cried with him as she spasmed, orgasming as her petite body was filled with his heat.

After a few more wild thrusts he sank deep, deep inside for one last burst, his eyes shut tight. Then the tension poured out of his body and he released her. She fell to her hands on the bench, their bodies still connected as they breathed hard. Soon, Jamal pulled out and gave her ass a possessive slap as his seed trickled down her thighs.

'Shiiiiit, I could get used to this.' He said.

'Me, too,' Jess sighed, lying down on the bench with an arm over her eyes. One leg was on the floor, the other knee in the air and her sex was facing Lawrence, allowing him to see her velvety folds, still open and moist in lust.

'I know exactly what you want, or what I want, or whatever,' she said, 'And it turns this bitch on even more. Shiiiiit, I'm almost ready to go again.'

Jamal grinned. 'Then you should get back home. There may be a little surprise there for you.'

Lawrence was gripped with trepidation. What could Jamal have in store that would be worse than stealing Jess's life? He sneaked out of the locker room and drove back to Jess's house as quick as he could to warn Caleb. Maybe the two of them together could grab Jess and force Jamal out of her body somehow. Things were getting out of control.

Lawrence's car squealed to a stop outside his house and he rushed over to Jess's house. He rang the doorbell and banged on the door frantically until Caleb opened it up. Caleb was topless, his lean chest slick with sweat as though he'd just finished a workout.

'Caleb, listen, Jamal is somehow still inside your sister. I don't know how he did it but he made a clone of himself and now he's both himself and Jamal. I mean...Jamal's himself, but he's also your sister somehow. It's hard to believe but it's true.'

Caleb leaned against the doorway and crossed his arms. He smiled ruefully at Lawrence from under his neatly mussed brown hair.

'Shiiiiit. That's fucked up.' Caleb said, a hint of a smile on his lips. 'But you're wrong about one thing. Jamal's not two people, he's three.'

The import of Caleb's words took a second to register. When Jamal saw that Lawrence understood, he continued, 'Caleb here was getting too nosy, I couldn't have him ruining a good thing. Now there's three of me running around and we all tight, you know? Well, not Jess so much anymore.'

Caleb laughed Jamal's hearty, mocking laugh. 'Now get the fuck outta here, unless you want to be number four.'

And with that he stepped back and slammed the door in Lawrence's face. Lawrence stood on the doorstep for a little while, aware that his life as he knew it, as well as Jess and Caleb's life, was over.

## Epilogue

When Jamal first found out he was going to be swapped with Jess he was pissed.

'Man, why I gotta be a little, white girl?' he complained.

His three friends, DeShawn, Marcus and Tyson hooted with laughter.

'You was all set to get some chicks with some white dude's dick and now you gonna be a chick,' DeShawn laughed, covering his mouth.

'Shiiiiit. Shut the fuck up. It ain't funny.' Jamal said, punching DeShawn in the shoulder.

So when Jamal finally ended up in Jesse's body he didn't want to be around his friends. That hour after the change was the weirdest, when everyone and everything suddenly seemed so much bigger from his tiny body. And his voice! He missed his deep rumble, not this high pitched feminine voice that dropped from his lips. Jess had small breasts, so they weren't immediately noticeable. What was noticeable was the emptiness between his legs. He was curious and, like many people in Swap Course, went home to explore his new body and ended up loving it. He played with himself at night when he went to bed and in the morning before he had to go to school and he thought about it in between times.

As much as Jesse's body, Jamal liked her life. Being a white woman people treated him differently, didn't shoot him dirty looks—not dirty as in angry, anyway—were more forgiving but also less intimidated, less judgmental. He grew to like it and after Swap Course ended he missed it. He needed to find a way back in.

A friend of his cousin knew a guy who could hack the Swap Course machine and Jamal paid him a thousand dollars to rig up a switch. Then it was a simple matter of luring Jesse into the Swap Course room on the pretext of revealing something important he'd discovered about her life. He flicked the switch expecting to end up in her body. Instead, she looked down at herself and back up at him.

'Ha ha! It worked!' Jesse cried.

'What are you talking about?' Jamal asked.

After some confusion they sorted out that the switch hadn't been set up right and instead of swapping bodies it created a clone of Jamal inside Jesse's body. Jamal could sort of feel his clone's body if he closed his eyes and concentrated. It was like a phantom limb, an echo of himself in Jesse's body.

Now that it was done and permanent, Jamal had fun in his body, doing the things he hadn't dared to do when it was temporary. His new sex got quite a workout from his group of friends, and even their girlfriends who were tempted to try out Jamal's tiny new body. He loved his new life, the pleasure and the way others reacted to his body. Being white definitely made things easier, and being free with his body made things easier still. Soon, though, Caleb had grown suspicious, so Jamal him to the Swap Course room and cloned himself again. Then there were three echoes of Jamal, distinct but somehow connected. The real fun began once Jamal was in the two siblings'

bodies and living in the same house.

The day Lawrence realized his life as he knew it was over, Jesse came home from practice soon after, still sticky with sweat from her run and locker room workout with the original Jamal. She came up to her room where she found Caleb lying on the bed wearing only his underwear. His lean arms were tucked behind his head and his taut stomach glistened with the sweat of his practice. He smiled at her as she entered, both of them understanding what their bodies craved.

Jesse dropped her bag by the closet and locked the door. She walked towards the bed slowly, letting her hips sway back and forth as she admired her stepbrother's athletic body. She straddled him and bent down to lick his chest, running her tiny tongue along his nipple and tasting the salt of his sweat. She kissed his way up his chest to his lips. He slipped a hand behind her head and pressed her mouth close to him as his tongue shot out to taste her. Their slick bodies slid over each other, her tits pressed against his bare chest.

Caleb darted his tongue against Jesse's lips, tasting her as she opened for him, teasing her tongue as her fingers explored his body, running up and down his shoulders, his arms, through his flop of brown hair. Jamal felt Caleb's body growing hard for Jess, and felt the echo of his manhood pressing against the shorts of his feminine body through whatever mental link they had as clones.

Caleb grabbed his sister's ass and flipped her over. She squealed in delighted surprise as she landed on her back and Caleb pulled off her tiny shorts. Jess spread her legs, revealing the light swell of her hips and the dark triangle of hair leading down to her pleasure. Her body looked so soft and delicate but felt firm and athletic. His desire for her fed into her own desire for him, building as they stared at each other.

Then Jamal made Caleb kneel down and push his face between his sister's legs. With his one hand on each thigh he spread her slowly, watching as her nether lips opened for him and he gazed into her center. Her pink folds dripped with desire as he pushed his tongue inside and tasted her. She tasted of cherries and smelled delightfully earthy as he lapped at her, while above him she pulled up her bra and played with her nipples, tweaking and twisting as she sighed in pleasure at the twin sensations.

Caleb pushed his mouth hard against his sister's pussy, swirling his tongue up and across her clit as she moaned and gushed into him. He drank her down as he continued to lick and thrust with his tongue, dancing across her pleasure, sucking her lips into his mouth and she came, crying out as he held her legs apart and she twisted and turned in his grasp, riding her ecstasy as it powered through her. He felt her pleasure echoing in his mind and it drove him wild with passion. He wanted to ride her hard, possess her in the way only a man could.

As her orgasm subsided Caleb lifted his head. His chin dripped with Jesse's juices and he licked his lips, still tasting her on him. He dropped his sweaty body across hers and kissed her. His weight felt so good on top of her, her own taste in her mouth as his hardness pressed against her belly. He drew his hips back and slipped the head of his cock against her slit. Jesse felt her stepbrother pushing slowly as she parted for him, allowing the head of his manhood to slip inside her, followed by each glorious inch of his shaft, pressing deeper into her until he was lying against her and she was full and moaned in pleasure. He withdrew, and an aching emptiness shot through Jesse's body, quickly easing as Caleb thrust back inside her, again and again, driving himself deeper into her.

Cries escaped her lips as he thrust, faster and harder, a pounding rhythm that shook her to her core and her voice rose in pitch. Caleb wrapped his rosy arms around her, stroked her hair and stared into her cute face as he entered and withdrew, feeling her slick lips wrapped around his cock. He radiated animal lust, a wild passion for her, magnified by their connection. They gazed at each other as Caleb slid as far inside as he could, grunting as he released himself into Jess. The warmth spurted into her, flooding her body with a fullness and heat that pushed her over the edge and she came with

him. He leaned his forehead against hers and, still staring deeply into each others' eyes, they came as one. Jesse felt his hot breath on her lips as she took him all in, gripping him until he was empty and she was full, her pussy heavy with his seed.

Still lying on her, he rested his head on her shoulder and she took his wonderful weight. Their bodies pressed together as one, just as their pleasure had been shared as one.

It was the first of many such encounters. After all, whenever one was horny, the other felt it, too. And sometimes they'd even let the original Jamal join in.

## Potions

Someone—probably Patrick—had christened it The Track Stop in junior year and the four guys had been hanging out there every day since. It wasn't much to look at: a couple of crappy benches tucked behind a tree at the far corner of the track field, but it did have the advantage of being ignored by the rest of the student population and completely hidden from view.

Patrick, Rob and Jim were spread out across the benches. Patrick was idly peering through the gap in the tree at the girls training on the track. They seemed to be spending as much time stretching as actually running laps. He wasn't complaining.

Rob was watching the time, pulling out his phone every minute or so to check. The bell was going to ring soon and he hated being late for chemistry.

Jim was doing crunches. He'd managed four and a half so far but was rapidly losing interest in making it to five. Crunches it turned out were (a) boring and (b) more difficult than they looked.

The fourth member of their group, Travis, was late, which was both annoying and completely par for the course. Chronic lateness was pretty much his defining characteristic. Well, lateness and serious gullibility. The previous month, Travis had shelled out two hundred bucks for invisibility powder from some shady online 'magic' dealer and had been genuinely shocked when it didn't work.

Still, precedent notwithstanding, Travis had made a big deal about them all needing to meet up before class and the guy still hadn't showed, which was more than a little annoying.

Rob checked his phone again. "Bell's gonna go."

Patrick yawned. "Travis'll be here."

"He's late," Rob pointed out.

Jim abandoned crunch number five and sat up. "He's Travis, of course he's late."

"Anyone know what this is about?" Rob asked. "Last night, Travis seemed kinda..."

"Insane," Patrick interjected.

"Strange," Jim countered.

Patrick snorted. "That's the polite way of putting it."

Travis appeared suddenly, pushing through the gap in the bushes. "Dudes, you won't be calling me insane when you see what I've got for you." He opened his backpack and pulled out a small rosewood box. His voice laden with awe, he announced proudly, "Check it out."

Patrick was seriously underwhelmed. "Travis, it's a box."

"Patience."

Travis carefully undid the leather straps that held the box closed and opened it to reveal four vials,

packed neatly inside a layer of foam. They were filled with a dark blue viscous liquid with a strange inky sheen that danced in the light. Travis carefully pulled out a vial and held it aloft, as if he were an archaeologist revealing a priceless relic from an ancient civilization.

“This is magic,” Travis announced, oblivious to the complete lack of awe from the others.

“That’s um, that’s…” Jim struggled and failed to find the appropriate term.

Patrick folded his arms. “I’m sticking with insane.”

Jim, ever the peacemaker, turned to Travis and added, “But interesting.”

Patrick grabbed the vial from Travis and peered at it critically. “I’m still waiting to hear what the hell it is.”

“This, gentleman,” Travis snatched back the vial, “is a body swap potion.”

Patrick was immediately doubled over with mocking laughter. Even ever-polite-say-no-evil Jim burst at out laughing at the stupidity of that pronouncement.

Rob dropped his head into his hands in weary amusement, “Travis, you’re delusional.”

“No, no, no. This one’s totally legit. I used bitcoin and everything. Drink this potion and you will be able to possess the body of another person,” said Travis in the voice of a true believer. “And lucky for you guys, I bought enough for all of us.”

Patrick grabbed a vial from the box. “I repeat, you’re in-fucking-sane, dude. Where did you even get these?”

“There’s this dealer I heard about. He’s a world renowned authority on the mystical and unexplained. It took me months of searching to—”

“Some rando on the dark web?” Rob asked. He grabbed a vial of his own and examined it carefully. “That’s where you got them?”

Travis nodded eagerly. “Not just any rando. Randy the…rando.” The guys stared at him. “Ok, when I hear it said out loud he sounds like a fake person.”

Rob held the vial up to the sunlight. “How much did you pay?”

“About a hundred dollars a vial.” Travis shrugged. “Plus shipping.”

Rob gave a sarcastic snort. “Man, did you get ripped off.”

Travis shook his head. “Nah, I mean you should see the reviews on this stuff. They’re like—”

Rob cut him off. “Travis! This liquid, it’s methylene blue.”

Travis looked completely confused. “What?”

“It’s like a totally worthless, everyday chemical. It’s used for medicines and dye and stuff.”

Travis clutched his vial protectively and shook his head. “No, you’re wrong. Randy’s website is serious business. He wouldn’t mess me around.”

Jim picked up a vial, uncorked it and sniffed. “Dunno, when it comes to boring chemical shit, Rob knows his stuff.”

Travis voice was rising into the ‘crazed zealot’ pitch range. “Listen, just trust me, this potion will work.” He glanced around wildly at the three guys. “Don’t you want to experience what it does?”

Patrick, who had never missed opportunity to do something ill advised on the mistaken assumption

it was a display of bravery, turned to Travis. “I’ll do it, but only if you drink yours first.”

Travis grinned, overjoyed to have his first convert. He popped the cork on his vial and knocked it back in one gulp.

For a minute, they all watched him, waiting for him to puke or start foaming at the mouth or something. Instead, he just looked at Patrick imploringly.

Patrick shrugged and knocked back his vial. “Ugh, that’s nasty... and yet somehow I’m still in my own body.”

“Give it time.” Travis turned and smirked at Jim and Rob. “See guys, nothing to worry about and you do not want to miss out on—”

Jim cut him off, “Ok, chill!” If experience had taught Jim anything, it was that trying to talk Travis out of anything was pretty much impossible. Sometimes it was just easier to go along with his crazy schemes. He turned to Rob, “Is this meth-whatever blue stuff dangerous or anything?”

Rob shook his head. “Nah, totally harmless. It’s actually used as a placebo. They give it to gullible idiots”—Rob gave Travis a pointed look—“who believe they’re getting treated just because it turns their pee blue.”

Jim shrugged. “Fine.” And downed the contents of his vial.

They were interrupted by the sound of the school bell from across the other end of the track. Travis stared at Rob beseechingly and said, “Come on! You don’t want to be the only one left out of this, do you?”

Rob sighed, “What the hell.” And, with a defeated eye roll, he uncorked his vial and drank the liquid. Grabbing his backpack, he added, “Let’s get to class.”

Travis was beaming as they headed towards the school building. “This is gonna be epic! Let’s catch up after school and see who we’ve become.”

Patrick shook his head and said sarcastically, “Yeah, that’s exactly what we’ll do.”

Travis was undeterred. “I’ve got math last period in the old trailer all the way out back. Meet there at the end of class.”

They peeled off and headed their separate ways.

## II.

Patrick kicked it up to a jog as he rounded the corner into the main hallway. It wasn't that he minded being late... it was that, if he were late one more time, his English teacher was going hand him his ass on a plate. Peering through classroom doors as he jogged past, he could see that many of the students—pretty much all of them—were already sitting at their desks. He was officially late and officially screwed.

“Shit!” he muttered and picked up the pace, mentally cursing Travis and his damn time-wasting potion.

Then, out of nowhere, he was hit with a jarring head spin. He slammed on the brakes as his vision turned blurry and suddenly simply standing up was an issue. He dropped a hand to the wall and managed to prop himself upright.

At that moment another student came around the corner. He recognized the long, straight violet hair immediately. Shit, it was his sister, Kaitlyn. If she saw him like this she'd be sure to tell mom and dad he was getting high again. Yet, Patrick couldn't muster the energy to push himself away from the wall.

“Patrick?” Kaitlyn asked, approaching him warily. She carried a flute case in one hand. Her hair was dyed violet in an attempt to make her look like a rebel, but she was really just a class A nerd. She wore a tan vest over a white blouse, her slender breasts pressing against the tight fabric in a way that drew Patrick's eye, despite his best efforts. A modest skirt covered her legs. She was tiny, at least a head shorter than Patrick, with deep blue eyes set in a cute, round face and a timid look about her.

He could feel Kaitlyn staring at him, her hair partly obscuring her eyes, the way she liked it styled in order to hide behind because she was so bashful. But Patrick didn't have time for bashful right now... because he was pretty sure he was about to pass out and could already feel himself starting to slip down the wall.

He looked over at her desperately. “I need...”

She rushed over to him as he began to fall and he found himself heading right for her, his full weight hurtling towards his sister's small frame. She let out a short, terrified yelp, right before they collided. Then, inexplicably, he felt his body sink right through hers, as if she were made of air. He collapsed onto the hallway floor.

Patrick rolled onto his back and lay still with his eyes closed as he let the last confusing waves of dizziness pass. Sucking in a breath, he opened his eyes, ready to face his possibly injured sister, followed by a race to class and a seriously pissed off English teacher. Instead he looked down and—where his body should have been—was a prone girl with her skirt flipped up on her legs, revealing her cute pink panties.

Eyes widening, he stared down the length of his new body and recognized it instantly; it was Kaitlyn. It was impossible to mistake: her long violet hair, the uniform stretched tight over her slender chest, the flute case clutched in his feminine fingers. He was Kaitlyn.

Utterly stunned, he gasped, “What the hell!” And then had to deal with the total mindfuck that was hearing Kaitlyn’s voice emerge. His hands flew to his lips and he felt the soft contours of his sister's mouth and cheeks beneath his touch.

The only sensible explanation was that he was hallucinating. Whatever was in that blue potion was seriously powerful. He slid a hand down his body to fix his skirt and felt every curve, every soft stretch of his sister's skin, all completely tangible and solid. His mind reeled as he stood up and tried to figure out what to do next.

His indecision was interrupted by someone calling from down the hall, “Kaitlyn!”

Patrick turned to see a group of students approaching; each one was carrying a musical instrument of some sort. Most of them Patrick didn’t know but he did recognize the guy with the red hair, Jordan. He'd sometimes hang around at the house with Kaitlyn.

Jordan picked up Kaitlyn’s flute case from the floor and handed it to Patrick. “Whatcha doing? We’ve got to get to music class.”

“Music class?” There was possibly nothing in the world Patrick felt less capable of doing right now than going to class, particularly music.

But Jordan grabbed him by the hand and pulled him down the hall after the other students. Patrick's mind was still reeling. They treated him like Kaitlyn. This whole thing had to be real. Should he try to act like her or run screaming from the school? In his indecision, he found himself being led along as if on a leash, until he was sitting in the middle of a school orchestra with a flute case open on his lap and a bunch of totally incomprehensible sheet music on the podium in front of him.

Patrick had never touched a flute before, let alone played one. He let his sister do the nerdy shit, he'd always stuck to the cool stuff like Pokemon and Dungeons and Dragons. Patrick stared at the various bits that made up Kaitlyn’s instrument and considered his first problem: how did he even put the flute together?

He must have looked confused because the girl next to him—also with a flute—leaned over and asked, “Everything okay, Kaitlyn?”

“Y-yeah,” he stumbled. “Just, um, just... I’m fine.”

Patrick could feel the eyes around the room focusing on him as he took out the various flute pieces from their box. Feigning confidence and trying to steal a glance at the completed flute of the girl next to him, Patrick connected the pieces in what seemed like the right way, carefully rotating them to line up the keys. It didn't seem quite right, as if his body held a muscle memory that Patrick, in his confusion and nervousness, was fighting against.

Looking up, he found the girl next to him staring at Kaitlyn’s flute with a crinkled brow. “Why’ve you put the foot joint on like that?”

Patrick wanted to explain that (a) he didn’t know what a foot joint was and (b) he didn’t care but instead found himself ducking his head to let his hair swing down over his eyes and saying quietly, “Oh, just wasn’t paying attention.”

He was saved from saying anything more by the door opening and the music teacher walking into the room. He turned to the students, “Ok, let’s get started. It’s L’Arlesienne Suite No.2 everyone.” He eyed Patrick’s section of the orchestra. “Your chance to shine in the introduction, wind section. Need your A game.”

Patrick felt his stomach sink; this was the moment that he was going to be revealed as a fraud... and his new dutiful inner voice was inconsolable at the thought of criticism and censure.

Then teacher turned directly to him. “Oh Kaitlyn, since you’ve got the solo on this one, I figured you’d appreciate some time to practice alone. You can use one of the solo rooms down the hall.”

“YES!” Patrick replied a little more emphatically than he meant to. Giving a tiny embarrassed laugh, he amended quietly, “I mean thank you. I’d appreciate it.”

Patrick gathered up Kaitlyn’s things and bolted for the door.

Soon Patrick was in front of a row of heavy-looking soundproof doors and ducked inside the small practice room behind one of them. Shutting the door also shut out all the outside sounds. Some considerate student had covered the only opening—a small window inset in the door—with a piece of notebook paper. For the first time since finding himself in his sister's body Patrick was alone. He could relax and think about what the hell had happened. The only explanation that made sense—as much as any of this could make sense—was that Travis's potion had worked and he was now inside Kaitlyn's body.

Patrick tucked his silky purple hair behind an ear and let out a deep sigh. “Shit.”

He giggled hearing Kaitlyn's tiny voice swear. She was the nerdy, prudish type, always dressed primly and properly. He used to tease her that she was so proper she'd crack in half if she swore.

“Fuck.” He said again, amusing himself at making his sister swear. “Fuck, shit, ass, bitch!” He stuffed a tiny hand in his mouth as he giggled, the light strawberry scent of his sister's hand lotion filing his nose.

Patrick sat in the hard plastic chair in the middle of the otherwise empty space and stared down at his new form. Kaitlyn's small chest rose lightly with each breath beneath her white blouse and tan vest. A simple black skirt covered his thighs, ending at the knee and revealing slender, feminine calves. His socks were pulled up his calves and he wore unflattering school-girl shoes. Patrick was acutely aware of the breasts pressing against the fabric of his blouse, of the air wafting beneath his skirt and playing against the emptiness between his thighs. He'd known his sister had breasts but he'd tried not to think too much about them. Only, now that they were hanging directly below his line of sight, they were impossible to ignore.

Patrick was still a man in his head, and Kaitlyn's delicate body, while modestly dressed, was quite attractive. He was a teenage guy, alone in a soundproof box with a cute, willing girl. Yes, it was his sister, but she was alone. There was nothing untoward.

With only a slight hesitation, Patrick raised his slender fingers to his vest and undid the buttons, then did the same to his blouse. He pulled the fabric of the blouse open slowly and stared down at Kaitlyn's bosom. The bra across his chest was a simple white number and held his two petite breasts in place. The gentle curves disappeared beneath the fabric of the bra and they looked perfect and beautiful.

Patrick slipped his vest and blouse off, then reached behind his back and struggled with the bra. It took a little while with the awkward angle and doing it by feel, but eventually he managed to unclasp it and free himself. He shrugged out of the bra and dropped it to the floor before staring down at his sister's bare breasts and sucking in a breath. Amazing. They were small but perfectly formed, with gentle, sloping curves and little strawberry-colored areolae.

Patrick ran his fingers across his skin, dancing around his new tits and sending goosebumps down his spine. Every caress was turning him on, a full body warmth that emanated from his nipples as he manipulated them and spread down his tummy, his full butt, his creamy thighs and concentrated within the new sex between his legs. His tits moved so perfectly as he played with them, bobbing and dancing them beneath Kaitlyn's own tiny fingers. His nipples grew hard and more sensitive, so that squeezing them gently caused a wonderful ache to build within his body.

Patrick unzipped her skirt and scooted it down to the floor. His sister's bare legs were thin and smooth, with pale, creamy thighs. The dark, unruly hair of her waiting womanhood was just visible beneath the sheer fabric of her white panties. He dipped his thumbs beneath the hem and rolled the underwear down his legs, revealing the dark trail of pubic hair that led to the pitch black darkness between his clasped legs.

Kaitlyn's bush was thick and wild. He slid his fingers through it, admiring the coarseness, the smoothness of his new sex. Patrick forced himself to relax, let his legs ease apart and spread the hair out of the way to examine his new slit for the first time. It was beautiful, the rounded lips already parting gently from the manipulation of his breasts. Kaitlyn was such a prude Patrick doubted she had ever masturbated, had ever seen her body for the achingly adorable form it was.

He was about to change that.

Patrick slipped two of her fingers down across her slit and pushed gently into her virginal body. He stared, entranced, as the lips of his pussy swallowed his fingers and he felt himself from the inside, so warm and wet. He rubbed gently, trying different angles, different pressure, until he landed on the hood of his clit and released a breathy moan. God, she felt so wonderful, looked so wonderful, sounded so wonderful.

His other hand returned to a breast and he fondled his perfect tits as he let Kaitlyn's fingers circle inside her body. Watching her masturbate from her own perspective, holding his own breast, pleasuring his own clit, made him moan again, louder this time, as a wave of warmth passed through him. He never realized how beautiful his sister was, how sexy her body could be. Now, looking down from behind her eyes, he soaked in every smooth inch of it. The fingers inside his velvety folds sped up, pressing harder and urging the lust through his slender form.

He grew wet and dipped his fingers down to spread his dew across his velvety folds. His breath came faster, his tits heaving up and down as Kaitlyn's own moans filled the room. His cries grew faster, louder, as he led himself towards the final precipice.

He dug his fingers deep inside, sinking ever so deep into her wetness as he spread his legs and cried. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." His sister's girly voice was swallowed by the soundproof room as he rocked back and forth on the chair, pleasuring himself as hard and fast as he could until the chair grew wet beneath his tiny butt and he cried out in one long, loud wail as the pleasure exploded through him, carrying him away as he squeezed his sensitive tit and penetrated his new body, reaching in deep towards his center. It was a full body pleasure, curling his toes and forcing his eyes shut. And then when he came down he instantly wanted more.

He came twice more like this, each time easier, quicker than before. His body was a sensitive trigger set off by the least touch, blasting delight through his tiny body and making him screw his eyes up tight and just hold on. When he was done he came down slowly, head thrown back, body splayed across the chair, fingers still inside his wetness. Kaitlyn's musky fragrance filled the room. A beautiful smell. His smell.

Still warm and oh-so-calm, he pulled his fingers out of himself and slid his panties and skirt back on. He couldn't figure out how to get the bra back on so in the end he left it off, cramming it into his flute case, before putting his blouse back on. His tiny nipples poked out beneath the fabric, clearly visible. The vest covered them somewhat and Patrick didn't think anyone could tell he wasn't wearing a bra. Not that he had much choice.

He waited in the practice room with the door cracked just enough to let in some fresh air while he waited for the sound of the bell signaling it was time to go to the next class. With a start, Patrick realized he had no idea where Kaitlyn's next class was. Hopefully one of her friends would lead him there.

### III.

Jim was feeling...off. Could be the fact that he'd skipped breakfast. Could be the fact that he'd knocked back a shot of some random bright blue chemical before 9am. Could just be that he had gym; gym first period was enough to make anyone feel queasy.

But it didn't really explain why he felt kinda dizzy and he could feel his skin vibrating. It was like a dull physical hum and it was driving him crazy.

It was also hugely distracting... which is why he didn't see the big yellow sign warning him about the wet floor outside the gym. He skidded across the floor, barely managing to stay on his feet, and collided with the sign.

A voice called, "You OK?"

Jim looked up and saw Zoe emerging from the girls' locker room. He gave a self-deprecating grin. "Yeah, I'm fine. Ironically, the only part that actually hurt was hitting the sign."

On the outside, he was grinning. On the inside, he was wailing and gnashing his teeth.

It was just fucking typical! Of all the people to have witnessed his ignoble skid, it had to be Zoe. Zoe! Zoe with her cascade of perfect blonde hair that seemed to glint with flecks of gold. Zoe with her muscular yet frankly obscenely feminine body. Zoe with her athleticism and skill and poise and determination. Zoe, the girl he'd had a crush on since freshman year. Zoe!

Apparently, she'd decided he wasn't badly injured because she gave him a small dismissive smile and turned for the gym doors.

Desperate to prolong the first exchange he'd ever actually had with her, he ignored the increasingly high-pitched hum in his body, and blurted out, "Great game last night." She paused by the gym door so he played his advantage and added, "I mean, you basically held them scoreless in the second half."

She turned back to him. "Thanks. Yeah, we've been working really hard on defense this season."

"It shows. You've looked sharper every game."

She studied him a little. "I don't think I've seen you in the crowd."

"I've got a very generic-looking face." The hum was getting worse but he ignored it and gave a self-deprecating smile. "It tends to blend into a crowd."

And then she smiled back. At him! They were having a conversation and she was smiling! And that was—of course—when the humming turned to a screech and he found himself doubled over in pain.

Zoe headed over to him and asked, "Is everything okay?"

"No," he replied through gritted teeth. "My advice is don't drink a shot of unidentified blue goo for breakfast."

“What?”

“Long story. I was trying to be a good friend and now I think I’m probably dying.”

He felt her hand touch his back in concern and then, in the same second, he found himself standing in the empty hallway with one hand hovering in the air in front of him.

The fact that Zoe had disappeared was alarming. Equally alarming was that his hand, the one now randomly hovering, wasn’t his hand. It was Zoe’s. He could’ve recognized her hand anywhere: the long fingers, the pale skin, the alternating nail polish in school colors.

Jim’s breathing became erratic as he ran his new hands up and down his new body skimming small, soft breasts and a taut muscular stomach, and then burying them in Zoe’s fine, soft hair. Needing to be sure, he dropped one hand down between his legs... and he was convinced. Unbelievably, the potion had worked; he was Zoe.

“Hey, Zoe.” Someone from inside the gym was calling for him. “You out there?”

Without even thinking, he called back, “Coming.” Then bounded into the gym with a serious spring in his step. This body clearly wanted to move and Jim’s curiosity overwhelmed his reluctance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim shot across the court and stole the ball. Seeing an open teammate down the court, he lobbed the ball with perfect precision and watched the girl sink an easy layup. He suppressed the urge to grin like a fool, pivoted and got his ass back on defense. It was only warm up but he felt on fire.

His new body was singing. Every inch felt shot through with strength and power, as if there were nothing he couldn’t achieve. He was pretty sure he’d never felt this fierce, this alive and this exhilarated before in his life. This body was a piece of perfect engineering and life was good. All he had to do was let Zoe’s instincts take over and go with the flow.

Of course, it didn’t hurt that he was surrounded by the girls’ varsity basketball team. A dozen lean bodies with gently curving muscles and long legs and boobs that bounced with every step they took. He was pretty sure he jerked off to visions of every single one of them at some point and now he was posting up against them, their thigh jammed against his and bodies pressing together.

A voice called out, “Ok, girls, I need a minute.” Jim looked up to see Abby, the team captain, on the sidelines waving the team in. “Get in here and huddle up.”

Jim joined the group of girls, sliding in beside Abby.

Abby threw an arm around his shoulder and pulled him all the way into the huddle. “So, I just wanted to congratulate everyone on an amazing game yesterday.” She gave Jim a squeezing hug. “But in particular, I wanted to give a special shout-out to Zoe who last night set a new school record for steals in a season.”

The girls around him whooped and he felt himself dragged into a group hug. He was enveloped in a cloud of warm skin, lean arms and the delicious scent of a dozen different girls.

Abby eventually broke up the hug and said, “Ok, let’s get back out on the court, ladies. We’re starting with a fast break shooting drill.”

Abby threw the ball to Jim. He caught it without hesitation and, for a moment, he stopped to marvel at the simple action. It was like his body knew exactly what to do. Jim looked down at his new toned and muscled form in awe. His senses were heightened, his reflexes lightning fast. He knew—logically, conversationally—how to play basketball, but his old male body had never been so proficient. Now, as Zoe, he felt lighter, able to turn on a dime, able to see every dimple on the

basketball as it came towards him. Her hours of training had trained her body, and all Jim had to do was let go.

For the next hour, Jim knew what it felt like to be unstoppable. He knew how to dribble, pass, shoot, fake, sprint, steal. By the end of practice he truly understood the power of the body he was in. He felt the confidence pulsing through it and felt the fierce determinism that drove Zoe to be the best.

The team was putting away the last of the equipment when one of the girls approached him. “Hey, Zoe. You were killing it today.”

Jim grinned. “Just having fun.”

“Fun for you maybe.” The girl smiled ruefully and wiped the sheen of sweat from her brow. “Rest of us were just trying to keep up.”

Jim beamed then began to fidget. This body might have the muscle memory to play basketball but he was getting no hints about the post practice routine might be. “So, umm, what now?”

“Well, now we shower.” The girl pulled up her shirt and wiped her face. “Us mere mortals get a little sticky guarding the likes of you.”

“Showers. Right.”

On the outside he managed to pull it together, but inside he was screaming. Soon he would be naked in this body. Surrounded by the rest of the team. All. Completely. Naked.

He followed the rest of the girls into the locker room.

The other girls casually stripped naked and lined up for the showers. In seconds Jim was surrounded by lovely female bodies. Breasts and asses of all different shapes and sizes were on display all around him. He tried not to gape but it was hard, every time he looked up there were more tits on display. Some girls modestly tried to cover themselves with a towel, but for the most part they were brazen, strolling around completely naked, chatting and laughing, without a care in the world. Fuck, watching them was doing things to Zoe's body, making him tingly warm.

The lockers weren't marked and Jim had no idea which one was Zoe's. He turned to the girl who'd spoken to him just moments before.

“Hey, uh, I forgot where I put my stuff. Do you know...?”

“Um, in your locker like always?” She pointed at a locker and gave him a strange look. “Are you feeling okay?”

“Yeah, sorry, just...tired,” he mumbled, moving towards his locker, which was sandwiched between a muscular black student and a freckle faced twig of a girl.

Jim stripped off his own shorts and top. He pulled his sports bra up over his head, causing his breasts to bounce on his chest. He rolled his sweat-soaked underpants down his long, muscular legs and came face to face with Zoe's pussy. His long, blonde hair fell over his face as he gaped at his delicate-looking new sex.

Jim pulled himself together and stood up, trying to act casual. Inside he was freaking out. He had Zoe's naked body right here and he could make her do anything he wanted!

He calmly opened his closet and gathered her toiletries. It felt weird rummaging through her bag, like he was invading her privacy. But, hell, he was in her body. He wouldn't get much more invasive than that.

He joined the other girls at the showers, his breasts bouncing with each step. His body was long and lean, every movement was graceful. God, how he wanted to explore her body right there. He made do with ducking under the hot spray and letting the water wash down him. On the pretext of soaping up his body he ran his fingers across his skin, grabbing his breasts and pulling them up, only to let them drop down as he stared at them. The water sluiced between his shallow cleavage, forming a river of water that spilled down his trim belly and over the shapely, dark-blonde hair of his pussy.

He responded to the other girls' conversation in monosyllables, unsure of what to say and distracted by the silky feel of his new body. The hot shower only served to rev him up, making his thoughts race with excitement and sending warm waves of desire through him. Jim soon shut the water off, toweled himself off, then retreated into a bathroom stall.

As soon as he locked the door his hands flew to his tits. Zoe's breasts were firm and tanned, with wide, pink areolae topped by tiny nipples. He lifted a breast towards his face; by bending his head forward and sticking out his tongue he was just able to lick one of her nipples. Her skin tasted so clean, the peach body wash hitting his taste buds as his hot breath danced across his body. As Jim licked, he felt Zoe's nipple growing erect beneath his tiny pink tongue, sending delightful shockwaves through him.

He danced his tongue around his tit, licking Zoe's body as he'd always dreamed. He did the same to the other nipple, until both were standing out from his body like pin-pricks. God, his tits were amazingly sensitive. Slow waves of pleasure washed through his entire form. He let Zoe's hand run down her belly, slip around and grip her ass. He turned and looked at his backside to admire Zoe's buttocks, muscular and perfectly proportioned. The soft butt cheeks were covered in a fine layer of peach fuzz. If only he could bite his ass! He settled for pinching it instead, taking great handfuls of Zoe's ass and squeezing, forcing warmth through his body as he teased and prodded himself.

Jim let Zoe's strong fingers slide up and down over her ass, running them along every inch of her bare flesh. His fingers slid in between his cheeks and circled his tiny asshole. Oh, god, that was so sensitive. He teased Zoe's body, drawing circles around her puckered hole as her body shivered. His other hand came back to his tits and he lifted them once more to his wet tongue. He leaned against the wall and shoved his ass out, the hand around his ass slid around the front of his legs to glide in between his thighs and slip against his tender pussy. He was wet already and slipped easily inside Zoe's waiting body.

Jim bit his lip to stifle a moan as he plunged his fingers inside himself. Zoe felt so good, warm and wet. His breath came faster around his breast as he penetrated Zoe's body harder, enjoying her inside and out. The slick, sticky sounds of her wetness reached his ears and he urged himself onward, pinching his nipple hard until the pain joined with the pleasure and he came. He released one gasp before catching himself, his fingers working furiously inside as his legs twisted against each other. He struggled to contain the pleasure silently, shutting his eyes tight as the orgasm wound its way through his body and out.

Jim let go of his breast, freeing his tit and was hit with a dull throbbing of pain. He'd been squeezing too hard and now it ached. But it was well worth it.

He flushed the toilet to try to cover what he'd done, but when he stepped out he still thought he caught a few looks. His cheeks were flushed and his nipples were still red and raw. He returned to Zoe's locker and dressed in her clothes as if nothing had happened.

It was odd putting on a stranger's clothes, slipping into someone else's panties. He still wasn't completely comfortable in her body, but maybe that would come.

## IV.

Rob scanned the lunchroom again but the guys definitely weren't there. There wasn't anything unusual about Travis' absence—he had the second lunch shift and they typically didn't catch up with him until the end of the day—but Jim and Patrick always came to the cafeteria. They'd had the same routine all senior year: grab whatever vile concoction the cafeteria was serving for lunch, choke it down as quickly as possible and head for The Track Stop.

But lunch was already mostly over and there was no sign of the guys. Rob had checked the lunch line, the Track Stop, the library and then swung back round to the cafeteria and... nothing. He decided to widen the search, partly because it was just strange that they were both missing, and partly because he literally had no one else to hang out with.

He headed out of the cafeteria and into the quadrangle. Glancing left and right, he saw pretty much the zenith and the nadir of academic achievement in their high school. To the left—surrounded by diligent student who were making use of their lunch break to get in some extra study—was Molly Messner.

Everyone knew Molly. The trophy cabinet in the school's main foyer was essentially a shrine to all things Molly: academic trophies, school newspaper awards, debate trophies. Academically, she was the school's shining star and the school admin made sure Molly's face and academic record were plastered across nearly every piece of literature the school turned out.

Rob barely spared Molly and her group a second glance; the chances of Jim and Patrick hanging with Molly's crowd were slim to none.

He turned to the group on the other side of the quad: a crew consisting of the finest the school had to offer in stoners, petty criminals and dismal academic failures. At the center of the group was Leo, a senior with an eyebrow ring and an attitude problem. He was known primarily for shoving another kid's head into the chem lab door on the first day of tenth grade. The dent was still there; it was Leo's only tangible contribution to the school.

Rob moved on. Jim and Patrick were definitely not hanging with Leo's crowd; neither one of them had a death wish, a weed habit or a desire to end up impaled in a cheap wood panel door.

Rob turned towards for the nurse's office on the other side of the quad. He didn't want to entertain the idea, but there was the distinct possibility that the guys' absence was linked to the random liquid they'd downed earlier. Rob felt an uncomfortable wave of guilt; they'd only drunk the stuff because he'd said it was harmless.

He reexamined the liquid in his head. It had looked exactly like methylene blue—it was exactly the right shade—but, he conceded, that didn't mean it didn't contain something else as well. A drug maybe? Or something poisonous?

He was sure he was getting paranoid, but as he crossed the quad, he started to feel strange. Kinda lightheaded with a weird buzzing sensation under his skin. As he passed Molly's table, the buzzing changed pitch and became a frantic hum. He stopped and braced himself against the school's flagpole, barely managing to stay standing.

“You ok, Rob?” Molly called out. “You don’t look so great.”

Even hunched over, he towered over her; the girl was frickin’ tiny. Tiny and annoyingly good at chemistry... and the fact that she’d beaten him in the science fair three years running was in no way coloring his judgment and making him wish she wasn’t heading his way.

Another wave of dizziness washed over him and he accepted that now wasn’t the time for academic jealousy. He was pretty sure that, without the support of the flagpole, he’d be face down in the dirt. He could, perhaps, use her help.

He grimaced and said, “Yeah, suddenly I’m feeling sorta dizzy.”

Standing on her tiptoes, she peered up at his face. Her dark ponytails bobbed as she cocked her head to one side and said, “You’re really pale. I think you need to sit.”

And then she took his arm, apparently intending to lead him to an empty chair. Instead, the universe seemed to bank and flash before his eyes.

Four things happened at once. One, Molly disappeared. Two, he was suddenly not hunched and hanging onto the flagpole. Three, his lightheadedness cleared. Four, it became apparent that he was now in Molly’s body.

Scientifically, theoretically, quantifiably it was impossible of course... but that didn’t alter the fact that he was—demonstrably—now a tiny woman with silky inky-black hair and perfect tits wearing an over-starched girl’s school uniform.

Rob glanced around, wondering if anyone had seen the weird phenomenon, but the other students were all still absorbed in their phones and chatter. He stood frozen, trying to figure out his next step. Panicking seemed a pretty reasonable option. Totally losing his shit was also looking like a perfectly acceptable response.

The bell for the end of lunch interrupted his frantic indecision. The students around him started gathering up their stuff and peeling off towards classrooms but Rob elected to stay right where he was. He felt a little twinge of guilt—perfect-Molly was probably going to miss class for the first time ever—but there was no way he was going anywhere until he had a solid plan.

The quad was nearly empty; only Leo was lingering, seeming to take forever to grab his bag and get moving. Then Leo looked directly at him and called, “Hey Molly. You ready?”

Rob’s mind reeled; there was simply no activity he could imagine that would include both goody-two-shoes Molly and let’s-break-the-Chem-door-down Leo. They weren’t likely to share a class.

He asked warily, “Ready for what?”

Leo grinned and headed over, his spiky white-blond hair glinting in the sunlight. He took his time—Leo did everything at his own pace—but eventually, he made it across the quad, ending up inches from Molly’s body.

Leo leaned in and murmured, “Let’s start with a smoke and go from there.”

With that, Leo grabbed Rob’s hand and started tugging him towards the exit gate. Too confused to resist, Rob let himself be led along, out of the quad and towards the maintenance buildings. “Where are we going?”

Leo stopped and stared at him, clearly perplexed. “Smoke break. You feeling alright?”

Not entirely sure why he was acquiescing, Rob replied, “Umm, yeah. All good.”

Leo gave Molly’s hand a tug. “Come on then, the guys are waiting.”

As they walked, Rob was mentally making a list. Lists were helpful, calming... the only sensible option when the universe threw up curveballs like body swapping and the fact that Molly Messner apparently skipped class to go smoke with Leo on regular basis.

Rob started compiling data points:

One: Travis' potion had actually worked and apparently the vast majority of scientific laws were effectively in the garbage.

Two: He was a girl. He had—and there was really no ignoring them—breasts. Perfect, firm, breasts that bounced gently as he walked.

Three: Molly was definitively not the girl he thought she was.

Four: Leo wasn't letting go of Molly's hand.

They turned the corner and arrived at a grubby patch of grass tucked away behind an unused building. Rob recognized a couple of Leo's friends—all guys who spent fractionally more time in detention than in class—lounging against the wall smoking. Leo managed to extract a cigarette from a packet and light it without letting go of Molly's hand. If he hadn't been freaking the hell out, Rob would probably have been impressed at the dexterity but mostly he was just wondering what strange compulsion was making him stay.

Clearly, no one was going to class. For the next half hour they stood around smoking and bitching about things about which Rob knew nothing: which nu metal bands were best, the easiest stores to shoplift from. That kind of thing. Luckily, he didn't have to contribute much beyond the occasional nod of agreement and conspiratorial laugh. Mostly he concentrated on not choking on the cigarette that Leo occasionally passed to him.

Molly's body seemed to remember how to smoke which was good because Rob had no clue. He made himself relax and let Molly's muscle memory take over the action of inhaling and exhaling. Her body knew what it was doing. Knew how to blow smoke rings and stand on tiptoes in heels to reach the cigarette held up in Leo's fingers. Her body also knew exactly what it liked; knew it liked the slow progression of Leo's hand as it slid slowly down to her ass and squeezed.

Molly's body knew what came next, anticipated and wanted it.

Rob could feel his new body humming and primed but was still shocked to his core when Leo wrapped his arms around Molly's body from behind, dragging Rob in front of him. Leo pressed the length of their bodies together, his hardening dick solid and nudging against Rob's back.

Leo turned to others. "Piss off for a bit, guys."

Rob wanted to call the others back. He didn't want to be left alone with Leo's dick and Leo's suggestive smile and Molly's body feeling oddly warm. But he didn't get the chance because he was spun around and Leo's lips were suddenly pressed to his, his warm breath filling Rob's mouth, tasting of cigarettes. Leo's warm tongue forced its way into Rob's mouth, skating over Molly's lips and teeth as Leo wrapped his hands around Molly's slender body, roaming up and down, squeezing Rob's tiny curves. Rob managed to get his hands up between himself and Leo and push away. Leo towered over him in confusion.

"What gives, babe? You on the rag or something?"

Charming, thought Rob.

"No, I just..."

Leo smiled. There was something roguishly handsome in that smile. Leo traced a finger softly over

Molly's breasts as he stared into Molly's eyes, desire etched across his face. Rob had never had anyone stare at him as intensely, as Leo was doing now. Wrapped in Leo's arms Rob suddenly felt small and vulnerable...and very warm.

“Funny. You're usually the one dying for it.”

Rob could believe that. With the way his body was feeling, burning bright and aching to be touched, Rob could believe that Molly really wanted it. Could understand how playing the part of the good girl all day got old, stressful. Sometimes Molly just needed a release.

And then Rob was on his tiptoes, reaching up to wrap his arms around Leo's neck and kissing him. Rob pressed Molly's tiny body against Leo's muscly mass, Molly's tiny nose pressed against Rob's bristly cheek. Rob was acutely aware of every inch of his body, of his tiny fingers twined around Leo, of his heavy breasts pressing against Leo's chest, of his short legs and toes, reaching up to press himself against Leo.

Leo hoisted Rob in the air, easily lifting him onto the nearby picnic table as they continued making out. Leo's hands slipped across Rob's smooth face, down his neck, across his breasts and around his waist, then down over his legs. Rob let Leo gently part Molly's legs, spreading first one, then the other, as Molly's skirt slipped up around her knees.

Still kissing, still ravenous for each other, Rob felt Leo's hands whisper across Molly's thighs and press against Molly's panties. Rob sighed softly into Leo's mouth as Leo's fingers pressed against the delicate fabric. Leo was surprisingly gentle for such a tough guy. His fingers teased Rob, slowly moving across the fabric of Molly's panties, pressing lightly into Molly's warming pussy, stoking the embers of desire through Molly's tiny body until Rob was vibrating with pleasure.

Rob was imagining how it would feel to be penetrated, yearning for it. He shifted his ass on the hard picnic table and felt the dampness of his panties. Goddamn, he just wanted to be fucked right now. As if reading his mind, Leo pulled away, unbuttoned his pants and pulled out his own meaty cock. Rob watched in awe as Leo slipped his thick dick under Molly's skirt. Pulling aside Molly's panties with one hand, Leo guided his cock against Molly's waiting sex.

Rob felt the head press against him, the pressure building slowly, and then suddenly Leo was inside him. The bulbous head penetrated him and slid in, slowly filling Rob's tiny cunt. His pussy wrapped around Leo's shaft, the massive girth seemed impossible to take in Molly's small body and still Leo was pushing inside him. Finally, Leo stopped and Rob waited, breathlessly full of Leo's dick, so warm and full, until Leo withdrew slightly. He thrust back in almost immediately, drawing a gasp of pleasure from Rob's lips.

Leo gripped Molly's waist tight in each hand and leaned his forehead against Rob as he started a steady rhythm. “I need to fuck you so badly,” Leo murmured as he continued thrusting in and out, pounding Molly's body. Each thrust drove another burst of pleasure through Rob, each burst building on the next and soon he was being pounded. Rob threw his head back and moaned, gripping Leo hard and urging him on with tiny cries of longing that grew in pitch and intensity until the waves collapsed and pleasure pulsed through him. It was like no orgasm he'd ever had, a full bodied surge of pleasure radiating through him, capped by the glorious feeling of Leo throbbing inside and grunting, spurting his seed into Molly's tiny body. Rob's mouth dropped open, paralyzed in pleasure as Leo sank deep and came, squirting his seed deep into Molly for what felt like a glorious eternity, until Leo was empty and Molly was full.

Leo pulled out, leaving Rob with an aching emptiness. Leo zipped himself up and looked at Rob almost apologetically. Rob surprised himself by leaning forward and kissing Leo on the lips once again. Rob's body was so wound up and he still craved Leo's touch, his closeness. In a few minutes they'd return to class and Rob would have to try to fit in inside this unfamiliar girl's body. But for now he enjoyed the remnants of heat still swirling through him.

## V.

Travis never doubted the potion would work and he planned accordingly. The whole day he touched no one. It was a tough ask in a crowded building with a thousand other students, but he was nothing if not determined, and he knew for a fact that April didn't arrive until the next to last period. He had a serious incentive to be patient.

April was the teacher Travis had a crush on. She was in her late thirties. A full bodied blonde with sharp model features and an adorable smile. She often wore dress that showed off her thick calves and Travis spent most of his classes imagining himself crawling up beneath her dress and licking her heat until she screamed. But her breasts. Oh, her breasts! Huge and bouncy, just begging to be kissed and caressed. If Travis could just suckle her breasts all day he'd be a happy guy. And he was about to be a very happy guy.

He waiting until lunch and then, giving everyone he passed a wide berth, he headed for the trailer at the back of the school—temporary now for going on four years—that held her classroom. Travis knew that April taught at several schools and used the period beforehand to set up the class. That would give Travis plenty of time to explore her body and prepare the after-school surprise for his friends. He only hoped she was alone.

He opened the door to the trailer and peered inside. Sure enough, it was empty, except for April. She had her back to him and was writing something up on the whiteboard.

For a moment, Travis got distracted and just stopped to enjoy the view: Curly white-blonde hair that cascaded down and around her shoulders, a wonderful hourglass figure with a luscious, rounded bottom.

“Hey, Miss Tanner”

She straightened and turned her sweet face to him, her wide, green eyes focused on his. Her face was perfect, crafted by an angel, with gentle curves and sexy, dark features. “Hi Travis.” Glancing at the clock on the wall, she commented, “You're a little early for class.”

“Yeah, I had a question... about the homework.”

“Of course, come in.” She fixed him with a dazzling smile. “What was the issue?”

Heading towards her, he said, “It...” And trailed off. There was no way he could even pretend he'd done the homework. He changed tack, to hell with subtlety.

“Miss Tanner?”

“Yes?” He reached out for her. “I've been wanting to do this since the moment I saw you.”

Before she even had time to register his words, he ghosted a hand down the smooth skin of her chest and dropped it into the deep V of her silk shirt. A fraction of a second later her was standing in April's body. He took a startled step back as he adjusted to his sudden change of perspective. His rotund ass pressed against the whiteboard and his tits bobbed beneath him.

“I knew it would work!” he smirked and then whooped in triumph, April's voice spilling from his own lips.

Travis wasted no time in unbuttoning her top with her own tiny fingers; he'd been dreaming about this moment since forever. He pulled his shirt open and gazed down into the heaving bosom that he'd imagined but never seen. He slipped out of her top and dropped it to the floor, then reached around and undid his bra. He shrugged out of it and let his breasts bounce free. They were massive and heavy, filling his tiny hands as he caressed himself, his fingers sending pleasant goosebumps across his arms.

A thought struck him and he hurried to the door of the trailer, his breasts swaying pleasantly with each step, his long skirt brushing against his slender legs. He locked the door; it wouldn't do to have someone interrupt him in his moment of triumph. He stood in front of his own desk and fondled his breasts, gripping and squeezing the fleshy skin. How could she not constantly be doing this he wondered?

A yearning grew between his legs. He needed something, a pressure to fill him. He pulled up his skirt up and threw one leg across the side of the desk, straddling it so the edge pressed against his panties. He rocked slowly, pressing the solid desk against him. Rather than soothing his need it intensified it. His hands played with his breasts, smacking them gently and sending them rocking back and forth beneath him. Her fat nipples dimpled out, growing engorged and sensitive with his lust.

He pressed down harder on the desk, rubbing faster, riding it, pushing it deeper into himself. A small sigh escaped his lips as he grew wet. The delicate lips of his pussy opened, the hard edge pressing against his clit. A fire raged within him, urging him onward. April's cries of lust, the pleasant pain of his nipples, driving him on faster, harder.

Travis rocked on the desk, everything forgotten except the physical pleasure of his body, a roar built inside his head, he squeezed his eyes shut as the feeling overcame him. He threw his head back, April's soft hair cascading over her back, reminding him of the body he inhabited and he cried out, sliding his dripping pussy against the desk as he climaxed. The roar escaped his lips, April's cries swallowed up in the empty classroom as he shivered and came. He pressed down harder as the orgasm racked him, his teacher's body a slave to his command, her pleasure his to enjoy, her body his to do as he pleased.

At last he came down and rested on the desk, his breasts heaving with each breath. When he finally stood he saw his desk was shiny with his lust and his panties were damp. He smiled to himself and dug through his backpack for the cameras. Still topless, he set up the room for the after-school surprise. He remained topless, stopping every now and then to squeeze off a picture for himself.

When he was finished he glanced up at the clock hanging above the whiteboard at the front of the room. His free period was almost done. He reluctantly dressed April's body with five minutes to spare and was about to slip out of the classroom when someone tried to open the door. They fumbled at the handle and then began knocking.

Travis opened it to find a small crowd students who had arrived for Advance Calc.

“H-hi,” Travis stuttered, “You're early.”

The student at the front, Melissa, a gawky, stick thin brunette, spoke up. “The bell rang a minute ago.”

The line of students surged forward and Travis stepped back to let them fill the room. Shit, the damn clock must be slow. Now here he was, stuck in April's body and having to teach her class. Travis walked to April's desk, his mind racing as a steady stream of students filtered into the room. For a moment, he considered just bolting for the door but he was held in place by a sudden sliver of

guilt. The thing was—now that he was facing a roomful of students—he realized that, if he just deserted the class, it wasn't going to look good for April. He didn't want to get her fired, just have some fun.

Of course, that left Travis in something of a tight spot. He didn't have the faintest clue how to teach the class. Hell, his best grade this semester had been a C+ and he had the feeling that that was just because April was trying to be generous and not give him yet another D.

Apparently he'd been silent too long. The diligent students in the front row were starting to fidget, clearly ready for him to start imparting knowledge. The fact that they all left him in the dust academically was a something of a sticking point though.

And therein, he realized, was his answer.

Clearing his throat, he said, "Ok, if you got over ninety on your last test, please raise your hand,"

Four students popped up their hands, eager to show off.

"Good," he said with a smile. "You're going to be teaching today."

The four looked up at him warily but he plowed on.

"Come on now, quickly." He pointed to the whiteboard and they reluctantly trudged up to the front of the room.

A girl whose name he couldn't remember asked, "What should we be teaching?"

Travis hesitated, desperately trying to remember anything mathematical from their previous lessons and drawing a blank. Truth be told, he hadn't concentrated on anything except April's tits since the semester began.

"Umm..." He sat down on the desk, only just remembering in time to cross his ankles and not flash the whole room. Travis turned to the shy-looking kid at the end of the whiteboard and asked, "What were we learning in our last class?"

The shy kid was looking at him like he had lost it. "Miss?"

Travis whispered conspiratorially, "It's a test."

"Advanced Calculus," another kid piped up.

"There we are then." Travis moved to one of the empty chairs and sat his perfect ass on the seat. "Show me what you've learned."

Miraculously, it actually worked. Every time one of the 'teachers' turned to him with a question he just replied, 'You're the teacher, figure it out.' After about ten minutes, they got the message and left him alone. The pressure off, he let a hand drop to his lap and slowly ran it along the length of his thigh, still feeling the dampness of his panties from his earlier excitement. Just like when he was a student, he could hardly wait for the bell to ring.

## VI.

Travis sat on the corner of April's desk in the empty trailer, admiring his slender hand, how the fingers tapered to gentle, rounded points, how his nails were colored a light pink and perfectly manicured, how his skin was soft and hairless. And, of course, he kept letting his slender hands return to his chest.

The door opened a crack and Kaitlyn's head poked in. Travis looked up and smiled.

“Hi, come on in,” Travis said.

“Oh, I was, um, looking for someone,” Kaitlyn mumbled, swiping her long, purple hair out of her eyes.

“I told you my potions would work,” Travis said triumphantly.

“Travis?” Kaitlyn said.

Travis nodded. “Who are you?”

“Patrick.” She said, as she stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

Travis laughed, “You didn't believe me and now you're your own sister!”

Kaitlyn's cheeks flushed pink with embarrassment. “It's not all bad. She's pretty.”

Travis circled Patrick's body, his eye grazing over Kaitlyn's breasts, the way her skirt hung gently over her ass. He reached out and pinched her butt, laughing as she jumped.

“Yeah, ok. Well, we'll see.”

Zoe entered a few minutes later, Jim still bounding with confidence in her athletic form. Rob, in Molly's body, was the last to appear, having finally managed to shake himself free of Leo. They were a little hesitant until Travis convinced them of who he was, at which point he saw them relax and they all started examining each others' bodies. Travis started the cameras recording as each of the guys excitedly ran their dainty hands over the others, turning round and posing with their tiny asses out, raising their skirts to reveal their delicate new sex.

It didn't take much for Travis to really get things rolling. He started with Molly, the perfect student. He'd been itching to get into her panties and now here was his chance. Travis slipped his teacher's fingers across Molly's cheeks and guided their lips together. Teacher and student kissed, their soft bodies pressed together, hands roaming up and down each other's forms.

Not wanting to be left out, Jim walked Zoe's statuesque body briskly towards Patrick/Kaitlyn and grabbed her around the waist. He pushed his tongue into Kaitlyn's mouth, forcing himself on this tiny, adorable slip of a woman.

Hands roamed across skin, tongues tasted the sweet lipstick, noses pressed against lightly flowery scented skin as the two pairs of women made out. In no time, clothes were torn off, thrown to the floor in reckless abandon. Jim/Zoe's hands flew to Kaitlyn's tits, roughly squeezing her sensitive

body. Jim's lips soon followed, sinking over Kaitlyn's tiny nipples and flicking with his tongue, sucking roughly as they stood out erect inside Zoe's wet mouth.

Travis sent April's fingers exploring across Molly's perfect form, wandering down until they pressed between Molly's legs. Molly/Rob shifted, opening himself up for April's fingers and she found his wetness. Rob felt that familiar ache of longing, Molly's horny body already revved up and ready for more. He gripped April's ass and pulled her towards him, standing on tiptoe to reach up and continue kissing his teacher's full lips, feeling the press of her heavy breasts against his petite form.

In minutes, Molly/Rob was on her back on the floor while Travis/April knelt over him. Travis sank April's lips against Molly's warm wet pussy, inhaling her wonderful musky scent as his tongue slipped inside her unfolded lips and he tasted her. Molly sighed beneath him, Rob forcing her hands to play over his new breasts as Travis pressed April's fingers deeper inside, driving upwards as Molly's folds parted for him and his fingers pressed hard up against Molly's clit.

Suddenly, two small hands grasped April's ass from behind and spread her perfect cheeks. A gasp escaped Travis's lips as a tiny, warm tongue licked its way across his teacher's sensitive asshole. Travis glanced behind him just long enough to see Kaitlyn's face wedged between his cheeks, before Molly's hands reached up and guided Travis/April's face back down to her aching cunt.

As Kaitlyn brought her fingers across April's pussy, Zoe lay on her back and scooted herself beneath Kaitlyn. Jim/Zoe wrapped her muscular arms around Kaitlyn's waist and pulled Kaitlyn's dripping cunt onto her face, licking and sucking, pressing Zoe's mouth and nose deep into Kaitlyn's fragrant warmth. One of Zoe's hands made its way down between her own legs and Jim made her fingers play with her own cunt as he continued licking his friend.

The four women writhed and moaned in a line on the floor, as they pleased each other. Molly on her back squeezing her tits, April kneeling between her legs, Kaitlyn behind April, her tongue circling her teacher's asshole, while Zoe was last, fucking herself even as she licked Kaitlyn's dripping cunt. Their cries and moans filled the room, each urging the other on, pleasure rebounding through them and they cried out as they orgasmed, sometimes the high pitched cries of one girl alone, sometimes joined by another as they pleased each other, climaxing again and again, each one harder, higher than the last.

After some time—minutes, hours?—they slowed and came to a stop. They nestled together on the floor, bodies entwined, arms draped over thighs, lightly caressing breasts, asses. The guys giggled as they came down from their high, hardly believing that any of this was real, that they had made these bodies fuck and suck each other, had forced the sweet pleasure through their forms. Eventually they rose and dressed and parted ways, each going home to take part in their temporary new lives.

## Mystery Man

Holly opened the door a crack without removing the chain and peered out from behind the door at me. I could only see half of her lovely face: one dark eyebrow arched over one green eye, half covered by a wisp of wavy black hair.

“Yes?” she asked timidly.

I flashed my badge up at the bit of her face I could see. “Detective Colson. I'd like to ask you a few questions.”

There was a sound from the door across the hall. I turned and saw another tenant peeking out from behind his door. I flashed my badge towards him.

“Do you have something you want to confess?”

The door quickly slammed shut and I turned back to Holly, still hiding behind the door.

“I don't think there's anything I can help you with, officer,” Holly said.

“Call me detective. Officer was my dad's name.” My little joke was met with silence so I continued. “Does the name Harvey Benson mean anything to you?”

Her one visible eye widened in surprise. I knew that name would get her attention.

“N-no, I don't know who that is.”

She was a bad liar. Or maybe she'd just never had to deal with an unexpected visitor from the law. Maybe both. I was practiced at the art of deception, both giving and receiving. Most everything I said was lies, but they worked, they got me what I wanted. And now I wanted to know how Holly felt about Harvey.

“Then it probably doesn't bother you that he's been murdered.”

I watched her reel backwards slightly, her hand coming up to her tender lips.

“Wh-- hh-how?”

“Maybe I should come in.”

A pause.

“Give me a minute to get dressed.”

“Grand,” I nodded, as thoughts of her naked body passed through my mind. I couldn't help it; I was born this way.

After Holly closed the door I waited in the hallway. Sensing a pair of eyes, I glanced behind me. The door across the hall was cracked open again and I made eye contact with the old man behind it. He closed it quickly. Creep.

A minute later there was a scrambling from behind the door as Holly removed the chain and

unlocked it. She pulled the door open just enough for me to squeeze in. It was dark in the hallway, but I could make out Holly clearly. She was wearing small, pink bathrobe, that seemed to be more for show than comfort. It barely reached her thighs and was pulled tight across an enormous pair of fake breasts, each one easily bigger than her head. Peeking out beneath the hem of her bathrobe were some tight, red panties that barely covered the shapely curve of her butt. She had a slender body, with gentle curves that only served to make her generously enhanced bust seem even more out of place. Like two watermelons balanced on a grapevine. Her clothes didn't leave much to the imagination. If she had just gotten dressed, what was she wearing before, I wondered?

I wanted to slip my face in between her breasts and jiggle, bat them back and forth like a cat with a toy. Lucky for her I didn't always act on my worst impulses. I just nodded and stepped into the apartment. As soon as I did, she locked the door and latched it again. She was shaken up, and not just from the news of Harvey's death. I'd get what I wanted from her eventually.

She looked up at me, saw my eyes wandering down into the cleavage of her bathrobe, where her milky breasts met the pink fabric and disappeared into darkness. I glanced away and she did the same, pulling her robe tighter around her. There wasn't much slack so it didn't do much to cover her huge breasts, but it was the thought that counted I guessed. She led me down the hallway towards the living room. I couldn't help staring at her ass as it swayed back and forth in front of me, hypnotically.

The living room windows were closed and the whole place was dark. There was a slightly musty smell in the air and dust hung heavily on the tops of shelves, as if her apartment had been closed up for awhile. Holly took a seat in a ratty armchair, a slant of sunshine landed on her face. She looked to be in her early twenties with smooth, supple skin. I settled my bulk in the couch opposite her. My body wasn't what it used to be. I was older, fatter, but hopefully wiser.

“Mind if I smoke?” I asked.

She shook her head. I pulled out a crumpled pack of cigarettes from my rumpled sports jacket, my fingers brushing against the manila envelope resting in my pocket. I chose one of the least broken cigarettes. God, I hated these things but my body craved them. Addiction's a bitch.

Holly quietly sat in the chair, her hands nervously fiddling in her lap. I lit up and took a deep drag, letting my eyes roam over her body. She was a good looking girl, nice face, but she had an almost comically oversized pair of breasts. The guy who did that to her must have enjoyed his work. I offered her a cigarette. She paused before taking one. I held my lighter up for her and she leaned over, almost came unbalanced from the weight of her chest, before sitting back and taking a large puff.

“Is he really dead?” she asked, blowing smoke into the air.

I nodded.

“How?”

“Gunshot.”

“Jesus.” Her gaze wandered to the ceiling above me, lost in thought.

“Some people think it was suicide.”

Her cigarette trembled between her luscious lips. “And you?”

“I think he was murdered. Course, that's why they're still on the force and I'm not. I'm retired, just doing a little private investigative work in my spare time. I'm not going to look the other way just because Harvey wasn't important. So...tell me how you know Harvey.”

She took a deep puff and shook her head. "You wouldn't believe me."

"You'd be surprised what I'd believe."

We sat silently for a minute, me playing the role of the logical detective, just waiting for some straight answers no matter how unbelievable. Finally, she looked into my eyes.

"I'll tell you if you investigate me."

It sounded like a come on. If this was a porno the funk guitar would start playing and she'd throw off her robe so we could go at it on the floor. That didn't happen, much to my body's chagrin. God, I'd almost forgotten what it was like having my dick respond to the sight of a beautiful half-naked woman within arm's reach. It had been so long.

"Investigate you?" I repeated.

"Yes. Find out where I've been. What I've been doing. Who I've been seeing. Everything for the past year."

"Ok. Why?"

She took a deep breath.

"About a year ago I was getting off the bus. Coming home from work. And there was this...this guy that was following me. He was this fat, balding....just...slob."

I could tell from her face she was disgusted just thinking about it. Her description fit my man.

"Harvey?" I asked.

"Harvey. I mean, I didn't know him at first," she continued, glancing up at me. "I thought it was just coincidence. That we were going the same way or something. But it was weird. And I quickly realized that, no, he was following me. So by now I'd reached my apartment building and I ran inside and-- and he started running, too. And I ran up the stairs and I'd just unlocked the door when he came up behind me and then I turned to slam the door and...and..."

She trailed off and looked up at me, her mouth set in a thin line. I motioned for her to continue.

"And then, all of a sudden..." She took a deep breath and then spoke quickly, as if embarrassed to linger on the words. "I was outside my door, looking at myself. I was in his body. In his body. All of a sudden I was this fat, ugly guy. And then, I'll never forget how I watched his...my...my face smirk and then slam the door and I was stuck out there in his body. Do you understand?"

"You two somehow switched bodies? Like in a movie."

She nodded. "And I was stuck. As Harvey. I just felt so gross. I was dirty and and gross, like he hadn't bathed in days. And I had a lisp. I figured that out right away as I was screaming and banging on my door. And then, I guess he...or she...or me, or whatever, must have called the police because they showed up and brought me to the station and by the time I got out he'd taken off in my body. Disappeared. Didn't answer my phone. And I had to live as him. He had his driver's license and so I went back to his place and, God, it was awful. And his body was awful. As if he'd he'd gotten deliberately fat and made himself as unattractive as possible. I mean, the little hair I had was all wispy and greasy and combed over my bald head and I...I was hideous."

She hid her head in her hands for a moment as I waited.

"He stole my life and I had to live as him. I waddled and I could barely run and I had to work crappy jobs just to survive and people hated me and I hated myself. I wanted to die. And then...yesterday...I woke up back in my own body in my own apartment. I know he did...some

things to my body.

“What's that?”

“These,” she said, motioning to the mountainous fake breasts protruding from her chest. “And this.”

She stood, turned and lifted the robe. On the small of her back, just above the graceful curve of her ass, only partially obscured by the red bikini that bisected her cute ass was written in a fancy, curling script the words: 'Little Slut'.

“And all my clothes are gone,” she said, dropping her robe and resuming her seat. “I just have closet full of...stuff like this.

She motioned down at her half robe and panties.

“Stripper clothes. These are the most modest clothes I own.” She barked harsh laughter. “But I have no memory of what that guy was doing in my body for the last year. I need to know what happened to me. I know it sounds crazy but that's the truth,” she finished, stubbing out her finished cigarette into an empty cup on the coffee table.

I sat back in my chair and eyed her. She believed every word she'd said. “So, let's say I believe you were Harvey for a year. Did you get into any trouble? Make anyone upset enough to kill?”

She shook her head, loosing a strand of curly black hair over one delicate ear.

I continued. “Then I can only think that you coming back to your body and Harvey being killed are somehow connected.”

“Do you believe me?” she looked at me with her beautiful blue eyes.

“I don't believe that two people would make up the same lie.”

“What do you mean?”

I reached into my jacket and pulled out the folded manila envelope. I handed it to Holly and sat back to watch the expression on her face as she opened it. I'd been the first person to see what was inside, of course, so it held no surprises for me.

“This was in Harvey's apartment.” I told her as she opened up the envelope with trembling fingers.

She tipped the contents of the envelope into her hands. It consisted of a couple glossy photos and a USB stick. She looked at the photos, one by one. The first was of her body on a beach, posing in a tiny bikini that barely held her breasts in place. They were her real breasts when these were taken: small and supple. Her cute face was laughing at the camera. In the next one she'd taken her top off and was holding her breasts, offering them up to the camera. I have to admit her tits were gorgeous, even as small as they'd been: round and smooth and perfect. In the next one she was turned around, offering her round ass to the viewer, her head lightly turned with a come-hither smile playing across her red lips. In the last picture her body was lying on a towel on the sand, naked, a hand draped over her head, beads of sweat forming across her stomach, her thighs. The dark trail of her pubic hair disappeared between her crossed legs.

I watched Holly as she looked at the pictures of herself, taken by a stranger. Her brow furrowed in disgust, her lips narrowed. God, she was gorgeous, even when she wasn't trying to be.

“What's—“ she started, sopped, licked her lips. “What's on this?” She held out the USB.

I stood and plugged it into the back of her television, then turned it on and switched to the right input. I sat back and lit another cigarette as I watched the emotions play out on her face while she stared at the video. This is what she saw:

An extreme close-up of Holly's breasts as she bent over the camera. Still pre-surgery and even lovelier this close up. She backed up and her face came into view as she made sure the camera was on. Her long, dark hair flowed around her shoulders. Her face was beautifully made up, her skin smooth, her eyes subtly outlined. Two large hoop earrings dangled from her ears. From this angle the camera looked right down the small valley of her breasts.

“Ok, good, it's on,” Holly said. She turned and walked unsteadily to the couch in the background and now we could see the rest of her outfit: a black top that clung to her body, a tiny white skirt that was practically painted onto her legs, high heels that highlighted her firm calves.

She collapsed onto her butt on the couch, laughing.

“Oh man, I haven't walked in heels in a long time,” said the mystery man in Holly's body. He tossed her hair back and let it drop down his shoulders, then he smoothed out his skirt and looked at the camera.

“Hi, Holly,” he said in her own husky voice, “If you're watching this it means I've gotten tired of your body and moved on. Although...” he paused and looked down at his body, running one hand along his breasts, “I don't know how I could ever get tired of this.” He giggled, letting Holly's breasts jiggle up and down.

“God, your body's grand.” He dropped her tits and looked at the camera. “So, right, about you. Probably right about now the police have let you go and you'll soon find I'm not in your apartment anymore. And, God, it feels good to get out of that body and into this one.”

He looked down at Holly's hand and twisted it this way and that, watching his slim fingers move gracefully.

“Harvey was a fat fuck. Or, he was after I found him. That's your name, by the way, but you probably know that by the time you see this. In fact you may even be you again. Anyway, so why was I in him? Because I wanted to pick an awful body to put a beautiful woman into. I wanted to take away someone's life, someone young and beautiful, and put them in a fat slob of a man so they could see how it feels to be ugly. And I found you, Holly. Little Miss Perfect. All the guys love you. Dante, Ollie, Gary. Yeah, I've been watching you for a little while. And now I've got you and I have to say, looking down at this...I don't blame you. On my first night in your body, I thought we could explore together.”

He ran Holly's hands up and under her delicate breasts, gently hefting them. He shook his hair back from his head as his fingers circled up and around each areolae. He squeezed gently, watching his tits sway lightly, and sighed.

“Mmm, you feel so good.”

He pulled the shirt off over his head, letting his dark hair cascade back down over his shoulders. Holly's trim stomach was revealed, her body tapering gently from her slender breasts, held in place with a black bra, down to her waist. Her skin was creamy and smooth. She flicked her hair back out of her face and stared down greedily at her body. The man made Holly's arm reach around and unclasp her bra. He shrugged it off and freed his breasts. They bobbed hypnotically on his chest, perky and pinchable.

“Oh my God, Holly, your tits are amazing.” He grabbed one in each hand, wrapping his fingers around their warm heft. He bounced them up and down, pulled them gently to the side and released them, letting them fall back together and jiggle, as he laughed Holly's tingling laugh. He wrapped Holly's fingers back around them, his thumb and forefinger playing with his nipples, squeezing gently as he dropped his head back and sighed.

“Oooohhh, that feels nice,” he sighed. Holly's eyes closed as pleasure flooded her body. She began to writhe and moan gently on the couch as she pleased her nipples with both hands, biting her lip as the pain and pleasure mingled within her.

Her hands slid down her warm body to her skirt. She tucked her slim fingers under the hem and pushed her skirt down, wiggling out of it and her panties until she sat naked on the couch. She admired her body, her smooth, long legs, the dark trail of curly hair leading to her pleasure. Spreading her legs, she slid one hand down between her thighs, her finger pressing lightly against her slit, disappearing into her warm folds.

'Oh, Holly,' he sighed in her voice, 'You feel sooo good.'

One hand continued to pinch his nipple as the other circled inside her and she grew moist. She threw her head back and moaned softly as she entered herself with two fingers, slipping into her warm wetness, deeper, faster as the tide of pleasure ebbed and flowed within her.

“Ah!” she gasped lightly as a brief orgasm shook her. Her fingers slid deeper inside her, chasing the elusive itch that her body so desperately wanted until her legs clapped together and she pressed herself back into the couch as she came again, her breasts bobbing back and forth as she tossed her head this way and that.

“F-fuck! Oh, fuck!” She cried as the pleasure slammed through her, her fingers glistening with her desire as the man inside Holly's body made her cum, penetrated her with her own fingers until she exploded with a high pitched cry, chasing the throbbing pleasure until it passed through her and she sank back down into the couch, dropping her tit and breathing heavily. She looked at the camera.

“I'm going to have a grand time in your body!”

She got up and moved towards the camera until her face filled the entire screen. She smiled.

“Byyye!”

The video ended.

I watched Holly watching the video. Her hands covered her mouth in shock. She couldn't look away even as her perfect nose wrinkled in disgust while she watched the man force her body to orgasm. When it was over she looked up at me, her blue eyes narrowed.

“I need to know what else he's done. You find him, you find Harvey's killer.” she said.

I nodded. “If he lived as you for a year there will be a trail somewhere. Financial records, court records...medical records,” I said, my gaze glancing down to her chest.

Holly stood and moved to the kitchen table. She grabbed a cell phone and held it out to me.

“Maybe you can start with this. I can't get into the damn thing, he changed the code. But there's a bunch of missed calls.”

I thumbed on the screen. There were, indeed, a lot of missed calls, all from the same number. I took out my own phone and dialed the number. After a few rings it went to voice mail. A breathless young lady told me I'd reached Paradise Gentleman's Club and then informed me of the operating hours, somehow making even the time of day sound like a sleazy promise.

“Well?” Holly asked when I'd hung up.

“You want to know everything?”

“Y-yes.”

“Come with me.”

We stopped briefly at a bodega to pick up some clothes that Holly could hide her body in. The baggy “I heart NY” t-shirt and sweatpants she picked out hid her figure. Though her breasts were no longer on full display they still ballooned out visibly from beneath the shirt. There was no hiding those. Pretty sure that was the point, to turn her delightful body into a parody of sex.

After that, I drove us out to Paradise. When we pulled into the nearly empty parking lot beneath the tacky neon sign advertising exotic dancers and all the shrimp you can eat, I glanced over at Holly. Her face was pale and she looked like she was going to be sick.

I pulled around to the back of the business and parked in front of the employee entrance. We got out and I banged on the unmarked gray door. I saw movement behind the peephole and held up my badge.

“Detective Colson. I've got a few question about a girl of yours,” I called through the door.

The door was opened by a large bald man who looked like someone had shaved a gorilla and stuffed it into a suit and jacket. He stared at me with suspicious eyes.

“I want to speak to the owner,” I demanded. “Police business. It's about one of your girls.” I jerked my thumb back towards Holly. I could tell he recognized her.

“Wait here,” he growled, before slamming the door.

A few minutes later the door reopened. This time a well-dressed black man with a handsome face looked out at us.

“Problem, detective?” He boomed. His eyes flicked to Holly, who was standing behind me, and his eyes widened. “Lexi, where the fuck you been, girl?”

His face registered bewilderment as Holly shied away behind my back and I held out a hand to stop him as he took a step towards her.

“You're the owner, Marlen, right?”

“Mmm,” he stated, non-noncommittally.

“Lexi's having some...legal trouble. I was hoping you could help us out.”

“Oh?”

“We're just trying to get a timeline down. Corroborate a story. Tell me how Lexi got hired here.”

His eyes again flicked to Holly. She nodded encouragingly at him. Good girl.

“Yeah, all right.”

This, more or less, was the story he told us:

Holly had shown up out of the blue one evening to compete in amateur night. Unlike the other girls who jumped up onstage to try out some pole dancing, Holly didn't seem to have any friends in the audience. She was pretty but a little awkward, like she didn't quite understand her own body. And, of course, guys on amateur night either vote for their friends, or the girl with the biggest tits. Holly seemed pretty angry after she lost, ranting at Marlen that it was all bullshit. Still, she had plenty of attention offstage. She made sure Marlen knew she was leaving with some guy, and that this guy had taste, unlike Marlen's crowd.

It was probably two or three months later that she showed up again. Marlin barely recognized her with the size of her breasts. They were massive, enhanced to the point of absurdity, easily the biggest he'd ever seen. And he owned a strip club. They commanded attention.

This time she won the competition easily. The whole crowd hooted and hollered as soon as she took the stage. She worked the pole like an expert before stripping off her top and hopping off the stage to let every guy in the place fondle her tits. She was so proud of them.

Afterwards she came up to Marlen in his private booth in the back of the room. She was still topless and she smiled at the security guard standing in front of the open curtain surrounding the booth, wiggling her chest back and forth. He scowled at her, his eyes flicking down to her tits, until Marlen called out from inside.

“Let her in.”

She strolled towards Marlen and stuck one hand on her hip, her chest thrust out in Marlen's face.

“What's a girl got to do to get a job around here?” She asked,

“Fill out an application form. Show me what you got.” He said, half-jokingly.

“Why don't we skip to the bit where you show me what you got?”

Holly crawled across the booth towards him, her breasts hanging down like two globes beneath her, like magnets for Marlen's eyes. Marlen motioned to the guard, who flicked the curtain closed. Marlen reached out and grabbed a handful of one of her breasts. They were solid, the silicone filling the skin almost fit to bursting. The nipples were erect in readiness. She looked like a horny cartoonist's impression of a woman: all heavy curves, pouting lips and tight ass. Her exaggerated feminine form, his hands sliding across and across her heavy breasts, the way she licked her lips as though she couldn't wait to devour him, made his cock jump to attention beneath his pants. In the time she'd been gone she'd really mastered her body, radiating delight and an eagerness to please through every subtle motion.

Her fingers unzipped Marlen's pants and freed his thick, black cock. The engorged head pointed up towards her silky lips. She opened her mouth and took him into her warm wetness. He watched as his dick disappeared between her lips, her tongue running up the underside of his shaft. She went slow and shallow at first, barely taking his head inside her, teasing him until he could take it no more and he gripped her dark hair in his fist and pushed her down. She acquiesced eagerly to his demand, filling her mouth with him until her nose pressed into his curly hair and his dick hit the back of her throat.

“Oh, shit, girl,” Marlen moaned as he watched her worship him with her tongue.

Up and down she went on him, Marlen's cock reappearing from within her lips, slick with her saliva, before being swallowed again. She let him guide her, pushing and pulling her head up his shaft as he used her for his own pleasure. She sank deep, taking him all in without choking, as if she was already a pro.

When she felt him twitch inside her mouth she pulled her head all the way off and wrapped her fingers around his slick cock, sliding up and down his shaft until he came. She cooed in delight as he exploded onto her face, her tits. She closed her eyes and bathed in his cum, making sure it splattered across her face and dripped down her breasts. When she was done she looked up at him with her big blue eyes, dipped her fingers in the seed he'd spilled on her chest, and brought them to her mouth. She closed her eyes and sighed as she swallowed him.

“Mmm. Yum.” She said.

The next night she was the headliner. Holly headlined at Paradise for a few months before one day,

not long ago, she failed to show up. Her calls were unanswered.

I had to encourage Marlen to share all the details with a mixture of threats and promises. Every strip club owner had dark secrets and none wanted any trouble from the cops. I kept an eye on Holly as she learned what her body was up to. Disgust flicked across her pretty face every now and then.

“It happens every now and then, girls disappearing. Their boyfriends demand they stop, or they get in some sort of trouble. Are you in trouble?”

This last was directed at Holly.

“I was, but, Detective Colson's helping me out as a...favor.”

Marlen nodded. He knew enough not to dig lest he become part of this trouble.

“She ever go home with anybody?” I asked.

“Shit. All the time.”

“I mean, did she ever go home with the same somebody?”

“Oh. No. Why don't you ask her yourself?”

“She's had some sort of fugue state, can't remember anything. We don't know what happened to trigger it. I'm just trying to pick up the pieces.”

“A fugue state? Like on Breaking Bad?”

“The same. Did you have any idea where she went when she wasn't at the club?”

He shook his head. “Nope. I keep my business to myself and I expect my girls to do the same. Less questions that way.”

“All right. Thanks for your help.”

“Good luck. If you ever want to come back onstage, door's still open.”

Holly ducked her head and nodded, probably imagining all the men who'd seen her naked, all the things the stranger had made her body do to them, all the men who'd been inside her.

As we drove back into downtown I asked Holly to tell me what she'd done for the past year when she was Harvey. At first she'd tried to contact her old body. She staked out her apartment but he never showed up. By knocking on the nosy neighbor's door and pretending to be a relative she heard that her body hadn't been seen or heard from in days. The body thief had blocked her number and all her emails and started siphoning money out of her bank accounts before changing the passwords on everything, blocking her out of her own life. In the meantime, she had to survive as Harvey, picking up odd jobs here and there.

“It was way different being him,” she said, twiddling a lock of her hair as she watched the buildings go past out the driver side window, “Not just the obvious physical stuff, but people treated me differently. Like I was a nothing, like I was invisible. I mean, I can't really blame them. When I first became Harvey he looked like a creep. I had this tiny mustache and a bad comb-over. I looked ridiculous. But, you get used to things, you know? I changed myself, got to a point I could live with and just kept hoping maybe one day I'd be back.

“And now that I am back, I've got these...” she motioned to her massive chest, “And everyone treats me different than even before. I can't even sleep well these fucking things are so big. He did this to my body to humiliate me. He fucked up my whole life, for what?”

I dropped Holly off at her place, promising I'd keep investigating and get back to her as soon as I found anything. She smiled at me, the first real smile I'd seen on her since I'd knocked on her door. I was her confidant, the only one who knew her secrets. I watched the sway of her ass until she disappeared behind the large mirrored glass doors of her apartment building.

I still wanted to bat her tits around like a kitten.

It didn't take very long to find her next surprise. A day later I picked Holly up in my car to drive her to the place I'd discovered. As I drove, I told her that running a credit check showed a property management company had looked into her credit almost a year ago. I explained with a little creative lying how I had finagled an address for an apartment uptown.

We pulled up outside a large apartment building. Two high towers faced each other across a wide courtyard. We visited the reception desk and Holly made up a story about how she had locked herself out. The manager knew her, of course, with her tits she was hard to miss. He led us up to the seventh floor where he unlocked the door with a smile. I pulled out my phone and started recording, wanting to document everything for future use as I followed Holly inside, watching her expression as she took in "her" apartment.

The front door led almost immediately to the side of the kitchen. Down a short hallway was an open living room with a door to the bedroom leading off to one side. The living room was sparsely furnished with a large couch in the middle of the room facing a giant wall-mounted television. The couch was the same one we'd seen in Holly's video. I picked up one of the pieces of clothing lying on the floor and held it up for Holly. It was the tight black top Holly's body had been wearing in the video, before he slipped it off and started fondling her. The only other piece of furniture in the living room was a large wardrobe. Holly opened it and stepped back in shock, her tiny hand coming up to her face.

The wardrobe was full of sex toys. Dildos and vibrators of every shape and kind were arranged in the drawers

"Oh, God," she said, her eyes wide as she began to sense the full extent of what had been happening with her body for the past year.

"Looks like someone had some fun in your body," I said, pushing my camera closer to her face as I approached the wardrobe. "Let's check out the bedroom."

We pushed open the bedroom door. A large bed was pushed against one wall, surrounded by three video cameras and a few studio lights. A laptop sat on a nightstand at the head of the bed. A handful of empty condom packets littered the floor.

"Check out the computer," I said, aiming my phone around the room.

She sat on the bed and, with trembling fingers, opened up the laptop. She was greeted with a login screen for a video website. One of those that let men from all over the world watch her and ask her to do things for their pleasure. The login had been automatically filled in with the screen name 'Lexi Grand' and her password. She pushed enter and was taken to the welcome screen. She had over a hundred new messages, each one asking to see more of her, wanting her to do more.

Next to the computer was a shelf full of DVDs. I shuffled through them, Holly's made up face, her mouth rounded in an 'O' of pleasure stared back from the covers beneath titles like Anal Invasion 3, Big Titted Boob Babes and Grand Ones Inside Lexi Grand. I held them up for her inspection. Her face turned beet red as she read the titles.

"He's been busy," I say.

Next to the professional DVDs were a few unlabeled ones. I picked one off the top and was about to ask her about it when someone started pounding on her apartment door.

"Lexi!" a man's voice called, "Open the fucking door."

He banged on the door again, sounding like he was trying to break it down. I motioned to Holly to stay quiet as I went back to the front door. I lay the DVD on the kitchen counter before opening the door. A blonde guy in a wrinkled suit and a state of nervous panic was waiting for me.

"Who the fuck are you?" he yelled.

"Calm down," I said, "Let's not make a scene."

"Where is that bitch? Where's Lexi?"

He tried to push past me. I grabbed his arm as he did and stuck out my foot, pivoting him around so he tripped over my foot and I forced him to the ground, jerking his arm painfully up behind him as I knelt on his back and pushed his head against the floor.

"Let's try this again. Calm the fuck down."

"Who are you?" he grimaced as I forced his head painfully into the carpet.

"Don't worry yourself about that right now."

I heard a noise and looked up to see Holly peeking out from behind the bedroom door. I shook my head for her to stay quiet, before turning back to the man pinned beneath me.

"What do you want?" I continued.

"That Lexi bitch said she was going to send pictures to my wife. She's trying to blackmail me. You know she records everything? Said it was extra kinky. I thought I took the only copy but then I get this email. I got a wife. Kids. She'll ruin me." His anger was draining away, leaving only his fear. I liked to see that. I twisted his arm back further and he grimaced.

"So you were going to, what? Beat the shit out of her?"

"No. I don't know. Make her stop."

"Uh huh. You sure you weren't going to rape her? Pile an assault charge onto breaking and entering?"

"No, man, I just...I wanted her to stop." He was trembling now. I eased up slightly.

"Well, I work for Lexi and I can tell you for sure that she doesn't care about you enough to blackmail you anymore. So, here's what we're going to do, Jake. In a minute I'm going to let you go. You're going to stand up, brush yourself off and leave. You do that, the video gets deleted. Got it?"

I twisted his arm again just to drive the message home. He nodded through gritted teeth.

"Grand." I released him and stood back. He picked himself up slowly. I could tell the fight had gone out of him. His eyes shifted back and forth between me and Holly peeking out from the bedroom doorway behind me but he didn't say a word. He left and I closed the door behind him. My body was crying out for a cigarette so I pulled the packet out and lit one up.

"You're not very popular," I said as Holly slunk out of the bedroom. "I found this in your room," I said, holding up the unmarked DVD. "Let's take a look."

"I don't want to see it," she said.

“I do.”

I slipped the DVD into the player beneath the living room TV and turned it on. A video began playing immediately. This is what it showed:

Holly sat on a bed in a well made room. On the wall above the bed was a timer set to 60 minutes. Holly was relaxed on the bed wearing a skimpy, white negligee that clung to her curvaceous form, revealing the deep valley of her fake cleavage. Her long legs were bare and gorgeous, the smooth skin disappearing beneath the sheer fabric that just barely covered her womanhood. Her wavy hair hung down over her shoulders. Her lips were ruby red, her eyes sparkling with merriment as she talked at the camera. She looked like a fucktoy come to life.

“Hi, guys!” she waved, letting her massive breasts bounce up and down, “Lexi Grand here, and I’m out to set the record for biggest gangbang in an hour. The guys are outside warmed up and ready, and I’m in here getting all hot just thinking about it.”

She slipped her hand between her legs.

“Mmm,” she giggled, “Even if we don’t beat the record everyone today is a winner. But especially me. This is gonna be grand! Come on in, guys. Let’s get this started.”

The clock started counting down as three burly guys stepped in from off-screen and surrounded Lexi. There was black man, a blond guy and a bald guy. All were solidly built. All were naked and hard. They wasted no time in caressing Holly’s supple form. The black guy sat down and Holly pressed her lips against his, opening her mouth to let his tongue inside and explore her warmth. The blond guy headed straight for her breasts. He wrapped his warm lips around one of her nipples, grabbed the other breast in his other hand and greedily sucked and squeezed. The last man spread Holly’s legs and kissed his way up and down her inner thigh as Holly opened for him.

Their hands roamed around her body, caressing and squeezing as she offered herself up to them for their pleasure. Holly broke away from the kiss and ducked into the man’s lap, her eyes going wide as she wrapped her hand around his thick, warm shaft. She slowly drew her fingers up and down, feeling him pulse beneath her touch, enjoying the lust for her he barely held in check. The body thief opened Holly’s mouth wide and brought her lips down onto the man, swallowing his cock as she moaned softly. Her lips slid down and up leaving a glistening trail of saliva. The black man placed a hand on her head and guided her up and down.

As Holly leaned over to suck the black man, the other two rearranged themselves. One lay flat beneath her so that her massive chest rested on his, his cock pressed against her stomach. He didn’t seem to care that he was lined up beneath another man’s cock as he eagerly suckled her huge breasts. The final man knelt behind Holly’s rotund ass, letting his hand slide across her curves, up and under her already moistening pussy. Holly moaned around the cock in her mouth and pressed her ass up, offering herself up to the men behind her. She shifted her body and reached between her legs, guiding the cock of the man beneath her inside of her aching cunt. The head pressed against the lips of her pussy, the pressure building until, with an inaudible pop, he slid inside her. She raised her mouth off the black cock long enough to sigh, even as she continued stroking the thick shaft with one hand.

The man behind her grabbed her thick ass and pushed his cock against her puckered hole. He grabbed her waist in his hands and pulled her back against him slowly, sinking into her asshole as she continued riding the man beneath her and blowing the guy in front of her. Soon she was full of them all, their manhood deep inside as they reached a rhythm, Holly’s head going down the shaft, swallowing the thick, black cock as her lower body rose, then sank back down, the cocks filling her tight holes. Back and forth they rode her like this, their groans growing louder until they came. The

black man blew his load first, spasming his hot seed into her mouth, soon followed by the other two. She cried out as they sunk in deep, jetting their load into her cunt, her ass, her mouth.

When they were done they slipped out, replaced immediately by another group. And so it went like this, as a variety of men filled her with themselves, slid their cocks between her breasts and exploded onto her face until she was dripping with cum. She wiped herself off briefly between waves but the men never let up. Immediately after cumming inside her, after filling her pussy, her ass, her mouth with their seed they left and more men came in. By the end of the hour Holly was dripping with sweat, sticky with the lust of over a hundred men. Their cum dripped from inside her even as she dipped her fingers into her pussy and drank it down, trying to clear more room for the next man. And the next. And the next. Until the timer rang and Holly lay back onto the bed, exhausted.

“How'd we do?” she asked someone off-screen. There was a pause, then, “Two hundred and nine! Ha ha!” She raised her hands in victory, then let them fall onto her chest, her breasts wobbling, sticky and glistening with lust.

I didn't watch the whole video right there with Holly. I had my phone recording her face as she watched her body repeatedly fucked and filled. My eyes were drawn to her beautiful image on the television, the sight of her naked body with her fake plastic breasts giving herself up to every man who entered was intoxicating. Holly interrupted my reverie.

“Does watching me watching what you did to my body get you off?” She asked quietly.

I swung my attention back to her.

“What are you talking about?”

“Jesus. You didn't just want me to know what you did in my body, you wanted to watch my face when I found out. You sick fuck.”

“Holly, I'm just trying to help you--”

“Stop it. You've been lying to me since you came to my apartment in that detective's body. You called the guy who busted in here by his name just now; how did you know that? No one else uses the fucking word 'grand' like you do. What the hell are you?”

I turned off my recording.

“That obvious, huh?” I shrugged. I could see in her eyes she knew. I'd been lying since the beginning, just playing a part.

“Well, it was my first time sticking around after a theft,” I admitted. “I usually just take the bodies and leave them. But I wanted to see how people feel when they find out what I've done. How do you feel, Holly?”

“You killed Harvey.”

It wasn't a question. I nodded.

“I did. Well, he did it to himself, really. I just jumped out at the last second. I wish I'd been in the room to watch that last second of realization when this guy--” I patted my chest “--realized he'd hung himself.”

“You're fucking sick.”

“You eat meat, do you think cows would call you sick and twisted because you like the taste of their

flesh? That's all it is to me, Holly. I'm more than human. And I loved the taste of your flesh. God, those tits, that ass. Much better than this."

I pinched my tubby stomach. "Yuck. Not like those nice, firm tits of yours. I kind of want to jump right back into you. Play with that little pussy of yours again."

Holly trembled and took a step back.

"Don't worry." I laughed. "It's not as much fun when they know. Shit, I can't believe I fucked this up. Now there's no point in even sticking around to find your boyfriend."

"Boyfriend?"

"Boyfriend. Pimp. Whatever. You owe him a lot of money. Fortunately, you're a very popular woman. Anyway, thanks for the fun times, Holly, perhaps we'll meet again some day. Perhaps you won't even know it."

I hopped out into the body of a woman on the floor below: a Hispanic maid somewhere in her late forties. It was quite satisfying to hear the faint scream of a man in shock one floor above me as she stepped into the life of a tubby detective. I dropped the vacuum and skipped out the door to start on my new victim. And this time I'd do it right.

###

## **Thank you!**

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

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*Four sets of people struggle to cope with the bodies they've been swapped into in the aftermath of the Global Switch.*

### **Transition**

*Joe just wanted to hang out with his friends, breeze through his college classes and get a girlfriend. But an idle wish to understand what it's like as a woman sees him slowly transforming.*

### **Virtual Worlds**

*Jay orders a virtual reality rig that offers to put him in the body of his favorite porn stars, only something's gotten mixed up and he finds himself on the receiving end inside several female performers.*

### **Chemical Reaction**

*An experimental drug leaves Tony's mind stuck in the body of his sexy, vivacious friend, Rebecca. While trying to figure out a way to swap back, he takes advantage of his time inside by intimately exploring her body.*

### **Forbidden Love**

*When Rachel finds a magic pendant that lets her transform into her hot friend, she uses it to explore her friend's body and tries to capture the attention of her own stepbrother, with unexpected results.*

### **Stuck Inside**

*When Oliver's machine malfunctions it causes his family to swap bodies with his friend's family next door, leaving Oliver in the body of a hot MILF. They're all quarantined for two weeks, which gives them plenty of time to explore their incredible new bodies.*

### **Body Switch Collection: Volume 1**

*This hot collection contains 9 explicit stories from 6 previously published books by body swap erotica bestseller M Wills.*

### **I Wish**

*Three explicit short stories of people finding themselves in someone else's body and enjoying -- or being forced to enjoy -- their new pleasure.*

### **That B\*tch From Work**

*When Felix ends up in the body of his girlfriend's rival, his girlfriend finds more and more ways to humiliate him. She mocks his small stature and forces him into degrading and humiliating situations. But rather than make him angry, the humiliation just makes Felix's nubile new body eager to please.*

### **Learning Curves**

*Will's never been in trouble in his life, until the day he gets caught with a joint and threatened with expulsion from school. This simple misunderstanding threatens to derail his life and strip him of his valedictorian status. But his gorgeous, young teacher, Mrs. King, gives him an option: if he agrees to try out her invention to let them swap bodies for a day, she won't report him.*

### **iSwap**

*Noah's stepsister has swapped their bodies so she can take his vacation while he's stuck at home. But Noah soon discovers that being in the body of his hot stepsister more than makes up for anything he'll miss on the trip.*

### **Devil on Your Shoulder (M2F Body Theft)**

*Daniel's always being picked on by the trio of mean girls at his school, so when a demon appears and offers him the chance to possess their bodies for some humiliation, Daniel jumps at the offer. But there's always a catch, and Daniel may soon find that his anger comes back to hurt him.*

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