

A woman with blonde hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a white lace bodysuit. She is posing with her hands near her head. The background is a vibrant pink with a large, stylized white rose. The text is overlaid on the image in various colors and fonts.

6

EROTIC
STORIES

BODY SWITCH *Collection*

VOL. 6

WWW.MILLS

Body Switch Collection

Volume 6

by M. Wills

© 2020 M. Wills

Cover photo: © Depositphotos.com /

Cover Design: Evie Foy

Visit bodyswapfiction.com for stories, captions and commissions

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events reside solely in the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual people, alive or dead, is purely coincidental. All characters are eighteen years of age or older.

No portion of this work can be reproduced in any way without the prior written consent from the author with the exception for a fair use excerpt for review and editorial purposes.

This title is for adults only. It contains explicit sex acts, adult themes, and material that some might find offensive.

Table of Contents

[Training Days \(MtF\)](#)

[The Princess Proxy \(FtF\)](#)

[Madam President \(MtF\)](#)

[Small Town Girl \(MtF\)](#)

[Reunion \(MtF\)](#)

[Mother of the Bride \(MtF\)](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

A M2F BODY
POSSESSION
STORY



TRAINING
Days



Training Days

I like going to the gym late in the evening. Everyone else is home having dinner or watching TV and I've got my pick of the machines. Victor, the regular night staffer, greets me as I swipe my card and push through the turnstile.

"Hey, Mike, how's your night?"

I shrug. "Can't complain."

"The leg's looking a lot better."

"Yeah, I'm feeling better. Getting there." I reply, shooting him a weak thumbs up. And in truth, my limp is nearly gone.

Victor is one of those walls of muscle you expect to see at a gym: small shirt stretched near to bursting across a muscular chest, biceps bigger than my thighs, shiny white teeth. It wouldn't surprise me to discover he lived at the gym. I'm not like that. I wouldn't even come to the gym this much if it weren't for my knee. I hurt it playing pick up basketball a few months ago. Snagged a pass, turned and tried a jumper but was blocked and landed wrong. I knew something was off immediately but still waited a day or two before going to the doctor. I thought it would heal itself. Turned out, I needed rehab. The annoying thing is, I don't usually play basketball. It was a spur of the moment decision.

That was two months ago. My knee is better but still not great, hence these late night sessions. And while I'm here, I'm taking the opportunity to bulk up a little. Doing some arm workouts, some abs. Just trying to spruce myself up.

My injury is doubly frustrating because I can't really body hop for long periods of time or my leg won't heal. My real body goes into a kind of stasis when I inhabit someone else's skin and I come out the same as when I go in. Do that enough and I'll be limping for years instead of months. And I like my life. I like being normal, anyway. I'm not ready to abandon it all like some other hoppers have abandoned theirs, living from host to host.

I make my way over to the mats surrounding the free weight area in the far corner of the room. The corner is mirrored on two sides and I'm confronted with my image as I approach. My dark hair is cut short, little wisps just sticking up over my ears reminding me I need a haircut. I do some quick poses for myself in the mirror. It's surprising how quickly I'm able to put a little muscle on with just a couple workouts a week. I'm no muscle bound jock, but I'm looking pretty good if I do say so myself. And I have to, because no one else will say it to me. Not since Annie left.

I shake the thought away and spread my towel out on the mat before sitting on it. I slowly sink into the first of my stretches, reaching out to touch my toes until I can feel the good ache through my hamstrings. I don't wear headphones, preferring to bop along with the random Spotify music piped into the gym, usually consisting of 80s and 90s rock/pop. Tonight the songs seem to be on a run of power ballads.

When I'm good and limber I rise and make my way over to the leg press. I adjust the seat and set the

weight embarrassingly low—another reason to love the emptiness of the late night gym—just trying to warm up for now. When I turn and take a seat, suddenly there's a woman in front of me climbing onto the elliptical machine who takes my breath away.

She wears a gray hoodie and purple running tights that cling to her body. She's willowy and graceful, moving with a compact energy as she mounts the machine and, god, I wish she were mounting me. Her silken hair flashes golden in the lights of the gym, and frames a youthful, lean face with sparkling blue eyes. She ignores me completely as I stare at her profile, admiring her perfect nose, the shape of her chin. My eyes drop lower, admiring her powerful yet slender figure, her tight, bouncy breasts and glorious golden legs. I could stare at her all night.

The elliptical machine is right in front of me and there's a moment when I think that of all the elliptical machines in all the gym she had to walk onto this one and that must mean something. But as the machine whirs into motion and her perfect calves reach a steady rhythm, it's clear she's focused on her workout and I may as well not even be here. Maybe this is just her favorite machine.

It's hard to concentrate on my own workout when perfection is so close to me. I'm having trouble counting my reps. She's completely messing me up and I'm not having any apparent impact on her. I'm probably not the type of guy she goes for. Well, I can try to change that. Maybe that's why Annie and I failed, because I refused to use my body hopping powers and understand her, change the parts I didn't like.

I slip off the leg press and toss my towel over my shoulder. I head around behind her elliptical machine as though I'm going to the change rooms. There's no one else working out and Victor is on the opposite side of the room, engrossed in something on his computer. As soon as I'm behind her I reach out and touch her arm. The instant my fingers touch her skin I'm gone.

My body and everything touching it evaporates instantly. I turn into a billion particles of energy rushing through her, filling her up from head to toe: her awareness – mine, her senses – mine, her body – mine.

I become her just as her body is warming up, gaining the awareness of her legs shifting into higher gear, feeling the breath in her lungs through her delicate nose. My youthful, feminine body digs into the workout, slowly approaching her top speed. It seems so effortless. I'm so light, so full of energy. After another minute or so I'm warm enough to quickly take off my gray hoodie and drape it over the controls. Now I'm confronted with my top: a white spaghetti strap over a black sports bra. It's sexy as hell, showing off my tiny figure as my tits bounce delectably with each step. Looking down I'm confronted with so much honey skin it almost makes me dizzy.

I wipe the sweat from my brow, fingers running over unfamiliar but pleasant contours, passing the occasional tiny, natural bump or mole on my otherwise perfectly smooth skin that just serves to make her that much more natural. I'm at a steady rhythm, in her zone, it's like going into a trance. I take the time to search through her mind and explore her memories, discover who she is.

I find her name—Leah—and explore her life. I get images of her job at an insurance office, intimately tied to her feelings of ennui. It's a living but not the one she chose. I'm not surprised to find she's sporty. Plenty of memories of biking or jogging or playing softball. And then late nights studying, going to night school.

She's got a lot friends but she's not a party girl. Reliable. Committed. Sometimes feels like a pushover. This is how she thinks of herself. I flit through and find her memories of her boyfriend. As I suspected, he's a meathead. Buff as hell. Handsome but not too bright. Okay but sort of selfish in bed. From her own memories of sex with him I give him a solid C+. She can do better.

My first goal is simple: break up with him. Actually, forget that. My first goal is: take care of myself.

Despite my desire to explore my new body, I force myself to continue through Leah's routine, teasing myself with thoughts about her body. When I finally stop the elliptical twenty five minutes later my heart is racing, I'm slick with sweat, and wet everywhere. Everywhere.

I grab Leah's sweatshirt and make my way back into the changing rooms. There's a single shower running somewhere but it's otherwise empty. I toss my sweatshirt and towel onto a bench and head to the mirrors. Leah's reflection slides into view and I'm smitten all over again. But now I can stare as much as I want.

Leah's face is flushed with exertion but gorgeous. It's how I imagine she would look after a thorough fucking: cheeks red, a few strands of blonde air plastered to her forehead, a tiny bead of sweat dripping down between my breasts. I turn my head left and right, my eyes playing across the delicate shape of my nose, my alluring eyebrows, the perfect contours of my face. I slip my spaghetti strap top off over my head and drop it onto the counter, then struggle out of my sports bra. It's such a relief to finally be free. To have that pressure off my chest. I drop the sports bra on the counter with my top and flip my long blonde hair behind my back before admiring my breasts.

They're petite but gorgeous, perfectly fitting my slender frame and capped with small strawberry-pink areolae. I stroke them lightly with my fingers, enjoying my pleasant feminine shape. I circle round each nipple with a light touch as my body begins to warm. Soon Leah's nipples are hard as diamonds and I let my hands wander down my stomach, over my waist, and slip in beneath the elastic of my shorts. I roll them down my legs, revealing my smooth skin inch by inch. Leah's body is wonderfully real: here a small scar, there a tiny mole. Each imperfection just serves to highlight her beauty.

Now I'm completely naked and I stand up slowly, letting my hands slide back up my calves, my thighs, to the coarse triangle of dark blonde hair pointing to my slit. Fuck, she feels so good. I rub the top of my pussy with my fingers, watch the lips stretch and gyrate as I warm and grow loose. I push my middle finger inside, slipping into my velvety folds and caressing my clit. A tiny shiver of anticipation runs through my spine. I stare into the mirror as I finger myself, watching Leah's digit disappearing inside her, feeling my finger inside myself. I'm so warm and I'm growing wetter. It's an inner tension accompanied by an outer looseness, as my pussy becomes slick, the pouty lips unfolding and letting my finger sink deeper inside.

I push another finger inside myself, feel the tight inner walls of my cunt slippery with my lust as I use Leah's memories to pleasure herself. She knows just how she likes to be touched, how fast to go, what to do next. And I borrow those memories to push the tension inside my body higher, fingers circling faster, driving towards a release. A moan escapes my lips as my body burns with desire, fingers circling my clit. My other hand comes up to my chest and I grab a breast, fondling myself as my fingers burrow deeper inside, up to the second knuckle. God, Leah feels amazing—I feel amazing. My body buzzes with pleasure, my breath hitches in my throat as I urge myself higher, fingers moving faster inside my sopping wet pussy and then I throw my head back and cry out as I cum. My feminine voice echoes through the room as I masturbate, the orgasm flooding through every inch of my form, making me vibrate in utter ecstasy. The pleasure is vast and deep and overwhelming and I thrust my fingers hard inside my folds, rubbing myself fiercely until the tension snaps and then slowly dissipates.

My fingers decelerate with the slowing pleasure of my body, massaging my swollen clit until I'm back down to earth. I pull my fingers out of myself and bring them to my lips. The smell of Leah's pussy lingers as I suck on them, forcing Leah to swallow her own musky juices. She tastes delicious, salty and warm.

I notice that the shower has stopped running but whoever is inside is still in the stall. They probably heard me out here. I grin in embarrassment and make my way into an empty shower to wash off.

It's incredibly erotic washing my new body, sliding my fingers along each curve, soaping myself up and then letting the water rinse away the suds, revealing Leah's glorious golden skin. I'm tempted to masturbate again but I've got one more thing to do tonight before I hop out of Leah.

As I drive towards Leah's boyfriend's apartment I dredge up all of Leah's negative emotions about him. All the times he's been selfish, the dates he's forgotten, the vanity, the dullness of him. God, even his name—Jack—is boring. I bring these emotions, each memory, to the forefront of Leah's mind and examine it, dissect it, pick out every little piece of Jack that grates on her and I magnify it, winding it into a narrative that makes sense to Leah: Jack's an underwhelming boyfriend she's settled for but now realizes she's too good for him. I remember the time she wanted to see that little indie movie and he wanted to watch football so they stayed home. The time he forgot her birthday. The time he was rude to one of her friends. He's an embarrassment. By the time I get to Jack's house, I can feel Leah's mind pulling away from him.

The breakup itself is easy. I knock on his door and act reluctant. He lets me in, already suspecting something's amiss. I break it to him gently. It's not you it's me. We're not right together. You never even tried to find my clit. This last one I don't have to say, but it's there in my mind if I have to pull out the big guns.

He cries. Starts to beg. I cut him off. It's easy for me because I don't have feelings for him, though I can feel Leah's mind start to bend. I hold my ground and leave soon after, while my annoyance is fresh, before he can convince Leah's subconscious.

I return Leah's body to her house, then stand with my back against her apartment door. I hop out of her body, my own particles streaming out of her and re-materializing on the other side of the door. I catch a cab home and wait for our next meeting, Leah's body still fresh in my mind.

I took a look at her schedule when I was inside her, so I'm not worried when I don't see Leah at the gym for a few days. The next time she's there, I'm ready. I come in the front door right behind her. She's wearing those figure-hugging little workout tights again that cling to her shapely ass. And, fuck, what an ass. It's almost a shame when I hop in her that I can't stare at it easily. But I can sure as hell squeeze it.

Victor's at the front counter as usual and he greets us both as we scan in. Leah sees me and gives me a polite but distant smile. She has no idea how intimate we already are.

"Weren't you in here last week this late at night?" I ask.

"Yeah," she replies, noncommittal.

Fair enough, I'm a stranger as far as she's concerned.

"I thought so. I'm usually all by myself. It's good to have company so Victor's not just watching me struggle."

"Hey," Victor interjects, "I watch everybody struggle. It's my job."

Leah gives a flirty smile to Victor and flips her blonde hair back. "Do you *help* people if they're struggling or just watch?"

"I'm here to help. Just shout if you need anything. Or if a weight's fallen on you."

"Or there's a fire," I add.

"Yep. Fires. Snakes. Earthquakes. I deal with it all," he laughs.

Leah places a hand on her hip and eyes Victor. Definitely flirting, which means Jack must be out of the picture. Good. The training held. Sometimes it doesn't and I have to go back in for reinforcement. Though, the way she's eyeing Victor it looks like I'm going to have to change her a little more to suit me.

I leave them alone and begin my stretches, biding my time until Victor's occupied. When he finally disappears into the back for a second, I walk over to the leg press equipment right behind Leah's elliptical. As soon as I'm in her blind spot I touch her arm and hop. It's a repeat of last time. My body disintegrates and I reappear inside her, running on the machine, my body a heady mix of feminine and athletic.

This time when I'm done I don't shower. Instead, I just return to her apartment. I'm enjoying the feel of her body, the subtle bounce of her breasts with each step, the way I flip my hair out of my face unconsciously, the smell of my body damp with sweat and exertion.

She lives alone in a two bedroom apartment, and I leisurely explore her place. A few trendy pieces of artwork hang on the wall. The furniture is a mid-century modern type of style you find at higher end retailers. A small bookshelf holds a few books. Modern, best selling fluff mostly, but with a couple of the more popular behavioral sociology type non-fiction mixed in. Her wardrobe, likewise,

is tragic. Cut-offs. Baby doll tees. Tiny skirts. It's like her sense of style was frozen in her late teens. I mean, even the workout outfit I'm wearing—purple top stretched tight over a black bra, spandex tights—doesn't exactly exude class. I can sense Leah's intelligence, her curiosity and I want to bring them to the foreground. I know she wants to be classier and I can help.

But first...

I dig through her bedside table until I find her vibrator. I know it's here because Leah knows it's here. The vibrator is little more than a slim purple tube of hard rubber, tapered at the end and controlled by rotating the switch at the bottom, but it's perfect for me. I drop it on to the bed, then peel off my top. My petite breasts bounce free and it's such a relief to have the pressure of the sports bra off. I clasp my boobs in each hand and flick the blonde hair back behind my head with a practiced motion so I can have an unobstructed view of her body.

She exudes both a delicateness and a strength. Her body is limber and small but solid. I squeeze my breasts gently, hefting them, enjoying the weight and the feel of them. Her tits are perfection and my greedy fingers circle round and explore the soft skin. My nipples slowly sharpen in delight, until they're two pointed nubs rising from my soft skin. I grab them gently and softly twist and pull, slowly stretching the rubbery nipples out and letting them snap back, enjoying the youthful bounce of Leah's skin.

I hook my thumbs into the waistline of my spandex shorts and roll them over my glorious ass. I sit on the bed and peel them off my legs, then adjust the pillows and lie on my back, my head propped up so I can enjoy the sight of Leah's body spread out before me. I run my hands across the beautiful, honey skin of my tummy, feeling the abs just beneath. I trace my eyes down my borrowed form, her tapered waist that flares out into a plump, perfect ass, before tapering again to long, solid legs. I draw up my feet so my knees are in the air and spread my legs before grabbing the vibrator and switching it on. It buzzes lightly as I return one hand to my tits and the other rests on my mound, the tip of the vibrator just touching my slit.

I know how Leah likes to touch herself and I follow the path in her mind. She's not afraid of her body and loves to pleasure herself. The vibrator sits just on my pussy, a gentle pressure as the buzzing warms me. I tilt it up and down slowly rubbing it across the top of my slit and soon my whole body is buzzing along with the vibrator. I tilt it, dipping the tapered head just inside my pussy, watching it disappear into me and press against my rapidly swelling clit. The waves of pleasure build within me as I continue working Leah's body, the vibrator sinking deeper inside as my pleasure unfolds, as does my pussy, until I'm aching with need. I bite my plump lips and wiggle my ass, flexing my legs up and down, unable to stay still with the bliss roiling my body.

I move faster, dipping the vibrator in and out of my warmth. It's shiny with my wetness now and the scent of my cunt hits my nose and makes my mouth water. My pussy lips unfurl gently. They're beautiful, delicate things that reach eagerly for the vibrator. I grip my tits harder as the wave of pleasure inside me gathers strength. A moan escapes my mouth as all of a sudden I crest and cum, a torrent of pleasure bursting suddenly through me. The orgasm pours through my tiny body and I continue working the vibrator up and down, guiding the pleasure through my wonderful form, watching as I fuck myself and hear Leah's voice cry out in deep, guttural moans.

The orgasm finally dissipates, my pleasure plateauing but still with another climax near. I continue working the vibrator, sinking it deeper into me. The buzzing fills my cunt, driving me wild. I thrust the vibrator inside my pussy nearly to the hilt, my fingers landing in my wetness, faster, harder, raising my hips to thrust deep and then I cum again, thrusting hard as pleasure shoots through me, destroying all rational thought. My only desire to pound myself, to thrust, to fill, to grab. And I do, greedy for Leah's body as I share another orgasm, even better than before and my voice spills from my lips. I'm crying out uncontrollably as I thrust my hips up, trying to meet the vibrator coming down, sinking deep, deep into myself as my entire body rocks with joy and I want to touch every

part, to stroke every curve, to fill her until she can't take any more.

When I'm finally done I slip the vibrator out and turn it off. I lie on the bed, breathing hard, my body covered lightly in sweat once again. I feel amazing. I rest for a few minutes before rising to grab her laptop off her floor. I return to the bed and prop the laptop on my naked lap.

Leah's job pays pretty well so I have no qualms about refreshing her wardrobe and her tastes. First, I buy some music for her, steering away from the popular stuff that already fills her playlist and choosing some lesser known musicians. As I bop my head along to the music, I browse some clothing sites and pick out some elegant outfits I know would look fantastic on her. Classy, dark blouses and long sleeve tops that aren't cut so low as to be slutty but will still reveal a hint of cleavage. Skinny jeans that will meld to the perfect curves of her ass and her solid calves. And one dark red dress, perfect for fancy evenings out. I buy some cute accessories: small ruby stud earrings, a few bracelets, and a funky ring.

I buy some new art for her walls. Again, keeping it classy and aspirational. I read the art reviews, keeping her up to date on the art scene, directing her at the highbrow intellectual topics I'm familiar with, preparing her for me.

When I'm done shopping I clear out her browsing history, keeping the porn because I like her powerful sexuality but excising most of the trashy gossip sites. I load her up on the New Yorker, and the Guardian, and some of the more reputable news discussion blogs. I concentrate on my choices, examining what I enjoy about them and pushing that enjoyment into Leah's mind, imprinting my tastes onto her. I can sense her subconscious mind grappling with the seeds I'm planting, latching onto them, nurturing them. She's quick—I enjoy that about her—and her natural curiosity means she soaks up knowledge easily. I keep going late into the night, trying to cram as much as I can, knowing some will be lost but that enough should stay to turn her into the woman I know she wants to be. That *I* want her to be.

I hop out early the next morning, again appearing on the other side of her closed apartment door and sneaking away. I'll give my seeds a chance to grow and catch up with her in a week or so.

The next week when I see Leah at the gym she's changed. She carries herself better and her clothes are classier, not as revealing but nonetheless perfect for her body.

"We really need to stop meeting like this," I joke as she walks into the gym behind me.

"If I didn't know better I'd think you're stalking me," she laughs, a delightful, tinkly sound.

She smiles up at me and I gaze into her sapphire blue eyes. I'm delighted to find she's wearing less makeup, just a dash to highlight her perfect good looks but nothing like the thick dark eyebrows and blush of before. We both swipe our cards and pass through the turnstile. Before I can say anything else Victor is there and suddenly her attention is on him. The shift is subtle but noticeable; as she turns to him her eyes light up and she unconsciously brushes her hair back.

"Evening, Mike. Hi, Leah. Looking good tonight." Victor grins.

"You too," she says, lingering at the desk in front of Victor. "I like that shirt." She reaches out and feels the fabric of Victor's gray polo, letting her fingers graze his chest, leaning forward and exposing the hint of her breasts as her shirt drapes down.

Even this new Leah is still into these brawny musclemen. That's okay, I've planned for that. I've come to the gym dressed in dark slacks and a blue button down shirt, the top button open. Dressy but casual. I won't need workout clothes tonight. I walk away to the elliptical, leaving Leah to flirt with Victor. I bide my time across the gym until Leah comes over. Tonight I hop inside her before she even steps foot on the machine.

She's already a little bit flushed and warm. Her heart is fluttering. I search through her mind to find what's happening. When I realize, I look up at Victor across the gym. Seeing him through Leah's mind, I'm utterly attracted to his solid physique, his chiseled jaw, and his dark expressive eyes. But she's too shy to go over there and demand what she wants. She's predisposed to wait for Victor to make a move. She's a wilting violet just waiting to be given permission to act. I know she has an iron will inside, I've found it in my travels. And yet, when it comes to men, she takes a backseat. This is my chance to give both of us what we desire.

I stride towards Victor, a suggestive smile on my face. He's fiddling with something on his computer but he senses me approaching and looks up. His face breaks into a grin that makes my heart flutter. I can sense Leah's mind wanting to pull back, but I continue on.

"Hey, Leah, what's up?" He asks.

I'm across from him at the desk. Only two feet of counter between us. I reach over and grip his shirt, pull him close to me. "You're up, I hope." I say.

We kiss. Victor's taken aback at first but soon gets into it. Suddenly, he pulls away.

"I can't. I've got to stay at the desk." He says, "In case someone comes in."

I look around at the completely empty gym, then turn back to him and arch an eyebrow.

"Then you better make it quick." My voice is a low growl, oozing sex.

A minute later we're in a supply closet, desperate for each other, clinging, gripping, squeezing. His hands are greedy for me, roaming up and down my slender form as his lips lock on to mine. He's got a wonderfully masculine taste and his sandalwood scent fills my nose. I suck his tongue into my mouth and push myself closer to him, wrap my hands around his ass. His powerful form is huge, nearly overwhelming from the perspective of my petite body. He could crush me, could make me his plaything, hold me down and fuck me mercilessly. At least I hope he will. He grows hard beneath his clothes and my hands find his bulge. I run my fingers across his pants, feel him straining towards me.

He presses harder against me and I'm so fucking wet for him. I yank his zipper down and free him. His dick jumps into my hand, hard and huge. I pull my biker shorts down along with my panties, then turn around and offer my ass to him. I lean on a nearby box and arch my back as I half turn and beg through half lidded eyes, "Fuck me hard."

He grips his cock and approaches. My god it's huge, nearly terrifying in its enormity. He shoves it between my legs, hard up against the dripping lips of my pussy. I'm so fucking wet it doesn't take much pressure and with one quick shove he enters me. I gasp as his cock penetrates me, the bulbous head and shaft filling me up. My pussy pulses as his cock thrusts deeper, my velvety walls gripping him like a glove. And still he enters me. His cock continuing to burrow inside, deeper, deeper, impossibly deeper, and suddenly he's all the way in. I've taken the entire cock and I pause, my breath shallow as he holds me there, so full of him. Then he pulls out and before I can take a breath he thrusts in again, pushing me against the box. I push back, feel him slam into me and I cry out. He's taking me fast and furious, just like Leah needs.

I urge him on, begging me to pound me harder. "Oh, yes, yes! Fuck my little pussy," I moan in Leah's ex-soaked voice. Deep in the throes of pleasure I think of myself, transferring my thoughts to Leah. Imagining that it's my real body's cock filling me, that it's such a perfect fit, that I'm the only man for her. My cries spill from my lips as Victor grips my hips and slams into me again and again. But in my mind it's not Victor. It's me, pounding my perfect ass, watching it jiggle with each thrust. My cock is perfection, fitting me exactly, hitting where I need it, pounding me hard like the dirty little slut I need to be tonight.

I orgasm hard, a shuddering gasping desire burning through me. My thoughts are on myself even as Victor's cock pounds me. The rhythmic slapping of my ass is impossibly loud in my ears, joined by Victor's grunts. Manly. Needful. But not as manly or as needful as me. And suddenly Leah has my thoughts. It's *me* she dearly wants to fuck. *Me* she wants to ride until exhausted and sated.

"Fuck me harder," I command, needing this orgasm more than anything, needing it to tie Leah's desire to me.

Victor obliges, somehow redoubling his efforts and pounding everything out of my head except my desire for more, more! He squeezes my ass and his thrust is painful in its intensity but so, so good. I cum hard, growling long and low as the orgasm burns through me, throwing my head back and thinking of myself as Victor cums. His cock pulses inside me, filling my cunt with his seed. The heat spreads deep inside me and, god, I've never been more full. My entire world is pleasure, my concentration focused solely on the orgasm throbbing through me, the wonderful slam of the cock deep inside.

I come down slowly, breathing hard, Victor's cock still inside me. But I know from Leah's thoughts she wishes it was mine. She's still so horny. Victor wasn't enough. No one is enough. Except for me.

Victor pulls out and we get dressed. He peeks out of the closet, sees the hallway is clear, and motions for me to go on out. I slip out the door, running my hands through my disheveled hair to try to bring some semblance of order.

I return to Leah's place to shower and soap myself down until I'm clean and fresh smelling. I slip into the red dress. It does indeed fit me in all the right places, clinging to my ass, my tits, showing off my tight curves. I do my blonde hair into soft curls, dab on my makeup, spray on the perfume that drives me crazy. When I'm done with Leah she's gorgeous. Youthful, intelligent, classy...and horny as hell for me. It's all she wants now, all she can think about. She can hardly believe how much she needs me. I'm the only thing that can finally sate her desire.

I drive back to my real apartment and stand just outside my door. I hop out of Leah, through the door, and materialize in my own apartment to wait. Leah knows this is my place. She doesn't know how she knows, but she does. I'm sure she would question how she found me and why she felt the need to show up out of nowhere and why I'm not back at the gym where she last saw me. She would, if her horniness wasn't kicked into overdrive, if she could think about anything but seeing me.

She knocks and I throw open the door. God, she's radiant. Perfect skin. Perfect figure. Perfect smile. A slight blush creeps into her cheeks and she bites her bottom lip just at the sight of me.

"H-hi, Mike. I hope you don't mind me dropping by." With her newfound boldness she walks in, knowing I'll stand aside.

"I would never mind," I reply, closing the door behind her and glancing at her ass.

She half turns and curls a lock of blonde hair in one finger coquettishly. "You like what you see?" She giggles. It's no an airhead giggle, though. It's a nervous giggle, as though she can't believe she's doing this, as though she wants this so bad she's worried she'll mess it up and lose it all.

I gesture her into the living room and follow behind. She look around, taking everything in. "Is that a Lucinda Brown?" She asks, motioning to a picture filled with a flurry of muted colors. It's similar to the one I bought for her place.

"It is. You know her?" I say, coming up next to her. The flowery scent of her perfume is intoxicating.

"I love her stuff. Boy Meets Gorge is probably my favorite of her pieces." She turns to me and flicks her head to toss her blonde curls behind her. "How's the bedroom in this place?"

"Pretty big. I'll show you."

I lead her down the hall. I can feel her presence behind me, like all my senses are focused solely on her. I know this is how she feels about me. We enter the bedroom and I turn to face her, to make some sort of inane comment to break the heavy silence. But before I can speak she's on me. Her lips desperately connect with mine and she sighs as I kiss her back, as if it was an answer she'd been waiting for all night. Her hands wander around my cheeks, kissing, pulling back to stare at me, to memorize my face, before pressing close and kissing furiously again. She's enamored, head over heels in love.

I grip her ass, pull her close and she melts into me, draping her arms around my neck as she pushes her body close to mine. I've never wanted anyone more than I do Leah in this moment, and the feeling's mutual. Fuck, I'm so full of her scent, her taste, her touch, I can't think straight. All I know is desire.

She pushes me back and tips me onto the bed, then kneels between my legs as I push myself up into a sitting position. She yanks my pants down and her breath catches in her throat as my cock springs to attention. Her eyes are wide, taking every inch of me in, as though she can hardly dare to believe she's finally seeing my dick. Her entire being is focused on my cock. Slowly, hesitantly, she leans forward and opens her lips. She kisses the head of my dick and slowly licks down my shaft. Her hand comes up and joins her tongue, stroking my cock as she licks and sucks me, growing more

urgent.

Then her ruby lips part wide and she engulfs me, sinking her head down my shaft, swallowing my entire cock, not stopping until her nose presses into my pubic hair. I gasp as her tongue undulates against my shaft. She's incredible. I gently pull her hair out of her face so I can watch as she sucks my dick, watch as her amazing profile sinks down and my cock disappears into her hot wetness, across her tongue and deep into her throat. She pulls up, a strand of saliva connecting her lips to my cock. She kisses her way back down as she strokes me, her eyes wide, never leaving my dick as she worships it.

She swallows me again, tongue running down my shaft, hot breath covering my dick. She pauses as she feels me throb in her mouth and I grip her blonde hair, urging her to wait while I get myself under control. When I release she slides her lips back up and down and, oh god, it's amazing. She's so in love with my dick. She finally slides off me, releasing me with a soft pop.

She giggles and climbs up my body, wrapping her arms around me and kissing me once more. She hikes up her dress and lowers herself onto my lap. My cock presses against her pussy, so wet and warm. The pressure builds, builds, and then I'm inside her. She's perfect. Her wet heat grips me, pussy lips sliding down my cock until she's in my lap. I thrust up slowly and we fuck, kissing urgently, wanting this moment to last. She's so wet I can feel her dripping down me. Her little moans are muffled by my kisses but she soon throws her head back, giving into the pleasure as she rides me hard, unable to think of anything but filling herself with my dick.

I pull her dress down, free one breast and suck on it, rolling the nipple around in my mouth. My other hand squeezes her other tit as if for the first time. She rides me as I suck her breasts, each of us greedy for the other, our bodies matching in rhythm. We move faster. Urgency overtakes us and now I have to drop her breasts to grab her hips so I can thrust up into her as she sinks down. I pound deep into her, slamming into her center as her voice rises in pitch.

"Fuck me, Mike. Oh, god, fuck me." She screams and I burrow myself inside her, harder, faster and the tension grips me and I cum, emptying myself into her pussy and setting off her orgasm. I can feel her pussy clench around my cock as I throb inside her, spurting my seed into her while she moans in abject desire. She dances on my dick, her entire being concentrated on me being inside of her, living for this, wanting only this.

When I'm finally done she stays on me, kissing me some more, still greedy for my touch, occasionally shuddering with aftershocks. "I...never...want...to...leave..." she says between kisses.

And I know she won't because I've made sure she's mine. The perfect woman for me. Forever.

###

THE PRINCESS

proxy

A
F2F
BODY
SWAP
STORY

INTERVIEWS

The Princess Proxy

It paid well. Significantly better than any other part time job on offer to a high school senior. So it was worth it, Allison mused, even if it did involve sign-up meetings like this one. For \$425 per assignment, it was even worth dealing with entitled assholes like Edward Manus.

He was currently scrutinizing her without even trying to hide his distaste. Probably people like Edward Manus thought they were too rich to bother with manners on the little people. Sinking back into the visitors chair, he protested disdainfully, "She's a kid."

"She is," Greta, Allison's boss, conceded and then launched into her sales pitch. "She's also an honor roll student with a 4.0 GPA and two perfect SAT scores under her belt."

Edward wasn't the type of person who was easily placated. "Your brochure mentions a Yale history professor, and you bring me this." He flicked his wrist in Allison's general direction. "Why use a kid?"

Greta's smile was practiced - a little conciliatory, a little condescending. "We have done this before, Mr. Manus. And we find, when dealing with high school academics, invariably the best proxies are other high school students. They understand what examiners are looking for and, just as importantly, are best able to mimic the personality and parlance of their hosts."

Edward's brow wrinkled. "Show me her stats again."

Greta handed him the printout: Allison's record as a proxy in stark black and white; all the aced tests, all the academic achievements, all the perfect scores.

"At the end of the day, Mr. Manus," Greta concluded, "there's no point dropping in a Rhode Scholar as a proxy and having them write a brilliant but clearly forged essay that simply raises suspicions. Your best guarantee of a clean result... is Allison."

Edward was still scanning the printout but now, at least, looking fractionally mollified. "For the money I'm paying I want the best. I *always* want the best." He turned his gaze back to Allison.

Allison tried her best to return his stare. She kept a pleasant smile on her face even though she felt like an object being examined and bartered over which, in a way, she was. Allison was distinctly conscious of her own appearance in the presence of someone who'd obviously spent more money on his own appearance than Allison would see in a year. Allison wasn't ugly, but she wasn't the prettiest girl in school. Even she admitted that 'plain' would be her most flattering descriptor. Her dark copper colored hair hung down across her shoulders and curled at the edges, slightly frizzy and nearly always unnameable. Her face was rather broad, with more chin than she would have wished to have given a choice, and a figure that was barely visible even beneath the tightest of clothes. She didn't turn any heads and was more often than not ignored, fading into the background.

"I promise you, you're getting the best with Allison," Greta assured. "With the added bonus that, as a student at the same school as your daughter, Allison already has a specific understanding of what each teacher is looking for and how best to ensure results."

Taking the sales pitch reins, Allison turned to Mr. Manus. "Every teacher has their foibles, sir, and

the best results come from knowing and exploiting them. Brianna's history teacher is Mr. Kern. He has an unconscious bias for format over content. Give him good, solid essay structure and he barely looks at anything else. And he's giddy for classical historians. Throw in a Herodotus quote or two, maybe a little Thucydides, and he'll practically gift wrap an A for you."

Edward stared at her for a beat, expressionless, which seemed to Allison to be a big step up from the sneer he'd had on his face ever since he walked in the door. He dropped the printout back on Greta's desk. "Very well. Let's draw up the contract."

Allison suppressed the urge to sigh, unsure whether to be thankful or disappointed. \$425 was, obviously, a seriously good payout for a two-hour job. But she wasn't entirely certain it made up for helping Brianna Manus (possibly the most vapid and entitled bitch ever to parade the halls of Elmore High) ace a history exam.

Her resentment still bubbled the next day as she stood in the school hallway and watched Brianna saunter towards her, soft, blonde hair and perfect boobs bouncing with every step.

On the up side, at least Brianna seemed as put out by the situation as Allison was. Brianna didn't bother with a hello, just demanded, "Are you Allison?"

Refraining from pointing out that they'd had classes together four years straight, Allison stuck to simply nodding.

Brianna scanned her once from head to toe and announced, "I can't believe you're doing this to me."

"Umm," Allison put her hands up defensively, "Just doing my job here."

"Well, it's fucking creepy."

"Look, your dad hired me," Allison sighed, "so, if you've got an issue with—"

Brianna cut her off, mention of her dad seemingly grinding her to a halt. "Let's just get it over with." Swatting a blonde curl away from her face, she demanded, "How does this work?"

"All the details and parameters are pre-programmed. We just tap hands to initiate the proxy."

Brianna shifted uncomfortably. "Will it hurt?"

"No, might be a little disorientating for a moment but it's momentary."

"And how do we make it stop?"

"Same thing," Allison explained, "we just tap hands. I'll meet you in the library after the exam and —"

"Ok, fine. Let's just..." Brianna held out her hand, then added nervously. "I can't believe I've gotta go through with this."

Allison didn't bother responding, just reached out and tapped Brianna's hand.

There was a satisfying thump to it, a solid sense of landing and an immediate awareness of the nuances of the new body. Every person, she had learned, felt a little different. Blood pumped at a different pace, lungs filled to a different depth, muscles clenched and stretched in their own unique rhythm. A million little things varied—balance, senses, agility—but, in her experience, every single body had a defining trait.

Brianna's body immediately felt willowy - long, slim and supple. Allison ran inventory, casting

about for the right description. Her rib cage felt too narrow, her features too delicate, her limbs too long. Her hair, gently curling over her shoulders, was too fine and too soft. She felt ornamental. Everything from her porcelain skin to her precariously perky tits. She felt like a performance piece; like the good china, too precious to for everyday use.

“Ugh.”

A voice interrupted Allison’s musing and she turned to look at her own body.

Brianna, looking thoroughly ungainly in her switched skin, said, “Is the head spinning normal?”

“Yeah,” Allison said, getting a feel for her new vocal cords and the way her new voice seemed so much cuter than her old. “Should pass in a second or two.”

Brianna slumped against the wall and asked, “You don’t feel dizzy?”

“Nah.” Allison shook her head and was momentarily distracted by a soft curl falling over her eye. “I’m used to it.”

And she was used to it. Fifteen proxy jobs in the past two months: two SATs exams, a bunch of tests, and an interview for a scholarship program. She didn’t even find the body switch shocking anymore; just another body, another job, another exam to dominate.

Brianna looked down at her new body and wrinkled her nose. “Gross. I don’t want to be here a minute longer than necessary.” The ringing bell announced it was time for class. Brianna pushed off the wall, still a little unsteady in her bland body and stated categorically, “You’d seriously better nail this exam.”

It was almost funny seeing her own body threaten her.

Allison snorted, finding contempt a little closer to the surface than usual - Brianna’s brain chemistry making its presence felt. “It’s a twelfth grade history exam. I think I got it.”

Truth be told, she could write twelfth grade history papers in her sleep. The only actual challenge involved was carefully modulating the essay to be a guaranteed A and yet still, conceivably, the work of Brianna’s lackluster mind. It was a juggling act: tweaking vocab, holding back a few details, and inserting a sentence or two with markers that reeked of Brianna’s voice. Brianna’s stupid girly penmanship did add an air of authenticity... even if it was seriously lacking in dignity. Allison hadn’t been able to hold back the snicker when muscle memory informed her that the girl even signed her name with a little star on the ‘i’ in Brianna.

She glanced up at the clock as she finished the paper, noting there were still twenty minutes left. For as long as she could, she made an effort to look busy, to look for all the world like a typically mediocre student writing the best essay of her academic life. But, as the clock ticked away, she became aware of the guy next to her, Mark Thompson (smart, cute, popular, loaded parents who didn’t seem to mind that their son hosted parties every time they were out of town). And he was, she noted, currently partially turned around in his seat, with his eyes on Allison’s—well, Brianna’s—legs.

Allison followed his line of sight and looked down. Her short skirt had hitched up, her crossed legs pulling the fabric taut and revealing a long stretch of perfectly smooth thigh. Mark’s gaze was lazy and appreciative, slowly wandering across the revealed flesh. Allison felt her blood warm ever so slightly - the subtle, unexpected flush of attention creeping across her skin.

Keeping her eyes on her essay, she shifted uneasily in her chair, unused to the attention and unsure how to react. His gaze was blatant now, unwavering and eager. And she moved, unbidden, slowly

uncrossing her legs and letting them fall apart ever so slightly. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the corner of Mark's mouth curl up into a hint of a grin.

Looking up and carefully avoiding Mark's eye, she peered around the room, making a show of pausing for thought before returning to her essay. A picture of innocence, seemingly oblivious to his leering.

The other students in the room were still, studious and silent, no one paying the least bit of attention to Mark's smirk. So she opened her legs wide, curling her calves around the chair legs and feeling the cool air of the air conditioned classroom on her inner thighs.

She wondered what Mark could see. What color panties was Brianna wearing? Were they lacy or plain? They felt smooth against her pussy but were they cotton or satin? Safe or slutty?

Whatever he was looking at, Mark was clearly enjoying the view. In her peripheral vision, she watched his eyes widen and body tense. She let the seconds tick by, let him look his fill, aware there was absolutely no justification for exposing Brianna... and, at the same time, reveling in the rare opportunity to make a guy like Mark pant. A guy who wouldn't even know she was alive before was now practically drooling over her.

"Alright, pens down." The teacher's voice cut through the silence and Allison slowly closed her legs. She watched with a hint of a grin as Mark turned back around in his seat, reaching under the desk to adjust what was (she assumed from his slightly pained expression) a pretty solid chunk of wood.

And then she chastised herself. It had been a momentary and moronic risk. If Mark ever said anything to Brianna, if Brianna mentioned it to her dad, if Mr Manus brought it up with Greta... That was the end of Allison's job. Still marveling at her lack of discipline, she gathered up her Brianna's pens and headed for the door.

* * *

Brianna had headed straight to the library after the switch, determined to find a completely secluded corner in which to hide for the duration. The last thing she wanted to deal with—on top of the gross indignity of her dad actually hiring some rando nerd to sit her frickin history test—was to have to pretend to be said rando nerd to cover up the switch.

Turns out, she hadn't really needed to hide. No one came near her. In fact, no one so much as looked at her for two hours straight. Rando nerds were apparently pretty much invisible. So she'd just sat in library basically staring into space, unable to use her phone or even check her Instagram because (as her dad had pointed out three times, like she was a total imbecile) she wasn't supposed to leave any evidence that the girl in the history classroom wasn't her.

She was bored out of her mind, staring around at all the stupid books and with nothing to do. She contemplated the unfairness of the whole thing, let herself steep in the bitter resentment. Her dad hadn't even bothered asking permission; he'd just announced one night during dinner that he'd got a tip from a colleague about some cutting-edge tech. Something new and hush-hush - a company guaranteeing exam results for the select few in the know (and able to pay).

A few cursory details thrown her way. A few lectures on what was going to happen. And then boom - this. Dumped in a lump of a body while Miss 4.0 GPA took her test.

Most galling was the fact that was that it wasn't even like she was failing History. But B's, she knew, weren't good enough for Edward Manus. Clearly, her recent spate of B minuses—coming not

long after her announcement that she wanted to go to UC Santa Barbara—had sent her dad into a tailspin. Edward Manus (Stanford alum and Senior Executive Development Engineer at SC Tech) clearly wasn't happy about his only child attending 'that fucking kindergarten on the coast.'

And he'd taken steps.

Which left her here.

So, in what she knew was a pretty transparent 'fuck you, Dad,' she opened up her Instagram account and spent the last five minutes left before the bell looking at pics of hot Scandinavian dudes in saunas. After all, it wasn't like anyone would ever check her browser history and question who took the test - her frickin body was sitting there in class for all to see. That was the whole point of this high-tech, high-cost, low-dignity charade. And, fuck it, she was going to look at Insta.

A voice cut through her Scandi-appreciation sesh. "Hi."

She looked up from a pic of Erik (a built Norwegian with a piercing blue eyes) and at her own body standing in front of her. Thanking various gods (Norwegian and otherwise) that this ordeal was almost over.

She demanded, "The test?"

Allison shrugged, a move that looked clunky and foreign in Brianna's body. "Got you an A."

"Ok. Good." Brianna stood up, properly registering the differences in her borrowed body for the first time. Allison's body felt compact... squat even. She wasn't fat, just sorta solid - only a smidge above five foot with a build that edged towards stocky. It was, Brianna decided, a lump of a body, too cumbersome to bother lugging around and with no hidden beauty there to uncover. It was a nothing body.

Allison stuck out her hand. "We switch back now. You— and your dad actually, since he's the account holder—just need to sign the contract, stating that you're happy with the results of the proxy and we're done."

Brianna gladly extended her hand. "Fine."

She slapped Allison's hand and the universe righted herself.

* * *

Allison had learned early on - proxy jobs required a little recovery time. The human mind was not really built to cope with the enormity of shifting to an entirely different shell. It had gotten easier, the more she'd done it, but it still took a day or two to re-find her equilibrium after a switch. And yet, for some reason, two full days after her latest proxy, the effects of switching with Brianna were lingering.

Perhaps, it was because, for the first time, the switch had been with someone she vaguely knew, someone she still saw every day. Someone with a locker four down. Someone who walked the school halls trailed by her adoring acolytes. Someone with a body that, for the first time, Allison had actually found intriguing. Someone who paraded her flawless skin and perfect body past Allison with almost painful regularity.

Or perhaps it was lingering guilt - the suspicion that, any day now, Brianna would ask why Mark Thompson had got a look at her panties.

Whatever it was, she found she couldn't stop looking at Brianna. She kept looking for her in the crowd. Allison could feel her eyes roving over Brianna's body—remembering the sculpted perfection of it; remembering the details - the curl of her plump lower lip, the soft, smooth skin of her thighs and the jutting weight of her boobs—and being unable to stifle the little flare of jealousy.

Which is why she found herself hovering in the school bleachers after school that day, ostensibly writing a grant application but, really, watching cheer practice. Specifically, she knew, she was watching Brianna - watching her flex and bounce and giggle. And then, after a while, she was watching Brianna flirt, because Rex Branson—golden boy QB with D1 college prospects and the kind of face that, apparently, reduced even an ice princess-y girl like Brianna to mush—had wandered past the cheerleaders, pausing to chat to Bri.

Allison watched Brianna smile at him and reach over to touch his arm for emphasis. Her fingers lingered, trailing just for a moment over the swell of Rex's bicep.

Rex leaned in, his hand landing lightly on her waist, and whispered something in Brianna's ear that curled her smile into something anticipatory and sly. Pulling away, Rex jogged after his teammates, casting a quick grin back at Brianna as he went.

Allison became aware that she'd given up any pretense of doing work; she was now just staring down at Brianna, eyes fixed. She was still surprised, however, when Brianna glanced up at the bleachers and their eyes met. Brianna apparently knew she was there. Was the switch still affecting her too? Was she as aware of Allison as Allison was of her?

In the next second, she had her answer - apparently not.

Brianna didn't acknowledge her, just turned and went back to cheer practice, clearly completely unfazed by Allison's presence.

Allison sighed and tried to drag her mind back to the Google doc in front of her. Another day, another grant application. She had a full ride college scholarship already lined up, but she still needed cash for living expenses. And it wasn't like her Dad's measly (and recently intermittent) salary as a long haul trucker was going to keep her in food and lab fees. So she dug back into her application, carefully trying to emphasize both her precarious financial situation and academic achievements.

She wondered briefly how the grant committee would feel if she just told the truth: I'm currently so desperate for cash that I loan out my brain, temporarily hopping into the bodies of rich asshole seniors and helping them cheat their way into decent colleges.

But the truth, she knew from bitter personal experience, rarely yielded financial results. She stuck with what worked when begging for money (part sob story, part sales pitch) and wrapped up the application.

Glancing up from her work she watched Brianna finish up cheerleading practice, saying her goodbyes to the other girls before pausing by the edge of the football field to take a call. Allison couldn't hear the words but could track the progress of the phone conversation from Brianna's changing expressions: calm, then pleading, then pissed, and then finally resigned.

Hanging up the phone, Brianna did the inexplicable: walked across to the bleachers and climbed up, stopping and dropping to sit on a bench a little ways from Allison. Voice flat, she announced, "You aced the history test."

"Um...good?" Allison tried warily, already suspecting that Brianna was not exactly overjoyed at the fact.

Brianna simply glared, her beautiful blue eyes dangerously dark. "My dad wants to talk to you."

* * *

At least Brianna's dad had actually bothered to bring her to the meeting at the proxy place this time. Although, clearly, he wasn't particularly interested in letting her contribute.

Brianna tried anyway, interrupting her dad's conversation with the sales lady—Greta or something—to point out, “Dad, I really don't need any more help. I can just study extra hard this week, hit the books and—”

“I'm afraid we're a bit beyond that, Brianna.” Her dad didn't look up from the pamphlet in his hand. “If you were going to hit the books, perhaps the best time for that would've been before you brought home a B- in chemistry.”

“But, I can—”

“Can you match Allison's test scores?”

“No.”

His expression was immutable. “So you agree this is the best option?”

“I guess,” she murmured. Arguing with her dad over anything to do with school was futile. The man was pretty much a legit genius whose idea of a leisure activity was finding holes in his co-worker's coding. And that meant he had zero sympathy for the fact that, sometimes, cheering and a social life had to take precedence over her studying.

And he was now turning back to Greta. “Can we work out some sort of package deal? We are talking about four separate exams this week, plus all the homework.”

Greta smiled. “As I'm sure you can understand, Mr Manus, the bulk of our billing is to cover the expense of the swaps themselves. Unless you're interested in the longer-term proxy, I'm afraid there's little I can do to reduce—”

Brianna watched her dad's eyes light up as he interrupted to ask, “What's longer term?”

“I can offer you an excellent rate on a week-long proxy,” Greta suggested.

Brianna opened her mouth to protest but a silencing glare from her dad made her slump back in her seat.

A week. A fucking week! Two hours had been bad enough... but a fucking week!

Brianna could feel her anger ready to boil over but she just managed to hold her tongue as her dad focused his attention on the lump of nerd, giving her (the lumpy nerd - Allison) the third degree: Was she as strong in math as she was history? Stronger - great! Could she handle a week-long proxy assignment? Four exams in five days? Plus rewrite a back-log of ‘subpar’ (her dad's word) homework?

Then he turned to Greta and asked the question that Brianna knew would seal her fate for the next week: “How much?”

And that was it.

Her role in the scheme was as straightforward as it was depressing. For one week she had to live in the lump of nerd. Had to go home every night to the lump of nerd's (probably skeevy) house. Had to promise not to tell a soul about the switch. Had to promise—under contractual threat of serious

financial and legal penalty—not to harm the body, welfare or reputation of the lump. Had to—for all intents and purposes—be the lump of nerd.

In exchange, the lump would ace her tests, do her homework, submit her extra credit assignments, and schmooze her teachers. Not to mention, sleep in her bed, eat at her dining table and drive her car.

Well, Brianna summarized, twenty minutes later, as she walked out of the proxy office in the lump's body: fuck.

She climbed into the lump's shitty Hyundai and scanned the document Greta had handed her - four pages of a signed contract covered with legal fine print, plus bullet point details of the lump's shitty life. At least, it turned out, she wouldn't have to deal with parents for a week. The lump's mom was apparently long gone and her dad was a trucker (natch!) and he was on the road for the next ten days. But that wasn't a lot of compensation for having to drive to the seriously crappy neighborhood the lump called home.

It bore repeating - fuck.

Putting the key in the ignition—and who the hell still had a frickin car key anyway?—Brianna let herself enjoy the one point of victory in this whole mess. Her brainiac dad had grounded her for a week for getting a B- in chem... and he had just effectively hired the lump to serve the sentence. It was a small victory but it was all she had, so she clung to it.

* * *

Allison had never done it before, never switched into a body for a second time. There wasn't the usual sense of foreignness, wasn't the swift need to inventory the body and learn its nuances. Instead there was just the rush of the landing, the thrill of inhaling in her own body and exhaling in another. There had been something new, though. A slight tautness in Brianna's muscles (a hangover from cheer practice presumably) that hinted at the strength lurking in her willowy frame. This body was lean and delicate, but there was clearly strength under the surface.

Also new was the thrill (the little tingle of satisfaction) at get this body back. And the strange anticipatory quiver born of knowing that she had a week alone with it.

She'd driven home (well, to Brianna's home) in a daze, careful not to ding the Brianna's brand new Beemer, trying to wrap her head around the new assignment. There were elements that were routine (pass exams, do homework, wow teachers) but there were also elements that were entirely foreign. She had to walk, talk and live like Brianna, had to get her dressed, eat her food, take her showers, hang out with her friends. Strange, intimate details that seemed completely implausible and awkward.

Most daunting was that she'd signed legal documents pledging as a proxy to 'act in a manner in keeping with the typical behavior of the host body' and to 'maintain the reputation and routine of the host.' Despite the 22 separate stipulations in the contract, there was surprisingly little elucidation. What exactly constituted typical behavior? For that matter... what the hell was Brianna's routine? Allison suspected it probably involved torturing the less fortunate and watching Youtube makeup tutorials 24/7. Was she contractually obligated to care about bronzer? To watch Real Housewives? To ignore the existence of anyone without a trust fund?

And it wasn't like Brianna's dad seemed particularly interested in helping her acclimate. He'd greeted her at the door when she'd arrived at Brianna's, confirmed she had the essentials (house

keys, Brianna's phone, knowledge of the house alarm code, and passwords for Brianna's school login) and then pointed her upstairs to Brianna's room. Apparently, as long as she nailed the academics, he'd didn't much care about the rest. It showed such spectacular parental negligence, that Allison had actually felt her first ever twinge of sympathy for Brianna. Brianna's dad was, evidently and irrefutably, a shit.

But he did provide a nice house.

Allison climbed the stairs, absorbing the screaming evidence of wealth around her. Everything was on a scale that begged to be noticed: the massive rooms, the cutting edge tech, the statement art pieces. It all reeked of financial confidence and was a stark contrast to Allison's own living situation. She got the feeling Brianna and her dad never debated whether it was preferable to cut off the cell phones or the cable. Walking past a sculpture she suspected could pay her dad's rent for a year, she decided it was equally unlikely they had ever discussed the long term implications of the loss of dental coverage.

Allison had formed a pretty good mental picture of what Brianna's room would look like and she was not disappointed. It was palatial. Plush and painted a deep peacock blue. Whoever Brianna had hired to decorate it had leaned pretty hard on the harem aesthetic: piles of pillows, acres of fabric and soft lighting. Opening adjoining doors at random, she found a bathroom, a private balcony and a dressing room heaving with expensive clothes and what was, she assumed, a shrine to shoes.

Feeling somewhat overawed, she decided to simply focus on the job - fix Brianna's grades. Determined to get some of the homework backlog out of the way, she went in search of Brianna's computer, eventually locating a Macbook under a copy of British Vogue and a pair of pink and black panties that somehow managed to straddle the aesthetic between sophisticate and streetwalker. Allison tossed the panties aside—expensive lace and lurid colors (Brianna's entire persona summed up in underwear form) sailing across the room—and got to work on rewriting an overdue biology assignment.

And then Brianna's phone chimed with a text:

REX: *Still grounded?*

Allison flicked a thumb across Brianna's phone and went to the messages. There was a long string of conversations between Rex and Brianna. Apparently they'd been flirting for some time. Allison decided to reply with something innocuous.

Yeah. Who even cares about grades anyway?

REX: *I missed you after school. :(*

You too.

REX: *So....about that thing we talked about. Can I get a pic of your tits?*

Allison chortled. Was this really happening? She quickly skimmed the message history and found, sure enough, Brianna had hinted that she would send some pics of her tits Rex's way. Allison considered her contractual obligation to 'act in a manner in keeping with the typical behavior of the host body' and to 'maintain the reputation and routine of the host'. In the end, the memory of her flashing her panties was too much. Still, thought, it was nice to flirt.

Why does the girl always have to send pics? She texted, *When do I get my dick pic?* :p

There was no response for a minute. The next time her phone dinged there it was: a picture of Rex Branson's cock. Holy shit! She stared at it, both intrigued and appalled. It filled his underpants, apparently at half mast and looked dangerous, like a snake waiting to strike. She wondered what it would be like to hold in her hands. Would it feel big? Heavy? What would it feel like to stoke it? To

listen to Rex groan appreciatively? To have it inside her?

Allison couldn't concentrate on the homework in front of her, not with her thoughts twisting towards desire and her panties growing damp. She managed to text back: *Mmmm, yummy*. Then she slid her skirt down her legs and pressed her fingers against Brianna's dampening white panties. Her panties, like everything else about Brianna, were lacy and intricately feminine. As she pressed her fingers against the sheer fabric she saw the indentations of the lips of her pussy and the short blonde pubic hair surrounding it.

Fuck, she'd never done this in anyone else's body. She'd never had the urge to. But there was something about Brianna's perfect legs, her smooth golden skin, that called to Allison. Allison pressed harder against her panties, rubbing slowly as warmth began filling her. She looked back at the picture of the phone, imagined Rex's thick cock sliding against her.

Allison couldn't hold back any longer. She yanked her panties down and gaped down at Brianna's perfectly trimmed pussy. A little triangle of blonde hair pointed down to her delicate opening. Allison pressed her fingers lightly into herself, watched the lips of her pussy wrap around her finger, felt the gentle pressure on her rapidly swelling bud.

Allison bit her plump lip, smelling Brianna's flowery scent, tasting Brianna's cherry lipstick. Her body was divine, a ticking bomb ready to explode. Allison continued stroking herself, hypnotized by the sight of her hands fingering Brianna, the sight of Brianna's pussy lips growing engorged, sliding open to reveal glimpses of the pink folds within. Allison slid her fingers down into her dew and spread it up against her bud, rubbing faster now, her fingers moving in time with the rhythm of her body.

Her breath came hard, breasts heaving as she bent over herself, the tangy scent of Brianna's musk filling her nose as she rubbed faster, circled her clit harder, harder, until a brilliant explosion of pleasure took her breath away. She hovered there, her body freed with release for a moment, before coming back down to earth, if anything even hornier than before.

She slipped two fingers into Brianna, fingering her hard and rough. There was something delicious about pounding her fingers into Brianna's cunt, something wonderful about being so brutal with herself, torturing this mean-spirited princess even as it made her vibrate with pleasure. A deep, husky moan of need escaped Allison's lips as she dug her fingers into her new body. Her fingers were slick with her wetness and she curled them up deep, deep inside her, pounding into her center, the thumb pressed hard against her clit until the pleasure exploded through her once more. This time it was total, her whole body shaking as she bit her lip to muffle her high pitched cries. The pleasure filled every inch of her body, an earthquake she'd never experienced before.

She came down slowly, shaking slightly, excited at what she'd just done in her borrowed body. Allison withdrew Brianna's fingers from herself, marveled at her wet stickiness, at the breadth and depth of Brianna's pleasure.

The week just got a whole lot better.

* * *

They (her dad, Greta and Allison) had all agreed that the simplest thing was for Brianna to lay low for a week at school. Under no circumstances was she to open her mouth in class or attempt anything academic - just turn up for class, keep quiet and submit work completed in advance by Allison.

She had wondered how she was supposed to deal with Allison's friends but, as it turned out, that wasn't a problem; Allison didn't have friends. There were a few hardcore nerds who mumbled at her between classes but no one actually in her life. Clearly, Allison's life revolved around schoolwork and her job as a test cheater. She even had two sad little charts tacked up on her bedroom wall that kinda said it all: one counting down the days until college and one tracking the slowly increasing balance of her college fund bank account.

Following Allison's routine was beyond dull but, far worse Brianna had slowly discovered, was just simply lugging around Allison's body. She was solid, her center of gravity far too low. And she was completely inflexible, hard to maneuver and tedious to look at. It wasn't even that she was a total dog, she was just absolutely nothing special. Nothing at all. No features worth looking at or trying to enhance. Hair - boring brown. Skin - fine. Eyes - dull sorta blue-ish color. Body - totally forgettable. She'd taken to closing her eyes while getting dressed and showering, anything to blot out the total blah-ness of her new form. She had zero interest in seeing Allison naked and, despite herself, was growing used to her new form. Sometimes, while engaged in yet another YouTube video, she forgot she was in it for minutes at a time.

For three days, Brianna simply survived. Went to school, went home to Allison's crappy apartment, and then went back to school the next morning. She walked the school halls ghost-like and insignificant; not a part of the school, not a member of any group or club or anything communal, just a lump moving through the crowd.

She was used to contributing, used to being part of the cheer squad, used to being part of social group that lived in each other's lives. She missed the group text chains, missed the synchronicity of cheer practice, missed human contact, missed just being visible and included. Which is why, on day four, she scraped together a passable outfit from Allison's painfully limited closet and headed out the door.

Under normal circumstances, Brianna rarely attended Mark Thompson's parties—too many high school juniors puking in the pool and nowhere near enough cute college guys—but she'd heard a rumor that Rex and his crew were going to show, so she was willing to make an exception. Not that she could actually do anything with Rex under the current circumstances but, after four days of solitude, she was happy enough just to be near people who knew how to party.

Parking Allison's crappy car, she headed round the back of the house, through the gate and past the poolhouse. The usual crowd was spread out across the patio: the popular kids, a bunch of the footballer players, and a couple of the cheerleaders - the social elite of Elmore High with drinks in hand. Scanning the group, Brianna spotted her bestie, Tia, lounging under a cabana. Starved of human contact and not stopping to consider, she headed over and sank into the chair next to Tia. "Hey, girl."

"Umm." Tia shot her a look that was midway between pity and contempt. "Hey." The greeting was mostly a question - an unmistakable 'Why the fuck are you talking to me?'

Brianna felt the blood rushing to her face, suddenly aware of just out of place she looked. For a moment, the temptation to tell Tia everything was overwhelming. But, as she opened her mouth to let it all pour out—her father's plotting, the agony and isolation of spending a week trapped in the body of a nobody—she remembered the detailed contract she'd signed, the one she'd initialed in eleven direction places indicating that she wouldn't reveal any details of the proxy under penalty of legal action and massive financial penalties.

She closed her mouth; her dad would kill her if she got him embroiled in a legal mess.

Tia pivoted sharply to talk to one of the other cheerleaders, a pointed move that left Brianna looking at Tia's back. Humiliated, Brianna stood and headed for the den. She might be a social pariah now but at least she still knew where Mark's parents kept the liquor.

She made a jack and coke, defiantly using real coke; it wasn't like she had to deal with the consequences of the calories. Knocking it back, she made another and headed back into the party. Tia might not be willing to talk to her but there were fifty people scattered through the house; she was going to have a fucking conversation if it killed her.

It was odd, she reflected an hour later, how the visceral meaning of a phrase had to be felt to be properly understood. Brianna had never given much thought to the expression 'cold shoulder' before but now she felt the chill of it in her bones. It wasn't that anyone was cruel, exactly; it was just that they were devoid of warmth. She'd appear at the edge of a conversation, and they—her friends, ones she'd known for years; girls she'd comforted through break-ups and pregnancy scares, and guys who'd worshiped her and begged for attention—turned away, uninterested and unwilling.

The third jack and coke was comforting.

The fourth was a mistake.

She was alone, back in the den, halfway down a drink she really didn't need when Mark turned up. Glaring, he demanded, "What the fuck are you doing in here? This room's off limits."

It was the icing on the shitcake of the evening. Last time she was in this house, Mark had personally invited her into the den and made a big show of offering her anything she wanted from the liquor cabinet. Now he was booting her from the room like she was nothing.

He looked her over. "Look, we both know you're crashing, so can you, like, get out before I have to ___"

"Fine! Just give me a minute." Suddenly, there were tears pressing against the backs of her eyes. Being thrown out was almost too humiliating to comprehend but she was not going to walk out through the house in tears.

"Uh...no." Mark responded with all the belligerence of a guy who'd spent most of the evening doing shots. "This is my house, my party, and I sure as shit didn't invite you." He stepped closer and got in her face. "Get the hell out."

It was so many different impulses at once: the desire not to be seen in tears, the craving for human touch, the clawing need to be wanted (even just for a few minutes), the necessity of calling the shots after days of simply acquiescing, the determination not to kowtow to someone like Mark Thompson... They all melded and drove her to act. So she reached over and ran her hand over his crotch, palming his dick through his jeans.

His eyes widened in shock and his voice turned breathless with disbelief. "What the fuck are you doing?"

She smiled, her first smile in this body. "I'm stroking your dick."

"Jesus!" He took a step away, putting his arms up defensively. Running his eyes over her, he snickered disparagingly, "Oh my god! Do you seriously think I'd fuck someone like you?"

For a second, she faltered. Mark Thompson—renowned and indiscriminate man-whore—was backing away from her and calling her unfuckable. But the need for something, for some connection, was so great that she simply pitched her dignity aside and heard herself say, "Just let me blow you then?"

She hated that it came out sounding like a question, like a plea. It was so achingly pathetic that she couldn't meet his eye... but it did make him stop moving away. So she played her advantage and stepped in closer. Not giving him time to react, she undid the button on his jeans.

His hand jumped out and stopped her as she reached for his zipper. His voice was quiet, steely. "But

you don't tell a fucking soul, alright?"

She simply nodded and dropped to her knees on the carpet.

He put a hand under her chin, jerking her head up so she was forced to meet his eye as he added, "And you swallow."

It was so humiliating but after days of nothing at least this degradation made her feel *something*. Brianna yanked down his pants and was suddenly staring at his dick. Jesus, it wasn't even erect. She'd used to guys straining in their pants just from watching her stroll through the room, and now, face to face with a cock in this dishwater dull body, there was no reaction. The drinks she'd had caused her to sway forward, her nose pressing briefly up against Mark's warm dick.

She giggled and wrapped Allison's hand around the shaft, felt it jump beneath her touch. *There* was the longing she was after. She may have lost her looks, but she knew exactly what guys liked. She ran her fingers up and down the shaft, enjoying the heft as it grew in her hand, becoming more solid, the blood pulsing through the shaft until he was rock hard. The head of his dick pointed right at Brianna's lips. She had no compunctions about abusing Allison's body like this. In fact, the thought of forcing geeky little nobody Allison to suck off Mark Thompson was exciting. For the first time that week, she felt herself growing wet with arousal at the humiliation she was about to put Allison through.

Brianna kissed the head of Mark's cock, letting her lips linger over the tip, her hot breath concentrated just on the end. Then she held his cock with one hand and kissed her way down his shaft until her face was nestled in his curly bush. Then she stuck out Allison's little pink tongue and licked her way back up the shaft slowly. Up and down she went, alternating between kissing and licking, teasing Mark, never breaking eye contact with him until the time she opened her lips and swallowed his dick.

Fuck, even more amazing than the taste was the attention. Mark was riveted, staring down at her as she sucked him off, Allison's lips sliding up and down his shaft, leaving a trail of saliva. Brianna had met prissy little Allison had never sucked a cock before and here she was giving Mark the blowjob of his life. She took her time, enjoying the spicy scent of him and the tangy taste of his dick as it slid over her tongue. She opened her mouth wide and took him all the way, pushing Allison's head down until the cock hit the back of her throat and her bulbous nose was pressed into Mark's pubes.

She held him there, fighting her gag reflex, as she sucked him, her tongue undulating softly against the underside of his shaft. Mark started moaning, "Fuck, yes," and Brianna took that as her cue to speed up. She released him and gazed up into his eyes once more, a strand of saliva still connecting her mouth to his cock, and then she went back down on him, faster, lips blowing him as his breath grew faster, faster, and then without warning his cock throbbed between her lips and he came. He groaned as he shot his load into her mouth and she gulped it down, drinking every spurt of the delicious creamy seed, moaning in satisfaction as she filled Allison's belly with Mark's hot cum.

When he was finally done she held him in her mouth for a few seconds more. Brianna was on fire now, her pussy wet with the humiliation she'd just forced Allison to endure. She pulled off Mark's cock and lay on her back on the floor. She thrust a hand down her pants and began fingering herself, hand rubbing across her wetness. She moaned, legs scissoring as her fingers found her nub and she pressed hard, arching her back. Her fingers slipped inside her tight little opening, thrusting hard and fast.

She heard a clicking noise and looked up to see Mark taking pictures of little Allison masturbating on the floor of his room. It only served to make Brianna that much hornier. God, she need to fuck herself, drive as hard as she could into her aching pussy. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth sinking deeper into this stupid, worthless body, wringing all the pleasure from her humiliation she

could until she came once, a quick, hard orgasm that caused her to squeal, disappearing before she could really enjoy herself.

When she was done she opened her eyes. Mark was gone, no doubt running out to brag to his friends what had happened. By next week Allison's humiliation would be all over the school and she would be forbidden under serious penalty of ever revealing what had really happened. Brianna grinned at the thought as she pushed herself off the floor and wiped her sticky fingers on Allison's clothes. As for Brianna's own deeds, well, she hadn't actually told anyone what had happened. And who could ever prove that Allison wouldn't actually do any of this? No one knew her to defend her.

It was fucking perfect.

* * *

Allison had learned over the past few days that the academic side of being a long term proxy was the easy part; the real challenge was maneuvering through her host's private life. The academics were simplicity itself: a bunch of tests, some overdue assignments, some carefully negotiated extra credit work. Every day, she headed home to Brianna's house after school and ran through her completed work with Mr Manus. He'd read over her essays and chem papers with an expression that shifted between intellectual curiosity and smug satisfaction with his investment. It was almost pleasant actually, having a parental figure pore over her school work; her own dad hadn't bothered to look at any of her assignments since middle school.

The part that was actually taxing was negotiating the ins and outs of Brianna's daunting social life.

Underpinning everything was the need to return Brianna's body, reputation, and life back in good condition. After all, the final 50% of her proxy fee wouldn't be paid until after they swapped back and Brianna and her dad were satisfied that Allison had done her job - delivered the grades without causing damage to Brianna's life.

So it was a constant, exhausting juggling act.

Her solution, so far, had been to pretty much avoid all human contact for the past five days; turning up at school for Brianna's classes, hiding in the disused locker room next to the old gym during lunch and fleeing the campus the moment the final bell rang each day.

The problem was, simply avoiding everyone was far harder than she'd anticipated. Wherever she went in Brianna's body, people followed. It was like the entire student body was heliotropic and Brianna's body was the sun - students pivoted toward her as she moved through the halls, desperate for her notice and attention, desperate to talk about inane topics and invade her personal space. And Allison was rapidly running out of excuses for avoiding them all.

She'd already feigned illness (twice) and claimed that 'her' dad had both grounded her and barred her from social media. But still the requests to hang and the invites to parties appeared, and batting each one away (while trying to sound like Brianna) was becoming beyond stressful.

And it seemed her luck in ducking contact had officially run out, because Rex was heading down the hallway towards her. She'd been avoiding him—her experience with dealing with dudes who'd send her dick pics was limited, to say the least, and she didn't know how to act—but now he was heading straight for her. Quickly slamming her locker shut, she turned to scurry away but he scooted in front of her and jammed an arm either side of her, boxing her in against the lockers.

A grin teased at the corner of his mouth. "You're avoiding me."

She fumbled for a response. Something that wouldn't discourage him entirely—she had the feeling Brianna would not be pleased to return to her body and discover that Allison had scared off the guy

she'd been flirting with—but something that would get her out of the immediate situation. “Umm, no, just... busy.”

His tone was indulgent. “Really?”

“Super busy.” She pushed back a golden lock that had fallen across one eye.

“See, I think, you’re trying to kill me?”

“What?”

He leaned in, his warm breath on her neck and his body an inch from hers. “Because I can’t stop thinking about you, can’t stop picturing you. I’m so fucking horny for you I can’t think straight. I dream about you and wake up so hard I can barely see straight.”

He pressed closer, his chest almost flush against hers. “And you promised me a pic.” His lips grazed her neck before he added, his voice still silky and smiling, “Send it; I’m dying, Brianna.”

With that, he pulled back a little and dropped a kiss on her mouth—not long but weighted, determined and filled with promise—and then peeled away from her, grinning as he headed down the hall.

Her head fell back against her locker as she watched him walk away. She could feel her heartbeat racing, her breath hitching in her chest. Her whole body felt tight and antsy as she scrambled to get her breathing back control. She’d never been that kind of close to a guy before, never felt the weight of muscle up against her, never been near enough to catch the subtle scents on his skin - Dove, deodorant, and dude.

Involuntarily, her tongue peeked out and skimmed her lower lip, dragging over the spot that Rex—perfect, pretty, pouty-mouthed Rex!—had put his perfect, pretty, pouty mouth. And, for a moment, she let herself indulge the fantasy that maybe, just maybe, it would be ok to play along. To just drag Rex into the disused locker room and experience what it was actually like to have a guy dying to get into her pants. After all, she was supposed to be following Brianna’s routine, and it was pretty obvious from Brianna’s text history that dragging hot footballers with perfect jawlines and lickable abs into empty rooms was pretty much Brianna’s standard MO.

An angry female voice cut through her daydreaming. “What the fuck was that?”

One of the many rules Greta had outlined prior to the proxy was that Allison and Brianna should not be seen together during the swap. The last thing they needed was people questioning why the two were suddenly communicating. But Brianna clearly wasn’t paying any attention to that rule. She reached over and grabbed Allison’s hand, pulling her into an empty classroom and slamming the door behind them.

“Hey!” Allison yelled, “We’re not supposed to interact.”

Brianna looked ready to do bloody murder. “I don’t care. What the hell were you doing with Rex?”

“Nothing.”

“Really?” Brianna fumed. “Because I just saw you kissing him.”

“No,” Allison corrected, “he kissed me. What did you want me to do? Push him away?”

“Yes!”

“And say what?”

“Say...I don’t know,” Brianna stumbled for a moment, “something...anything.”

“See,” Allison pointed out, “not that easy.” Deciding the best defense was a good offense, she folded her arms and added, “And you should’ve told me you were seeing Rex. Given me some warning so I could figure out how to avoid—”

“Oh,” Brianna rolled her eyes contemptuously, “Come off it.”

“What?”

“Like you’d try to avoid him. Do you see yourself right now? All flushed and eager just because a boy finally touched you.” Brianna’s expression turned hawkish and gleeful. “OMG, is that the first time you’ve been kissed?”

“No, I’ve been—”

“I’m not counting spin the bottle in middle school.”

Apparently, Allison realized, her silence was answer enough.

Brianna laughed. “Wow, that’s, like, the saddest thing I’ve ever heard.” Then her tone turned warning. “But it doesn’t change anything. This little sojourn in my body is not your chance to finally get to second base. You do not touch Rex. Understood?”

Allison nodded.

“Nothing to say?” Brianna asked with a smirk that looked even uglier on her borrowed face, clearly enjoying her victory.

Allison knew she should keep her mouth shut but getting slapped around by Brianna (a girl who, with every financial and physical advantage available to her, chose to spend her days engaging in petty cruelty and educational mediocrity) was more than she could take.

So she smirked back and said carefully, “Sorry, I was just shocked into silence by the fact that you used ‘sojourn’ back there correctly. All those tutoring sessions your daddy bought you really paid off didn’t they? Well... except for the fact that he’s having to pay someone else to sit your exams because you’re apparently too profoundly and embarrassingly stupid to—”

“I am not stupid,” Brianna hissed. “Just because I don’t dedicate my every waking hour to schoolwork doesn’t make me stupid.”

Allison shrugged. “Your dad thinks you are.”

“My dad doesn’t think...” Brianna trailed off weakly, apparently unable to finish the rebuttal.

Allison went for the kill. “You should’ve seen him last night when I ran through my test results this week. He was... What’s the word I’m looking for... proud. Giddy even, to finally have a daughter with decent grades.” She parroted back Brianna’s words, “It was, like, the saddest thing I’ve ever seen.”

Brianna was studying the floor and unnaturally quiet. Then her head popped back up and her expression was defiant once more. “Like you’re so perfect.”

“Never said I was perfect just...”

“Just better than me, right?” Brianna questioned.

Allison shrugged an elegant shoulder in response.

But Brianna clearly read her silent agreement because she responded, “Why? Because you aced the SATs? No one cares! Seriously, no one. No one even knows you exist.”

“What?” Allison questioned, “I’m not popular so—”

“You’re not just unpopular; you’re invisible. Seriously, I’ve been you for five days and I’m ready to put a bullet through your head. I don’t know how you deal.” Brianna shook her head in bemusement. “Your sad little life in your sad little apartment. No friends, no family, no guy willing to ever look at you. With nothing but your precious grades and your sad little ‘Countdown to College’ chart.”

Brianna didn’t slow down, just leaned forward, her expression all faux concern, and continued, “And you should know... I know you think things will be better in college. You probably imagine that college will be filled with other desperate virgins just like you and you’ll fit in perfectly. And you’ll find some other desperate virgin who gives a shit about your perfect SATs and will overlook your dumpy little body and sorry little tits. But you’re deluding yourself.”

Allison eyed the floor, not willing to let Brianna see the hurt.

Brianna continued, “Take it from someone who has been you”—Brianna waved a hand down Allison’s body—“no one, and I mean absolutely no one, wants this.” Then she turned for the door, self-satisfied smirk back in place. “Stick to what you know, lump. Fix my grades and keep your hands off my guys.”

For several minutes after Brianna left, Allison simply leaned against the wall. The problem, she decided, with intellect was that it made it significantly harder to refute painful but self-evident truths. If she were an idiot, she could simply brush off Brianna’s rant. If she were stupid, she would probably comfort herself with a bevy of trite reassurances about the value of education and the nobility of higher learning and the inane idea that hard work would win the day.

But she wasn’t a moron and she didn’t believe in self-delusion. The world was not a meritocracy. Her intellect was a boon but it wasn’t a silver bullet. And, at the end of the day, Brianna with her perfect tits and B- minus brain (not to mention her daddy’s money) had a better shot at success than she did. After all, an A+ brain was hardly an important commodity in a world that lauded looks over intellect and cash over kindness.

It was bitter and painfully bulky pill to swallow... which was the only justification Allison could find for what she did next. Stepping away from the door, she pulled off her top, and nudged down the cups her bra a little. Not in the habit of taking selfies, she’d been prepared to take a bunch of pictures in an attempt to get it right but, as it turned out, the very first picture she took was perfect: the swell of Brianna’s perfect tits and her candy-pink nipples just peeking over the top of her black lacy bra. Her golden skin glowing and the smile on her face half-coy, half-hungry.

Just as the bell rang, she clicked Rex’s name and hit send. Then pulled on her top and headed to class.

Everyone checked their phones in class. It was forbidden, obviously, but that didn’t stop anyone from doing it. Still, there were limits and—when Allison checked her phone for the seventh time—Mr Nichols apparently had had enough. She watched in dismay as he picked up her phone and added it to the confiscated stash in his desk drawer.

Not that she needed to worry. As she discovered, somewhat gallingly, when she retrieved the phone at the end of class, Rex hadn’t responded. Trying not to read too much into it—maybe he was just stuck in class and hadn’t seen the pic yet—she headed for the school parking lot. But it was kinda disappointing - her first ever attempt at flirting and she’d apparently failed. She glared down at Brianna’s infuriatingly silent phone.

And then a voice greeted her. “You *are* trying to kill me.” Rex was leaning against Brianna’s Audi.

“I mean... seriously! Do you have any fucking idea how hard it was to sit through an hour and half of bio?”

Allison couldn't help the smile. “You liked it then?”

He approached Allison with a slight grin on his lips and gripped her waist gently. The smell of him so close was intoxicating. “Come back to my place and I'll show you how much I liked it.”

Allison nodded and Rex took her hand, his calloused fingers wrapping around her dainty hand, and led her to his car: a silver Mustang. Allison knew it was wrong to go with him but it was so wonderful having a guy so obviously crazy for her—especially one as sexy as Rex—and, besides, this was what Brianna would be doing. Allison was just following the rules of the contract, she rationalized.

They roared out of the parking lot, the engine of the car throbbing deep into Allison's center. As they talked, Allison took the opportunity to stare at Rex and admire his handsome jawline, his dark features and the muscles in his arms that rippled every time he shifted gears. He was also, Allison was pleasantly surprised to discover, as smart and funny as he was attractive. She'd known he was one of the top students in class, in the way that everyone understood the school's social hierarchy, but here he was dropping casual references to Sisyphus and Caligula when discussing his feelings about football practice.

Allison giggled and replied, “Maybe you can consider it the nadir of your hero's journey to greatness just around the corner.”

He gave her a quick look, one eyebrow arching up. Allison feared she may have betrayed an intelligence Brianna didn't normally show, but the next second she put it out of her mind, determined to enjoy the moment. Besides, Rex seemed happy with Brianna's new persona, and before they were halfway to his house they were laughing and joking, connecting on a personal level Allison had never felt with anyone else.

“Did something happen today, Brianna?” Rex asked.

“Why?”

“I don't know,” he shrugged, “You're...different. I mean...I like it, but you're, like, in a really good mood.”

“Nothing happened. I just like being here with you.”

Allison shifted in her seat, her skirt slipping up to reveal her inner golden thigh. Rex glanced over, his eyes slipping down her body in a way that made Allison shiver with excitement ever so slightly. Allison readjusted her skirt back down, stroking her leg lightly as she changed the subject. But Rex kept glancing over at her and she knew she was leading him on, teasing him with hints of Brianna's body. The attention felt too good to stop and, besides, her own body was warming gently.

Rex reached out and placed a hand on her thigh. His huge fingers were so warm even over her skirt. She could feel her own heat rising. On a whim, she took his hand and slid it up beneath her skirt until his fingers landed on her panties. He continued looking at the road, even as his fingers began caressing her skin, whispering over her thighs and then back across her panties. Allison spread her legs and leaned back in the seat as his fingers pressed harder against her dampening panties.

He turned to her suddenly. “Take off your panties.” His voice was confident and quietly demanding.

“What?”

“Take off your panties,” he said again, evenly.

It was so hot hearing him demand that. The hint of eagerness in his voice betraying his affected stoicism. Trembling with raw excitement, Allison did as she was told, shifting in the seat so she could slide her lacy white panties down her legs. Rex's fingers found her entrance and slipped lightly against her wetness. He was both strong and delicate, pressing lightly into Allison, his fingertips grazing her hidden bud. Allison sighed and closed her eyes as his fingers circled her. She grew wet and he pressed deeper inside. His fingers urged on an electric buzz in her body, like a high voltage wire, crackling and sparkling with desire.

She bit her lip and squirmed in her seat, moaning lightly as Rex continued stroking her, slipping in and out of her. She was dripping now, her skirt wet, the musky smell of herself hitting her sensitive nose. Her hands came up to her new breasts and she began stroking, gripping and squeezing, partly for Rex's benefit, partly for his own. There was silence in the car now, broken only by the occasional sigh from Allison as Rex continued fingering her, driving her wild with desire.

By the time they reached Rex's house she was on fire. She barely registered the elegant house and the huge, winding staircase as Rex led her up to his room. As soon as the door closed behind them they were on each other, arms entwined, lips together, kissing, tasting each other. Rex's hard body pressed against her soft one, his hands squeezing urgently, caressing, pulling her close as she did the same to him. They kissed voraciously, Allison eager for each taste of him, for every lingering scent of his body.

He yanked off his shirt and, oh god, his body was amazing. Sculpted and bronzed, like something out of a magazine. And the desire in his eyes was for her. Looking deep into those intense brown eyes she could see his need for her, a need that was echoed in her own face. She wanted to grab everything, examine every inch of him. Her eyes traveled across his angular chest and she caressed his thick muscles gently, marveling at the power there. And then the pause ended, the trance was broken as she threw herself back into his arms and they kissed passionately. They helped each other undress, clothes thrown aside carelessly until their naked bodies were pressed together. Rex's thick cock stuck up between them, pressing urgently against Allison's trim tummy.

He walked her back onto the bed. She fell on to her back and he straddled her, kissing her lips, her cheeks, her little nose, then heading down across the nape of her neck. Allison moaned as the sparkling electricity filled her again, more intense than before. Rex's mouth found her breasts, her nipples. His hot breath moved across her skin, his warm tongue lovingly tasted her until her nipples were pointed spikes and she could barely think for desire.

It wasn't just the feel of him, though his solid body felt amazing, it was how he looked at her, as though she was the only thing in the world he wanted, the only thing he needed. Staring down at Brianna's body, Allison could understand why. She was gorgeous, model thin and with perfect, perky breasts. A teenager's wet dream. She could have anyone she wanted. And the only one she wanted was currently having her.

And then his cock was pressing against her entrance, the head slipping in between the lips of her pussy. The pressure built and built, until suddenly he slipped in. Allison gasped as he filled her, felt every inch of his cock as it traveled slowly inside her, the walls of her pussy gripping him tightly as he filled her. He moaned, closing his eyes as he enjoyed her body, penetrating her slowly until he reached her inner depths and they were body to body. One hand gripped her hair urgently and they stared into each other's eyes as he slowly withdrew and then pushed back inside, building a slow, steady rhythm.

She memorized his face, falling in love with every small mark, the tiny wrinkle of his eyes, the solid shape of his nose. His eyes were a furnace, the desire pounding inside her reflected back at her and she knew he felt the same way. He moved in and out of her slowly, moaning, sighing, "Goddamn, you feel so good," as he sank deep inside her. She welcomed him, clasped her legs around his waist, her arms around his back and urged him ever deeper. They moved as one,

gradually growing in rhythm as he slipped in and out of her, the electricity between them building to a crackling energy, barely contained.

And then he was thrusting faster, desperately needing to be inside her just as she desperately needed him. Her body ached for him and her breath came fast, her cries growing ever higher pitched, her own lust urging him on until at last she came, trembling and shaking, as he groaned and released himself into her, filling her with his seed. She felt him filling her, felt him throbbing, his hot pleasure striking her center and making her shake uncontrollably with lust. Her legs locked around his body and she gripped him hard, wanting him deep, deep, wanting every drop of him as he came hard, teeth gritted, still staring down at her in utter awe.

She took him in and pleasure whited out the world for an incredible, agonizing eternity that was too short. He was so perfect inside her and she lived in utter bliss for a moment. When she came back down she was still breathing hard, still flushed with excitement. He pulled out of her, leaving her aching empty, and lay beside her. She threw a leg over him, rested her head on his chest and listened to the heavy thumping of his heart as he caressed her hair. She turned to look up at his face, her chin on his chest, and giggled lightly, giddy at what they'd shared, desperately wishing there was a way to enjoy this life forever.

All too soon, Rex had to get to practice. They dressed and Rex drove them back to school to get Brianna's car. Before he left, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her once more, their tongues entwined. He pulled away and stared into her face for a beat, his look betraying his desire, telling her everything she'd always wanted to hear. She watched his retreating figure as he made his way to the football field, turning once to smile and wave.

As she arrived back at Brianna's house, Allison contemplated the strangeness of her situation. Was she the first person in history to have had sex and still technically be a virgin? In two days she'd switch back to her virginal body but her new knowledge would remain. The memory of it—the heat and weight of a man on top of her, the feeling of his long fingers tweaking her nipples, the fullness of having him inside her—was hers to keep.

The memory made her thighs tighten and her pussy clench. She needed more and she wasn't altogether certain that two days was going to be enough. But it was going to have to wait, because Mr Manus was in the kitchen and he glanced up at the clock as she came through the back door. "You stayed late after school?"

"Yeah." Then she added, not quite lying outright, "An extra credit human bio assignment."

"Great," Mr Manus nodded approvingly. "And everything else is handled?"

"Yep, Brianna's exam and test results from this week will all be As and I just need to wrap up the extra credit work over the weekend. I think, net result, the majority of her grades should now be solidly in the A or A- ranges."

"So she's on good academic footing? It's getting to crunch time for college and I was looking at the UCLA..." He looked over at her hopefully. "USC maybe?"

"Well, I mean, maybe if she re-sat the SATs but, umm, having read the bulk of her submitted work this term, I don't think she has the ability to—" She cut herself off, suddenly aware that she was basically telling a man that his daughter was a moron.

But Mr Manus just sighed. "Yeah, I..." His tone was resigned. "I'd just hoped for... more."

Not knowing what else to say, Allison simply went with: "I'm sorry."

He gave himself a visible shake, "No, no. Nothing for you to apologize for. You've done your job."

Given her the best shot at achieving... something.” He gave a thoroughly defeated smile. “I loved college. Loved the labs, loved the library, loved the professors....”

He stood up abruptly and headed the kitchen cabinet, opening it to grab a glass and a bottle of scotch. Pouring himself a tumbler, he said with a heavy sigh, “Brianna’s only going to college because she thinks it’ll all be guys and Greek life.”

Trying to give him some shred of hope, Allison said, “Look if she really knuckles down for the rest of the year and re-takes the SATs (maybe with more additional tutoring... or, or I could take them for her) then maybe she could—”

“No,” he said simply. “She doesn’t want it. and she doesn’t care that I do. Doesn’t care that it’s the one thing I’ve ever asked of her.” He took a glug of his scotch. “I just don’t get where I went wrong. My colleagues’ kids they’re all off to Berkley, CalTech... My boss’s kid’s a Junior at MIT. And what am I gonna say in response? ‘I’m so proud, my daughter rushed Alpha Delta Pi at UC Santa Barbara.’”

Allison wasn’t sure what prompted it (cunning or malice) but she heard herself say, “I’m going to MIT.”

“Yeah?”

She was bragging now, just a little. “Full ride scholarship.”

“Good for you.” Mr Manus’s smile was weary and defeated. “Bet your dad’s proud.”

“He...” Allison found herself admitting the truth. “I’m not sure he even knows what MIT stands for. Mostly he’s just glad he doesn’t have to pay for it.”

The silence stretched. The unfairness of their situations apparently leaving them both with very little to say.

The quiet was eventually broken by Brianna’s phone pinging with a text. Glancing down, Allison tried not to smile as she read Rex’s message: *Practice over at 7. I’ll be at your bedroom window 7:12. Get naked.*

And she made a decision.

Turning to Mr Manus she said, “Sir, of course, it’s not for me to say... but you might want to look at item number twelve in the contract. I mean, it might not be of interest but...”

He studied her for a moment, clearly faintly intrigued, then headed for his study, emerging a minute later with the contract in hand. He scanned the document, then read aloud: “Twelve - If both the proxy and the account holder—”

Allison interrupted, “The account holder is you, by the way, not Brianna. You paid, so you maintain control over proxy details.”

Mr Manus began to read again, “If both the proxy and the account holder are in agreement, the length of the proxy’s assignment may be extended (up to and including permanent proxy) at any time.” He looked up at her slowly, “Permanent? That’s possible?”

Allison nodded. “The switching’s the hard part. Just pay a small admin fee, and it’s locked.” She headed for the stairs. “Just know that, I’ve got into MIT once already... and I’m sure I can do it again.”

Turning back, she watched Mr Manus take a sip of his drink. As he lowered the tumbler she saw an anticipatory grin begin to spread across his face.

And she headed up to what she was pretty damn sure was her new bedroom for the foreseeable future.

#

M2F BODY
THEFT

MADAM
President

IMMENSE

Madam President

Moving to D.C. was, Jeremy concluded, a mistake. After two months of rejection and ramen, he was willing to admit that the decision was definitely one of his stupider ones. Not that D.C. had *really* been a conscious choice; it was just the path of least resistance after graduation. Finish a degree in public policy; move to Washington. That was the logical next step. So he'd ignored the warning signs, ignored the fact that he didn't have a job lined up, ignored the fact that he'd been rejected by all three internship programs to which he'd applied, ignored the fact that he didn't know anyone in the city.

And he'd moved. Because that's what public policy grads did. They moved and they hoped, which was the limit of Jeremy's planning.

Then, if his own experience was anything to go by, they found themselves living in a shitty apartment in a shitty part of town with terrifying student debts and \$76.45 in their checking account.

It was amazing, he reflected, how quickly after arriving that he lowered his expectations. His first month in D.C. they'd been high: he'd made it to the interview stage of an OMB job, he'd applied to dozens of congressional offices and he'd stalked the senate job placement board... and now, eight weeks later, he was staring at the 'Help Wanted' sign in the Starbucks window and preparing to apply. Because his need for rent money had finally superseded his pride.

After months watching his classmates (many with grades far worse than his own but with a drive that Jeremy lacked) wheedle their way into prestigious internships for which Jeremy was *technically* better qualified, he was now finally willing to accept something: politics was a spectacularly stupid career choice for a guy like Jeremy. A guy who liked policy but couldn't begin to care for partisan maneuvering. A guy who didn't spend his every waking hour networking and negotiating. A guy with no network and no chance of benefiting from nepotism. A guy, basically, dumb enough to move to Washington and expect a job based on merit.

Resisting the urge to sigh, he gave the 'Help Wanted' sign another glance and admitted defeat. He was heading for the counter, ready to ask for an application form, when his phone pinged with an email. Pausing, he glanced down to read: *Administrative Aide Position - Executive Office*.

Intrigued, he pulled up the email, read it, then read it again just to be sure he understood...and concluded that life was, on occasion, just seriously fucking weird. Months earlier, he'd uploaded his resume to the Senate Placement Office resume bank and, for months, he'd heard squat. And, now, as he prepared to apply to Starbucks—*Starbucks!*—he was looking at an email regarding his paltry resume from the Executive Office of the President of the United States. To be more specific, an email from Oval Fucking Office Operations asking him to come in for an interview for an executive aide position.

In. The. White. House.

A voice cut through his shock. "Next guest."

Crashing back to earth, he stared at the woman behind the counter. "Umm, what?"

“What can I get you?”

Still fazed, he heard himself ask, “Uh... the sign in the window. I wanted to—” He cut himself off, the reality of the email hitting him suddenly. Giving himself a mental shake, he smiled and continued, “Sorry, forget it. Just a venti cap, please.”

He’d expected security (after all, it was the White House) but the scale and severity of it still left him awed. He’d been whisked through metal detectors and given the most thorough and worryingly intrusive pat-down of his life. That was followed by a security screening conducted by a truly terrifying woman who quizzed him on everything from his family tree to his Netflix preferences. And then he’d been left in a nondescript office. Except for the large black leather recliner it seemed perfectly normal. It was as he was sitting there waiting that he realized he had pretty much no idea what the job he was interviewing for actually entailed. What did an executive aide do, specifically? Was it just Washington-speak for ‘assistant’? Had to be, right? If he was being considered it was probably grunt work—fetching dry cleaning and handling calls—for some middle-level government official. The thought was actually kinda comforting because tedium was something Jeremy knew he could handle. Anything else was—

“Jeremy Addison?”

A man—early forties maybe, with thick black hair just starting to exhibit flecks of silver— stood in the doorway.

Jeremy jumped to feet and held out his hand. “Yes, nice to meet you.”

The guy’s shake was firm but efficient, his eyes were already scanning the file in his hands. “Says here... your parents are both dead.”

Jeremy tried to mask his surprise. None of the copious interview prep he’d done over the years had prepared him for *that* as an opening question. He resisted the urge to stutter as he responded, “Yes. My mom when I was a baby. My dad a couple of years ago.”

“And no siblings? No other family?”

“No.”

The man finally looked up from his paperwork. “That’s rough.”

“Umm,” Jeremy tried for stoic and responsible, hating himself just a little for using his parents’ death as a sales pitch, “I’ve learned to be pretty self-sufficient.”

The man closed the door and sat down behind the desk. “Take a seat, Jeremy.” He gestured to the recliner. “I’m Howard Canning, Deputy Assistant to the President for Operations and Personal Aide to the President.”

Jeremy was aware his gulp was visible. Clearly, he was dealing with the inner circle of the west wing and, whatever this job was, it involved access to the President.

Howard dropped his file on the desk and stared hard at Jeremy as he announced, “Couple of things you should know straight away. One, you take this job, it’s 24/7. I know every schmo in the district thinks their job is intense but this will *be* your life. No time off, no time social life, no girlfriend, no partying. The job comes first always. If that’s an issue you need to walk away right now.”

“Not an issue, sir. I don’t do a lot of socializing anyway.”

Howard nodded. “That’s what I hear.”

Jeremy opened his mouth to ask how (and why) the Personal Aide to the President knew about his pathetic social life but, at the last minute, he managed to slam it shut. Clearly, this job was something sensitive and they'd done some recon.

Howard continued, "You should also know that this job requires absolute discretion. You breach the nondisclosure contract—even just a hint of gossip to a trusted friend—and you will be buried in the deepest darkest hole the government can dig. You will be *praying* we release you to Guantanamo."

"Understood," Jeremy assured quickly. "I'm discreet."

"Excellent, then I think we're in good shape."

Jeremy settled in, mentally marshaling his prepared interview responses and ready for the questioning to begin in earnest.

But Howard just leaned back in his chair and concluded, "K then. Job starts now if you want it."

"Oh, ok," Jeremy tried to look suitably calm, like he was offered jobs in the White House on a regular basis. "Great." Then he finally succumbed to curiosity and asked, "And what *is* the job exactly?"

Howard grinned. "How'd you like to be the president, kid?"

Jeremy eyed the machine with distrust as Howard wheeled it into the room. It looked like a cross between a high-end EKG machine and an elementary school science fair experiment. A tangle of wires with electrode patches attached led back to a monitor and bulky CPU. Howard had explained exactly what the machine did in detail. Twice. But Jeremy still wasn't sure exactly how it worked. He just knew that, inexplicably, the machine was going to morph his physical form. And, as if the concept of a morphed physical form wasn't freaky enough, the machine was going to morph his physical form into an exact copy of the president. The fucking president! The first African American woman Commander in Chief. The leader of the free world: President Michelle Whitfield.

Howard started untangling the wires. "Political body doubles aren't anything new; Stalin had four of them. And there are still rumors about FDR..." He smiled and jerked a thumb at the machine. "All we're doing here is updating the concept with 21st century technology."

"Why now?" Jeremy asked. "I mean, why use it now?"

"Well, first off, the technology's brand new, only perfected last month."

Jeremy replied haltingly, "So, I'm assuming, it hasn't had much testing then? Are- are you sure it's safe?"

Howard looked up from his work. "We had to attach this machine to the frickin' president, son. We've tested the hell out of it." He gave a reassuring smile. "You really think I'd use the president as a guinea pig?"

"You transformed the president into someone?"

Howard barked a laugh. "Frick no. We hooked her up to register her data. But we *have* tried this out on several people and I can officially say that most of the attempts were successful."

Jeremy's mouth was suddenly very dry.

"As to why we're utilizing it now..." Howard shrugged. "Well, representation matters, kid. President Whitfield is this country's first female president. She's energetic, she's telegenic, she's popular, she's poised. She's a woman of color handling a position of ultimate power and

responsibility with aplomb... And that means that, like it or not, she's a symbol; perhaps the most important ceremonial figure this country's ever had. And she needs to be visible. She needs to be out in the world, demonstrating to the doubters, the racists, the misogynists and everyone else that the days of automatically deferring to old white guys are over."

Jeremy nodded. "I get that." Faintly embarrassed, he added, "She seems pretty...incredible."

Howard laughed. "That's an understatement and a half. She's the real deal." He switched on the machine and it began whirring to life, multicolored buttons blinking rapidly. "But she's one person also facing a hostile senate, an uphill fight to overhaul health care and only 24 hours in a day. She's damn near superhuman but she can't do it all... Which is where you come in."

"And what will I be doing?" Jeremy asked.

"Meet and greets, ceremonial appearances, events we need on the media calendar but can't afford, time-wise, to have President Whitfield attend." Howard fixed him with a stare. "You up for this, Jeremy? Because, after I transform you, that's it; for the next month you'll be an exact replica of the sitting president and there's no walking away or taking a break."

Jeremy made himself stop and think. Whatever Howard said, letting himself be attached to a machine that morphed his physical form was a major fucking undertaking. And agreeing to impersonate the president—even just for meaningless PR appearances—was a lot to comprehend. But, truth be told, it was also an opportunity: a foot in the door and a chance to really experience Washington. And it sure as hell beat Starbucks.

Turning back to Howard, he said, "Just one thing... Why me?"

"What?"

"Well, I mean, there must be thousands of people better qualified for this. People with experience, people who know the president and could mimic her better. An actor maybe...or at least someone who knows how to handle ceremonial presidential appearances."

"To be honest..." For the first time, Howard looked a little uncomfortable. "The main reason we picked you...because no one's gonna notice if you disappear for a month."

Jeremy studied the floor. The knowledge that his greatest asset was his complete lack of family and friends was kind of a kick in the teeth.

Then Howard added, "But that wasn't the only factor. You've got solid grades, nothing showy but consistent. And I'll take a hard worker over someone flashy every time. You juggled college and a part time job, so I know you're responsible and dedicated. But mostly, you're discreet. No screeching on social media, no theatrics or attention-seeking in college.

"I'm..." Jeremy tried to come up with the right word, "innocuous."

"Don't make it sound pejorative." Howard smiled. "This is an assignment that requires someone willing to be seen and not heard; innocuous is an asset." He handed Jeremy a hospital gown. "Take off your clothes and put this on."

Jeremy took the gown and started undressing. Howard turned away to give him some privacy but didn't leave the room. When Jeremy was secure under the gown he folded up his clothes on a pile and left them on the desk.

"Ok," Jeremy said.

Howard sat Jeremy down on the recliner and lowered it until Jeremy was supine. He then placed some electrode patches around Jeremy's body before slipping a metal helmet over Jeremy's head.

Howard returned to the main body of the machine and pushed a few buttons. The whirring grew higher in pitch.

“Here we go.” Howard said.

Jeremy's entire body began vibrating lightly, and he had the prickly feeling of an immense electrical field playing over him. He closed his eyes but had no sense of his body changing. His body was almost numb with the electrical field. It was the feeling he got when his leg sometimes fell asleep, only playing out across his entire body. After a few minutes it stopped and Jeremy opened his eyes. Howard slipped the helmet off Jeremy's head, then wheeled a mirror over to the chair. Jeremy gaped in awe.

Hers was, Jeremy figured, the most recognizable face in America. He must have seen it at least once a day since she'd become President and it was ubiquitous enough to be rendered almost everyday and invisible on TV. But it was an entirely different matter staring into a mirror and seeing President Michelle Whitfield staring back. It was shockingly real and immediate, her image right in front of him, achingly human and present. She looked fractionally different in real life: a little shorter and a little more lean than he expected, with features so ridiculously perfect it was hard to look away: high cheekbones, sultry eyes lined with thick lashes and just a tiny smattering of gentle laugh lines, and a mouth that curved into a smile that made her whole face light up and caused a hint of a dimple to peek out in the swell of her cheek. Her smooth ebony skin was, if anything, even more gorgeous and perfect up close. And he'd never seen her looking so surprised, her mouth open, rich red lips forming a little 'o'.

Jeremy finally dragged his eyes down from her—well, his—face and scanned his new body. It was, frankly, implausible that she was in her late forties. He remembered the frenzy of photos when she'd announced her candidacy for president and started making national news. The D.C. press became temporarily obsessed with capturing pictures of her in her workout gear or with bared arms in gowns. Jeremy was now fully cognizant of why: she was perfectly sculpted, with lines of lean muscle and pert little curves. Amid the swarm of aged, flabby men who dominated Washington, she was a serious breath of fresh air and it was really no wonder that every media outlet in the country was desperate to capture her image.

What they hadn't captured, he now realized, was the power of her. No picture quite showed the luminescent quality of her tawny brown skin or the dominance that seemed to radiate from her. Jeremy was surprised to realize that, despite the fact that he'd just lost 9 inches in height and a whole bunch of bulk, he'd never felt more powerful. It was like his new body had hidden strength coursing through its veins.

It was distinctly possible he'd have kept staring in the mirror for a while longer but Howard had clearly decided he'd had enough. Waving a hand between Jeremy and the mirror, he said, “Ok, time to get you settled. You can admire yourself back in your room.”

“My room?”

“We've set you up in a guest bedroom. It's out of the way but I think it has everything you'll need.”

With that, he opened the door and began leading Jeremy through the bowels of the White House. They were clearly taking a circuitous route, winding through back stairwells, nowhere near the big ticket rooms Jeremy had seen on TV.

They ducked through another set of doors and Jeremy had to ask, “How big is this place?”

“Big,” Howard answered succinctly, “Six levels, hundred plus rooms. I've worked here two years and still haven't seen it all.” He opened a door at the end of a long corridor and ushered Jeremy inside. “This is your room for the next month.”

Jeremy took it all in: the grandeur of the space, the priceless antiques, the view of the Kennedy Garden.

Howard jerked a thumb to an adjoining door. "That's the bathroom. Closet's over there with a wardrobe identical to the real President Whitfield." Turning to the other side of the room, he added, "Private gym is through there."

"I'm not really a gym kinda guy."

"Well, you're gonna be one now, kid. You need to remain a perfect physical replica of the president and *she* works out 90 minutes a day. You slack and the difference is going to get real obvious real fast."

"Right," Jeremy nodded. "What else do I need to know?"

Howard leaned back against the wall. "Look, there's a bunch to learn. The next few days are just straight prep - learning your role and making sure you know how to handle anything that comes at you." Pointing to laptop sitting on the desk, he continued, "There's files on the computer: protocols, routines, sample answers to questions, video of the president to mimic, contingency plans to get you out of situations in which your cover might be blown... But, really, there's only two things to remember."

Jeremy stood up a little straighter. "And what are they?"

"One," Howard counted off on his fingers, "never answer a question we haven't pre-scripted. Someone—anyone!—asks you a question that I haven't given you full and final permission to answer, you stay silent and walk away. I don't care if it's a four-star general or frickin' Oprah; if it's not part of the script, you shut the hell up. Remember, in their eyes, you're the President; you outrank everybody and you can walk away mid-sentence if you want to."

Jeremy nodded. "And what's the second thing?"

Howard tone was both a warning and a threat. "No one *ever* knows you're not the president. There are exactly three people who know what you're doing here: you, me and the president herself. That's it. Not the VP, not the joint chiefs, not the nerds who built the morphing tech, no one." He stared at Jeremy, unblinking. "And it's going to stay that way."

"Of course," Jeremy assured him. If there was one thing he'd learned in the past hour, it was that he didn't want to cross Howard.

"I've told all White House staff that the president is using this room as a private retreat. You're not gonna be disturbed by anyone. Your job, for the next three days, is to stay in this room, learn everything I've laid out in the files on the computer, and be ready to go on Monday."

"Got it." Jeremy had no idea if he could actually do it, but it was too late to admit that now. But daunting as the assignment was, when he thought of the body he now occupied, he kinda thought he might actually be up for it.

Howard's stance relaxed a little and he glanced down at his chiming phone. "Ok then, one last thing." He crossed to the door and opened it.

Jeremy's newfound confidence crumbled as he found himself face to face with the actual President of the United States.

She ran an assessing eye over him. "Looks good." Tilting her head to one side, she added, "Is he fully briefed?"

"Yes, ma'am," Howard answered. "He starts prep today and should be ready on schedule."

“Good.” The president gave a curt nod and then stepped forward until she was mere inches away.

Jeremy resisted the almost overwhelming urge to take a step back. She had an aura of palpable force: raw energy and absolute power kept under tight control.

She didn’t whisper, just dropped her voice to a low steely murmur. “Everything you do while wearing this body, reflects back on me. You study, you learn, you stay on script... and we won’t have a problem.” She didn’t need to deliver the rest of the threat; such was the power of her personality and position, she knew she would be obeyed.

Jeremy eventually managed a croaky, “Yes, ma’am”.

But she was already out the door with Howard trailing after her.

Jeremy sat down at the desk and began going through the files on his computer. But he was quickly distracted by the sight of Michelle's slender fingers dancing across the keyboard under his control. Michelle's hair fell down and tickled the back of his neck, and as he leaned his head in one hand he felt the transformed contours of his soft face. He could even *smell* a faint trace of her floral perfume.

Jeremy flopped back in the chair with a heavy sigh. The action caused his breasts to bounce lightly and drew his attention to his chest. Holy shit. Not only was he the fucking president, but he had her tits just beneath the shapeless hospital gown he was still wearing. Jeremy's curiosity got the best of him. He stood and untied the gown, fingers sliding against the curve of his plump ass. He shrugged himself free of the gown and let it drop to the floor, then stared down at Michelle's body.

“Fuck me,” he whispered in awe with Michelle's voice.

She had the body of a twenty five year old. Her delicious mocha skin was interspersed here and there with a mole or a scar that just made her seem more real. His legs were long and sinewy, with strong calves and delicate-looking toes. And her breasts, god, her breasts were amazing, curving gently from her body, capped with rich brown areolae. He brought his hands up to his chest and ran them over her skin, feeling her plump tits. He pulled them apart and let them swing back together, bouncing hypnotically against each other and sending shivers down his spine. This was *his* body. These were *his* breasts.

“Oh my god, I'm feeling up the president,” Jeremy murmured, his voice soft and sensual.

His hands continued circling his breasts, enjoying the feel of his warm body. A pleasant vibration began between his legs as he fondled himself, and he realized he was turning himself on, getting wet just at the sight of touching Michelle's body, at gazing down at her form from his new perspective and making her own hands touch herself. The horniness was interesting, too. More inward focused rather than the obvious erection of a guy. There was a rising tension accompanied by a strange feeling of release. He could feel his pussy growing wet, his lips sliding together as he walked to the bed and sat down on it.

Jeremy spread his legs and stared at President Whitfield's gorgeous slit, surrounded by trimmed tufts of dark pubic hair. He tentatively brought a hand in between his legs and stroked himself, just getting used to his new body. He slipped a finger against the top of his pussy, pressing slowly and watching it sink inside as he felt his velvety lips wrap around his finger. He drew a sharp breath as his finger landed on his budding clit and sent a shiver through him.

Jeremy began rubbing himself, driving the vibrations of warmth through his body. He grew wetter, his pussy opening for him as he continued to move his fingers in a circular motion, dragging them down into his dew and then spreading it back up across his pussy. He caught glimpses of her rich pink folds, gorgeously contrasting against her dark skin, and it made him groan with anticipation.

He bit his lip and sighed, two fingers now slipping inside himself, rubbing, searching for the perfect spot. He was already so wet and slippery. And then he found the perfect angle and moaned. His other hand caressed his soft breasts as he continued fingering his pussy, pleasuring his body as the tension inside him grew and grew. Soon his palm rested on his mound while his fingers circled, circled across his clit. The room was growing warmer, his body burning up, and then he threw his head back and cried out in climax as his entire body shook. The orgasm shooting through him was breathtaking in its intensity, filling every inch of his body.

He dripped down his thighs, fingers sopping wet with his juice as his pleasure plateaued, but still Michelle's body wanted more. He continued fingering himself, gripping his tits, staring down and watching himself manipulate this beautiful black body until he came again, harder this time. His legs clamped together as the pleasure raced through him and he cried out in a feminine, high pitched voice. Hearing her cum just made him cum more, Michelle's lusty cries setting off a chain reaction in his body that doubled his pleasure. He let it take him away, enjoying the feel, the sight, the sound of her form, until he finally reached the apex and gently came down.

Holy shit Jeremy thought *I bet not many people have seen her do **that** before.*

Monday afternoon, they started him off small. A photo op in the White House Kitchen Garden. Just a few news outlets, no questions, no interactions, and Howard standing a few feet away. Jeremy was dressed in carefully casual presidential gear: designer jeans, a crisp white t-shirt, and squeaky-clean Converse. And his job was simple: walk out to the garden, cut a few fresh herbs, smile at the photogs and say, "We're roasting chicken tonight; just need some rosemary," turn and head back inside.

It was, of course, staged as hell. The photogs had been pre-selected to capture this perfect 'candid' moment with the president. The stunt was carefully scheduled for magic hour, the time just before sunset when the soft, diffused sunlight would cast a perfect glow on the president in all her wholesome, all-American glory.

The contrast between the image created and the reality struck Jeremy as somewhat stark. Apparently, the American people wanted to believe that the president had time to engage in Norman Rockwell roast dinners and personally select fresh herbs. In reality, the president was currently in Jeremy's room eating a low-fat, low-carb dinner made by a professional chef while simultaneously reviewing a speech for the AMA, a dozen pending bills and a radical proposal to overhaul Article II and the president's clemency powers.

As they headed for the garden Jeremy took a deep breath, reminding himself that he that he *could* do this. Walk, chop, smile, speak, turn, leave. He'd watched hours of footage over the past few days, he knew how the president walked, how she smiled, how she spoke. Even without the study, just *being* in her body gave him all the clues he needed. It was as if her body already knew it all - muscle memory dictated his walk and his intonation. Howard had been so impressed with Jeremy's impersonation when he'd tested him... so Jeremy hadn't volunteered that it had come completely naturally. Apparently, this was part of the transformation of which Howard was unaware.

Even now, it was like Jeremy could feel the president's own confidence and poise taking over. As he headed out into the garden and heard the photographers beginning to take pics, a sort of calm came over him and let himself smile the president's softest smile, the one that lit her eyes and had the dimple appearing in her cheek. He crouched down next to the herb bed and instinctively gave the photogs her best angle, glancing up briefly through her lashes in the golden sunlight.

"We're roasting chicken tonight." He snipped a sprig for the plant and added with a grin, "Just need some rosemary." Then he stood and headed back into the house, his hips swinging just a little in a perfect imitation of the president's walk: purposeful with just a hint of sass.

As the door closed behind them, Howard turned to him smiling. “You did good.”

They ramped it up from there. As they became increasingly confident in his abilities, the jobs got more involved. All still menial and ceremonial but requiring more interaction and more performance: A meet and greet with some college athletes, a brief speech to the Girl Scouts Association, a morning tea with a group of vets.

It was the same drill every time. Howard escorted the president to Jeremy’s room and they did the switcheroo. The president would remain in Jeremy’s room doing what she needed to do—mostly, from what Jeremy could tell, it was work and work out—and Howard would accompany Jeremy to whatever PR event was on the schedule.

What Jeremy found most surprising was how easy it was. His new body had a clear predisposition to move and speak as the president did. He just gave his body free rein and all the nuances of the president’s character—the movement, the smiles, the walk, the laugh—gradually came through. His body also seemed to crave the limelight. There was a sort of charge that ran through him when the cameras hit him, a flare of excitement and anticipation. As a guy who had always shunned attention, it was a bit of a shock to the system, but it was also oddly satisfying and left him suffused with a sense of purpose and poise.

His time away from the cameras was dominated by two things: studying the briefs Howard provided on the president’s daily schedule and legislative agenda in order to improve his impersonation; and working out. At first, the workouts had been torture but, as he’d learned to listen to his new body’s impulses, he’d actually discovered he craved the physicality. Michelle’s body was insanely flexible and strong, able to contort and move in ways Jeremy hadn’t experienced before. After a couple of weeks, he found that he actually *wanted* to exercise, he started to enjoy the burn of pilates and the breathless heat of the treadmill.

He’d fallen into a routine. Media event, study, work out. Actually, truth be told, the routine was more like: media event, study, work out, masturbate. He couldn’t help it; alone for hours on end in his room, the need to touch his body was just too strong. After each workout, he’d shower and then walk around the suite naked, feeling the water droplets dry on his dark skin, feeling the cold air of the A/C harden his chocolate brown nipples to tight little points, feeling the damp heat flare between his cocoa butter thighs. He’d learned to torture himself, learned to slowly move through the room, letting the slight friction of movement tease at his pussy, learned to pause in front of the huge mirrors in the gym to examine his breasts rising and falling as his breath became shallow, learned to wait until he was slick and panting.

But today, he didn’t get a chance to start his post-shower ritual. He was just emerging from the bathroom when a knock sounded at the door. Grabbing a robe, he covered himself and opened the door, fully expecting Howard and an impromptu assignment.

Instead, he opened the door to a stranger. Well, not quite a stranger. Damien Whitfield—First Gentleman of the United States and hot shot civil rights lawyer with perfect salt and pepper hair and a preppy D.C. pedigree that made all the Democratic donors empty their wallets—was leaning against the door frame.

He glanced up at Jeremy’s stunned face and said with a grin, “So this is where you’ve been hiding.”

Oh.

Holy.

Shit.

None of the scenarios he and Howard had rehearsed had prepared Jeremy for the president's husband showing up in his room. Improvising, he stuttered, "Yeah, hi...yeah."

"You know," Damien commented, "it took me an hour to track you here. Your staff really are buttoned down."

Desperate to extricate himself, Jeremy said, "Umm, I've got..." He scrambled for something innocuous, "The UN Office of Internal Oversight Services on the phone so I—"

Damien leaned over and stroked the backs of his fingers gently over Jeremy's cheek. "I miss you, baby."

"Oh, see, I..." Jeremy started without really knowing how to finish.

"I get that you're busy, I get that it's constant, I get that the entire planet is relying on you to solve its problems..." Damien's tone turned raspy and fierce, "But it's been a week and if you don't come downstairs, get naked and let me fuck you six ways to Sunday, we're going to have an issue."

Jeremy was stunned into temporary silence.

Damien smiled—it was all perfect teeth and perfect jaw and perfect Kennedy-esque charm—and said softly, "Finish your call. I'll see you downstairs."

"Right," Jeremy managed.

Damien turned to walk away, murmuring over his shoulder, "Just so you know I plan on making you scream the way you did in Vienna."

Jeremy slammed and locked the door. And then a realization made him freeze in place: he was picturing Vienna. A luxurious hotel suite, the president writhing in pleasure with her husband's head between her legs. Jeremy tried to shake away the fantasy but the details were too real and too specific. He could picture every nuance of the room, could see every moment of the tryst. And then suddenly, there was more. In a flash he knew everything about the president's Austrian trip. He recalled the diplomacy, the room service, the flight, the minutia.

It was too distinct and idiosyncratic to be mere imaginings. For no reason that he could understand, he was getting the president's memories.

The responsible thing to do, the *only* thing to do under the circumstances, was to call Howard immediately and let him know.

That he didn't, Jeremy realized, was as selfish as it was underhand.

His musings were interrupted by another knock at the door. Before he had time to react, it opened up and President Whitfield strode inside. She shut the door quickly but quietly behind her and stormed up to Jeremy, her eyes blazing.

"What did he say to you?" She demanded.

Jeremy pulled his robe around him, uncomfortably aware that he was basically wearing her body and that he'd been *extremely* intimate with it. "N-nothing. He just wanted to see you."

"Christ. I ran into him in the hallway and had to make up some bullshit story about a shortcut out of this room. Apparently he was just in here talking to *you*."

The Michelle part of Jeremy's mind wanted to insist that Damien was *his* husband and he was entitled to speak to him, but he tamped that back. "I can't very well stop him, can I? I mean, it's not like I went running around telling everyone I'm here. Maybe *you* should put in a word to security."

Jeremy clamped his mouth shut as he realized that he'd just told off the most powerful woman in the

world. But instead of screaming at him, Michelle's lip curled up in a half smile. "Well. You've got my attitude." Her eyes drifted down Jeremy's body, eyeing the white cotton robe that hugged Jeremy's supple form.

Apparently, Michelle had some narcissistic tendencies that were coming in to play at the sight of her duplicated body. Jeremy knew because he could feel the same pull within himself.

"What else do you have of mine?" She asked, her fingers slipping into the opening of his robe and tugging it gently but insistently apart.

"Everything," Jeremy whispered. He let the robe slip open, revealing his bare breasts, a droplet of water still sliding its way down his perfect mocha cleavage.

Michelle slipped her hand around Jeremy's back and pulled him towards her. Jeremy let himself be guided by the tiny, warm hand on his back. Her simple touch was making his pussy throb with need and when their lips met Jeremy felt utter bliss. They kissed slowly, like lovers, each enjoying the taste of the other. Their tongues met, danced across each other, before Michelle slipped hers into Jeremy's mouth and explored his new contours. He welcomed her inside him, tasting her, enjoying her every bit as much as she was enjoying him.

Her waist was supple and grabbable as he slipped his hands around her, resting his fingers just above the curve of her ass, which was still hidden beneath a navy blue business skirt. Their shared pleasure was palpable and they clutched at each other, pressing their bodies against each other as they kissed.

Jeremy felt for the catch of her blouse with his fingers and pulled it down. She pulled away from his lips and stepped out of the skirt. Jeremy shrugged off his robe and walked naked towards her, unbuttoning her blouse slowly, looking up at her and batting his eyes as she stared down at her own body in absolute lust. Her hands came up to Jeremy's breasts, caressing them as he freed her and she dropped her blouse to the floor. She reached around, unclasped her bra, and then dropped that on the floor as well.

Without a word she led him to the bed and lay him back on it gently. She straddled him and leaned down to kiss him some more, her breasts resting on his chest. He brought his hands up and caressed her ass, following the exquisite curve of her body by touch alone. She kissed her way down his neck and across Jeremy's tits, stopping to suck on them, taking each little areolae into her mouth, her hot breath causing his nipples to spike out in pleasure as lust roiled his body. He sighed contentedly as she kissed her way under his tits, down his trim tummy, over his mound, until her lips landed on his slit.

He spread his legs and she lay between them. He watched down his new body as she kissed her way back and forth between his thighs, teeth gently nibbling, teasing with her warm tongue. She gripped Jeremy's thighs and planted a long slow, kiss across his pussy, lingering so that her hot breath seemed to fill him, bringing with it a dizzying euphoria. And then her tongue darted inside him and he clawed at the sheets and moaned as his body burned with delight.

He was so goddamn slippery already and now Michelle was plunging her face into the perfect copy of her own cunt, licking fiercely, knowing exactly where to press, how hard, how fast. She made delighted slurping noises, clearly enamored with the taste of herself as Jeremy imagined he would be as well. The musky smell of his sopping wet pussy hit his nose and he came, moaning, arching his back as reverberations of pleasure flooded through him. But Michelle didn't let up, she pushed in still deeper, adding her fingers, sliding inside Jeremy, penetrating him as he cried out in her strangled voice for more. She thrust back and forth, deep inside of him while she hummed her tongue against his clit.

He stared down at her, watching the president of the United States bury herself in his pussy. She

stared back up at him, met his eyes, and he read the lust in her mind. She'd always wanted to fuck herself.

Jeremy groaned as pleasure spiked, thrusting his pelvis up towards her as she drank him down, fucking him hard now, just like he needed, pounding into him until he came hard with one final earth-shattering orgasm. He clawed at the bed and moaned as his entire body shook with delight, Michelle's fingers and tongue remaining inside him, guiding him down slowly.

And then it was his turn. They switched positions and he buried himself in her delightful musk, licking and tasting, knowing exactly what she needed. She thrust about on the bed above her as he ate her, filled her pussy with his fingers and tongue, stroked her to orgasm twice, three times, four. And then with one last convulsion, one last full body moan, she pushed him away and curled up on her side.

He crawled up the bed and curled behind her, holding her, pressing his body against hers. They lay there, Jeremy enjoying the wetness dripping down his thighs, the taste of his pussy still on his tongue, the smell of himself still in his nose. They drifted off to sleep in utter bliss.

Jeremy had left the president napping in bed and headed into the bathroom to shower and change into his business suit, getting ready for the afternoon's photo shoot. When he emerged, she was still dozing, her luminescent skin dark and delicious against the crisp white sheets. He was contemplating stripping and rejoining her in bed when a knock sounded at the door.

The president rolled over and wedged her face more firmly into her pillow. Half-asleep, she murmured, "You deal with it."

Making sure the president wasn't visible from the doorway, he opened the door a crack and found Howard on the other side.

"You're needed." Howard barely looked up from his phone. "Looks like we're a vote down on H.R. 3962, ma'am."

The 'ma'am' was weird and it took Jeremy a second to realize that Howard assumed he was the president. He opened his mouth to contradict but Howard just kept talking.

"We think Howard's flipped. Or maybe Thompson."

The next words were out of Jeremy's mouth before he even knew what he was saying, "Oregon Thompson or Texas Thompson?" The question was near-involuntary, prompted by a fresh barrage of the president's memories. For some reason, he now remembered the president's entire history with congress and every detail of the house resolution.

"Oregon, ma'am," Howard replied, glaring at his phone. "Fucking wimpy freshman congressmen! Chief of Staff isn't getting it done; think it's gonna need you on the phone."

Jeremy glanced back over his shoulder at the bed to find the president sleepily motioning for him to go. For a moment, he hesitated; calling congressmen was way outside the scope of his role and yet, seemingly, the president was telling him to do it.

Of course, she could be just waving aimlessly, a half-asleep woman simply wanting the annoying talking to go away.

Jeremy didn't stop to ponder. Stepping out into the hallway, he pulled the door closed behind him.

Everything about the Oval Office was intimidating and yet, oddly, Jeremy felt almost entirely calm.

As he headed through the outer office, the president's memories were coming thick and fast. He paused to greet his assistant.

She smiled back at him and said, "Congressman Howard on line two for you, ma'am."

"Thanks, Denise." Jeremy headed in the Oval with Howard trailing after him and nodded to the small group of staffers who leapt to their feet as he arrived. "Howard flipped?" he asked the room. "It's definitely him not Thompson?"

"It's Howard, ma'am," the Deputy CoS replied. "But here's hoping he'll rethink with a little presidential persuasion."

Jeremy was surprised to realize he knew exactly what to do. What's more, he relished it. It was a set piece; something the president had done a dozen times before. Call a flip-flopping congressperson and drag back them back behind party lines. A little flattery, a little intimidation... and lesser politicians crumbled under the force of her charisma and confidence.

Well, *his* charisma and confidence now.

Smiling, Jeremy picked up the phone. "Congressman, my staff tell me we've got an issue on H.R. 3962."

It was heady. The thrill of dominating another person—a member of congress no less—with just a few suggestive barbs and a hint of steel. Howard's capitulation had been an almost foregone conclusion from the moment Jeremy had picked up the phone... So he enjoyed the process, busting out some of President Whitfield's more cutting remarks and leaning back in his chair behind the Resolute desk as he rebuffed the congressman's feeble protests.

Screened from view by the enormous desk, Jeremy gently toed off one of his high heels and ran his stockinged foot over the wood. President Whitfield's memories of the desk were fresh and accessible, informing him that the desk was a gift from Queen Victoria and a favorite hiding place for Caroline Kennedy. And now he, Jeremy Addison—orphan and B+ student—was sitting behind it.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught his Deputy Chief of Staff shuffling in his chair, shifting slightly closer. Off to the side of the room, his Deputy apparently had a partial view behind the desk because he was clearly watching Jeremy's elegant foot slide up and down the polished wood. And then the memory hit him: President Whitfield bent over the desk and legs spread, turning to peer over her shoulder and demand that her DCoS pound her into the wood.

And, for the first time he truly understood the full power of this woman. He suspected that, even without the force of the presidential office behind her, she was formidable. With her presidential powers, she was unstoppable.

He also finally understood her ambition, her consuming need to rise to the top and stay there. He understood it because, for the first time in his life, he could feel pure ambition pulse through his veins.

Hanging up the phone, he gave his Deputy a hint of a sultry smile, then turned to Howard. Jerking his head ever so slightly he gave Howard their secret signal that he wanted the room cleared.

Howard swung into action, shepherding staffers out the door and leaving the two of them alone. Closing the door, he asked, "Problem?"

Jeremy reached up and ran a hand through his soft tresses, enjoying the silky slide against his hand. "Yep, the kid - Jeremy. He's gotta go."

Howard looked surprised. "I thought he'd been working out great."

"He was," he paused to pick an invisible piece of lint from his skirt, "but I just caught him extemporizing with Damien."

Howard sank down into a chair, his face registering pure shock. "Shit. Did *not* see that coming." He shook his head. "I mean, the whole reason I chose him was because he seemed like too much of a pussy to ever step out of line."

Jeremy gave an elegant shrug. "Power corrupts. Even the illusion of power apparently."

Howard nodded resolutely. "Right, I'll get it done immediately."

"Probably best," Jeremy agreed. "He's up in his room now and he was starting to sounding a little...confused about the reality of the situation. Almost like he was beginning to think he was actually the president."

"We'll act fast," Howard replied decisively. Clearly disappointed he added, "Pity, it seemed like such an ideal solution but perhaps the human brain just isn't built to cope with the transformation."

"Perhaps." Jeremy smiled and said with feeling, "Good thing we have the protocols in place for this."

"Absolutely." Howard let out a low whistle. "Alternative doesn't bear thinking about. And, on that note..." He stood up, his tone turned stiff and formal. "Ma'am, are you authorizing me to apply the morph on the individual currently in room 511?"

"I am."

"Could you please tell me the code word?"

Jeremy nodded firmly and uttered the phrase that only Howard and the president knew. The two words the president and Howard (both fans of Kafka's *Metamorphosis*) had agreed upon together and vowed never to tell a soul. The two words that guaranteed that someone wearing the face of the president could never take advantage of their position: "Gregor Samsa."

Jeremy was lying on his side in the White House bedroom, his head propped up on one arm, a sheer, red nightie clinging elegantly to his otherwise naked body. The door opened and Damien entered.

"You wanted to see--?"

He stopped when he saw Jeremy staring at him with half lidded eyes. Jeremy crooked a finger and gestured for Damien to come closer. Damien obliged, a half smile forming across his broad features as he shut the door and knelt on the floor beside Jeremy so that they were eye to eye.

"I've considered your request," Jeremy whispered, moving closer until Damien's handsome face filled his vision, "And I think I can fit you in somewhere."

"I hope so," Damien replied, kissing Jeremy.

And, oh god, his powerful lips were so perfect up against Jeremy's feminine features. The scratchy feel of his stubble on the tip of Jeremy's nose, the spicy taste of him in Jeremy's mouth. It was all perfect.

Damien slipped a hand across Jeremy's side, caressing him as they kissed. Jeremy unbuttoned Damien's tie, never letting their lips part, sighing into each others' mouths, hot breath mingling as Jeremy's body grew warm. Jeremy pulled off Damien's clothes, revealing a muscular torso and thick cock that grew even as Jeremy stared at it. His powerful pecs gleamed in the dim light as he

straddled Jeremy, trapping him between his strong thighs.

They kissed some more as Jeremy let his soft hands roam over his husband's body, reveling in the firmness of Damien's skin up against Michelle's own. Damien's cock pressed up against Jeremy's belly, hot and insistent. Warm vibrations spread up from between Michelle's legs, filling Jeremy's body, making him twist and stretch his tiny toes.

Damien slipped his hand under Jeremy's nightie and Jeremy sighed as Damien's thick fingers found his wetness. Damien teased him, skating around his clit, darting in and out, driving Jeremy into ecstasy until he was dripping down the bed. "Please fuck me," Jeremy begged.

Damien smiled and pulled up Jeremy's nightie before wrapping his fingers around his dick and guided it up against Jeremy's pussy. There was a pressure, a growing anticipation, and then he was inside. Jeremy sighed in relief as Damien's cock burrowed slowly into his pussy, feeling every inch as it filled him, stretching the walls of Jeremy's cunt with its girth. Damien kissed him again and Jeremy pushed his tongue into Damien's mouth, pulling him closer, wanting this powerful man to bury himself inside Jeremy's feminine body.

And then Damien was inside, resting atop Jeremy, his cock filling him. It was bliss such as Jeremy had never known, an emptiness he'd never been aware of finally fulfilled. Damien pulled out and thrust in again, a little faster this time. He grunted as he did so, a deep, needy grunt. A grunt of desire. A grunt of ownership. Jeremy's body quivered as Damien began building up a rhythm, cock slamming deep into Jeremy's center as his entire body sang with lust, breasts bobbing each time the cock slammed into him.

Damien closed his eyes and raised his head, slamming his cock hard and fast into Jeremy, needing this, needing to fuck. It was powerful, animalistic as he filled Jeremy again and again. And then suddenly he stopped and guided Jeremy into a sitting position, Michelle's perfect, cherry ripe ass facing the side of the bed. Damien stood and grabbed Jeremy's ass from behind. He spread Jeremy's dripping pussy and thrust in again, his cock curing up against Michelle's G-spot as he fucked him hard. Every thrust sent Jeremy's tits bobbing and swaying and he stared down between them to watch himself get fucked, to watch the cock pound into his pussy—*his* pussy, the thought alone made him moan with happiness. Each time the cock pulled out of him, glistening with his lust only to thrust back inside again. In and out, in and out. The bed shook with Damien's thrusts and he grunted and came, both of them crying out.

Jeremy came with him, the orgasm tumbling through him as the cock throbbed inside his cunt, spurting his seed as Jeremy's pussy clenched around the cock, filling him so amazingly full. Jeremy howled in pleasure as his body exploded in ecstasy, waves of delight pummeling him. He just wanted to stay here, remain frozen with Damien's cock deep, deep inside him forever.

And too soon it was over. Damien pulled out and they cuddled on the bed, Damien's strong arms around Jeremy, his slick cock pressed up against the curve of Jeremy's ass. This was bliss.

Jeremy headed to the dingy little office in the bowels of the building. Opening the door, he was greeted by the sight of his old body—handcuffed, demoralized and seemingly stunned into silence.

Howard sat opposite looking pissed. "He put up a fight. Had to cuff him to get it done."

Jeremy gave a creditably realistic sigh of sympathy. "So sad it ended up this way."

"Yeah...sad," Howard said, sounding thoroughly unsympathetic.

Taking a seat, Jeremy asked, "Can I have a minute alone with him? I'd like to at least try to thank him...and apologize."

Howard stood and headed for the door. “I’ll be back in five. Tunnel’s clear, so I’ll take him out that way.”

The click of the door closing behind Howard seemed to snap Jeremy’s old body into focus. President Michelle Whitfield raised her head as a shudder wracked her new body. She glared at Jeremy, a look of pure malice and fury. “You’ll never *ever* get away with this, you treasonous piece of—”

Jeremy shrugged. “I already did.”

“I’ll tell the world,” she threatened. “I’ll tell them what you’ve done.”

“Who’ll believe you?” Jeremy asked dismissively. “You’re a 21-year-old kid claiming you were transformed into the fucking president. Best case scenario, you get laughed at. Worst case, you get committed.”

The president clearly wasn’t going down without a fight. “Fine, do you know the amount of dirt I have on members of this administration? On senators? On the body you’ve stolen?”

Jeremy leaned forward and said quietly, “You are Jeremy Addison, and you signed a *very* comprehensive non-disclosure agreement. If you breath so much as a whisper to anyone, your ass with be in jail before you have time to so much as blink.”

Taking her silence as acquiescence, Jeremy advised, “Go home, Jeremy. Start a new life.” Standing up, he added, “I can’t stay. You know how it is, things to do: husbands to fuck, healthcare reforms to implement, Nobel Peace prizes to accept, deputies to suck off.” He grinned. “A woman’s work is never done is it?”

#



SMALL TOWN *Girl*

A BODY
POSSESSION
STORY

MWILLS

Small Town Girl

I slip out of the office early to enjoy the warm weather. My boss won't mind if I start my weekend a little bit early. And if he does, I'll just hop into him and change his mind for him. I saunter along the quiet tree-lined street leading past the local university, thinking of nothing in particular, just enjoying being out of the office.

The oak trees are beginning to bloom, little shoots of green among the brown branches while, across the street on the campus, students mill back and forth getting on with their lives, going to and from class. I used to be one of them, too many years ago. After graduation, a series of positions at other schools took me across the country before leading all the way back to where I started, and now I'm an Associate Professor at my alma mater in Virginia.

I'm proud of what I've accomplished on my own. After all, I could have used my special abilities to do anything, become anyone. Rule the world even. When you can possess the body of anyone around you ambition can be limitless. But I make an effort to stay grounded. I like being myself, with the occasional peak into another life. Sure, I'll hop into the body of someone else now and then for a vacation, enjoy being a playboy or a Playboy model. But I like my life uncomplicated. I don't have the killer instinct to be a CEO or the narcissism to be a politician. I *do* like to help people, but on a much smaller scale. I try to leave my mounts better off than when I found them. Sometimes more sure of themselves. Sometimes more confident. Always knowing a little more about the pleasures of their own body.

I'm jolted from my thoughts by the sight of a student crossing the street coming towards me, her path nearly intersecting mine. She's gorgeous. A polka dot A-frame dress sits perfectly on her slender body, the neckline just low enough to reveal the slight slope of the most perfect breasts I've ever seen. They bounce gently at each step, perky and glistening with a light sheen of sweat, tempting my desire. The dress ends at her knees, revealing firm calves and beautifully tanned legs, her feet clad in white tennis shoes. Her wavy, coffee-colored hair is up in a pony tail that swings back and forth lightly as she walks. Dark framed glasses are perched on the most adorable nose, and her face in profile seems perfectly crafted by a master artist. Fortunately, she's staring down at her phone so she doesn't see me staring up at her.

She doesn't look up until she's almost on me, and then a startled little "oh!" escapes her lips and we do the shuffle of people who've nearly collided.

"Sorry," she says, her pink lips turning up in a shy smile.

"That's-- problem." I respond, two phrases twisting together.

Being so close to her has me flustered. I've seen lots of beautiful women in my time but the woman in front of me beats them all. Her face is beautiful and sincere, with an innocence that belies the strength evident in her toned body.

She hurries on ahead of me and I take the opportunity to admire her figure. Every movement is a joy to watch: the way she tucks some hair behind a tiny ear, the graceful movement of each leg, the perfect sway of her ass. It's all too much. I'm desperate to find out what it's like to be her, to move

through the world with such a shapely form and to enjoy my beautiful body to the fullest.

I follow her down the street at a distance. Soon, she turns the corner on to a side street. There are fewer people around and none are paying attention to us. Though, god, I can't pay attention to anything but her. I'm close enough to reach out and touch her. I know it's dangerous to use my powers out in the open but I have to be inside her *right now*.

I hop, my body breaking into a billion particles and streaming into her. In a split second I'm inside her, pushing her mind aside and filling her body with my own consciousness. Now the little fingers clutching the phone are mine, the ponytail tickling the back of my neck is mine, her perky tits which are almost blinding in their perfection: mine, mine, mine! I breathe through her perfectly crafted nose, see out of her innocent eyes, feel every bit of the dress as it whispers across her golden legs.

I rummage through her thoughts and find her name—Cassie—and pull up some memories of her life: The time she won her high school science fair with her pea breeding experiment. The first and only boyfriend she's ever slept with: a timid, funny young man. Neither of them knew what they were doing but they loved each other and that was enough. The time she stayed home reading rather than go with her sister to a party. The other time she stayed home to read rather than go with her friends to a party.

I get the picture. Her memories of herself are tinged with awkwardness about her body and a discomfort with social situations. She doesn't seem to realize how beautiful she is, and she's never really experimented with her own body. That's all going to change.

I look down at the phone in my hands, realizing for the first time that she's texting Charles. Cassie's thoughts tell me that Charles is a classmate. He's a bit dorky, like her, but funny and sort of cute. She gets the feeling he'd like to ask her out but is too shy and she doesn't know how she feels about that. Is he just a friend or could he be something more?

The text conversation at the moment is a little bit flirty on both sides. I make a decision to put this aside for the moment until Cassie is more comfortable in her own skin. Or, at least until *I'm* more comfortable in her skin. I send a text to Charles telling him I have to go but we'll talk soon. My lovely fingers dance across the screen and after I hit send I slip the phone into my backpack. I want to be alone in my beautiful young body for the moment.

I use Cassie's thoughts to guide me back to her apartment, all the while getting used to the new sensations from her body and adjusting to this delicate new form. Everybody is slightly different and it takes some getting used to the different gait, the sway of the hips, and the tiny little idiosyncrasies of other people. Cassie lives on the third floor of a drab, four-story building made of sandstone colored bricks. It screams college dorm and most of the tenants are students like her.

I climb the stairs and unlock her door. It's dark inside—the curtains are drawn to keep out the sun during the day—but now at the end of the day it's hotter inside than it is outside on the landing. I move through the tidy, one-bedroom apartment, opening the windows and the balcony door to let in the breeze, examining her apartment as I go, letting my fingers glide across her walls and her furniture, breathing deeply to inhale the scent of her that lingers in every room. The rooms are sparsely decorated in typical college student manner. A few framed posters of indie rock bands line the walls and her furniture is a mismatched collection of hand me downs and cast offs.

Cassie feels comfortable here. It's a good place to start with increasing her comfort and self-esteem, and besides, I'm eager to explore the body I now inhabit. Standing in the living room I gaze down at my breasts, still shiny with sweat from the heat. A little bead of sweat rolls down into my cleavage as I bring her mind forward and merge with her, guiding her to be turned on at her own body. And it's so easy. Her tits are two ripe melons, the curves elegant and graceful.

I bring her fingers up and make her feel her own breasts, tracing my fingers over and around their

softness, circling down sliding beneath the top of her dress. My hand continues down over her clothes, across her stomach and over the flare of her hips. My fingers tickle my sides as I make Cassie share in my enjoyment of her touch. I slide her hands down her ass, plump and delicious, exploring each succulent cheek, squeezing lightly, feeling her hesitation at enjoying her own body. She's strong but delicate, an athlete's body. There's a fantastic lightness to it.

My touch has created a warmth between Cassie's legs, a blossoming heat that pulses slowly through both of our minds as I continue to make her feel up her body, stroking and moving, leisurely exploring her form. We take our time. It's the first time Cassie's ever really considered her own beauty, understood that she actually is an object of desire. I'm blushing now as the warmth creeps through me, making me moist beneath my panties.

I pull up Cassie's dress slowly, revealing her smooth golden thighs one inch at a time. I'm going slow, teasing myself, stoking the fire I've ignited in her body. Now her white panties are revealed, the lacy undergarments so dainty. I tickle the insides of my thighs, brushing my fingers up across my skin and over her panties, back and forth, tickling, teasing myself. There's a desire beneath that fabric, a yearning to slip inside. A wet patch appears, quickly growing as I push my fingers against my still hidden pussy.

I reach behind my back and unzip my dress, slip out of it and let it pool to the ground at my feet. I unclasp her bra and slide it off, letting it drop the floor. "Oh, fuck," I whisper as I gaze in awe at my naked breasts for the first time. They're even more amazing than I imagined, the skin soft and taut, the little pink nipples already spiking out. I take them in each hand. I can easily wrap my fingers around her perky little tits and I squeeze, exploring their heft, the jaunty weight of them. Goddamn she feels so good—I feel so good. Her tits don't need to be huge when they're so exquisitely formed. I hold them and caress gently, staring down at her breasts as I let my fingers wind across them until I've got her tiny nipples between thumb and forefinger. I squeeze experimentally and an aching warmth spikes through me, the pleasure concentrating in my very center. Fuck, Cassie's tits are amazing. I don't want to let them go. I bobble them and watch them dance, shrug my shoulders and let them bounce, bob them back and forth in my hands, exalting in the pure pleasure of her body, of having such exquisite breasts.

I coo softly in her voice as I continue to make her fondle her boobs with one hand. The other wanders down between my legs, presses my panties against my pussy. My panties are soaking wet already and as I press I can feel my finger slip into my pussy. I bite my plump lower lip as the fire is freed, fills me with a pressing need.

See this I command, forcing her to look down at herself, at her fingers playing with her perfect form, *This is what you crave*. There's no memory of how she touches herself for me to follow. She has no experience, having learned some ingrown sense of shame or disgust about exploring her body. So I lead, sharing my own enjoyment with her until she's just as enamored with her body as I am.

I roll my panties down my legs and kick them aside, gazing down in wonder at my naked body. I take a moment to just look, to gaze at my perfect breasts, my feminine hips, every soft curve of my body, and the dark triangle of hair between my legs. I make Cassie watch as I slide my fingers across her nether lips, my pleasure merging with hers, fighting back her shame as I stroke her pubic hair, rubbing gently. It feels so good and soon I dip a finger lightly inside, watch as my finger disappears inside her, enveloped by her swollen pink lips, and presses against the hooded nub of her clit.

The fire burns brighter between my legs, urged on by my finger, which presses harder, deeper, rubbing faster, growing in urgency in time with my body. I slide my index finger down my pussy and dip into the growing dew, before dragging it back up to my clit. Up and down, up and down as Cassie's pussy grows ever wetter with desire. And suddenly her inhibitions collapse and I need

more, her mind craves her own touch and I oblige, adding another finger inside myself. I'm soaking now, my body on fire, needing release. My other hand slides across my body, feeling my warm skin, coaxing the gentle pleasure through me.

I lie down on the couch, head propped up on a cushion so I can look down at Cassie's body as I finger myself. With my knees in the air I spread my legs, gazing down adoringly into my beautiful pink folds before sliding two fingers inside myself. My pussy wraps around my fingers, hot and wet, as I rub myself. I feel so perfect, the heat rising, bringing with it a pleasant pressure that fills me from head to toe.

I arch my back and moan as a little pressure escapes, a tiny orgasm on my way up to more. My toes flex and I wriggle back and forth, caught up in the lust reverberating through my body. My breasts rise and fall as I continue to stroke myself, fingers sliding into my wetness, sinking up to the second knuckle, again and again until the pressure becomes too much and I explode. I moan out loud in the empty room as the orgasm blasts through me, a delightful pleasure that lifts me from my body even as my fingers continue to grip my slender form. My sweat soaked chest, my tummy, my legs, my beautiful arms, everything is magnified in that moment and I'm pure enjoyment, stroking my cunt and urging my pleasure on. My fingers sink deep inside and the slippery sounds of my own pussy reach my ears.

I cum hard again, body flexing, as I cry out, louder, my adorably tiny voice tinged with a deep urgency Cassie's never heard before. She feels so good. *I* feel so good as I rub my pussy hard, muscles clenching as yet another orgasm fills me. God, her body is wonderful, responsive and delightful to watch, to experience. When I finally come back down I'm filled with a pleasurable lightheadedness. I laugh—a tingling adorable sound—and lie back on the couch as the pleasure abates, one hand draped across my forehead, the fingers of the other absently stroking my pussy. That was amazing, but I know there's more to come.

I must have dozed off because when I awake the room is cooler, darker. I sit up on the couch and rub my eyes, my fingers still smelling delightfully of my sex. I head to the bathroom and turn on the shower before stepping into the cool spray. It feels amazing after lying in her sweltering living room. Little goosebumps appear as I dip my head under the cold water, letting it wash away the sweat and dirt.

I squirt some of her honey scented body wash onto my hands and rub down Cassie's body. I enjoy myself once more, hands circling my curves as I lather myself up until I'm wonderfully slippery. I slide my hand between my legs, rubbing myself. Cassie's body responds quicker this time, ready to be filled again. I ignore it for the moment, let it sit, building inside me. I'll release it in time.

I get out of the shower and dry myself then head to her bedroom to find something to wear. Her closet is well organized, each garment arranged by color. I dig through her drawers, searching for some sexy lingerie and come up with a frilly black bra and matching panties. I slide the panties up my legs, nestling them snugly against my pussy, then slip on the bra. It hugs my breasts, pushing them up to form enticing curves. I pose in front of the mirror, one hand on my hip and flash Cassie's smile at myself. Fuck, I'm gorgeous. I've got the face of an angel and a killer body; long and lean. No sooner am I dressed than I just want to rip off my bra and panties and enjoy Cassie once more, just fuck myself stupid. I search her mind, looking for where she keeps her toys, but I come up empty. I guess it's no surprise that she doesn't have a vibrator, given what I've already discovered about her sexual hesitance. But still, it's something I'm determined to change before I explore myself again.

Reluctantly, I get fully dressed, delighted to notice that Cassie's thoughts are still drifting towards her recent experience in the living room, pleasantly surprised at just how nice it felt to explore herself. The polka dot dress is still sweaty, so I choose a new one from her wardrobe, a cute little pink number that makes me feel wonderfully girly. It's got pleated ruffles and a low, sweeping neckline, nearly hanging off each shoulder.

I brush my hair, combing my bangs until they arc out perfectly above my forehead and I sweep the rest of my hair back and tie it up in a pink bow. When I'm done, Cassie's face is a picture of innocence, a cute girl-next-door hotness that will definitely turn some heads. That's one of my favorite parts of being an attractive woman: the attention I get. I realize it would probably get old if I was a woman permanently, but goddamn, the ability to turn heads just by walking down the street is a weird kind of power I've never had as a man. I grab a purse and slip on my sneakers before waltzing out the door.

I stroll down to the sex shop on third street. The window display is minimalist: a single mannequin wearing a pink and black corset, hiding the delights within. There's a wall obscuring the view directly into the shop from the street, as if showing the slightest hint of anything else would cause the citizens of this conservative town to rush the store in a mad, sex-crazed frenzy. The inside of the shop is painted a light blue and the shelves are full of adult paraphernalia. There's a tall, blue-haired hipster behind the counter and she greets me warmly as I enter.

“Hi! You need help with anything or you just browsing?”

"I could probably use some help. I'm looking for a...vibrator." I get caught up on the last word and my cheeks flush bright red, a consequence of my mind melding with Cassie's so that now I'm sharing in her embarrassment. After all, she's just a shy little bookworm at heart and has yet to unleash all the pleasures of her body.

"Sure, I can show you some things," the hipster agrees, cheerfully. "Do you know if you're into direct stimulation? Looking for a clitoral stimulator or do you want something that will hit your G-spot?"

"Ummm..." Obviously, Cassie's no help here, but I'm not much better. From our one session I was in her head to help her get her off, but I don't know what she'd want on her own. All I can do is go with what I want. "I guess I'm looking for both."

"Okay."

She walks me over to a wall filled with vibrators of every shape and description, from long, black replicas of dicks that look like they would destroy Cassie, to smaller, more sensual clitoral vibrators that resemble polished stones. Not many women actually enjoy a mammoth cock stuffed inside them, and Cassie certainly seems to be in the majority. The blue-haired chic enthusiastically picks up a few of them as she explains how they work, turning them on and showing me how they swivel and hum. Nothing really piques my interest until she gets to a large vibrator with two sensually curved pink prongs of varying size.

"This is *my* favorite. The Vibe Stellar." She picks it up by the white handle and demonstrates. The two soft pink prongs begin whirring and revolving slightly. "This little guy hits your G-Spot and your clit, even while you're sliding it in and out. If you like a lot of stimulation but don't want to feel like you've just been pounded by this guy--" Here she motions to the huge black dildo on the shelf above, "--then I recommend this,"

I take it from her, feeling the heft of it and pressing a few of the buttons on the handle to get the feel for it. This is the one I want, but it takes a supreme effort to get Cassie to agree to buy it, and not just because it's one of the more expensive models. No words come out of my mouth and eventually I just nod my head. The blue-haired woman gives me a knowing grin and grabs one of the boxes underneath the display. She brings it over to the counter and rings me up before slipping it into a discrete brown paper bag. I pay for it and walk out of the shop, my head held high, trying to push back Cassie's worries.

When I get back to Cassie's place I immediately head to her bedroom. I unbox the vibrator and slip in some fresh batteries. I leave the vibrator on the bed as I adjust her standing mirror, pulling it closer to the bed so I can make Cassie watch herself masturbate. It's a gorgeous sight that she shouldn't miss out on. I sit on the bed facing the mirror and cross my golden legs, adjusting my dress and my heavy-framed glasses so I look proper. I stare into the mirror at my reflection, gaze at Cassie's cute face as she stares back. There's a flicker of a smile on her lips and her cheeks are slightly flushed. Goddamn she's gorgeous.

I turn my head this way and that, admiring my face from a variety of different angles. I've got the cutest little slope of a nose, fabulous cheekbones and striking, dark eyebrows above two innocent, chocolate-brown eyes. I lick my lips lightly with my tongue, enjoying the unique shape of her mouth, the slight taste of her raspberry lip gloss. Her little pink tongue appears in the mirror, her face so cute I want to die. And it's mine to enjoy.

"Hi Cassie," I giggle at myself, "We're going to have some fun."

I awaken her mind and let her experience everything. She's scared at first, unable to control her body.

What's happening? I-I can't move. What's going on? Her voice cries out inside her mind.

“Shhh,” I put one of her fingers to her lips and send out calming vibes, soothing the edges of her terror. “I’m going to show you all the pleasure you’ve been missing out on.”

I chew on one finger, affecting an innocent look in the mirror for myself, then slide my fingers up my cheek and to the back of my neck. My hand slides gracefully across my warm skin, around the back of my neck, then down to my breasts. My heart is thumping madly as both hands come up and circle my ripe boobs.

What are you doing? She cries.

I grip my tits lightly in each hand and look in the mirror at myself. “You enjoy this,” I command, and instantly her fear melts away, overcome by my commands. Cassie’s face in the mirror is a picture of lust, a look that demands me to touch her.

That feels...nice, she says. *More.*

I unzip her dress and slip out of it, followed by her bra and panties. I stand, one hand on my hip as I force Cassie to look herself up and down in the mirror. My eyes slowly trail up her skin, from her dainty toes, up her miles of glorious leg, to the dark thatch of hair between her thighs, then up her trim tummy, her amazing tits, until I’m staring into her adorable face. I’m so in love with her, and I feed this love back to her mind, until she’s in love with herself.

“You’re so gorgeous.” I whisper.

And hearing her own voice say this sinks in, takes hold. I can feel her relax.

I do look good, she agrees.

“You look like you need to fuck yourself,” I say.

I do need to fuck myself. Please can you make me cum?

I sit down on the bed and spread my legs, staring at my perfect pussy, the slit just visible beneath the curly dark pubic hair. I pick up the vibrator and set it on low. It begins to buzz lightly and I drag it slowly across my pussy, pressing lightly, letting the vibrations fill me. As I stroke the buzzing toy up and down, my pussy grows wet and begins opening for me. The delicate pink folds soon surround the tip of the vibrator as I continue moving up and down, in and out. Before, Cassie thought her pussy was disgusting. Now she can’t look away, taken by its beauty, the perfect wet folds, the utter delight it brings.

I lie down on the bed, one hand coming up to my tits to gently stroke while I angle the vibrator around so the large end presses deeper into my cunt while the smaller end remains throbbing on my clit. Cassie’s body is so warm, so unbelievably horny. I tease her, dipping the tip of the vibrator inside, barely penetrating her pussy with my toy until she’s dripping wet and begging for it.

Please, please stick it in. She moans.

Our body is on fire, desperate to be filled. I sink the toy in slowly, enjoying the feel of my pussy wrapping around the soft rubber. The vibrations against my clit remain steady even as the pink shaft sinks deeper inside me. The vibrations pulse through the walls of my pussy, filling me, nearing my center as I thrust the toy in deeper. I bite my lip and moan, my tiny voice purring with delight. I arch my back, pleasure flooding me, Cassie’s body close to bursting with pleasure.

I push the vibrator in deeper, deeper, until I hit my center and the thrumming nub of the machine is hard up against my G-spot. I cry out in pleasure and continue thrusting in and out slowly, following the rhythm of Cassie’s body. I dig my other hand through my hair, clench my eyes shut and thrust my waist up, driving the toy deeper inside me. Now I need it harder, faster. I speed up until I’m pounding myself fast. My whole body is on fire and the lust drives me on. I work the vibrator in and

out of Cassie's luscious body, my cunt aching for release, dripping down my legs until with one final thrust I cum hard, holding the vibrations against my clit and deep inside me as I moan and thrash on the bed in utter delight, the orgasm plowing through me.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck!” I cry, and her voice answers in my mind *Fuck, fuck, fuck!* We're lost in lust, screaming out as I plunge the toy inside again and again, fucking myself hard as wave after wave of orgasm fills me, drenches me. The world is a bright light of pleasure, my body roiled with desire, pussy walls clenched around the vibrating machine, soaking myself, experiencing a joy Cassie has never known before.

I come down slowly, slowly. I pull the vibrator out of my pussy and flick it off, then lie on the bed, breathing hard, tits rising and falling, mouth open in utter bliss. Cassie feels so good, inside and out. There's a wet spot beneath my ass and the room smells like pussy. *My* pussy. It's heaven. I raise the vibrator to my lips and make Cassie's tongue lick it clean. There's a slight distaste from her mind but I force her to enjoy the salty taste of her own musk, inhaling deeply, in love with her pussy and the pleasures it can bring.

I spend the night in her body. It's a joy to wake up the next morning knowing I'm still Cassie. I lie on my back and lightly explore her, tickling gently with my fingertips over my lovely contours until I'm fully awake. I rise and stretch before going through her morning routine: toilet, teeth, makeup. I make little faces at myself in the mirror, sticking out my little pink tongue and wrinkling my nose. God, she's cute.

Checking her thoughts I slip into her usual routine. Her Saturday breakfast of buttered toast and a banana gives me enough energy to get to the gym. I rummage through her clothes until I find her gym outfit and pull it on. It consists of a super tight black running bra and tiny running shorts that are basically panties. It's surprising but enjoyable that Cassie shows off this much of her body during a workout. When I'm dressed I look amazing. The Lycra hugs my slender body, accentuating my curves. Cassie's two breasts pressing out beneath the taut fabric are incredible and I wonder how I'm going to get anything done when I just want to stare at myself. Somehow, I force my eyes away from the mirror and drive down to the campus gym and park in the underground garage. It's nearly empty. This early on a Saturday there aren't many students around.

When I pass through the doors and into the gym itself I find only a few people scattered around near the free weights and on the treadmills. I pick a treadmill where I can see myself in the mirrored wall and start it up. I get up to Cassie's speed slowly, enjoying the feel of my limber legs, one thrust in front of the other. Her body is a joy to run in, airy and light. There's power in her legs and it bursts out of me as I sprint, my heart beat racing.

I grow sweaty and I keep staring into the mirror at myself as I go. I don't need a TV to distract me, I have Cassie's body. Just watching her move is incredible. I'm making myself so wet but I can't stop. Even as a drop of sweat slides its way down my chest, my pussy is dripping with another kind of wetness. I try to run through it but staring at this vision of loveliness in the mirror makes me so damn horny I can't ignore it.

I force myself to finish her run. When I finally step off the machine I'm wonderfully sweaty. My hair is plastered to my forehead and my cheeks are flushed. I look like I just had a good fucking, and right now I *need* a good fucking. Across the room, by the free weights, I spot a familiar face. Familiar to Cassie, anyway. It's Charles, the guy from her class who's too shy to hit on her. Well, Cassie's ready to take matters into her own hands. And her own pussy.

I grab my towel and walk over to him. He's standing in front of the mirror, wearing a t-shirt with cut-off sleeves and doing bicep curls as I approach. Cassie never realized how buff he was beneath his clothes, but seeing him like this, grunting with exertion, thick muscles moving so gracefully, she re-evaluates him. His slightly dorky personality combined with his clothing choices conspired to make him seem uninteresting, from a boyfriend/girlfriend point of view. But seeming like this is a different story. It also doesn't hurt that I'm so fucking wet at the moment that everyone looks better.

"Hey, Charles," I say as he finishes up.

He sees me and grins, laying his barbells down on the rack. "Morning, Cassie." He takes in my sweaty body. "You look like you've been having a real workout."

"Yeah, well, you don't get this sweaty from a *fake* workout." I motion down to my body, draw his eyes to my chest.

It's a corny joke but it makes him snort and his face lights up in a smile. How has Cassie never realized how handsome he is? He's got dimples for chrissakes! And his arms...fuck, I want them around me so badly. I want him inside me.

"I didn't know you came here." I say.

He shrugs. "Yeah. I'm not a bodybuilder or anything but I like to keep fit."

"I noticed. Here, show me your muscle." I glide closer to him.

He raises his right arm and flexes. I wrap my fingers around it, feel his hot skin and the power just beneath. I let my fingers rest on his arm for a beat longer than necessary. "Very nice. Better than mine."

I flex my arm and invite him to feel it. He reaches out and tentatively touches it.

"That's not bad," he says.

"You didn't really feel it," I insist, taking his hand and placing it back on my arm. I hold his fingers against my skin and look up into his big brown eyes. His face is so close I can feel his hot breath on my cheek as I stare deep into his eyes, begging him to read the look of abject lust on my face. He's taller than me by a head. I love his strength, his mass, his nearness. I'm like a comet getting pulled into Earth's gravity, ready to crash into him and explode. "Do I feel nice?" I purr.

He nods. With my hand still holding his arm on mine I nibble on my bottom lip. My eyes dart towards the change rooms. I know from Cassie's memories that there's a private room back there for wheelchair users that's always empty.

I step closer to him and bring my lips right up to his ear. His spicy scent is intoxicating and I can feel the heat radiating off him, our bodies nearly touching. "Do you want to feel more of me?" I whisper in a voice throaty with lust.

He stares at me, trying to gauge if I'm serious or just fucking with him. Eventually he nods. I take his hand and lead him across the room to the private change room. I push him inside and follow behind, then turn and lock the door. I'm not trying to be discrete. I don't care who saw us. I just need him *now*.

As soon as the lock clicks I throw myself into his powerful arms. He's surprised at my forwardness but manages to hold me tight as I wrap my arms around him, fingers grasping desperately, digging into his taut, muscular flesh, pulling him closer. I slide my fingers up his body, through his wavy brown hair and pull his lips towards mine.

I'm greedy for him, slipping my tongue inside his mouth as he opens for me, tasting him, my body pressing urgently against his. His cock stiffens, a hard lump growing between us beneath his clothes. He's still tentative, as if he can't believe this is happening. I can't blame him. Cassie has never acted like this before.

Lucky Charles.

I stand on my tiptoes and press my face against his, devouring him, kissing furiously, wanting to taste him, wanting him to taste me, trying to merge our bodies through sheer force of will. My tiny nose presses against his stubble, his scent filling me. In my head, Cassie is overcome with my passion. Charles is no longer just some classmate; he's the man who will give her what she wants.

I drop to my knees and yank his shorts down, then his boxers, freeing his cock. The head stares up

towards me and I grasp it in one hand, sink my lips over it and swallow, sucking gently as I lower my head down on him, feel his cock slide across my tongue and fill my mouth. There's no time for ceremony, I just need to suck his dick. I need to taste his cock. Cassie doesn't like giving blowjobs. She thinks she's no good at it. But I've been both sexes and I know just how to do it.

With our minds merged, Cassie has no choice but to experience the joy of filling her mouth with hard cock, of feeling the power as she takes him all in, the head hitting the back of her throat as Charles groans above us. Fuck, its intoxicating being able to control him with just my mouth, just the simple pressure, the tongue across his shaft, the sucking and swirling, is enough to make him moan with desire. He's mine. His cock is delicious and I drive him to the edge of desire then pull back, again and again. Holding him in my mouth like this is driving me crazy with desire .

The sharp taste of precum hits my tongue. Cassie is usually squeamish about bodily fluids but I force her to gulp it down with gusto, pushing my lust onto her until she's just as crazy about sucking dick as she should be. And now she *wants* to have this dick in her mouth, she *needs* it, never realized how much she *loved* sucking dick. I suck eagerly, driving Charles wild even as my own pussy drips down my leg and onto the floor.

I can't take anymore waiting.

I stand and push Charles back onto the closed toilet seat. He half falls, half sits on the top of it. I yank my pants down, followed by my panties. The cool air hits my soaking wet pussy, my pouty pink lips ripe and open. I straddle him, guiding his cock up against my cunt and guide him against me. The pressure grows, building, building, and then he slides inside me and I gasp with a sudden slight release of pleasure. "Ooooh," I moan, as I sink down on him. He fills me inch by inch, his hard cock pressing against the walls of my pussy, his heat approaching my center until he's lodged inside me and I'm on his lap. He's perfect, his cock hitting exactly where I need it.

I kiss him some more, hungry for him, as I rock back and forth. Now his hands are all over me, gripping, squeezing. His mouth pulls away from mine and he yanks up my top, freeing my tits. He sucks on my nipples, licking eagerly as they pearl out in excitement. His warm tongue moves across my skin followed by his hot breath. I arch my back and moan. He holds my lower back, supports me as I thrust and grind on him. We rock together, locked in ecstasy, grunting and gasping with animal lust. He's slamming up against the toilet. The seat bangs loudly as I pound him harder, deeper, but I don't care. I need him inside me more than I've ever needed anything before. My lust rises, the tension plowing through my body and then it bursts and I cum, my entire body vibrating around the precious cock. My orgasm sets him off and he grabs my ass and *thrusts*. It's painfully amazing as he cums, spurting into my pussy, moaning and writhing as I rub my slick cunt across him, both of us enjoying our shared pleasure, the satisfaction of our physical bodies. He pounds me while I cry out, my breasts heaving, pussy on fire, body so filled with pleasure I can barely take it.

When he's done throbbing inside me, it takes me a minute more to come down. I finally stare down at him through half-lidded eyes. "Thanks. I needed that." I whisper, kissing him once more.

I pull away from his cock and am left with a burning emptiness I still need to fill. He's dripping down my leg and creamy cum is stuck in my pubic hair. Cassie, normally fastidious, would be disgusted. But I force her to wipe off a dollop of Charles's cum onto my finger and suck it, enjoying the tangy taste of our mingled essences as Cassie revolts in my mind. But I tether her to my own enjoyment, until she loves the taste of cum, and the taste of her own hot pussy. Can't get enough.

Fuck, I'm making myself horny again already.

I tousle Charles's hair. "I'll see you in class," I say, before slipping out the bathroom door.

From the looks I get as I leave the bathroom, I assume the people nearby heard everything. A couple women snigger as I pass by, shooting me a look like they think I'm a slut. Well, fuck 'em. Cassie's shame is trying to sneak up on me but I tamp it down and hold my head up proudly. I take what I want and I don't care who knows it.

A few nearby guys are also staring at me, but in a different way. I know there's a part of them wondering if I'll offer myself up to them. I've done that before in other mounts when I was a younger hopper; fucked my way through scores of men not caring what my mount would feel, only living to enjoy the moment. But I'm past that embarrassing adolescence and I like Cassie. I want her to understand the power of her sexuality and realize that she has control.

I stride through the gym, pretending like nothing's happened. After all, my glistening body could be from workout sweat. My flushed cheeks could be from running. The smell of my pussy...well...there's a lot of smells in the air. It's a gym, after all. I act satisfied, content with my choices. But as I move through the equipment I realize I'm anything but.

It feels like my body is supercharged. I'm hyper-aware of every motion: my arms swinging, my breasts pressing against the tight top, my legs bending gracefully at each step. Fuck, I'm *still* horny for myself. And a part of it is coming from Cassie. It's her own satisfaction with her body, filtered through the prism of my desire. She wants to feel herself. To touch, taste, smell her beautiful body.

Goddamn, I'm wet already.

I hurry out of the gym, winding through the underground garage to her car. Each step only increases my horniness until I'm in agony with desire. I get in her car and slam the door and immediately grab my tits, throwing my head back and moaning as I squeeze Cassie's soft breasts. My hands fly over my skin. Cassie knows what she likes now and I follow her desire. I grip and squeeze my soft body, needing it rough. Charles's hard fuck left me more desperate to rub my pussy than I've ever been.

I put off the moment of bliss and instead flip up my top, letting my tits escape and hang down free against my chest. I gaze at them adoringly, tracing the contours, hefting and squeezing, enjoying the simple feel of her body. I grab them roughly and jiggle them, squeeze the nipples as a pleasure bordering on pain fills me. Cassie has learned she likes it rough and I oblige, twisting and squeezing, releasing momentarily, only to grab my tits again and torture myself into delicious agony. I'm moaning now, writhing in the car seat, driving myself to orgasm just from playing with my tits. I cum suddenly and hard, lips pressed together, moaning as a surprising pleasure overtakes me.

I can't wait any longer. As soon as the orgasm passes I thrust my hand down my shorts, fingers landing on my wet pussy. I'm already spread and eager as my touch traces my slippery lips, presses inside my warmth. Two fingers, three, rubbing furiously. I'm practically gushing, my hand is instantly soaked with my juices and probably still some cum. I slip as many fingers inside me as I can and dig deep, curving around to hit my G-spot.

I moan again, legs quaking with the effort of fucking my delightful body. My other hand slides

down to my swollen clit and rubs fast while I penetrate myself. The feel of my fingers inside, of my own body wrapped around my hand is intense and amazing. I cum harder, crying out as lust pounds through me. And still I need more. I'm thrusting harder, deeper, trying to sate the lust that's been bottled up for so long and is now rushing out. Cassie's body is pure delight, every touch makes me sigh, every sigh makes me moan, and I orgasm hard just watching myself, just listening, as though outside my body. Cassie's love of her body is infectious. She wants to pleasure herself. And she does, rubbing hard and fast as I cum again and again. Three orgasms. Four. Five. Each one is bigger and louder than the last until finally the world explodes in white hot pleasure and I scream in utter delight as the biggest orgasm washes me away. "Fuuuuuucck!" My voice cries, fingers flying inside and against my cunt as I stroke, stroke, stroke, until my body is aching and sore and I'm finally, finally sated.

The car seat is soaking wet. *I'm* soaking wet, laughing as I stare down at the mess I've made. I bring my hand to my mouth and lick off the taste of my pussy. Cassie's revulsion is gone. She loves how she tastes, can't get enough of her own pussy. I close my eyes and moan softly, enjoying the taste of her, the smell of her, the feel of her.

When I'm calm enough to drive, I adjust my top and reverse out of the spot to head home. I'm glad the car is relatively soundproof and that no one was in the garage to see me. Though, honestly, *I* wouldn't care if they had but I know Cassie has a reputation to protect. She's no longer the meek little wallflower who's terrified of her body, but she also doesn't want to get a reputation as a slut. Fucking double standards. I've been in men and made them fuck their way through an entire building, only to be lauded as a mega-stud. But if a woman does it it's frowned upon.

I spend the rest of the day in Cassie's body, just relaxing. I shower and change into another cute dress, then saunter through campus just showing off my body and flirting with any good looking guys I find. I want to give Cassie the confidence to go up to any guy she likes. I also make sure to keep texting Charles. He was a good fuck and he could be a good boyfriend.

Or at least continue to be a good fuck.

By the end of the day I've done what I can to make Cassie into a confident woman, assured of her sexuality and not afraid to take what she wants. That night, I lie on the bed and send her to sleep before hopping out of her body. I take one last look at her on the bed. So peaceful. So gorgeous. So strong. Then I slip out her door.

It's a small town and I'm sure I'll run into her again soon.

###

A woman with short, vibrant pink hair and glossy black lipstick is shown from the chest down to the waist. She is wearing a light blue denim jacket with frayed edges and a blue lace bra with black straps. The background is a solid light blue.

**A M2F
BODY
POSSESSION
STORY**

REUNION

WWW.M2F.COM

Reunion

Max sat glumly at the long picnic table in the backyard of the beach house, wedged in between Uncle Mortimer and a second cousin once removed whose name Max had forgotten. Uncle Mortimer was telling some convoluted story likely involving how things were better when he was a boy. Max wasn't really listening. He hadn't even wanted to come to this family reunion in the first place, knowing it would be dominated by the women from his mom's side of the family and relatives he hadn't seen since he was a baby. He'd thought that his one consolation was that Teagan, his cool older cousin, would be here to shake things up, but apparently she'd opted to skip it this year. The rumor was she'd gone to get yet another tattoo. The older, conservative relatives were outraged, which was just how Teagan liked it.

The rest of the family was chatting loudly, and gradually growing drunker as the afternoon progressed towards evening. A peel of laughter erupted from the far end of the table, where Aunt Sarah was telling some—probably wildly inappropriate—joke to one of her nieces. Aunt Sarah was fat, no two ways about it. She had huge doughy thighs and arms, a big, round belly, and fabulously huge breasts squeezed beneath the pink top she was currently wearing. She always kept her long blonde hair immaculately styled and usually had a boy toy on one arm, though this year she'd come to the family reunion alone. She was fun, and always the center of attention for her outrageous humor. Probably why she was considered the black sheep of the family.

Max sipped his drink quietly and just watched the rest of his family as the reunion raged around him. He saw his mother slide open the back door and step out onto the lawn, his stepfather, Gene, right behind her. Gene reached out and pinched his mom's ass when he thought no one was looking. She jumped and swatted his arm playfully. His mom's face was flushed. They were still so in love. In fact, Max had been awoken last night by his mom crying out during their love making session, begging for Max to—shudder—do things to her harder. Gross.

A sudden absence of conversation down the table drew Max's attention back to his aunt Sarah. She was staring right back at him, her mouth agape. A few other relatives followed her gaze. Max had no idea why he was suddenly the center of attention but he gave a little wave and tried to hide behind his drink. A minute later, Sarah pulled her phone out of her bra and held it to her ear. She then pushed back from the table and waddled into the house. No doubt her boy toy was calling to see where she was.

When Aunt Karen began setting up the karaoke machine, Max knew it was time to get out. He pushed himself away from the table and slipped out the back gate. He followed the sandy track down to the beach, the sound of the reunion receding into the distance, replaced with the soothing sound of the wind and waves, punctuated by an occasional cry from a seagull wheeling overhead. The beach was a rocky cove, protected by a curving seawall that stopped the biggest waves from crashing onto the shore.

Max walked down to the shoreline, his hands in his pockets, and stared out at the ocean. He picked up a rock and tried to skip it out across the water. His first attempt wasn't very good—two skips. He was about to pick up another one when his phone rang. He pulled it out of his pocket and saw it was a video call. Weird. Max frowned and answered it.

Cousin Teagan's smiling face appeared on the screen. Teagan had a long face that lent her a striking beauty, though most people would be distracted by her many piercings. Her current hair color was a light blue and her body was adorned with various tats. In the past she would have been called a punk, though she preferred "alternative".

"Hi Max!" she laughed, the hint of her tongue ring flashing between her white teeth.

"Hi, Teagan," Max replied. He didn't even know that Teagan had his number.

"Miss me?"

"Well, it would be more fun if you were here."

"Oh, you'll see me soon enough. Check out this new tat I just got."

The camera panned down from her face, seemed to stop briefly over Teagan's white shirt and linger on the swell of her huge breasts pressing out beneath the fabric—though the pause could just have been Max's imagination—before zooming across her scandalously tiny shorts and landing on her thigh. Her legs were achingly beautiful - strong and slender, taut muscles and smooth skin. There was a new tattoo etched on her thigh showing a rose in full bloom, a small snake darting through the center. The tat was obviously brand new as the surrounding skin was still raw.

"You like it?" Teagan asked.

"Nice," Max agreed.

There was a pause as someone on Teagan's side spoke to her. "Oh, um, ok," she said, then back to Max, "I have to go. See you soon."

The call ended, leaving Max a little perplexed. He slipped the phone back into his pocket and picked up another stone. He slung it across the water. It bounced across the top of one wave before sinking into the sea.

This whole family reunion was incredibly boring. Max had no intention of returning as long as the karaoke machine was there. No doubt some drunk relative would try to cajole him into going up onstage and embarrass himself. Max searched the ground for a good smooth stone for skipping. He soon found a promising one half buried in the sand. It stood out as a dull pink color, not a creamy sandstone like the others. It was also a little warm to the touch as he picked it up.

Max reeled back, gauging the timing of the waves so he could skip it across their tops. God, he wished that the family reunion was a lot more fun.

And suddenly he was no longer on the beach.

Max found himself back at the long table in the midst of the family reunion. Only now his seat had shifted across and down, because he was no longer next to Uncle Mortimer. Instead, he was facing one of his nieces. She was shrieking with laughter, but her mother, seated beside her, was shooting Max a dirty look.

“How did I--” he began, and quickly stopped, bringing his fingers to his mouth in shock when he realized the voice coming from his lips wasn't his own. It was feminine and brassy. The lips beneath his fingers were plump and full. In fact, his whole face was rounder, softer than before.

Max looked down at himself and was met with the sight of two immense breasts, each of them probably bigger than his head and barely tucked beneath a pink top. A huge tummy poked out beneath and his arms were thick and meaty. Long, stylish blonde hair draped over his shoulder, tickling him in the breeze. There was a glass of wine on the table in front of him, showing the warped reflection of the body he now inhabited: Aunt Sarah.

Max looked down towards the end of the table to where he had been sitting and saw *himself*. His former body was sitting glumly in silence. Max's chubby new mouth gaped open and he was aware that the people beside him were following his gaze. His former body turned, saw him staring, and gave a little wave before trying to hide behind his drink. It was exactly how events had unfolded that afternoon, only now he was seeing things from his aunt's perspective.

He had to get away from everyone, find somewhere private. He noticed Aunt Sarah's cell phone peeking out of her bra. He pulled it out, wrinkling his nose as the simple act caused his huge breasts to jiggle like jelly. Aunt Sarah's body was so gross. He held the phone to ear, pretending to take a phone call as he pushed back from the table and began the process of extricating his huge bulk from the chair. When he was finally up, he waddled back into the house, thighs rubbing together beneath his tight jeans, the fat flesh of his ass and tits wobbling with each step. He felt heavy and ungainly. His only thought was to retreat to Aunt Sarah's room to be away from the staring relatives and try to figure out what the hell was going on.

He bounced painfully up against the wall, unused to the weight distribution of his new body. Every step was a struggle in Sarah's fat, jiggly body. After a few minutes, he'd made it down the hall and into the guest room where Aunt Sarah was staying. He closed the door behind him and heaved a sigh of relief. The short walk had already left him breathing hard from lugging this huge bulk around. This had to be a dream.

He waddled over to the mirror hanging above the dresser, keenly aware of how his fat thighs swished together and his big ass jiggled behind him. In the mirror, the face of Aunt Sarah came into view: pudgy cheeks, impeccable makeup, soft, golden hair...truly enormous tits. He looked down at them.

Surely she needed a sherpa to haul all this extra weight around, he thought.

Max laughed at the snarky thought, his aunt's throaty laugh escaping from his lips. His tits were straining against the pink top and it looked as though it was about to split at the seams. This had to

be a dream. No way was he *really* in Aunt Sarah's body. And because this was a dream, there was no harm in checking himself out.

He peeled the pink top off his body and tossed it to the floor. Now there was just an immense pink bra and a chubby tummy. With an effort, he unhooked the bra and dropped it to the floor. He flicked his head to toss his light blonde hair behind him, and the motion cause his entire body to jiggle. Max looked down at his massive tits resting atop Sarah's pot belly. He scooped up a breast in each hand. They were marshmallow soft and heavy as hell, capped with huge, pale pink areolae. But fun to play with. He squeezed them, admiring their heft, pulling them apart and letting them thump back together, causing his fat skin to ripple in a way that was becoming more delightful by the second.

Max jiggled Sarah's tummy, watching her rolls of fat squish and jump beneath his hands as he squeezed his soft flesh. His fingers slid down over his pot belly to his jeans. He unzipped them and pushed them down his thighs. God, it was an immense relief to free this body from the confines of his clothes. His huge tits jiggled down into his face as he pushed his pants and panties down and stepped out of them. Now he was naked in his aunt's body. Her huge breasts and fat belly hung down, obscuring the view of his aunt's pussy. Only by angling the mirror and stepping back to look at his reflection could he get a view of his thick thighs and the beautiful slit right between her legs. Aunt Sarah kept herself shaved completely clean, her bald slit so intriguing.

He twisted and jiggled his ass, the rolls of cellulite shifting as his huge butt wiggled. He gave it a little smack, heard the satisfying sound of his hand on his own flesh and watched his ass jiggle. The more he looked at Aunt Sarah's body, the more he liked it. She was a lot of woman, but that just meant there was more to enjoy.

Max waddled over to her suitcase, hands holding his tits so they wouldn't bounce painfully with each step. His fingers dug into his soft flesh, enjoying the touch of his aunt's tits, rolling them between his fingers. He bent over her suitcase, big ass waving up in the air, as he dug through her clothes. He came up with a sheer nightie – gorgeous, flimsy and huge. Max wondered who Aunt Sarah was trying to impress at the reunion, then realized it was just for her. She was a woman who enjoyed how she looked, owned the fact that she was a BBW and liked to feel sexy.

Max slipped the nightie on, excited at how the delicate material wafted about his body, settling on his curves, half-obscuring his flesh. He returned to the mirror and a sexy smile crossed his face as he turned and posed for himself. Max couldn't tell whether his aunt's face was really so stunning or if she was just really good with makeup. Either way, seeing her lips curl up into a smile as he tucked some strands of blonde hair behind an ear was enticing.

Despite being so huge, the nightie felt so girly, so delicate. It really set off his immense flesh and, as Max posed, he felt himself growing warm with delight. He was actually enjoying being her, playing with her body, squeezing her skin. He returned to her suitcase, digging back through it see what other outfits he could come up with. There were a lot of spaghetti tops and lacy blouses that he imagined would barely hold back Sara's tits. And finally, tucked way down at the bottom of the suitcase, was a pink oblong thing.

Max grabbed the object in Sarah's fat fingers and stared at it for a second before realizing what it was: Aunt Sarah's dildo. It was vaguely dick shaped, with a long shaft and a bulbous head on one end. It looked impossibly thick. Surely this was a novelty, right? As Max held the dildo in his hand, thoughts swirled through his head. He'd already gone this far, why not try it out? He was excited at the prospect. A warmth began winding its way through his thick form even before he'd lay down on the bed and spread his legs.

Max propped himself up on some pillows so he could stare down at his aunt's body. Her enormous tits fell across her protruding belly and draped down her side. He pushed a flat hand into his belly, sinking into his pillowy flesh and squishing it down so he could see the mound of his pussy. With

his knees in the air, he brought the dildo against the top of his slit by feel and began rubbing the head of it slowly up and down his pussy. It felt weird not having a cock, not seeing his instant response to arousal. But Aunt Sarah's body grew aroused in a different way. The warmth between his thighs spread up through his body, circling through him, bringing with it a pleasant tension, while at the same time his pussy lips seemed to grow looser. He could *feel* himself growing wet, the lips of his pussy opening, slipping against the dildo.

He pressed the dildo against the top of his pussy and a tingly warmth ran up his spine. He continued in that spot, pressing and rubbing gently. A sigh escaped his lips as his body shuddered. He was wet now, his pussy opening for the dildo. The head of it slipped inside, pressed up against his clit. Fuck, it was so weird feeling this thing inside him, having his pussy wrap around the thick heavy dildo. And, what's more, it felt good, wonderful even as he penetrated Aunt Sarah's wet folds. His fat body jiggled back and forth and he slipped the dildo inside deeper, felt the walls of his pussy gripping the smooth shaft as he entered himself.

With his other hand, he grabbed a doughy breast and pulled it up to his lips, easily able to suck on his fat, pink nipple. Aunt Sarah's skin tasted lightly salty and he caught the faint scent of her orange body lotion. His tongue flicked his nipple, tasting himself as his pussy parted further, growing wetter, the tension humming through his body, building towards an immense apex. He continued sucking on his heavy tit as he thrust the dildo deeper inside him, feeling every solid inch as it slid into the wet walls of his pussy. In and out, in and out, going deeper as he grew wetter, until he was thrusting hard, his body demanding he fuck himself faster with the rubber toy. He moaned around the tit in his mouth, trying to cram it in more while he fucked himself harder, wringing every bit of pleasure he could from Aunt Sarah's wonderfully fat body. Now the dildo was deep inside him, pressing hard up against his center as he slammed it in and out, legs spread wide, his body jiggling as he writhed and moaned. The pleasure spilled through his body, the tension winding tighter. He pushed his head back into the pillow and cried out, his hand squeezing his fat tit as he thrust the dildo faster and faster into his huge body until the tension snapped and an immense orgasm flooded through him.

Max cried out in a throaty, sexy voice, digging his fingers into his fat flesh and thrusting his hips up to meet the dildo coming down, impaling himself on the toy, over and over. The slippery sound of his sex hit his ears and he could smell the delightful musk of his aunt's pussy. The sights, the sounds, the feel of his body being penetrated drove him over the edge again and he came hard once more, thrusting wildly, pounding himself with an urgent desire to fill, until at last he was satisfied and he slowed and then stopped, leaving the dildo sticking out of his cunt. He was breathing hard, heavy tits rising and falling, so big they spilled off his chest and nearly rested on the bed. Max stared down at his aunt's fat body in satisfaction, determined to spend the rest of the dream enjoying himself the same way.

And suddenly he was no longer in his aunt's room.

Max was sitting in a cushioned chair in a brightly lit room. Psychedelic artwork adorned the walls and pictures were painted on every visible surface: angels, mermaids, a heart that said 'mother'. There was a steady, high pitched whirring sound filling the room. A sudden sharp pain in Max's thigh made him flinch.

“Whoa, careful,” said a man's voice from down by his thigh.

Max looked down to see a burly stranger kneeling beside his chair. The man had a handsome, dark featured face and a vine of tattoos circling his huge biceps. His hands were clad in blue surgical gloves and one held a tattoo gun. As Max watched, the tattooist resumed his work on the nearly completed rose on Max's thigh.

Though, calling the thigh Max's was technically incorrect.

Max found that he was in someone's body who was wearing scandalously tiny jean shorts that had been pushed up so the tattoo artist could get to the top of one smooth, golden thigh. And, god, those thighs. The skin looked so soft, slender but with taut musculature beneath. One thigh was already adorned with the tattoo of a snake, coiling around his hip and down to his calf.

The pain in his thigh had been enough to distract him from the sight of his chest, but looking down at himself he didn't know how he'd ever missed it. Max was wearing a tiny white shirt that barely covered two amazing breasts. They thrust out beneath the fabric, stretching it tight. When he looked closely—and he was now looking *very* closely—he could see the outlines of his dark areolae, the two nipples indenting the white fabric. The high cut shirt left his belly uncovered, allowing him to gaze down at his trim form. An amber belly button ring flashed from his tummy. His arms, like his legs, were gorgeously feminine with taut muscle and adorned in tattoos. As Max shifted his head he felt something tickle down his neck and he reached up to grab his hair, pulling it around in front of his face. He was unsurprised to find that it was dyed a light blue. This just confirmed what he already expected: he was definitely inside the body of his cousin, Teagan.

It was utterly different from being his aunt. The mass was completely gone. If anything, he felt the opposite: young and spry and full of energy. He'd also secretly harbored a crush on his cousin and just sitting there in her body was already turning him on. Was this a dream? It felt so real. Especially the pain. But still, he couldn't wait to get Teagan's body alone so he could explore it more fully.

Max gripped the arms of the chair to steady himself as the tattooist finished up the last rose petal in a final burst of bright pain. When the tattooist was done, he stood and asked, “What do you think?”

Max recognized the tattoo. His cousin had just showed it to him on his phone. But now, here it was, newly tattooed on his own flesh. He had to know if this was a dream. He picked up the cell phone lying on the small table beside him, assuming it was Teagan's. Sure enough, it unlocked at the touch of his new thumb. Max dialed his own number for a video chat. If this was a dream, surely he wouldn't be able to talk to himself. After a few rings, the video snapped on. Sure enough, it was Max. At least, it was his old masculine body. Judging from the sand dunes in the background and

the sound of waves hitting the shore, it seemed his old body was still at the beach.

“Hi, Max!” Max laughed at the stunned expression on his former face.

“Hi, Teagan,” The old Max replied, his voice tinny through the speakers.

“Miss me?” Max asked himself. There was a distinct sense of déjà vu as Max realized that the conversation was playing out exactly as he remembered it, but from the other side.

“Well, it would be more fun if you were here.”

“Oh, you'll see me soon enough.” Teagan/Max laughed. “Check out this new tat I just got.”

Max panned the camera down his body, letting it linger for just a second on his breasts, before landing on the new tattoo of the snake darting out of the rose.

“You like it?” Max asked.

“Nice,” Old Max agreed.

Max wondered whether he could do something to break out of this cycle. Maybe show his former body Teagan's tits. That would be a sight to remember. But before he could do anything the burly tattooist spoke up.

“Ok, that'll be two hundred dollars. Cash only, of course.”

“Oh, um, ok,” Max said, then back to her phone to the old Max, “I have to go. See you soon.”

He disconnected and sat the phone down. A search of his minuscule pockets came up empty and, unlike Aunt Sarah, Teagan didn't keep a wallet or anything down her bra. Hell, she wasn't even wearing a bra. That was a fact that was making Max very uncomfortable and he desperately wanted to finish this transaction so he could play with his magnificent new tits. There was no wallet on the table. It was an inescapable fact: Teagan had no money to pay for the tattoo.

The tattooist, seeing Max's increasingly worried look, said, “I'm guessing you want to put this one on credit again.”

Relieved, Max nodded. “Yes. Let's do that.”

The tattooist grinned, revealing sparkling white teeth. “Come on into the back room and you can give me your down payment.”

Max followed the man into the back office. He hoped that whatever forms he had to fill out would be over with quick. There was no telling when he would jump out of Teagan's body. The tattooist opened the door for Max and followed him into the sparsely furnished inner office. A ragged rolling chair sat behind a rickety wooden desk. Max was racking his brains trying to come up with Teagan's personal info for the paperwork, so he was completely stunned when the man locked the door behind him, turned, and unzipped his pants.

“On your knees,” the man ordered.

“Wh-what?” Max asked.

“You wanted the usual credit arrangement, right? Or did you suddenly find two hundred dollars cash on your way into the office?” The man said, his bulge growing ever more prominent. “Now, on your knees.”

Trembling, Max obeyed, dropping to his knees in front of the man. Was this how Teagan paid for every tattoo? Max pulled the man's pants down and was suddenly staring at the man's cock, a thick monster of a semi-hard on protruded from an unruly mass of dark pubic hair. Max had never been

attracted to men, but now, staring at this cock as it pulsed just inches from his nose and with his mind deep in the body of his cousin's feminine body, there was something just so *enticing* about it. The tattooist's cock jumped to attention as Max wrapped Teagan's slender fingers around it and began slowly stroking, running his hand gently up and down the man's shaft as it grew in his hand, throbbing, hot and urgent, the bulbous head straining up towards Max's lips. When it was fully extended it seemed huge and intimidating from Max's smaller perspective.

"Now start sucking," the man commanded.

Teagan's body responded before Max's mind could process the command. Being ordered around like this was making him wet. With a new eagerness, Max stuck out Teagan's little pink tongue and licked the head of the man's dick. The slight saltiness of the man's skin tasted surprisingly nice and Max was rewarded with another burst of warmth from between his legs. Suddenly, he *needed* to suck this huge cock in front of him. He opened his mouth and wrapped his plump lips around the shaft, slowly forcing his head down to swallow the man's cock. The hard-softness slid across his tongue, pressing against his tongue and the roof of his mouth, so full Max thought he would choke before he got even halfway down. He pulled up and withdrew, leaving a trail of his saliva linking the throbbing cock to his lips.

"Uh uh," the man ordered, "Deeper than that, bitch."

Fuck, his cousin loved being ordered around. The lips of her pussy grew swollen and wet beneath Max's shorts and he slid his hands underneath his pants and slipped a finger into his wetness. Jesus, she was tight. Max pushed his finger into his slippery folds and began fingering himself at the same time as he opened his mouth and slid his cousin's lips down and up the man's dick, going a little further each time, taking the man's cock deeper into his mouth until finally his little nose was buried in the man's pubic hair and his dick was hitting the back of Max's throat.

It was amazing holding the man's cock in his mouth, tasting the tangy precum and feeling oh so full of dick. He'd often imagined his cousin sucking a cock, only he *never* imagined it would be him in her body sucking someone else's cock. But damn if she didn't still feel so good from the inside with the man grunting and moaning above him. Max felt so powerful holding this cock in his mouth, controlling this man with just his tongue. He continued fingering Teagan's body, urging pleasure through his supple form as he sucked and licked the beautiful dick in front of him, enjoying the way he treated Max rough, like the cocksucking whore that he was.

"Yeah, suck my dick you little bitch," the man sighed.

Suddenly, the man's hands gripped Max's hair and he forced Max all the way down his cock. Max nearly choked as his head was pushed down, the cock striking the back of his throat. And then the man gripped Max's head with both hands and began fucking hard. He was in charge now, slamming his cock into the back of Max's throat, jerking Teagan's head up and down his dick, using Max as his fuck toy. Max was just a wet hole to him. Max concentrated on not choking every time the dick plunged into his mouth and against the back of his throat. It was all he could do to hold on and continue sucking as the man grew fiercer, faster. Saliva dripped from Max's lips as he swallowed the cock again and again. Somehow, he was now dripping wet, his own finger pressing faster into Teagan's velvety folds, fucking himself even as he sucked the man off.

"Fuck yeah, you little cunt. Take my dick. Suck it." The man grunted between gritted teeth.

Max was so wet from this treatment. Teagan's body was enjoying being toyed with, being submissive. And then the man groaned and came, plunging Max's head all the way down his cock and jetting cum down Max's throat. Max spluttered and choked around the dick but his head was forced down. He swallowed as much as he could, taking greedy gulps around the shaft in his mouth, but hot cum dripped out from between his lips. The man came for what seemed like an eternity, each throb sending more delicious hot jizz into Max's mouth and down his throat. Max drank

greedily, his pussy on fire with desire now as he swallowed each drop.

Finally the man released him and stood back. "Thanks. I'll see you around."

"Oh, no." Max stood and wiped his lips. "You don't get to go yet. It's my turn."

The man's eyes grew wide. Without warning, he yanked down Max's shorts, then picked Max up. Max wrapped his limber legs around the man's waist, felt the cock pressing urgently against his sopping cunt. He wrapped his arms around the man's back, holding him close, Teagan's tits resting on the man's solid pecs.

The man turned and sat him on the desk easily. He was amazingly strong and Max felt an undercurrent of fear that made Teagan's body even more delightfully wet. Max lay back and the man grabbed Teagan's legs and spread them apart. They both stared down in awe, both excited to see Max's pussy, the pink folds spread wide and glistening. Now it was the man's turn to kneel and put his head between Max's knees. His tongue landed on Teagan's cunt and began licking greedily, running up and down Max's warm slit, sending him crazy with anticipation before finally dipping inside. Max shivered as the man tasted him, found his clit, licked long, broad strokes as Max dripped down onto the desk and oaned.

Max brought his hands up to his chest, yanked up his top and began fondling his cousin's breasts. They were firm in his hands, wonderfully bouncy and eminently squeezable. Staring down between his tits to see the man licking his pussy was an amazing sight and gave Max a small orgasm. He gasped as pleasure flitted through his body, disappearing quickly and leaving him hornier than before.

The man between his legs was enjoying himself, face deep in Teagan's pussy, chin shiny with her desire. The man's tongue grew fast and furious against Teagan's clit, making her body reverberate and shake with a building lust. And then Max felt two fingers slide into his cunt, penetrating his horny new body. God, the man's fingers felt so good, thick and strong, as they slid inside Max's petite body, slipped through Max's tight hole, then crooked around and angled up towards his center. When the fingers landed on the dimpled nub of Max's center he howled in pleasure, hips bucking up, thrusting against the fingers penetrating so deeply. The man continued licking as he fingered Max, driving Teagan's body higher and higher until the pleasure was too much to contain and Max exploded, crying out in Teagan's lust soaked voice, begging the man to fuck him harder. He thrust his hips up towards the man's fingers, again and again, driving them deeper into Teagan's body. Max's own fingers dug into his tits, torturing his cousin's body, as the orgasm roiled him. He squeezed his tits, driven wild with lust while the man pressed his tongue hard and flat against Teagan's clit. Max's head dropped back and he cried out, as a final pulse-pounding orgasm hit him.

Finally, Teagan's body seemed sated and warm, and Max lay back on the table, breathing hard. He closed his eyes to enjoy the warmth flitting through his body, felt the wet pool of his juices beneath his tight ass. God, that was amazing.

And suddenly he was no longer in the office.

Max found himself in the master bedroom of the beach house. A king sized bed took up most of the middle of the room. Through a door he could see the tiled floor of a bathroom and he quickly made his way towards it, eager to see who he'd become now and already planning what pleasures he would enjoy in this new body. He could already tell he was a woman once again, with long legs and heavy breasts that swung pendulously with each step beneath his black terrycloth robe.

With mounting excitement he entered the bathroom and threw open his robe so he could see his new body in all its glory. Max was completely unprepared to find the reflection of his mom staring sternly back at him. He was now a compact woman, with short gray hair that fell across the back of his neck. Max and his mom normally shared the same shape of nose and similar ice blue eyes, but now they shared everything. Max froze for a second, his robe held wide open, long enough for the image of his naked mom to burn itself into his brain. Her elderly, wrinkled face stared back at him, reflecting his own surprise. Large, flat breasts flopped down over a slightly doughy mid-section, the gray hair of his bush just visible between his thick thighs. Here and there were light dimples of cellulite, and the jagged lightning of stretch marks. He had an ample butt, and his curves were soft.

Max wrapped the robe around him, covering his mom's naked body. His face grew flush and his heart was beating wildly in his chest as he stared at his mom in the mirror. On the one hand, it was his mom, and the very thought of being inside his mother's body, of having the vagina that he came out of between his legs, was disgusting. But on the other hand, she did have quite a cute face, and he could feel her soft tits beneath the robe as he gripped it closed. And on the *other* other hand there was something about the gentle swell of her ass sticking out behind him that was quite appealing in a feminine kind of way. But back to the first hand: ew.

He turned and fled into the bedroom, stumbling into Gene, Max's stepfather. Gene caught Max in his arms and held him, a lascivious smile on his stepdad's handsomely lined face.

"Everyone else has gone to bed. And I thought...since you were undressed anyway..."

Gene stuck a finger in between the folds of the robe and tried to gently tug it open, but Max held it tight and turned away.

"Uh, I should probably get an early night tonight."

Gene wrapped his arms around Max's body, hands coming up to gently grip Max's heavy breasts, holding him still. Gene pressed himself gently but insistently against Max's back, and Max felt the hardness of Gene's cock against the curve of his ass.

Max was panicking now. No way was he going to fuck his stepfather while in his mom's body. If there were two people he least wanted to see naked in the world, Max himself was now one of them. And the other was fondling his tits. Max moved to push away but Gene gripped him harder.

Gene kissed Max's neck lightly. And again. Each time sending a tiny shiver of warmth through Max's body. God help him, Max was getting turned on by his own stepfather, and he found himself bending his neck away and releasing his robe to brush his hair up out of the way so that Gene could kiss him some more.

"Mmm," Max murmured, closing his eyes as Gene's kisses traveled down his neck and across his shoulders. The warmth that had grown so familiar from his last two bodies was gathering between his legs. His mom's body was surprisingly sensual and responsive, and Gene knew exactly how to turn her on. Max's urge to run was overcome by the urge to feel more of what Gene was doing. Max let Gene gently pull open his robe and hefted his mom's tits in each hand. Gene's fingers caressed the warm skin, thumb and forefinger surrounding Max's pink nipples and squeezing lightly.

Max sighed and let the robe slip down his shoulders, off his arms, crumple to a heap on the floor. He turned around and wrapped his arms around Gene's neck and kissed him. Max's stepdad smelled so wonderfully spicy, tasted so delicious. And soon they were making out slowly, like lovers, tongues entwined, exploring, entering and gently tracing the contours of each other's mouths. Gene's hands continued to fondle Max's pancake breasts, gently kneading his soft flesh, tweaking the tiny nipples. The warmth reverberated through Max's mom's body as his new nipples stood to attention. His entire body hummed with a hidden energy.

They enjoyed each other, hands circling each other's bodies while Max slowly helped Gene out of his clothes, until his stepdad was standing naked in front of him, his cock large and erect between them. Max grabbed Gene's dick and stroked it gently, felt the urgency throughout Gene's body. Gene pressed him closer, his kisses growing more insistent, until he broke away and led Max over to the bed. This was so much different than with Teagan. It was slower, more sensual, a deep, familiar lust that made Max's entire body flush with warmth.

Max let Gene lay him back on the bed and stared down at his mom's body, stretched out naked before him. Her tits flopped down his side and he grabbed them in both hands and pushed them together, squeezing them lightly with his slender fingers, just enjoying his mom's body. She was soft and slightly saggy in places, but she felt so wonderful. His mom's slit was just visible beneath her wild gray bush, but he didn't have to see it to know how wet she was. He'd heard that old ladies didn't get wet anymore, but he was proving those rumors wrong in a major way. Fuck, if anything he was even more wet than when he was Teagan.

Gene leaned over him and sucked on his breasts, his cock pressing hard up against Max's mound. Max reached between their bodies and grabbed his stepdad's cock. He knew this was wrong, but it felt so wonderful he didn't care. He guided Gene's cock against the slick lips of his pussy. Gene pushed, pushed, and then slipped inside. Max gasped as he felt the head of his stepfather's cock plunge into him, filling him slowly. Gene sighed into Max's ear as he entered him, whispering to Max about how wonderful he felt, about how he wanted nothing more than to be inside Max's body. It was incredibly intimate, incredibly erotic, and Max grew ever wetter, his mom's voice escaping from his lips in sighs and soft moans as Gene worshipped his body.

His stepfather plunged in and out, holding himself up off the bed so he could stare down at his wife in utter lust. Seeing Gene above him, knowing the desire was for his body, made Max smile. He slipped a hand against his stepfather's cheek and guided their lips back together, just wanting to taste this wonderful man. Max's body was so hot, so wet, and Gene's cock was perfect, sliding in and out, filling him, fitting him just right. Their breath grew faster as Max approached the precipice. He wrapped his mom's gorgeous legs around Gene and pulled him closer, urging him deeper inside his sopping wet body. "Oh, fuck me harder, harder," he moaned, and Gene obeyed.

Max was crying out now, his voice rising as Gene pounded Max's horny, elderly body. They stared into each other's twinkling eyes, kissing now and then, passionately, sharing their twin desire. Max's voice was a series of high pitched moans and now he begged Gene to cum inside him, hardly believing it was his voice crying out for his stepdad's cock.

And then Max came, a white hot pleasure shooting through his body as Gene grunted and pushed deep, deep, into Max's soft body, lodging his cock inside Max's center where it throbbed wonderfully. Gene's cock spurting into Max's pussy, each throb sending another shudder through

Max's body as he orgasmed, clenching the walls of his mom's pussy around the perfect dick in his body. Fuck, there was no one on earth he wanted more at that moment than Gene. Sweet, perfect Gene with his sweet, perfect dick.

They came down slowly, Gene resting on Max's plump body, their heartbeats racing as one. Gene twitched once inside Max, and Max could feel the cum oozing out of his mom's pussy. Max wanted to go again. He didn't care that he was his mom. He didn't care that Gene was the man who practically raised him. All he cared about was filling his aching cunt with more of Gene's seed.

And suddenly he was no longer in the bedroom.

Max was back on the beach. He was still holding the strange, pink stone in his hand. He paused and looked down at it. It seemed slightly translucent now and as he tilted it in the dying rays of the sun he thought he could catch glimpses of his aunt's body, or his cousin's tattoo, or his mom's face deep in the stone. Though maybe it was just a trick of the light and the pattern of cracks inside. Just in case, he held it tight and wished that his family reunion, already more fun now that he'd experienced being some of the female members, was even better.

And suddenly he was no longer on the beach.

#

M2F BODY THEFT

MOTHER
OF THE
Bride

MILWAUKEE

Mother of the Bride

Karen kept grouching about the upcoming wedding as Alan set up both their suitcases on the bed and began packing their clothes for the trip.

"The nerve of that woman," Karen grumbled, "Like I don't know what my own daughter would really want on her wedding day." Karen folded her arms beneath her ample chest.

"It's not that important," Alan tried to console her as he folded up Karen's panties. The smooth silk was cool against his skin as he slipped them beneath the skirts and tops he'd already packed. "The important thing is that this is Meghan's big day."

Karen had never gotten along with Meghan's friend, Kim. Karen often complained privately to Alan about Kim's lack of manners and the way she made excuses for the awful things she said by claiming she was "just telling it like it is". Alan had to admit that Karen sort of had a point. Kim used honesty as an excuse to say whatever came to her mind, as if "realness" excuse rudeness. Karen often tut-tutted along to her daughter's stories of Kim's usually tragic dating life, while later retelling the story to Alan with a barely suppressed smile at Kim's misfortune. So, of course, when Meghan named Kim as the maid of honor Karen felt personally snubbed. Kim had "neglected" to tell Karen about the bachelorette night, and neither Kim nor Meghan had shared very much about the wedding ceremony itself.

"It's like they don't even care about my feelings." Karen raged, tucking her long locks of wavy brunette hair behind an ear.

Alan placed the wedding day dress he'd picked out for her into her suitcase as he nodded along. Since she wasn't paying attention, he filled her suitcase with outfits that he enjoyed seeing her in but that she rarely wore, like the shorts that rode high on her shapely thighs, and the low cut top that showed off the swell of her breasts. Despite Alan telling her over and over how pretty he thought she was, she refused to believe it and insisted on covering herself up in shapeless, baggy outfits.

Karen had reacted to the announcement that Kim was the maid of honor in a typically Karen fashion: snubbing Meghan and Kim back by refusing to do any preparation for the big day. It was Alan who'd gotten the schedule from Kim (all it took was a simple email). It was Alan who'd ordered the mother of the bride dress to match Meghan's wedding colors (and ordered the lacy undergarments to go with it as a little present for himself). And it was Alan who had arranged the hotel room and was now packing everything up for their trip. But Karen complaining about the unfairness of it all when she hadn't bothered to reach out to Meghan about anything was too much to take.

"Maybe they care *too* much about your feelings." Alan snapped, turning to face Karen. "Maybe they knew that whatever they did you'd be upset about it. I mean, we wouldn't even be ready to go if I hadn't done everything. You would have missed your own daughter's wedding."

Karen put her hands on her hips, fixing her brown eyes on his with a steely gaze. "I'm excited about this wedding," she insisted.

"Well, you've got a funny way of showing it."

“Sorry, it just burns me up.”

“All right, well, I've got us all packed. I've even picked out your outfit for today so you don't have to worry about anything.”

Alan motioned to the red cashmere sweater and white jeans he'd laid out on the bed. It was a fantastic outfit for her. One that accentuated the curve of her lusciously ample thighs and conformed to the swell of her heavy breasts. His favorite part was watching her breasts bounce gently beneath the sweater as she walked. No, his favorite part was grabbing a handful of her plump ass beneath those tight jeans. Hell, it was all his favorite part. Even after twenty five years of marriage he was still enamored with his wife's body. If only she felt the same.

“I'm not wearing that,” Karen said dismissively. “It makes me look fat.”

She turned to her closet and began poking through it for a new outfit. Alan knew she'd gravitate to another long, baggy thing that would completely conceal her voluptuous shape. It was like she was ashamed of being a woman, ashamed to do anything that would acknowledge she was a curvy beauty.

“Karen, come on. I packed everything, the least you can do is wear my favorite outfit. For me. Please?” He hated begging like this but, Jesus, why was she picking *this* fight after all he'd done for her today?

“No way, hon,” Karen huffed, taking out her baggiest dress. “I'm not going out like that.”

“Yes, you are,” Alan said quietly. He clutched the scrap of paper in his pocket, the one he'd gotten from the fortune teller at the flea market. He'd long ago memorized the words and had been debating about whether to use it. There was no more debating. He said the magic words quickly, fifteen syllables was all it took. There was a flash of light, and suddenly Alan was standing on the other side of the room looking back at his own body.

Looking down, he saw Karen's hands clutching the ugly dress she'd just picked out. Further down, tremendous breasts hung from his new chest. Below was the small pouch of his stomach and the wide curve of his hips. He took a deep breath of air through her nose, smelling the world as she did, seeing the world through her eyes. Karen's body was his to do with as he pleased. He dropped the shapeless dress and stared in delight at his slender fingers, wiggling them and admiring the smooth skin, the hands and arms that now responded to his commands. It was so refreshing wearing his wife's skin, enjoying the body that she herself seemed to hate.

“Ahhhh,” Alan's former body uttered a strangled cry, hands outstretched as Karen looked down at the body of her husband that she now possessed. “What-- What--? What did you do? What happened? What--?”

“Quiet,” Alan ordered, thrilling at the sound of Karen's voice emanating from his lips.

Karen's new mouth snapped shut and her eyes went wide. Her hands flew to her rough cheeks, trying to pry open her mouth, but it wouldn't budge.

“All you do is bitch and complain,” Alan spat, his hands on his curvy hips. “What do you have to complain about? You get to sit at home for the last twenty years while I do all the work. You sit on your ass and just watch TV. Now it's my turn, and I'm going to do a hell of a lot more with your ass than just sit on it.”

Alan reached around and squeezed his thicker butt, enjoying the padded softness of Karen's body, enjoying the fact that he could now squeeze her cute ass whenever he wanted. He turned to the full length mirror on the closet door and admired his new body, fluffing up his hair with his fingers and turning his head to get a good look at his profile. Goddamn, his heavy tits were amazing, hanging

from his chest, jiggling with each small motion and reminding him of the femininity of his divine body. He bent close enough to the mirror see every pore of Karen's face as he ran his fingers across the contours of his new cheeks and nose, exploring, getting use to the shape of his new face. It was still the face of the cute, vivacious woman he'd married. Now packing a few more pounds and with more years behind her, but still adorable in every way. He smiled at himself, watching Karen's eyes light up in a way he hadn't seen in ages. God, she was a delight to be inside. He hadn't realized exactly how much he'd missed her body, exactly how long it had been since he'd seen her naked, until suddenly he was wearing her skin. And now he was acutely aware of every curve, every inch of her sexy form. Behind him, Karen was still frozen in horror.

"So this is what being a woman feels like," he said, grabbing his tits and jiggling them, "I'll take it." Man, that was fun. He watched his tits bounce together, watched them jiggle delightfully as he pushed and pulled them with Karen's fingers, turned on by his own body.

Karen looked like she was trying to say something, but her mouth wouldn't open.

"You've let yourself go, Karen," Alan continued, angling around to look at his ass in the mirror, "I do like a nice fat ass, but come on!" he said, giving his ass a light slap. "Nothing I can't fix – *after* I become a proud mother of the bride." Alan turned back to her, hands on his tremendous hips. "Ok, you can talk."

"You can't do this," Karen gasped.

"I just did. You've been wasting your life, Karen, so I took it. I'm going to make it better. I've lived with you for twenty five years. I know everything: how you talk, how you move, how you think, how you dress. It's perfect."

"Alan--" Karen began advancing on her former body, but Alan held up a hand.

"Stop."

Karen froze.

"Oh, yeah, this little spell also gives me total control over you. You never seemed to appreciate being you. How good you had it. Well, I sure as hell will. And I'll make sure you're the perfect husband. And if you're lucky, I'll let you *really* please yourself." He smiled. "First rule," he said, holding up one beautifully manicured finger, "You can't tell anyone about this. You have to pretend to be me whenever other people are around."

"Please, change us back."

"Get on your knees and beg me," Alan ordered.

Karen dropped to her knees and looked up at him. Alan stared down at his former face, feeling nothing but contempt for Karen.

"Please," she begged.

"Hmmm," he pretended to think. Then: "No. You'll get used to being a man. And me, well, I'm going to enjoy being you. Watch me dress."

Karen had no choice but to stare at Alan from her position on the floor as he shrugged off Karen's baggy blouse and pants and dropped them to the floor. He stood in front of her, clad only in a bra and panties, and paused to run his hands over his new body.

"God, you feel so great." Karen had a little bit of padding—he always considered her pleasantly plump—and now her squeezed his adorable little tummy, then ran his hands up to his large tits, squeezed tight beneath her bra. "It's been sooo long since I've touched these. How long since we

had sex? That's definitely going to change.”

There was a sour look on Alan's former face.

“What's the matter? Oh, you want to enjoy this body, too? Come over here and kiss your pussy.”

Against her will, Karen walked on her knees towards her former body and pressed her lips against Alan's panties. She kissed her own pussy, inhaling the deep, musky scent of herself. Alan sighed as her hot breath found his opening, slipped up against his slit. “Mmm, that's nice,” he whispered, feeling his new body grow warm and moist at her hot breath.

“Ok, there will be time for that later. I've got to change. Stand up and watch.”

Alan took great delight in squeezing into the white jeans and the red cashmere sweater he'd laid out. The fabric was so soft against his skin and set off his mountainous breasts perfectly. The jeans hugged his hips, tight and sexy. *This* was the Karen he missed. He turned back to the mirror and smoothed his auburn waves behind his ears.

“Oh, yeah,” Alan said nonchalantly, “Since you're now me, you have to drive. Grab those bags and get in the car.”

Karen dutifully obeyed. She had no choice. Her new male body lifted the two suitcases and she grunted with the effort as she lugged them outside to the trunk of the car. Alan sat in the passenger seat, flipping through her phone as she started to drive to the hotel. He perused her old messages and emails, learning about the few things she kept private, and changing the passwords on each app as he went. He didn't want to take the chance that Karen would be able to send any messages.

When he'd finished changing everything on her phone, he put it away in the compartment between the seats as Karen usually did. He looked over at his old body, his former mouth a compressed thin line.

“Oh, what's the matter, honey?” Alan said leaning over and placing a hand on Karen's thigh. “Don't like being the man of the house?” He brushed his fingers against Karen's growing bulge and she wiggled away from him.

“Don't touch me,” she hissed.

“But you like this body,” Alan said, watching the change come over her. “You want to suck on these big titties so much.” He leaned against her shoulder, letting Karen's breasts rest against his former body's shoulder, bobbing and jiggling against him with each bump on the road.

Karen kept glancing over at him, only the look of disgust on her face had been replaced with one of desire. She was practically salivating, glancing back and forth from her own tits to the road. Alan kissed her neck, heard Karen's sharp intake of breath as her new body was forced to enjoy this even as her mind rebelled. He unbuttoned her pants as she drove, carefully freeing Karen's new member, pulling down her pants until her cock was free, standing to attention and straining towards Alan's dainty feminine hands. Alan wrapped his new fingers around his former cock, caressing lightly as he slid up and down. There was something wonderful about the hard heat in his hand, something familiar even. He knew how his cock worked, how it liked to be stroked. He giggled into Karen's ear as her cock jumped in his hand, pulsing occasionally as he worked his fingers up and down the hot shaft.

“Mmmm,” Alan moaned into Karen's ear, “You haven't done this in a while. That feels wonderful.”

It was a command, and Alan could see his former body tensing up, felt the heat gathering in his hand. He slid his fingers faster, up and down his former shaft, enjoying the desire and strength building beneath his fingers. He leaned his head down into Karen's lap and wrapped her lips around his cock, sucking long and slow, dipping her head down and taking his dick in between her lips,

lightly at first, but growing deeper, swallowing more of the delicious dick. Alan's new body was so wet and he was intensely curious at how it would feel to play with Karen from the inside. Karen's cock throbbed once inside his mouth, bringing with it the tangy taste of precum. He swallowed it down and sighed in delight.

Alan sat up, the taste of his dick still on his lips, making him ever hornier. He unzipped his own pants and shoved his fingers down Karen's panties, slipping into his moistening pussy. He continued stroking Karen's cock as he played with his new pussy, fingers sinking into his heat, sliding and pressing against his clit. He felt so deliciously warm from the inside, slick and wet, pleasure pulsing through him in gentle waves. He stroked himself, fingers sliding into his wet hole faster as he ran his hands up and down Karen's cock, masturbating them both,

"Oh my god, when was the last time you gave a blow job?" Alan asked. He slipped his fingers up and down the slick cock faster as the fingers inside his own cunt kept pace, twisting and turning through his wet heat. Karen's cock throbbed once between his fingers and he ordered, "Don't cum yet."

Karen gritted her teeth and gripped the steering wheel, straining to stop the pleasure from flooding through her. A glistening drop of precum appeared at the head of her dick and she moaned, eyes focused on the road.

"What's your name?" Alan asked, gripping her magnificent cock tightly.

"...Alan," she gasped, biting her lip. Now she was thrusting her hips up slowly to meet Alan's fingers as he sunk down on the cock. Up and down, up and down they went, Alan holding Karen perpetually on the brink of orgasm, his own fingers sinking deep into his new wet heat, circling deep and fast. He bit his lip and moaned, holding back the flood of pleasure for one last humiliation.

"Good. What's my name?"

"K-Karen..." Karen moaned, her tongue flicking out briefly to wet her lips.

Her cock was rock hard in Alan's hand, precum dripping down in a trickle, running over Alan's tiny fingers. Watching it gave Alan a small orgasm, shallow and quick, enough to cause him to draw breath and leave him gasping for more.

"Again," Alan licked his lips, just as desperately horny as Karen. "Who are you?"

She clamped her lips shut, fighting him, Alan gripped her shaft hard, pulling down, stretching the skin of her cock in a delightfully painful way. A moan escaped her lips and she gave in. "I'm Alan. Please, I'm so fucking horny."

"You may cum," Alan smiled.

Karen groaned and her cock erupted. Alan curled his own fingers inside himself and came with her, thrusting his hips up to meet his fingers, plunging into Karen's wet pussy while continuing to stroke her hard shaft. Jets of milky seed spurted onto Karen's pants, dribbling down her cock, running across Alan's hand, the heat enough to send a gasp down Alan's new body as he quivered and came..

"Oh, goddamn," she cried as she came, continuing to spurt until a puddle had formed in her pubic hair and Alan's feminine hand was covered in him.

"That was nice, wasn't it?" Alan said, withdrawing his hand from his pants. He held up the other hand, sticky with cum, to his former lips. "Lick it off."

Karen was utterly disgusted but she had to obey. She never liked swallowing in the best of circumstances but her mouth opened and she sucked on her former hand, tongue swirling around the creases and folds until she'd drunk every last drop of her own creamy seed. Alan sat back,

triumphant.

And still so horny for himself.

* * *

Several hours later they arrived at the hotel. Check-in was uneventful, but by the time they'd put their bags in their room Alan was growing nervous. They had to be downstairs for the rehearsal dinner soon. It would be the first test of anyone who knew Karen seeing Alan inside her body. He unpacked his suitcase and pulled out Karen's massive collection of toiletries. Bringing them into the bathroom, he flipped on the light.

Karen's beautiful, angular face greeted him in the mirror. He took his time refreshing his makeup, aware that the magic was also busy transferring her memories of how she did everything: blush, eyeliner, lipstick. It was wonderful watching Karen's body move under his command, being able to make her face smile, or pout her lips, or juggle her massive breasts back and forth beneath his sweater as he made himself up into a beautiful woman. There wasn't time to play with her tits now; he'd have to wait for that.

He took out her toothbrush and brushed her teeth. It was strange using someone else's toothbrush, having the contours of someone else's mouth, inhaling the scent of mint that seemed sharper through Karen's nose. When he finished he pulled his pants down and took a peek in the mirror at his new equipment, at the pussy—*his* pussy—that had brought him so much pleasure in the car. Karen kept her pubic hair neatly trimmed, and Alan traced his delicate slit with a finger, excited at the prospect of watching Karen actually enjoying sex. Of *being* Karen as she enjoyed sex. When Alan came out of the bathroom, Karen was sitting with her legs outstretched on the bed, her arms crossed, a sour look on her face.

“Admire me and tell me I look good,” Alan commanded.

Karen was forced to drag her eyes up and down her former body, forced to smile as she watched her body move under someone else's control. “You look good,” she said, because she had to.

There was already a small crowd in the restaurant when Alan and Karen arrived. Rachel, one of Karen's two daughters, spotted them as they came in and hurried over to greet them.

Rachael was a younger version of Karen, with the same dark, wavy mass of auburn hair, similar slender jawline, slightly rounded chin and high cheekbones. She was wearing a simple burgundy dress with spaghetti straps. The plunging neckline showed off her impressive bosom. Just like her mom. She hugged Alan and he clasped her to him, soaking in her nearness, enjoying her just as much as the real Karen did. When he was done he stepped back, hands still grasping her shoulders and smiled.

“You look lovely, honey,” Alan gushed.

“Thanks, mom. You, too. I like the sweater.”

“See?” Alan turned to Karen, “I told you.”

“Hey, dad,” Rachael said, giving Karen a quick hug and letting him give her a peck on the cheek. Alan knew it was killing Karen to pretend to be him. He had her impulses and understood that she wanted to just smother her children and grandchildren with love and affection, but she was forced to stay back and semi-alooof, like Alan would have done.

“Hi, mom,” another voice sang out. Alan turned and saw Meghan walking towards him, looking radiant in a chocolate colored dress that set off her olive complexion and sparkling brown eyes.

“Congratulations. I'm so happy for you,” Alan whispered in her ear as they hugged.

Meghan stepped back and then another woman stepped forward. She was an Asian woman, slightly shorter, with long black hair and intense dark eyes.

“Mom, you remember Kim,” Meghan said, gesturing to the shorter woman.

“The maid of honor. Of course,” Alan smiled delightedly, taming down the annoyance rising in Karen's body. Karen was the one annoyed at her, not Alan. Just to show there were no hard feelings, Alan gave Kim a long hug, pointedly staring at Karen.

For the rehearsal dinner, they were seated near the head of the table, next to the parents of the groom. Alan laughed and joked merrily with the mother, while Karen also talked amicably with the father. It was easy enough to fool these two. They'd only met once and all Alan had to do was gush about the wedding. He thought it might be harder to fool Meghan, seeing as how close she and Karen had been, but he was surprised at how easy it actually was. He already knew so much about her and, besides, no one on earth would think that Karen was anyone other than Karen.

Alan loosened up as the evening wore on, the drinks flowed, and the various toasts were given. One slight drawback of Karen's body was that he had to excuse himself to go the bathroom more often. But, other than that, the night was perfect. He even got to steal Karen's speech that she'd been rehearsing. Alan had been rehearsing it behind her back and knew it line for line. It gave him a thrill to glance back at his old body as he talked, watching Karen losing even this small preparation she'd made for her daughter's wedding.

By the time the dinner ended and they returned to their rooms, Alan was great friends with the mother of the bride, both of them having laughed and joked and thoroughly enjoyed each other's company. It was Alan's first bonding experience as a woman. He got to share his feelings—his *real* feelings—about seeing his daughter grow up. It was a much more intimate experience than he'd ever had as a man, and it was just a simple dinner conversation. But there was so much more empathy and understanding, and less competition and one-upsmanship. Just more confirmation that taking Karen's body was the right thing to do.

Alan searched through Karen's suitcase and took out her nightgown. As Karen watched from the hallway, toothbrush in hand, Alan took off his clothes and folded them up neatly, exactly as the real Karen would have done. The motions were unpracticed and smooth, following the muscle memory.

“Look at that,” he marveled to Karen, “I even fold your clothes like you do.”

Alan breathed a sigh of relief as he took off his bra, relieving the pressure on his chest. He dropped the bra onto the floor and took his time massaging his breasts, carefully holding up one, then the other, for inspection as his fingers circled around his warm skin. They were huge and wonderfully floppy, hanging down over his chubby stomach. He gathered them up and jiggled them, watching the waves roll across his flesh.

He brushed past Alan and went into the bathroom. Turing the shower on, he stepped into the warm spray, letting the water sluice down between his enormous breasts and heavy buttocks. He soaped himself up, enjoying the feel of Karen's body as he slid his hands over her smooth skin. He hadn't touched her like this in so long, and it was amazing feeling her from both inside and out. He was delighted as he ran his soapy hands over his breasts, felt them grow slippery. He cleaned them thoroughly, hefting them slightly and then dropping them to watch them bounce.

He retrieved Karen's razor from her bag and set to work shaving his arms. He held each one aloft and worked the razor down his skin carefully, making sure to get all of his armpit hair. Next, he did his legs. He propped each leg up one at a time on the edge of the tub, leaning down so that one tit rested on his leg and the other dangled down below him, jiggling with each motion of his arm. He gently ran the razor across her skin, starting from her calf and working his way up until he was

perfectly smooth. He held his tummy up out of the way and worked the razor over his pubic hair, carefully crafting it to a perfect triangle that pointed directly to his pussy. She had such a wonderful body. No, *he* had such a wonderful body. The thought made him smile. The idea that he could look down between his legs whenever he wanted and see Karen's beautiful pussy lips, could spread them and stare into her folds, could slip his fingers inside and make her body cum, was intoxicating.

When he was completely smooth, he set the razor down and turned his attention back to her body. Focusing so closely on her skin had made him ache to touch her. He slid his hands over his pouch of a tummy, enjoying Karen's softness, before slipping around to her butt. His fingers dug into her flesh, jiggling and gripping, owning the skin he was in. She felt delightful, perfectly heavy and soft. Alan had missed this so much, and he felt Karen's body getting warm as he caressed himself, felt an ember of lust begin burning between his thighs. He continued petting his breasts, staring down from Karen's perspective, watching as he made her hands manipulate her own body, grope and squeeze her beautiful flesh, pinch and prod her nipples until they stood to attention.

He lifted a breast with one hand and brought it to his lips to suck on. Karen tasted delicious, the faint trace of her orange bodywash just lingering on his lips. His tongue slipped around her nipple, tasting, sliding, as his teeth nipped gently. A gentle tension began flowing through him, hurried on by the suckling of his nipple. God, her nipples were so sensitive, sending waves of pleasure right down to his pussy.

He dropped one of his tits, watched it jiggle gracefully as he let a hand wander down between his legs, circle over Karen's light thatch of pubic hair and sink gently into her slit. He sighed as he felt himself penetrating her, felt his finger slip inside her body. Aside from the quick orgasm in the car, it was the first time he'd been inside her pussy in a long time and it felt amazing. Warm and wet. The feeling of penetration was perfect. He spread his legs, letting two fingers sink in against his budding clit, circling, pressing, urging the tension tighter and tighter, winding himself up like a spring with desire. He was soaking wet, could feel his pussy dripping even beneath the shower, somehow even wetter than water, warm and enticing. His body wanted more, he wanted to fill his pussy. He slipped two fingers inside, leaning forward to press deep into his velvety folds, sinking up to his second knuckle as he masturbated Karen's body. His fingers thrust in, pushing deep and he stared down between his legs as he did so, watching his fingers disappear inside his opening, reappearing briefly, then sinking in harder, deeper.

Her moans spilled from his lips and he dropped his other tit to cry out with a sudden shock of pleasure. He leaned on the wall, his tits dangling below him as he writhed and moaned, fingers circling upward until they hit his center and he cried out, his voice a high pitched squeal of lust, a desperate, longing cry as pleasure lit through him. His fingers pushed in and out, faster now as he fucked himself. His whole body jiggled as he plunged his fingers inside his pussy and then the tension snapped and he shuddered with another orgasm. His entire body lit up, pulsing with delight, fingers working excitedly inside himself as Karen's pleasure blasted through him. He cried out again, heard Karen's voice echoing around the bathroom as he made her fuck herself, one hand gripping his fat tit, the other as deep inside his aching cunt as he could go until his pleasure burned itself out and he returned to her body.

He came down slowly, still leaning against the wall, the fingers inside himself slowing until he pulled them out and rinsed them in the water. Fuck, that was amazing. He never knew Karen could feel so much pleasure and he wondered, only half-jokingly, why she didn't just spend all day fucking herself.

Alan stepped out of the shower and towed himself off, taking the time to watch his new body in the mirror as he made faces at himself and jiggled his breasts, just enjoying the complete control he had over Karen's body. He peed once again and as he sat on the toilet it occurred to him that he would spend the rest of his life sitting down to pee if he stayed in Karen's body. It wasn't an unpleasant thought. A small price to pay for being able to fondle himself whenever he wanted

instead of waiting until Karen was in the mood, which was approximately never.

He brushed his teeth and returned to the bedroom. It made Alan happy to see that Karen was on the side of the bed usually reserved for him. It meant she was getting into the routine already. He pulled Karen's iPad and glasses out of her suitcase and lay down in bed to read, just as she would. Karen placed one of Alan's thick, calloused hands on her wide butt and squeezed gently, just as he would have. Their mannerisms were completely switched by now, their minds adjusting to their new perspectives. Alan read for awhile before going to sleep, happily content in his wife's buxom body.

When Alan woke up in the morning there was light peeking through the cracks around the blinds, and Karen was already awake next to him, Alan's laptop propped in her lap. Alan rubbed his eyes sleepily and looked at the clock, noticing that it was later than usual. He rolled out of bed and strolled to the bathroom, where he brushed Karen's hair and slid on her flowery deodorant. Then he got dressed in a tank top and shorts, her thick thighs nearly completely bare, heavy tits squeezed into a small top.

"Come on, honey," he said to Karen, "Let's get some coffee."

Karen eyed her former body's outfit. Alan knew that she would never have worn something this revealing, something that clung so tightly to her thighs and revealed the deep chasm of her cleavage. Hell, he knew it was a bit on the trumpy side, but he wanted to watch her humiliation as he walked around like this in her body. Wordlessly, Karen threw on some clothes and followed Alan down to the hotel lobby for breakfast.

The room was set up for a typical hotel continental breakfast: a small table in the middle held a toaster and an assortment of breads and spreads. Next to that was a silver tray holding bacon and eggs. A second small table held a coffee machine and some juices. Alan grabbed a cup of coffee first. His new body was eager for it. In his old form, he hated the taste of coffee, but Karen's tongue found it delightful.

"Mmmm," he murmured, savoring the delicious taste as he sipped. How had he ever hated this? Karen took a large sip of hers and made a face, before placing her cup down on the saucer.

"You don't like coffee, remember *Alan*?" Alan smirked, taking another sip and running his tongue along his lips.

He let Karen's body lead him on the breakfast as well, eschewing his usual bacon and eggs for Karen's simple, buttered toast. He took a bite and let it sit on his tongue for a minute, trying to pick out the subtle differences between his old taste buds and his new ones. Karen seemed to have a stronger sense of smell, and she tasted a much deeper range. In between bites he continued to sip his coffee; he just couldn't get enough!

They chatted as they ate. Well, Alan did most of the talking, Karen answered him in nods and monosyllables.

"Such a nice hotel," Alan gushed, "I love the art deco columns."

Karen grunted a response and looked away. Alan placed his hand on Karen's. "Look at me." To anyone listening, it sounded like a request, but Alan's body took it for the command it was. Karen's eyes were pulled back to look at her old body. "I'm enjoying everything about this, aren't you? I'm about to go off and get pampered with the girls. You enjoy being on your own for a bit. Maybe play with your dick a little bit, but save some for me. When I come back I expect you to know how to use it."

Alan winked, then reached down beneath the table and squeezed his former leg, enjoying the look

of discomfort on Karen's masculine face.

"I'll see you, later." He stood and moved closer to Karen, leaning down so his breasts were in Karen's eye line and he whispered in her ear. "Think about how much you want to fuck me." He ordered. Karen gripped the tablecloth with Alan's calloused fingers as images of the two of them together filled her mind. Alan laughed as he headed out to the hotel spa, knowing that the next several hours would be agony for Karen, as she could think of nothing but fucking herself, and be unable to masturbate to completion.

The maid of honor, Kim, was already there, along with a few of the other bridesmaids by the time Karen arrived at the spa entrance. They all talked happily as they filed inside, taking seats next to each other. Alan found it so easy pretending to be Karen. Plus, it was fun talking to these girls while someone made him look gorgeous. Attendants gave him a foot rub that was to die for, before painting his nails. Alan chose a bright pink color. Karen would have never chosen such an ostentatiously girly color, but Alan was having fun being a woman and wanted to make his new body pretty in a typically feminine way.

Alan had never had a manicure or pedicure, and was blown away by how relaxing it was. The complimentary champagne helped, as did the conversation with the other bridesmaids. They were so chatty, sharing their opinions on everything from dating as a thirty year old, to the latest celebrity gossip. Alan made sure to smile politely at Kim and pay special attention to her to make up for all the bad blood the old Karen had created between them. He felt like just one of the girls.

The hand massage was orgasmic. The other girls laughed as he moaned theatrically, before matching pink polish was applied to his fingernails. His hair was washed and cut and styled, and he didn't have to do a thing. When they were done, they pointed his chair towards the mirror and Alan stared, watching Karen's little mouth drop open. He was beautiful. Karen's skin was glowing and her wavy hair was perfectly styled, wrapping around in a gentle arc to frame her narrow face.

Alan returned to the hotel room. Karen stared up at him as he entered and he posed for her. "You like?" He asked, his arms outstretched as he presented her own body to her. She nodded, staring at him in total lust, the bulge beneath her pants was evident, even from across the room.

"I look so much better than you ever could have," he bragged as he sat next to her and primped. "Does it hurt? Seeing your body like this? Here, let me make it up to you." Alan moved closer, his hand coming up and resting on Karen's hidden manhood. She could feel it beneath his pants, the focused energy, like a snake waiting to strike. "Have you been thinking about slipping your cock inside me?"

Karen nodded. Alan kissed her, his new lips meeting his old. He slipped his tongue inside, tasting his old body from his new, running his tongue across her teeth. He could smell his familiar spicy scent as his nose pressed into Karen's cheek. He withdrew and stared into her eyes, running her thumb across his scratchy cheek. "I'm gorgeous now," he whispered, "But I'll be even prettier with my dick in your mouth."

He unzipped Karen's pants as she shifted on the bed so he could pull her pants down enough to free her cock. It sprung up towards Alan's face, eager and insistent. He took it in his hand and brought his face closer, examining his dick from this different angle. There was a familiarity to it as he stroked it, remembering just how he liked it, remembering just how he liked seeing Karen worship his dick back before she stopped being interested in sex.

He slid Karen's hand slowly up and down the shaft, watching the head slide out from his fist, the skin stretched tight. He brought his lips closer, stuck out his tongue and licked his own cock from base to tip, running his tongue along each inch slowly, savoring the salty taste of Karen's dick. He grinned up at Karen as he continued stroking. She stared down at him, too horny to even try to break free. He knew that despite herself, she enjoyed this. The old Karen had hated sucking dick,

but the new Karen had no such hangups. Alan opened Karen's lips wide and swallowed the head of his cock. The divine taste filled him as it slid across his tongue. Alan slipped Karen's lips down, down his former shaft, holding her cock in his mouth, his tongue undulating against the underside of her dick. He came up, enjoying the sight of the glistening cock appearing from between his lips.

God, he was making himself so horny sucking his own dick. An aching dampness grew between his legs. He swallowed Karen's cock again, siding his lips down then up, soon reaching a slow rhythm, the cock gliding across his tongue, hitting the back of his throat, then retreating. He sank down, pausing now and then with his nose pressed into Karen's pubic hair, her cock filling his mouth, tickling the back of his throat. He felt her brush his hair aside so he could stare down at her, just as he, himself remembered doing. He'd always loved the sight of his wife with her mouth full of his dick, her cheeks puckered as she blew him. It was time to return the favor.

He moaned as his lips slid up and down. The salty taste of precum hit his tongue and he savored it, pulling his mouth off the dick to swallow, before gorging himself once more, careless and sloppy, letting his saliva drip down her shaft, lubing it for his slender fingers. Karen's breathing intensified. She began moaning, gripping Alan's hair, thrusting up to his lips.

Alan slid his lips up and down the cock faster as his whole body warmed along with Karen. Suddenly, Karen grunted and Alan felt the cock throb in his mouth. He clamped his lips around it and forced his head down as it erupted into his mouth, hot creamy seed hitting the back of his throat. He swallowed in messy, greedy gulps. Some cum trickling out of his mouth and down his chin, warm on his skin. His jizz tasted delicious, salty and hot as he swallowed it, keeping his lips around the shaft until it stopped pulsing and she'd swallowed it all.

She pulled her lips off the cock, the shaft shiny and wet, and looked up at Alan. "You're so lucky that *I'll* swallow."

He laughed, the taste of himself still in his mouth. He took his former face in his hand, lightly clasping Karen's cheek, her own cum rubbing onto her face. "You had your chance. This is *my* life now."

The wedding was beautiful. Alan enjoyed walking down the aisle with his daughter, feeling the eyes on him, seeing his old body—Karen stuck inside—relegated to the sidelines. He was stealing her moment. No, not stealing. This body was his now. This life. He was enjoying *his* moment.

He had tears in his eyes as Meghan stood at the front of the church with her new husband. In Karen's body, his feelings were much closer to the surface and he let them come. As the new couple recited their vows, Alan reflected on his daughter, memories rushing in that he knew he shouldn't have, private moments between mother and daughter. He was taking everything from Karen, even her memories of her family. He dabbed his eyes with a tissue as he "remembered" teaching her about periods, and commiserating about boys and social life. He gripped Karen's hand for comfort, surprised to find how much he liked the calloused feel of his own rough hands. He was Alan *and* Karen now, and he could be the best of both worlds.

Afterwards, the family stayed to take pictures with the photographer. Alan positioned himself front and center, smiling and making jokes with Meghan and the maid of honor. The old Karen usually tried to hide in the back of the crowd for pictures, but Alan was proud of his feminine body. There was no need to hide it. He had the confidence of his old life and the looks to ready him for a new life.

At the reception he danced with everyone, throwing his body around the dance floor with wild aplomb. The old Karen had been held back by fear of crowds, fear of standing out, of everyone looking at her. But Alan relished the attention. He *wanted* people to stare. Wanted them to see his

glamorous, glorious body. He danced with everyone and was the social hit of the party. Many times people commented on how pleased and surprised they were to see Karen so talkative and buoyant.

On the rare occasion he did slip up and “forget” something he blamed it on the happiness, or the drinks. Even at the end of the night, when the newlyweds left early because they had to catch an early morning flight and left the rest of the family to clean up, Alan didn't break character. He grumbled like Karen would have, but in a friendlier way. He understood his daughter's decisions even if he didn't agree with him, and he dutifully pitched in to clean up the social hall, trying to maintain the dignity of his gorgeous dress even as he moved back tables and chairs and cleared armfuls of trash. They returned to the hotel room late at night and Alan fell asleep almost immediately.

The next morning he woke up and showered, again taking the time to enjoy Karen's body. He'd been in it for over a day and had thoroughly explored her, yet every time he saw himself naked was a delight. He was sure Karen could hear him through the thin walls of the bathroom as he fondled his huge breasts and squeezed pleasure from every inch of his body, but he didn't care. When he was done he brushed out her hair and put on one of his favorite dresses. It clung to his wide hips and emphasized the swell of his breasts.

As Alan dressed, he made Karen pack everything up. When they were all done they went downstairs to check out. They met the rest of the family in the hotel lobby and said their goodbyes, hugging and kissing just like Karen would have.

Karen drove them back home as Alan sat back and gushed about the weekend. “That was amazing. Did you see how easy it was to fool them? Everyone thinks I'm you. What do you think about that?”

“Can I have my body back?” Karen pleaded, gripping the steering wheel and staring straight ahead. Alan loved the look of desperation on his old face.

“No. I'm enjoying being you. I think I'll keep your body a little bit longer. How does...forever sound? Maybe when these tits get old and saggy you can have them back.” He patted Alan's crotch and giggled.

Karen sagged in the driver's seat but didn't say a word.

When they arrived home, Alan made her carry the suitcases inside. He followed her up to their room and threw open Karen's closet.

“The first thing I'm going to do is fix up your wardrobe.” He grabbed a baggy blouse off the rack and tossed it behind him. “Ugg. Let's get something that shows off your tits and ass. You're going to be seeing a lot more of both from now on. Hell, *everyone* will.”

He went through her entire closet, tossing the clothes he disliked into a pile on the floor that he made Karen pick up and carry to the car. When she came back, Alan was wearing nothing but a bra and panties, leaning his plumb body seductively against the door jam.

“It's time to really enjoy being each other.” He said, twirling a lock of hair around his fingers.

“Forget it. I'm not going to have sex with my own body.” Karen said sullenly.

“Oh yeah?” Alan said, standing up and crossing the room to his old body. He looked up at his lined and stubbled face. “You want to fuck me so badly,” he ordered.

And then Karen was on him, her body responding to Alan's command, urgent and needy for her own voluptuous curves. Their lips came together and Alan tasted her hot breath in his mouth as their tongues came together, tasting, seeking, exploring each other. Karen's stubby fingers entwined through her former hair while the other hand slid down beneath Alan's wide ass and grabbed a handful of his flesh. Their hands moved across each other, Alan running his wife's fingers over his

former chest, enjoying the more muscular form beneath his dainty fingers. as she did the same to him, examining every inch of Alan's stolen body by touch. Karen's body was alight with excitement, and Alan pressed himself closer to Karen, felt her bulge pressing into his tubby tummy.

Karen threw him down onto the bed and jumped on top of him, a beast wild with desire. She was grinding her cock against his mound as she kissed him ferociously. Alan was aflame with desire, his pussy moist and growing wetter. Alan gripped his own body just as forcefully, fingers working through Karen's short clipped hair, pulling her close so they could kiss. Their tongues entwined as they sought each other out. They couldn't keep their hands off each other, Karen by order and Alan by choice. And, fuck, Alan had played with his wife's pussy when she was wet, but he'd never felt like this, had this yearning to be filled in a way that only Karen could provide. But first, a little humiliation was in order.

Alan pulled away from Karen's yearning lips long enough to gasp, "Lick my pussy."

Karen kissed her way down her former body, obeying his command. She flipped up his dress and yanked his panties down. Alan shifted to help her pull his panties off, and then she brought her face closer to her former pussy. She'd always hated the sight of her own pussy, and the disgust on her face as she plunged her face between her former legs made Alan giddy with excitement. She was forced to lick her own body, new tongue sliding slowly up her warm slit as Alan opened for her, his pussy lips spreading wide, becoming wetter and wetter. Karen pressed her tongue in harder, taking long low licks of her former cunt, forced to drink her juices down and thrust her face into her delicious musk.

Alan moaned as Karen's tongue found his clit, flicked it a few times and then pressed down firmly, tongue undulating, intense vibrations shooting through Alan's new form. He moaned, squeezing his eyes tight as the pleasure filled him. Karen thrust her tongue in deeper, the salty taste of herself filling her mouth. Despite her disgust she was rock hard, her body still desiring only to fuck the soft, gorgeous woman beneath her. Her own former juices dripped down her chin as she kept her face buried deep inside the pussy that used to be hers while Alan convulsed ecstatically around her tongue, his entire body vibrating as an orgasm shot through him.

"Oh, fuck," he moaned in Karen's voice, hands coming up to squeeze his fat tits, fingers digging into the heavy flesh, molding them and pushing them together, jiggling and pinching, taking pure joy in owning these perfect tits. He thrust his hips up towards Karen's mouth, wanting more, needing her inside him.

"Fuck me. Fuck me right now," he begged in Karen's voice, husky with lust.

Karen pulled away, her chin glistening with the juices of her pussy. She yanked off her pants and suddenly her cock was *right there*. It was straining towards Alan's body, rock hard, the bulbous head already moving towards his dripping cunt. Karen grabbed her cock and guided it against Alan's entrance. There was a pressure, building, building, and then she slipped in and *oh god* it was incredible feeling every inch of his former shaft penetrate his sopping wet pussy. Alan bit his lip as she entered him, carefully slipping inside. The walls of his new cunt clenched around her dick and still she kept coming. His pussy seemed impossibly tight, his body impossibly full as every sweet inch of her cock slipped inside, finally landing up against his center and resting her weight on him. Alan was more full than he'd ever been before, a delirious perfection and he groaned, delighting in the utter bliss of having the hard cock lodged deep into his little pussy.

Karen withdrew and slid in again, taking her time, enjoying her former body, staring down at herself as her cock slipped in and out of her pink folds, hating herself for enjoying this so much. It drove Alan wild with anticipation. He *needed* her cock inside him, wanted her to pound him senseless. But instead she went slow, inch by inch, filling and retreating until Alan was gasping, desperate, wet for release. His entire body hummed with a pent up energy, a tension waiting to snap.

He was dripping down his thigh, so wet for her. And then Karen drove in suddenly, deeply, lodging herself in Alan's center and he cried out, a small orgasm bursting through him.

He clasped Karen's heavy legs around his former scrawny buttocks and urged her in deeper, faster. She soon grew to a rhythm, her teeth gritted as she pumped him furiously, cock pounding inside. Their breathing grew fast, each of them moaning, riding their shared pleasure.

"Oh, yes, yes," Alan moaned, Karen's voice higher pitched, filled with more desperate longing than he'd ever heard her as he cried out for more, begged her to not stop, to keep fucking. And she did. She had no choice but to slam into him, her cock filling his aching pussy as he orgasmed around her, his entire body trembling with lust. He wrapped his arms around her and held her, wanting her masculine body so close. The scent of himself, the sound of Karen's cries from his own lips drove him over the edge and he came hard again, each orgasm higher, longer than the last, carrying him away in bright spasms of delight.

"Cum inside me," he cried, and she did so, grunting in relief as she slammed deep, her cock throbbing deep in Alan's quivering cunt. Spurt after spurt of her creamy seed filled him and he threw back his head in the pillow and howled with pure pleasure, a cry of lust that was new to Karen's body. Karen filled him with her cum, a glorious feeling of utter bliss, the hot seed making him cry out in desperate desire as he came with her, pussy clenching, milking her cock for every drop of her perfect warm seed.

When they were done, Karen lay on top of him, breathing into his ear. Their hearts beat together and the delightful heaviness of her on top of him sent warm shivers down Alan's body. He wanted her to stay inside him, enjoyed the feel of her heat inside his as he kissed her, the last embers of his desperation cooling. Finally, she pulled out of him, leaving Alan with an aching emptiness he longed to fill once more.

But there would be plenty of time for that.

Alan spent the next few months in a state of bliss, going through Karen's entire (new) wardrobe and strutting around town. And, of course, he came home and made Karen fuck him whenever he was in the mood, which was often these days. No one ever suspected a thing. Alan figured that one day Karen's body would get too old for him and he came up with a plan. He would enjoy her until she was old and used. And then he'd trade in for a younger model. He had his sights on Karen's eldest daughter, Crystal. She had the curvy body of her mother but was much younger. Crystal never suspected, during all the phone conversations, that Alan was milking her for information, learning everything about her life, and planning for the time when he would take her body and become young and hot again.

###

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.

Yes, I do commissions! You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for more info and pricing, plus weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions and the latest stories or to hire me to write a story for you.

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

In the Game (Part 3)

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

Taking Stock

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

Busted

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

Foreign Exchange

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

Got It Going On

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

Body Switch Collection: Volume 5

Six previously published body switching stories by M. Wills.

Best Friend's Wedding

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

Compact Mirrors

Ellie, an average looking and poor college student, accidentally swaps bodies with Summer, a mean, hot high school cheerleader. Now they both have to navigate their new lives while trying to

back to their old. Until one of them decides they don't want to go back.

Switched On

Luke discovers a magic remote control that will turn him into whoever is onscreen when he pushes the button. But when he shares this discovery with his friends it results in a mad scramble that sees the remote smashing, leaving the four guys transformed and stuck as sexy celebrities.

In the Game (Part 2)

Ethan's copied himself into the minds of Tessa and Ava using the mysterious app on his phone and is enjoying being in their bodies, slowly turning them into objects of lust to please his male self, all the while searching for more women to add to his eSports team.

Cheers

Kyle's sister, Lauren, is such a brat. A gorgeous brat, but still. So when an accident with one of their father's machines causes them to switch bodies, he's not at all happy to be stuck in Lauren's busty body. But he surprises himself by finding his adjustment extremely pleasurable, especially with the help of one of his sister's hot friends.

Leading Her On

Through a freak accident, Zach somehow finds himself stuck in the body of Charlotte, his adorable upstairs neighbor. He learns to control her and finds that his desires are becoming hers, and he can make her do everything he's always wanted.

Swap Brothel

The swap brothel offers a chance for people to temporarily become any of the girls on offer for a price. Tyler's been a regular for months, swapping into his favorite big breasted beauty, Mia, and enjoying himself. But one day while he's inside Mia she escapes with his body, leaving him trapped in her gorgeous body until the police can find her. Can he escape before her desires become his own?

The Other Woman

Veronica didn't trust her fiancée so she came up with a plan to test him by using her witch's magic to temporarily transform herself into Candi, the blonde stripper who keeps buzzing around their table at the strip club. When Veronica returns to her body she finds that her memories are slowly changing. Is it a flaw in the spell? Or something more nefarious?

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