

# **Body Switch Collection**

*Volume 9*

by M. Wills

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## Side Hustle

Ben and his wife, Veronica, ate in silence. The sound of their forks on the plates was occasionally punctuated by a short comment about nothing in particular from one or the other. Veronica complained about the receptionist at her office. Ben told her about the irate customer he'd had to deal with on the phone. But mostly they said nothing.

As Veronica finished up she said, "Oh. You got a package. I put it on the bed."

"Thanks," Ben said nonchalantly. But his heart was pounding. He knew exactly what the package held and he couldn't wait to try it out.

Ben stifled his excitement and did the dishes as usual while Veronica got ready to go out for drinks with some work friends. Usually after dinner she would stretch out on the living room couch and watch whatever trashy reality show she was into. At the moment it was something about people working on a farm, and maybe one of them was a secret millionaire? Ben didn't really follow it. When he was done with the dishes he slipped into the spare bedroom he used as a study. His palms were sweaty with excitement.

Ben's life had become comfortable. Routine. On weekdays he went to work at the landscaping company and Veronica went to work at the bank. On weekends they went out for breakfast and to the farmer's market. Sometimes they'd go to a movie or out with friends. Ben and Veronica had been married for five years, dating for three before that. Things were normal. Very, very normal. Even their love life was normal.

Which was probably why Ben had been so restless. He still loved Veronica but he had a secret that, lately, had taken up more and more of his thoughts. Ben had always been curious about what it would be like to be a woman. Just for a day. Not playing dress up. Not getting an operation. Just one minute a man, the next minute a real woman. Something temporary but long enough for him to enjoy the physical sensations of womanhood. He longed to see what it was like to dress sexy, to have eyes on him, to caress his own softness.

It had started when he was young, a fixation on what it would like to be someone or other: his good-looking math teacher, the next-door neighbor's wife, his friend's mom. All older women with maternal yet graceful figures, heavy boobs and thick waists. He wasn't attracted to men, though. In fact, it was probably because he *was* attracted to these women that he wondered what it would be like to be them for a day. To be able to explore their beautiful bodies. To experience the world through their eyes.

At some point as a teenager he'd discovered the picture websites and the story sites about men changing into women. The stories scratched Ben's itch for a while. He even wrote a few himself, though they weren't great. But now that he and Veronica were doing their own thing after dinner, Ben found himself pulled deeper and deeper into his fantasies. The once-in-a-while search for a story became the every day. Then twice a day. Lately he'd started sneaking into his room for a quick wank while Veronica was out running an errand. He would take his time, reading story after story.

If Veronica suspected anything was different she didn't say anything. Though maybe she was a little more aloof? It was hard for Ben to tell because he was deep down the rabbit hole. He didn't want to confront her. Didn't want to admit his fantasies because, frankly, he was embarrassed. What would she say if he told her he fantasized about being a woman? She would assume a whole lot of things that weren't true. It could break his marriage. Secretly imperfect as they now were, Ben couldn't imagine being without her. So he didn't say a word.

But now that the package was here it could change everything.

The box was small, about the size of a case of eyeglasses, and it rattled when he shook it. With trembling hands Ben tore off the plain paper wrapping and opened the unmarked brown box beneath. He shook the contents into his hands: a pill box and a small page of instructions.

He set the pill box down on his desk and stared at it, rubbing his chin in thought. He'd been tracking the rumors for months until he finally found someone on the internet who sold them. Very rare. Very expensive. But they promised to do the impossible: transform him into a woman for a night.

There was a soft knock on the door and Ben turned, blocking the view of the desk from Veronica as she entered.

"Zip me up?" She asked, turning and holding her wavy blonde hair high to expose the gorgeous nape of her neck.

Ben grabbed the zipper and zipped it up, admiring the way she filled out the peach-colored dress. Her wide hips were accentuated, and her heavy breasts hung just below the plunging neckline, seductive and alluring as her cleavage disappeared beneath the fabric. God, he still wanted her. Still wanted to *be* her. He kissed her on the back of her neck, inhaling her faint vanilla scent.

She turned and kissed him on the lips. "Don't wait up," she said. Ben watched her ass as it swayed out the door.

He heard the front door close and forced himself to wait fifteen minutes in case she came back for something. The pill box sat on the desk in front of him as he surfed the internet, trying to occupy his mind. When he thought he'd waited long enough, he popped open the pill box and pulled out one of the little red pills. There were four in the box but the instructions said only one was needed for a three-hour transformation.

Ben hesitated, the pill halfway to his mouth. What if this was a sugar pill, or worse, some sort of poison? But the reviews from other happy customers claimed it was real. Though reviews could be faked. He realized he could have gone back and forth like that all night, so instead he dry swallowed it and stood in the center of the study, wondering if he'd just done something foolish.

For a few minutes nothing happened. Just as Ben was beginning to doubt, he felt something tickle down the back of his neck. He reached a hand back to scratch and his fingers landed on something soft and silky. He pulled it around, stretching it in front of his eyes and saw that it was hair. *His* hair. Only he'd never worn it this long. And it was usually dark brown, not this glossy brunette flecked with gold. And it certainly had never grown as he stared at it.

Ben's fingers were filled with pins and needles, as though his hand had gone to sleep. As he stared at the lock of hair in his grasp, the fingers holding it elongated slightly and thinned, the hair on the knuckles receding into his skin, the nails rounding out, becoming slender and feminine. Similar changes were occurring up and down both arms as his muscles disappeared beneath skin that was becoming hairless and slightly plump.

His face wiggled, an uncomfortable but painless rearranging of his features. His cheeks grew slightly flabbier, his beard shrinking to nothingness. His eyes widened out, changing shape as his nose twitched and slimmed, growing slightly upturned.

Ben's chest began itching and he gaped down as two bumps pressed out from beneath his shirt while, simultaneously, he felt his flabby tummy trimming up slightly. In no time, his shirt was too tight and he yanked it off, causing two large breasts to tumble free. They were already heavy and maternal, traced here and there with the faintest hint of stretch marks. The pale pink areolae pointed straight out, each dotted with a suggestion of a nipple. He had a slight stomach and wide hips that were even now squeezing against his pants. Ben hurriedly yanked his pants off, followed by his underwear. He watched in amazement as the changes moved down his body. Soon he had a little mound and then his dick began shrinking, retracting into himself. In no time it was a tiny nub and then even that was gone, leaving him as smooth as a doll for a fraction of a second before a narrow indentation appeared, rapidly growing deeper, flanked by two pussy lips. His stomach rumbled as his insides rearranged themselves, ovaries and Fallopian tubes fitting into his body.

Ben's ass plumped out, grew into a rotund bubble butt before the changes traveled down his legs, morphing the calves, turning them into slightly thick but gorgeous feminine legs. Even his toes grew dainty. Through it all he felt himself shrinking, losing at least a head in height.

The entire process couldn't have taken more than thirty seconds, and when it was over Ben stood staring down at two swaying breasts and a gorgeous, plump body. He hurried to the bathroom, eager to see what he looked like. His ass swayed back and forth, tits jiggling from side to side as he walked. He rebounded off the side of the door, unused to his new mass, but quickly recovered and made it to the bathroom. Flicking on the light, he gaped at the image in the mirror.

Staring back at him was a woman who seemed to be in her mid-thirties and who could have been one of his friend's moms from high school. Amy. The one he had a crush on. He had a wide, smiling face with almond shaped eyes. Tiny freckles dotted his slim nose. His body was curvy and slightly plump, enough to give him a wonderful ass to grab and huge breasts to squeeze. It was, Ben realized, a body startlingly similar to that of his wife. Soft and maternal. No wonder he liked it so much. He took hold of a huge, dangling breast in each hand, gathering them up and fondling them. They were so heavy and amazing to touch as his fingers whispered across his warm skin.

Ben needed to get his camera. Needed to prove this was real later. He hurried back to the study, holding his tits to stop them from knocking against each other at each step. He grabbed his phone and set it up on his desk, facing the leather office chair. He pressed record and sat down, his eyes flicking to the camera where the "record" light was flashing and his beautiful body was onscreen.

Ben looked down at himself and grabbed a handful of breast. He kneaded one in each hand, fingers digging into his soft skin, enjoying the plump firmness of his amazing new tits. He held them aloft and they spilled over his fingers as he gripped them tight. He shuffled his hands forward until he could pinch each nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Fuck, it felt amazing, a slight painful-pleasure that caused him to shiver. But just as wonderful as feeling his tits being played with was staring down at his new body and realizing it was *his*. These were his tits. His adorable little pouch of tummy. His pussy growing moist as he fondled himself.

He slowly released his breasts and ran his hands down his body, feeling every inch of his warm skin. His breath came faster as he touched himself. His thighs grew warm, an urgency calling out within him as he enjoyed his new form. His hands slid down over his mound and tickled across the lips of his pussy, the light thatch of pubic hair wonderfully scratchy beneath his fingertips. Mmmm, he bit his lip as desire flared within him. He pressed down, feeling his pussy lips give way as he penetrated himself, landing on his rubbery folds. Oh god, he was inside himself for the first time and it felt amazing. He could feel his own heat, feel the still hidden nub of his pleasure.

Ben rubbed gently, fingertips circling his hooded clit just as he'd done many times to his wife. Only now he could feel exactly where to touch. He bit his plump lower lip as he circled his fingers inside himself faster. His other hand returned to a boob, squeezing and enjoying himself once again. The fingers inside his pussy landed on his wetness and he spread it up, dragging it across the velvety

folds as the pleasure grew inside him, making him almost ready to burst. He moved faster, sliding deeper inside his warm pussy, watching his fingers disappear into his slit as the walls of his cunt wrapped around his fingers. He was so wet, his fingers sliding in and out of his tight hole. The squishy sounds of his own pleasure hit his ears and he came, throwing himself back in the chair, raising his hips as he moaned and thrust his fingers fiercely into his sopping heat. The voice that came from his lips was throaty and needy, and the musky scent of his pussy filled his nose.

When the first crest of orgasm passed he doubled down, sliding in and out of his wet pussy faster, faster, now urged on by his body. His fingers dug into the soft flesh of his tits. The pain met the desire coming up from within and he orgasmed again, crying out as pleasure overtook him and he shook in his chair. He could feel the leather seat growing cold and wet from his fluids pooling beneath his fat butt, and that just made his pleasure all the sweeter.

When Ben was done, he lay back on the chair, breathing heavily. His legs were spread and he stared down into himself, spreading his pussy lips with his fingers so he could admire his shiny pink folds. It was everything he'd hoped it would be.

“Do you want to watch something with me?” Veronica asked a couple days later.

She lay out on the couch in her nightie, the TV remote in her hand. Her two plump breasts were just visible and he ached with the memory of his own heavy breasts.

“Uh, maybe a little later,” Ben said.

He kissed her on her forehead and went into the study, trying to go slowly and calmly. He closed the door behind him and pulled up the video of himself as his feminine alter ego and watched it again, stroking his dick as he did so. This had been his new routine for the past week. Watching himself watching himself. Afterwards, he sat and thought about how he could get Veronica to leave again so he could take another pill.

Lately, Ben had been teased with thoughts of how natural he appeared as a woman. Would others know something was strange? Was he even as attractive as he thought he'd been or had it just been the excitement of such a unique experience? As Ben clicked back to the beginning of his video, an idea struck him. He went to his favorite porn site and uploaded the video of his feminine persona, taking the time to craft the perfect description and add every keyword he could think of. When the video had been uploaded, he refreshed the front page, over and over, until he saw the thumbnail of his gorgeous little body. A slight thrill went through him as the number of views ticked up to one, then two. Two views. Two people were watching him masturbate. Maybe as attracted to him as he was to himself. But no matter how many times Ben refreshed the page, the counter stubbornly refused to go up any more.

Ben eventually joined Veronica in bed. She was curled around one of her pillows, her rotund ass pointing toward him, a sight that usually drove him to slip a hand around her and take her right there. But tonight, he only had thoughts for himself.

The next morning when he woke up, he went straight to his computer. Seventeen views! It was incredible. He wanted to jump for joy and run around shouting out the news, but there was nobody he could share it with.

Ben was distracted all day at the landscaping office thinking about the timing of his next transformation. He mixed up a few orders and had to reschedule some of the jobs. A customer got irate that her petunias hadn't been properly planted and Ben tried to placate her, but he was only partially listening to her rant. The more Ben thought about it, the more it became clear that if Veronica wasn't going out, then Ben would have to. He couldn't wait for her next work party or random evening with friends. Transforming in public was a dangerous and exciting thought and the more he considered it the more he felt he just had to do it.

That night, he told Veronica he was going out with some of the guys from work. As Veronica flipped on the TV, Ben went into the bedroom. He took out the pill case from where he'd hidden it deep in his t-shirt drawer and slipped a single pill into his pocket. Then he opened Veronica's closet and flipped through her clothes, keeping one ear on the living room in case Veronica decided to join

him. His heart was pounding in his chest and his palms were sweaty. The pills had given him a body that looked like his wife's, and Ben hoped his wife's clothes would fit him or else he'd be a naked woman out on the street for three hours.

He grabbed one of Veronica's dresses off the rack—a deep blue one with a plunging neckline—and folded it up as small as he could make it. He added some matching flats. Then he raided Veronica's drawers, coming up with one of her 36F bras and some thong panties. He tucked the bra, the panties and the shoes into the dress and rolled it up, hiding it as casually as he could behind his back with one hand.

“Bye, honey,” he waved from the opposite end of the living room, “Don't wait up.”

She barely glanced at him. “Bye.”

Ben couldn't be sure but he thought he sensed something a little off about her. He heaved a guilty sigh of relief as Veronica returned her attention to the TV and he slipped out the door.

Ben drove to a nearby park and stopped away from the streetlights down in the darkest corner. There was a house across the street, but the windows looked dark and, anyway, the front yard seemed to be screened by thick bushes. Ben undressed clumsily in the confined car, thumping an elbow against the door here and a knee against the bottom of the steering well there. When at last he was naked he popped the pill and waited for the changes. Just like the first time, it took a few minutes to start, but the whole thing was over in a matter of seconds. This time he was ready, staring down at himself to watch his pendulous breasts form and his cock retract into his body, replaced with wonderfully slick pussy lips.

When he was done, he slid his wife's panties on over his legs, pulling the fabric up snug over his pussy. He was flushed with excitement feeling his wife's panties nestled on his body. The bra was a near perfect fit—after he finally figured out how to snap the clasp shut—and he adjusted his breasts in the cotton fabric. Finally, he wiggled into his dress, contorting himself almost painfully as he twisted and turned, trying to get dressed without opening the car door. When he was finally done it was hot in the car and he rolled the window down. Adjusting the rear-view mirror, he gazed at his delicate feminine features once more. Wide, almond-shaped eyes blinked back at him, filled with lust.

He pulled out his phone and flicked on the light, then started a video. On a whim, he suddenly started talking, making up a story.

“That's my house over there,” he said, jerking his head to indicate the house across the street. His voice was bubbly and high pitched and he pushed a loose strand of hair out of his face as he continued. “My husband's in there with some other woman. I should be angry but it's just making me so hot.”

Ben brought his hands up and began squeezing his breasts beneath his wife's dress, grabbing a handful of warm flesh and pinching his fat nipples until they hardened into tiny spikes. He continued narrating the story of what “his husband” was doing as he grew ever warmer and pleasure pulsed through him, finally ending with digging his slender fingers deep into his wet pussy and moaning like a whore. He came twice before lying back on the seat, waving to the camera with a shy smile, and then turning it off.

Where had that come from? It seemed like something his new persona would do. It was certainly hot as hell. But now, he had more than two hours before the pill would wear off. What better time to go out and explore?

The Oldtown Mall was a trendy strip of shops on a road that had been converted to pedestrians only. The old brick buildings were wonderfully preserved and filled with little local shops selling knickknacks, or old books, or Native American pottery. There was also the occasional high-end boutique. The kind of shops that could only spring up in a low rent neighborhood like Oldtown used to be, likely to be driven out in the future by high end chain stores. Couples strolled arm and arm down a street lit by old fashioned gas lamps (now all electric) while groups of college kids cheered their team on from a nearby sports bar. A few families roamed the streets, their children running ahead and playing tag or hide and seek.

Ben took in the atmosphere, breathing in the crisp fall air. His dress swished around his legs and his breasts jiggled with each step. He was still acutely attuned to the differences between his new body and his old. But as he walked through the streets and stopped into a store here and there, he noticed how people treated him differently. More men unashamedly made eye contact with him. They would smile and he would smile back, his cheeks glowing, knowing that they were checking out his body when he turned away. It was different and strange being attractive. Ben would usually never be called handsome, with eyes that were too wide apart and slightly lopsided features. But now he was beautiful, and people—well, mostly men—were drawing his attention to that fact.

He reached the end of the street and stopped in front of the Cow and Spoke, an English bar. The murmur of conversation poured out onto the street from the dark, wood grained interior. It didn't look too crowded and Ben was about to go in when his phone went off. It was his alarm, alerting him to the fact that the transformation would soon wear off. He hurried back to his car and climbed inside just as his body began deflating, soft breasts dissolving into his chest, his hairy back and scraggly arms reappearing beneath the beautiful plump layers of Eva's skin.

Eva. Ben hadn't known until that moment what he would call himself as a woman but Eva just seemed right. Soon he was back to his old male self, albeit sitting in his wife's dress. Her bra and panties dug uncomfortably into his body. He drove until he was nearly home, praying he wouldn't get pulled over in the dress. Parking down the street from his house, he twisted and turned to pull off his wife's clothes and change back into his own. He folded her clothes and hid them at the bottom of one of the reusable grocery bags in the trunk of his car, intending to return them later when Veronica wasn't home. Then he drove the rest of the way back to his house and trudged up the front steps to resume his boring life.

Over the next few weeks, Ben made more excuses to go out, revelling in being Eva. He bought a few outfits for himself. And then a few more. He stashed them in a box at the bottom of his closet. He recorded a new video whenever he was out, picking out a different location to masturbate in each time for variety. One time he recorded himself stroking his pussy underneath the table at a fancy restaurant as he nonchalantly ordered his food. Another time he fingered himself in a park, the bushes barely hiding him from prying eyes. Another time he did it quick and dirty in the mall bathroom. Each time he embellished Eva's story, giving her a little more character as he discovered what she liked.

Ben kept up his normal home routine with Veronica. If she suspected anything was up, she didn't say mention it. Maybe she was a little quieter. Maybe she shot him a strange glance or two. But as long as she didn't bring it up Ben could continue to pretend she had no idea. It wasn't hurting anyone, though he was going out by himself more and more, leaving Veronica home alone. Part of the excitement, though, *was* leaving Veronica home. In fact, it was leaving *everything* of his old life home. His steady, reliable, boring private life.

As Eva he was almost a show-off. He loved the thrill of possibly being caught, of fingering himself in nearly public places. He enjoyed being privately dirty but outwardly shy, giggling sweetly and batting his big eyelashes at the men who made eye contact with him. And Ben loved the vibrator he'd picked out for himself, assisted by one of the shop girls who talked about clit stimulation and g-spot vibrators so casually. Ben chose a little pocket rocket he could shove in his pussy whenever the urge grabbed him. Clapping his legs together he could hold it there, halfway inside him, buzzing madly as he quietly came.

The more videos he made, the more views he got from each one on the website. By the fifth video he averaged about a hundred views and decided to celebrate. Up until then, all his videos had involved him masturbating by himself, but Ben felt he was ready to try the next step.

Three weeks after he'd stopped outside the Oldtown bar he returned, and this time he went in. He'd bought a gorgeous cream-colored dress that swirled around his body, clinging to his amazing breasts and his ass, before billowing out down his legs. He'd become comfortable in heels as well, and he now walked like a pro, enjoying the click clack sound of his high heels on the solid floor and the way it forced his cute butt to sway back and forth.

There was a moment of panic as Ben neared the bouncer waiting outside the door. If he was asked for ID that would be the end of this trip. But the bouncer just nodded and let him in, glancing briefly at Ben's breasts. Ben strolled inside and let his eyes adjust to the darkened interior before taking a seat at the bar.

Most of the tables were taken by couples or groups of people. Rock music filtered through the light murmurs around Ben as he ordered a Manhattan. He crossed his legs and sipped slowly, gazing around the bar until his eyes came to rest on a handsome young guy at the far end of the bar. The guy looked to be in his mid-twenties, and had a confident, mature air about himself, as opposed to the youthful arrogant swagger of the swarms of other young men. The young guy saw Ben staring and raised his martini glass, the corner of his lips tucking up in a smile. He had dark features and a

solid jaw. The arms poking out beneath his casual short-sleeve button down were thick but not beefy. Ben met the guy's eyes and nodded, a thrill shooting through his feminine body as the young guy took it as an invitation to move closer, sliding into the empty seat next to Ben. Ben rested one arm on the bar and flipped his silky hair back behind his head as he gazed into the young guy's enchanting eyes.

"I'm not going to insult your intelligence by opening up with a cheesy line. I'll just say I'm Will." The guy said, holding out his hand.

"That, in itself, is a line though, isn't it?" Ben laughed.

Will shrugged, his eyes twinkling. Ben took Will's hand. Will's grip was gentle but firm, his fingers enveloping Ben's slender hand.

"I'm Eva," Ben said.

Will talked confidently and Ben found his eyes flicking down Will's solid frame. He sensed something impish about Will in the way he spoke, the things he recounted. They talked easily, laughing and flirting. But Ben was conscious of the time in his body and determined to take the next step with his videos. Eventually, he stood and took Will's hand.

"Walk me to my car?" He asked with a wink.

Will followed him out of the bar and to the parking lot down the street. Ben had parked near the far corner, away from the other vehicles. The streetlights cast a warm yellow glow over both their bodies as Ben stopped at his car and suddenly leaned in to Will. Standing up on his tiptoes, Ben rested a soft hand on Will's hard chest and kissed him. Will was ready and willing, opening his mouth to welcome Ben's tongue inside. Will swirled around Ben's mouth, tasting the lightly sweet lingering hint of Will's cocktail. Will's arm wrapped around Ben's backside, sliding up and down. The warm touch sent shivers racing up and down Ben's body and he pressed himself closer to Will's form, his breasts now pushing against Will's chest.

As they kissed, Ben slid his hands down Will's solid chest, letting his fingers trace the line of Will's concrete pecs and the ridges of his abs, down to the bulge pressing beneath Will's pants. Ben giggled into Will's mouth as he ran his fingers up and down Will's hidden manhood, continuing to kiss and suckle Will's tongue. Will's hand slid down Ben's backside, over the swell of his lower back, landing on one of Ben's cushiony ass cheeks. Ben's body felt so warm, little tingles creeping up and down him as he was held fast in masculine arms.

Their lips still locked together, Ben unzipped Will's pants and thrust his hand down inside, fingers wrapping around Will's solid shaft. Will's dick was warm in Ben's little fingers and it pulsed gently, slowly growing as he stroked it. Ben pulled away from Will's lips and unzipped his clutch purse. He pulled out his phone and held it out, smiling impishly as he gazed into Will's eyes.

"Can you record this?" Ben asked, biting his plump lower lip and pushing his breasts against Will for emphasis.

"Kinky," Will replied, taking the phone and aiming it towards Ben.

Ben got to his knees in the parking lot. His face was lined up with Will's crotch and as he tugged down Will's pants, the cock leaped out, solid and strong, pointing right at Ben's lips. Will was holding the camera down at his side and Ben smiled into the camera before sticking out his little pink tongue and licking Will's cock slowly from base to tip and then back down. Will's cock was warm and slightly salty on Ben's tongue and the shaft rested briefly on Ben's nose as he licked, eyes closed in ecstasy, showing off for the camera, worshiping Will's cock as he moaned. It wasn't *all* showing off, though. Ben's body ran warm with a growing desire and the taste of dick on his tongue set his pulse racing.

On impulse, he opened his ruby lips and swallowed Will's cockhead, slowly dragging his mouth down, down Will's shaft until it filled his tiny mouth and pressed against the back of Ben's throat. It tasted divine, the warm solid-heat throbbing gently as Ben undulated his tongue beneath the shaft. He pulled his lips off the cock with a wet pop, then stroked the shaft with gentle fingers as he gazed at Will's dick, shiny with saliva. It was gorgeous and all for *him*. Ben swallowed Will's dick again, thrusting his lips back down, staring into the camera as he pushed Will's cock into his cheek, moaning in ecstasy as he sucked Will's dick until his lips were concave.

Ben soon pulled back again and yanked his own top down. His heavy, bra-less tits spilled out and he grabbed them in each hand and wrapped them around Will's glistening dick. Ben rubbed his breasts slowly up and down Will's shaft, the cock disappearing beneath Ben's pillowy breasts, reappearing close to Ben's lips. Whenever the tip reappeared Ben licked it, the deep taste of precum hitting his tongue and driving his body on. He continued making Will's cock fuck his tits, ensuring that the camera caught everything as he drove his breasts up and down the warm, slick shaft.

Will's breath quickened and he groaned as Ben clapped his tits to Will's cock and jerked him off with his boobs, licking the head of the dick, swallowing more and more cock, until he was blowing Will once again while I between his tits. Ben's mouth wrapped around the head of Will's dick, his huge breasts gliding up and down Will's shaft until Will suddenly came. His dick throbbed between Ben's tits as he groaned. The head of Will's cock poked through the top of Ben's cleavage as rosy strands of cum shot out onto Ben's face. Ben opened his mouth, trying to drink it in even as it splashed against his nose and his cheeks and dripped back down onto his tits. It was degrading...and sexy as hell. Will's cum was salty and warm and Ben made sure to angle his face so he could capture every drop on himself for the camera.

When Will was done, Ben wiped the cum from his breasts and sucked on his fingers, closing his eyes and cooing as he swallowed Will's delicious jizz before smiling into the camera. Ben tucked his enormous breasts back into his dress and stood. He took the phone from Will's relaxed grip and stared up into Will's eyes.

“Thank you,” Ben murmured.

Will nodded and stepped away from the car. Ben slid in to the driver's seat, giving Will one last look back before driving away.

The blowjob video sent Ben's views soaring. It was the first one to hit 200 views and the first one to receive a comment: *wow hot*.

Ben responded: *Thank you!*

After that he received more comments. Every response prompting someone else to chime in until he had a small but growing fan base, each eagerly awaiting the next video.

Ben spent more and more time in his study with the door closed at home, on his phone responding to comments at work, and out away from home at night. He made up excuses to Veronica: conferences out of town, long client meetings in other cities, late night drinks with other company heads. He pretended it was the landscaping business that was growing, when it was actually Eva's business that was taking off. Ben bulk ordered the transformation pills, filling the trunk of his car with boxes of them. He ordered so many that the distributor threw in some free samples of pills that could turn him into a magnificent beast of a man.

Ben tried these new pills once, transforming into a stacked ebony god with rippling muscles and a twelve-inch dick. It wasn't anywhere near as exciting as being Eva, and he tucked the rest of these free samples away in his bedside drawer and forgot about them.

Ben eventually felt stifled on the porn site and a little annoyed. *They* were running ads on his videos and getting money for it. *They* were deciding which comments could and could not be deleted. Ben wanted more control. So he struck off on his own, paying someone to design a little website where he could do whatever he wanted. He began advertising, driving people to see Eva as she masturbated for them, or went out and gave blow jobs to random people.

Soon Eva's business rivalled the landscaping company. Ben rented a little studio downtown, decked it out with gorgeous furniture and upgraded his camera system. Every Tuesday he would tell Veronica he had a client meeting to set up a new merger, but every Tuesday he would hurry to Eva's studio, take the pills, and perform live in front of the camera, fulfilling requests and flaunting his gorgeous body.

By now he knew exactly what his body wanted. He knew how to glide his fingers down his inner thighs to grow his excitement, knew how to rub himself, where to touch his pussy and how hard, knew how to ride on the cusp of an orgasm for an hour as his pussy gushed and he dripped onto the bed until he finally came hard, legs locking rigid as steel as the orgasm blasted through him.

The first sponsor offer was a complete surprise. All Ben had to do was use and recommend their dildo. Simple. Amazing. It was a new experience thrusting such a large foreign object into his pussy but the pleasure was unreal, more intense, longer than anything he could do with just his fingers. More offers came rolling in. Ben quit the landscaping business but didn't tell Veronica. He still left for work every day as usual, only now his work was at the new studio, organizing the next sponsor, responding to comments, upgrading the website. After doing all the admin work, he would reward himself by transforming into Eva and recording another video or doing a bonus live performance.

But as Ben's work life thrived his home life suffered. Veronica withdrew and Ben knew she sensed something wrong. She never talked about it but it always hung heavy between them. The more Ben threw himself into increasing Eva's popularity, the harder he found it to talk to his wife about it. What would she say if she knew what he was doing? It was embarrassing to admit to himself, least of all someone else, that he much preferred being a busty, sexy mom over a middle-aged guy. But it wasn't as if he wanted to be Eva for *everything*. Only for physical pleasure. Only for dressing up and being complimented and doted on. Only to fulfill a temporary—daily—fantasy. But he also liked being a man, being able to take a break from the makeup and the dolling up just to go out. Ben was confused about it himself, so how could he expect Veronica to understand it? It just seemed easier to not say anything, to let them both pretend that everything was okay, even as they became less and less intimate.

So he was caught totally unawares when, shortly after arriving in his studio one day, someone knocked at the door. Expecting another shipment of pills, Ben tightened the terrycloth robe around himself and opened the door. He was startled to find Veronica standing in the hallway. She had her hands on her hips, her face set in anger, though the slight tremble of her lower lip gave away her fear as she stared up at him.

“Veronica. Wh-what are you doing here?” Ben asked, adjusting himself in the doorway to hopefully block her view of the deep red satiny covers and heart-shaped pillows of the bed behind him.

“What are *you* doing here, Ben? Is this where you're keeping whoever you're fucking?” She hissed.

“I don't--”

“Don't lie to me,” she growled, her voice growing louder. “I found these in your closet--” she tossed a pink negligee at him, “--and I followed you here to this...whatever it is.” She gestured to the studio behind Ben.

“Veronica, keep your voice down.” Ben cautioned.

“I'm not going to just stand here and let you run off with...who is it? Who's your big mid-life crisis girlfriend?”

Ben sighed. “Come in.” He said softly, opening the door wide.

Ben's sudden acquiescence seemed to take her by surprise. She opened her mouth to say something, closed it, set her jaw and stalked inside. Ben shut the door behind her and she stopped, taking in the setup: the multiple video cameras pointed at the circular bed, which was decked out with red satin sheets. The cables snaking through the room, connecting the cameras to the humming computer on one wall, the lingerie carefully hanging in the closet, the multiple sex toys artfully arranged on the nightstand.

Now it was Veronica's turn to be surprised. “What...is this?” She asked, gaping around.

“I..um...” Ben began. There was no hiding it anymore. “I...perform naked online. For money.”

Veronica stared up at him with her clear blue eyes. “You...?” She looked around the room again, then back to him. “Ok,” she said slowly, clearly still processing everything.

Ben took a deep breath. Might as well rip the band aid off quickly. “But I do it as a woman.”

Ben felt the change in her as she went from anger to something closer to confusion. “Oh. Oh.” One hand came up and twisted her bottom lip as she often did when nervous. “So, you dress up?”

“It's more than that. I transform.”

“You what?”

“I become a woman. For real. Inside and out.”

“I don't understand.”

“I'll show you.”

Ben went to the computer desk and grabbed a bottle of pills. He popped the top, pulled a pill out and swallowed it.

“This is going to look strange, but it's all real,” he said.

A minute later he felt himself changing. Veronica covered her mouth with her hands and her eyes went wide as Ben's body shrank and grew slender. The massive breasts pressed out from his chest, expanding beneath the robe until they hung down, heavy and ripe almost to his tummy. His face morphed, features growing softer as his hair grew longer. He could feel the pleasant shrinking of his cock and the expansion of his butt, ending with the new slit between his legs, the pussy lips rubbing together, already moist in Pavlovian anticipation. When he was done, he was the same height as Veronica.

“Holy shit,” Veronica said. She crept closer. “Is that really you?” She reached out and stroked his cheek, pulling away quickly.

“It's me,” Ben said in his softer voice. “I call myself Eva when I'm like this. I like performing. I like the attention. I've been making a ton of money.” Ben said in a rush, hoping to persuade Veronica that everything was still okay. “I've wondered what it was like to be a woman since I was a kid. And these pills let me do that temporarily. Haven't you ever wondered what it was like to be a guy?”

“Yes, sometimes, but I mean, not for real. Only in the abstract.” She couldn't stop staring at him, her eyes flicking up and down his body.

“What if you could do it for real?”

“Wh-what, you mean...like that?” She asked.

Ben nodded and hurried to the nightstand where he'd stashed the sample pills that had turned him into a hulking man. He held one out to Veronica.

“Try it,” he said. “Just once. You might like it. It's like a vacation from yourself.”

She took the pill from his hand and stared at it. For a minute it looked like she'd refuse. He could see her wrestling with her decision to stay and take it, or to storm out and leave Ben for good. Suddenly, she popped it into her mouth and swallowed.

“Now what?”

“You probably want to take off your clothes before you bust out of them.”

Veronica pulled off her top and pants, slid her panties to the floor and then unclasped her bra, freeing her pendulous breasts. She stood before Ben, her plump body looking delicate and cute. And then the changes began.

Veronica's blonde hair began retracting into her head. Her legs, arms and torso began expanding. She grew taller as her limbs thickened, growing taut and thick with muscle. Her breasts shrank and flattened, replaced with two solid pecs. Her skin darkened to a gorgeous shade of ebony. Fingers grew thick, biceps expanding outwards and now she towered over Ben, her face growing rough and masculine, with cheekbones that could cut glass, and a solid jaw. Between her legs a cock pressed out and she gasped as she watched it grow, becoming thicker and longer until it hung down against her thigh. Ben stared at it, his own body growing excited at the thought of having it inside him.

“How does it feel?” Ben asked, now having to look up at Veronica. She towered over him, her masculine body powerful and thick.

“It feels...holy shit,” her hand went to her throat at the sound of her deep bass voice, the same sound that sent pleasant shudders through Ben.

Ben stepped closer and placed a pale hand on her broad, black chest. She was so warm as Ben pressed his breasts against her and reached up to cup her chin. Standing on his tiptoes, he slipped one hand behind her head and gently brought their lips together. Veronica let herself be guided towards him and she opened her lips to receive his tongue. Her hot breath filled Ben's mouth, tasting delightfully spicy. Ben's other hand slid off her chin and around her back, tracing her muscles gently. He felt her throb between his legs, felt her cock slowly stiffening, pressing up against his tummy. She moaned into his mouth, her rumbling voice resonating deep within Ben's sensual body and he grew ever wetter.

Ben rocked backward slightly to let her cock grow between them, then moved back to trap her dick between her stomach and his as it grew to its full length. Ben slid his hand in between their bodies, wrapped his fingers around the huge, hot dick and began stroking from the head to the base, his fingers moving up and down, her cock so impossibly large, especially in his tiny hands.

Her hands came up to his tits and squeezed. She pulled away from him and gazed down in wonder between them as she massaged his tits, her huge fingers gripping tenderly, pulling his tits to the side and letting them bounce back. She seemed hypnotized by his tits.

“Fuck,” she whispered, “I didn't understand why guys liked tits so much. But I get it now.”

Ben smiled and let her play with his breasts, her rough hands landing on his nipple and easing a sigh from his mouth as she squeezed. He closed his eyes, luxuriating in her touch, the faint spike of pain lighting the embers between his legs. Veronica's cock throbbed once between them and Ben giggled as it pressed against him. Now it was his turn to pull away from her and look down between them. He gasped when he actually saw her cock. It was enormous, the immense head pointing straight up to his face, the tip already glistening with precum.

Ben turned around and leaned on the bed, his ass in the air. He turned his head and wiggled his butt as he bit his lip, letting his legs spread open, his pussy pink and glistening just below the crack of his ass. Veronica stared at him in utter lust as a trickle of juice ran down his inner thigh. Fuck, he was dripping, he *needed* her dick.

He arched his back and moaned, “I need you so badly.”

She was on him in a second, her hand between his legs, fingers slipping into his wetness. He cried out as she reached his clit and rubbed gently, her other hand coming up to squeeze his delicious ass, her cock hot on his leg as she leaned down to finger him. She rubbed rhythmically, circling his little nub, spreading his wetness over his pussy. He moaned again and shivered, cumming almost at once, raising his head and closing his eyes as heat blasted through him, gone all too quickly.

“Fuck me, please,” Ben begged.

He felt Veronica's huge hands grab his ass, then her cock slid between his thighs but not inside him. She gathered his wetness on her shaft, teasing him, thrusting gently across his pussy, tempting him with pressure. He drew in a deep breath and bit his lip. She was torturing him with pleasure. He was stuck on the cusp of orgasm, needing her to help him over.

And then there was a pressure against his pussy. It built as her thick cockhead pressed against his sopping lips, the pressure growing stronger before becoming something wonderful as she entered him with a long sigh. He groaned as she filled him, the velvety walls of his cunt gripping the welcome shaft as she eased herself inside, inch by glorious inch. Ben gripped the bed sheets in

clawed hands, resting his head on the bed, his ass in the air. Oh, god, he was full, her dick so big and yet it still came, filling him until he thought he would split in two, stopping only when her groin was against his ass and the head of her dick gently touched his cervix. She was lodged so deep inside him it hurt with pleasure and he dared not move for fear that motion would upset the delicate equilibrium within him.

Veronica pulled out slightly before easing back in again, slowly increasing her rhythm as Ben moaned. She gradually sped up, Ben's entire body rocking back and forth, his tits dangling beneath him as he hung on. He opened his eyes briefly and looked beneath himself back to Veronica, saw his tit bouncing as she fucked him, her huge shaft disappearing inside him, reappearing wet with his own juices. It was such a distinctly feminine point of view and he came, vibrating hard around her cock. He raised his head and cried out, his voice harsh and guttural as pleasure exploded through him. And still Veronica kept thrusting inside. Ben needed more, more. He pushed himself back, impaling himself on Veronica's cock at each downthrust, urging her to bury her cock inside his small frame, deeper, harder, until he came again, smothering his cries into the bed. His body was on fire, a full-bodied pleasure more intense than he'd ever known. And just when he thought he couldn't be any fuller she came, gripping his ass and *yanking* him down on her cock as she came. Ben felt his pussy fill with her seed, hot spurts of cum throbbing into him as she grunted and he moaned, soaked in sweat, cumming a third time as her hot jizz filled him.

She seemed to cum forever, her dick inside him, spurting into him for a blessed eternity as Ben came harder than he ever had before, his voice unrecognizable as he screamed out his passion, and the desire burned him to a white-hot nothingness.

When he returned to his body Veronica was still inside him, clutching his ass and breathing hard.

“Holy shit,” she moaned.

She withdrew and collapsed onto the bed. Ben rolled over, his body painfully empty now, and clutched Veronica to him, throwing a leg over her waist, his thighs landing on her sticky cock. His little body trembled every now and then with an aftershock.

“I hope you don't mind,” he whispered in her ear, “The camera was rolling.”

She shrugged. “No one knows it's us.”

It was the most popular video Ben had yet made. With Veronica as his new partner, their views soared. They explored Ben's body every way they could think of, recording it for everyone to see. They were both at ease in their new bodies, and more than happy to share their relationship with the world. It was an exciting and profitable new life for both of them.

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## Devil on Your Shoulder

Daniel would have much preferred to be bullied by the guys in the school. At least that way the torment was just physical and over in a few minutes. The psychological torture of the girls was much worse. And when Daniel saw his friends jolt and stare past his shoulder with wide eyes, he knew that was exactly what he was in for.

“Ew,” Charlotte called out from behind Daniel, “Someone left a bunch of dorks lying around our table.”

Daniel quickly gathered up his Pokémon cards and turned to face Charlotte. She had her hands on her hips and was smirking at him. Her long, raven-black hair was held up in a perfect bun, her bangs precision curled over her forehead. One long leg jutted out in front of her, the pale thigh just hidden by the alarmingly short skirt of her school uniform. With her large glasses and delicate Asian features she could easily be mistaken at first glance for one of the nerdy kids. But her dad was the head of some tech company, which automatically put her in the top echelons of the school social hierarchy. Daniel, on the other hand, was only at this school because of a scholarship, and hung out with the other misfits and losers. Still, it beat being cast into the deepest depths of the perpetually underfunded public school nearer his neighborhood.

“Hi, Charlotte,” Daniel said, casting his eyes down from her face.

Behind him, he heard his friends zipping up their backpacks, preparing to make a run for it when Mirah and Emily appeared. Daniel had hoped that staking out the worst table in the corner of the lunch room would have been enough to avoid the attention of Mirah and her gang. But no.

“Um,” Emily said, barely glancing at Daniel, “What are *these* doing on our table?” She sneered, looking to Mirah for approval.

Emily was super model gorgeous and the epitome of mean girl cheerleader: Big, almond shaped eyes and perfectly proportioned features many other people would have paid big bucks for a surgeon to provide. An ass to die for. Bouncy little breasts. Silky golden hair that hung down in waves, wafting out the light scent of vanilla whenever she passed.

Mirah snickered, and Charlotte and Emily followed suit. Mirah stepped forward and turned her full attention to Daniel for the first time, crossing her arms and glowering at him. Mirah was the unchallenged leader of the school, the alpha girl who kept Emily and Charlotte in line with a sharp word or some subtle gossip. As long as they were with her they could share in her glory. And she *was* glorious. A teenager of Indian descent with smooth mocha skin and impressively long legs. Daniel had been lucky enough to glimpse her in a bathing suit once (before getting pushed into a trashcan by her boyfriend at the time) and had taken himself in hand many nights remembering the way the red two-piece enhanced her hourglass figure and cupped her fantastic breasts. She wouldn't have looked out of place on a catwalk. Or in a porno. And she'd been in many of Daniel's imaginary pornos, large breasts swaying hypnotically as she prostrated herself before him.

Mirah's aching beauty was made worse by the immense awe she received from being the daughter of a man who basically owned the city. Just about everyone worked for her dad, a fact that had protected Mirah from any disciplinary action and enabled her to run the school like a dictator.

Daniel risked a quick glance up at the trio. He hated the power they had over him with their looks, the way his hormones insisted that he try to do anything in his power to sleep with them even as they teased him mercilessly.

“Oh, I don't think they're so dorky,” Mirah said, coming closer. “If you look past the glasses, and the terrible clothes, and the horrible acne, and the smell they're actually quite sweet.”

Behind her, Emily and Charlotte's grins faded. Mirah peered at Daniel as if he was a strange insect. Daniel looked up, wondering where Mirah was going with this.

“I think I'm falling in love. I'm going to marry this thing and have its babies.”

She stood back and laughed, and the other two joined in. “Oh my god,” Mirah said, “Can you imagine? Look, he thinks I would ever touch him.”

“Gross,” Emily said, covering her mouth with her slender hand and giggling.

“Don't ever come sit at my table again,” Mirah said, flapping an arm dismissively at Daniel and his friends.

“But you said *that* was your table,” Daniel said, nodding to the table that Mirah had evicted them from yesterday.

By now the students at the nearby tables had turned to watch the fun. Some were giggling to each other, passing whispers back and forth, but no one stepped in to help. It had always been like this. Ever since Mirah had singled Daniel out for attention, everyone else in school had given a collective sigh that she wasn't after them and turned away. No one was about to intervene, fearful of attracting the ire of Mirah, Charlotte and Emily. But especially Mirah.

Mirah narrowed her eyes. Daniel couldn't help but thinking that even her icy looks were hot. “Well *now*,” she said, “They're both my tables. In fact, these are all my tables. Didn't you see my name over the door?”

The Acharya name actually graced most rooms on campus. Mirah's dad gave considerable sums of money to the school. So much so that not even the teachers were prepared to step in when Mirah singled out a student for humiliation. In fact, Daniel could see some of the teachers huddling around the edges of the lunchroom, conspicuously looking away and hoping the problem would resolve itself.

“W-where am I supposed to eat?” Daniel stammered. He was trembling now.

Mirah stepped around him and gracefully plucked the brown paper bag containing Daniel's lunch from the table. She peeked inside, sneered, then dumped the remaining contents out. Half a ham sandwich plopped onto the tile floor.

“I didn't think pigs were supposed to eat their own!” Charlotte giggled.

Mirah looked down and very carefully spit on the sandwich. Emily quickly came up and snorted then spit, adding a gross lump of snot to the sandwich. Charlotte came forward and very carefully placed her pink flat on top of the sandwich and ground it into the floor, long legs twisting slowly, revealing an enticing flash of calf that Daniel couldn't ignore.

“You can eat your sandwich on the floor,” Mirah smiled.

Daniel slumped and turned to leave. A slender hand gripped his shoulders, the tiny fingers surprisingly strong. Daniel turned to see Mirah holding him. When she had his attention she released him and held her hand up in the air while staring at him. Emily handed her a tissue and Mirah wiped the hand that had deigned to touch Daniel, all while maintaining icy eye contact.

“I said, you can eat your sandwich on the floor,” Mirah repeated, her voice softer, menacing. “Sit. Eat. Or I'll have my dad fire your dad.”

The lunch room was silent. The teachers had disappeared and all the students were staring at Daniel. Even his friends had managed to slip away, leaving him all alone to face the terrible trio.

Daniel half fell to the floor and reached for the sandwich but Charlotte stomped on it. Mirah looked at her in astonishment and Emily said, “Piggies don't eat with their hands.”

Emily had been looking for approval but she'd stolen Mirah's thunder. “Don't you ever,” Mirah hissed loud enough for everyone to hear, “Do that again. Or I'll tell everyone about your little eating disorder.”

Charlotte colored and shrank back. Mirah turned back to Daniel, towering over him, her hands on her hips. “Piggies don't eat with their hands.”

Daniel knelt on hands and knees and crawled towards his desecrated sandwich. He closed his eyes and lowered his mouth, picking the sandwich off the floor with his teeth, chewing and swallowing as fast as he could, but still he could taste the ground-in dirt and spit. The sandwich kept falling apart after all the abuse, so he kept having to return his nose to the floor to grab another piece in his teeth. He forced himself to swallow, tasting the bile as it rose in his throat. After an eternity he'd eaten it all and at last Mirah was satisfied.

“Come on girls, I've lost my appetite,” she said. She turned on her heels and flounced out, Emily and Charlotte trailing in her wake.

Daniel slowly got to his feet, face burning with rage and embarrassment. But even after all the humiliation he couldn't tear his eyes off their little wiggling asses, wanting so badly to touch them, to be inside them.

Daniel tossed his backpack into the corner of his room and fell down on his back onto his bed. His eyes burned with tears and he angrily wiped his face. Not even his friends had stuck up for him. His stomach was tight with cramps, the rage and despair making his head throb. The room flashed red, accompanied by a dull ache spreading out from the very center of his head. How could he ever go back to school again? How could he face anyone there after what happened? He knew it would happen again and still no one would stop it. He entertained fantasies of gore and violence but was brought up short by a tiny voice.

“Hey, kid, I've never been shy about violence but I've got a better idea.” The voice seemed to come from the pillow by his head. It was high pitched, as if whoever was talking had just inhaled helium.

Daniel turned his head and came face to face with a demon. A very small demon no bigger than Daniel's thumb, but a demon nonetheless. Red skin. Horns. Pitchfork. Daniel's eyes grew wide and he scrambled up and away from the tiny figure standing on his pillow.

“Whoa, hey, watch it big guy,” the demon cried, struggling to balance as the pillow shifted beneath his feet.

“What...what...” Daniel rubbed his eyes but the demon remained standing on his pillow, looking up at him expectantly. “What are you?”

The demon gestured down at himself. “Pretty obvious, no? I'm a demon.”

“You're like a cartoon. Am I going crazy?”

“I took this guise because it's the most sensible for first time conjurers. You're not going crazy. I'm here to help you get what you want.”

Daniel's mouth moved up and down silently for a second before he managed to speak. So much was flying at him so fast. “Conjurers? You're here to help me?”

The demon put his hand to his head theatrically. “Nobody told you nothing, huh? Yeah, your anger and despair called me up here. Gave me the power to take form. Small form, I admit. But we can help each other. I need anger and fear to eat, and you need revenge.”

“Like, smiting my enemies?” Daniel replied, intrigued now as he leaned down and peered at the demon.

The demon scoffed. “Feh. That's the way they used to do it. But we've got new ways. Your enemies don't deserve to die a quick death. Doesn't--” The demon closed his eyes and Daniel felt a brief jolt, like a muscle spasm in his brain. The demon opened his eyes again. “--Mirah need to be tormented just as she tormented you? No one else is going to do it, are they? You and me, kid, we can teach her a lesson.”

“Yes,” Daniel nodded before he could think about it. “How?”

“This is a bit unorthodox but stay with me. I'm gonna give you the power to possess her body. Control her. Take her over and make her do whatever you want. Humiliate her.”

“You mean...become here? I don't know.”

“Here, try it.”

The demon snapped his tiny fingers and suddenly Daniel was behind the wheel of a BMW, stopped at a red light. The world was tinted yellow and some sort of pop music was blaring. Daniel's arm, the one that held the steering wheel, was slender and smooth, the skin a delightful coffee-color, his fingers perfectly manicured. He turned to his left and saw Emily, fingers flying across the screen of her phone. Daniel looked up at the rear-view mirror and saw Mirah's pretty face staring back at him behind yellow sunglasses. Her wide mouth was slightly parted, ruby lips agape and the absolute shock Daniel felt reflected across her perfect features. He looked down at the lacy yellow top that probably cost more than his entire wardrobe. It was cut low so that he was gazing into Mirah's cleavage, her breasts hanging there, ripe and waiting to be touched. He brought his hand up to her tits and had just about reached them when a car horn blew from behind.

Emily glanced at Daniel, then turned and shouted out the window. “We'll go when we're ready, fucker!”

And then Daniel was back in his bedroom, heart pounding in his chest. He remembered every sensation: how his smaller form fit into the seat, the weight on his chest, the slight taste of aniseed, even the way his teeth sat in his mouth. Fuck, he'd wanted to touch himself so badly. Daniel looked down at his own body, which suddenly seemed boring and dull. He turned to the demon.

“Do it again!” He cried.

“Oh, ow, geez,” the demon said clutching his head, “That takes a lot of power to take her. She's got so much personality to tamp down. Plus, you gotta respect a narrative build-up. I think I can get you into that Emily chick for a little longer. Humiliating her should get me some more power.”

“How long can you give me in her?”

“Maybe twenty minutes or so.”

“Twenty minutes?” Daniel frowned.

“Hey, it takes a lot of power to shift minds around. But you can do a lot of damage in twenty minutes. Look, you think about what you want to do and when you're ready, just call out *'put me in, boss'* and you'll be there.”

“Okay,” Daniel said, his mind already reeling with possibilities.

The demon disappeared in a tiny, acrid puff of smoke, leaving a slight charred spot on Daniel's pillow. Daniel lay back and plotted his revenge. What was the best way to use twenty minutes? He thought about the problem all night and in the morning, he had an idea.

For the first time in a long time, Daniel was excited to go to school. He had to wait until his third period English Lit class, which he shared with Emily. The students filed into the classroom, Emily taking her customary seat in the back. She was poured into her blue and white school uniform, the blazer fitting to her hourglass figure, the top clinging to her breasts and her tight skirt showing off her amazing little rear.

Daniel waited, fingers drumming his desk excitedly until Emily went up to the front of the classroom to fill in one of the exercises on the whiteboard. Her blonde tresses flowed down her back, and Daniel locked his eyes on her delicious ass as she picked up a marker and began writing.

“Put me in, boss,” Daniel whispered.

Immediately the world jumped, and suddenly the whiteboard was right in front of him. He was clutching a marker in delicate fingers, in the middle of writing the word 'Hamlet' in flowery cursive. Emily's fine hair tickled down his neck. He could feel the uniform clinging to his body, felt the new balance of himself with his wider hips and heavier chest. He ran his tongue along the inside of Emily's mouth, exploring the shape of his teeth, tasting her cherry lip gloss. Daniel looked down at himself and was met with a glimpse of Emily's cleavage below the white school uniform. The shirt was high cut and showed no cleavage, but the outlines of her breasts pushed out tight beneath the white fabric.

He dropped the marker and turned to face the classroom. He noticed his old body in the back row was slumped across the desk, seemingly asleep.

“Thank you, Emily,” the teacher, Mr. Grimsley, said.

Daniel ignored him and unbuttoned his blazer with a hand that was now delicate and smooth, the nails polished and perfectly curved. He dropped the blazer to the floor and grabbed his breasts. He squeezed them as some students in the class tittered nervously. Emily's tits felt so good beneath his fingers. They had a wonderful perkiness and were fun to bounce in his hands. He bet they'd feel even better out of her bra.

“Emily?” Mr. Grimsley asked.

Daniel swiped a pair of scissors off Mr. Grimsley's desk. He grabbed the bottom of his shirt and held it taut as he sliced through the fabric, cleaving the shirt in half. He had to really bear down to snap through the underwire of the bra but the scissors did the job. Daniel slipped out of both items of clothing and his breasts wiggled free, much to the awe of the class. His tits were small but magnificent, perfectly formed, the little strawberry-pink areolae studded with nipples that were already sharpening in the cool air. He brought his hands up and grasped them. He could easily fit one in each hand and he squeezed, enjoying the firm-softness of Emily's tits as he gazed down at himself. He jiggled them as he stared down at himself, enjoying the sensations as his breasts bounced, enjoying watching himself manipulating a body he'd been desiring for so long. His thighs grew warm with excitement.

“Oh, shit,” someone in the class called out in amazement.

Daniel looked up and winked as he continued playing with his perky little breasts.

“Emily!” Mr. Grimsley yelled, horrified but frozen in disbelief.

The class was staring at Daniel, dead silent, as Daniel continued making Emily caress herself. He brought a hand up over his face, feeling his soft new features, the tiny nose, the smooth skin, the slightly chubby cheeks, before returning back to his tits. God, Emily was amazing to feel, and the attention of the classroom on his golden body was delightful. He slid his fingers across his angel soft skin, tickling himself and releasing a tiny giggle.

Mr. Grimsley approached him but Daniel pushed him away. The teacher paused, unsure of what to do, before sprinting out the door, probably to the principal's office. Daniel quickly locked the door behind him, then turned back to the class. His hands slipped down the hem of his skirt and he wiggled it down his legs, teasing the guys in the front row who were staring at him, enraptured. He leaned forward as the skirt slid down his legs, so that his breasts dangled in front of one of the guys in the first row. Still bent over, he jiggled his chest, letting his tiny tits sway beneath him.

People in class were murmuring but still no one stopped him as he stepped out of his skirt and then yanked his panties down, revealing the bronze triangle of Emily's precisely trimmed bush. Daniel slid his fingers through his scratchy pubic hair, stroking the rubbery lips of his pussy as his other hand came up to fondle his tits. The heat was building throughout his entire body and he slipped a finger inside himself to meet his own warmth. He gave a cute, high-pitched gasp that he turned into an embarrassed giggle.

Daniel sat on the teacher's desk and spread his legs for the classroom. He made Emily sink her slim fingers deeper into her wonderful new pussy, revealing little flashes of pink to the classroom. Daniel's fingers moved in slow circles as he traced back and forth across his little clit. The other hand massaged his tits, pinching each delicate nipple until they sprang out beneath his touch. All the time he cooed and sighed as his body lit up with warmth and he grew ever wetter. Daniel continued fingering Emily's tight pussy, slipping deeper inside himself, feeling the tight walls of his cunt as he fucked himself faster. The warmth burned through him, brighter and more intense. The slippery sound of his fingers in his wetness hit his ears and he orgasmed, throwing back his head and moaning as his entire body lit up with pleasure. And, god, his pussy was so wet. He could feel himself dripping onto the desk. Even as Daniel came down he knew he needed more.

He plunged his two fingers deeper inside himself, driving them in past the knuckle until he couldn't slide in anymore. He spread his legs to show off Emily's body to the class. Emily felt amazing on the inside, her little cunt so wet and tight. He thrust his fingers in and out, driving them deep, curving them up through the velvety walls of her pussy until he hit her center. He squeezed his tits harder and moaned, legs spread wide, fingers digging fast and fierce, urging the heat through his body. The expanding tendrils of pleasure grabbed him and he thrust harder, faster inside himself, moaning in Emily's high pitched voice until the heat exploded through him and he came, dropping his tits so he could lean back on one hand and thrust his hips up towards his fingers, the sound of his wetness hitting his ears and making him cum that much harder. He shut his eyes and cried out as he convulsed with pleasure, his entire body twisting and jolting, an orgasm bigger than any he'd had as a guy. The pleasure emanated from his cunt and poured through his body, less concentrated, more intense than he'd ever experienced before. He kept his fingers inside himself as he came down, slowing but still twisting through Emily's sopping wet pussy, enjoying the last dying embers of her wet pleasure.

When it was done, he opened his eyes and gazed out at the class. They were in shock. It was too bad there were no phones allowed in school to record this, but Daniel was sure word would get around.

He pulled his fingers out of himself and sucked on them, tasting Emily's musky pussy juices. Some of the girls looked disgusted but the guys were staring at him, rapt with attention. With a few

seconds left in Emily's body, Daniel grabbed the scissors and cut up all her clothes into tiny strips. As he felt himself losing connection with her body he grabbed her tits in one hand and plunged his fingers deep inside himself, luxuriating in the wet heat of her cunt one last time.

And then he was back in his body. He lifted his head from his desk and watched Emily as she regained control of herself. She looked down at her own body, realized that she was naked and fingering herself as the whole class looked on in amusement and disgust. Her face went bright red and she pulled her fingers out of herself, still gazing around in open-mouthed astonishment. She began hyperventilating, backing towards the whiteboard on her long, elegant legs. When her bare ass bumped against the board she jumped, bringing her hands to her face as she whipped around, sending her long blonde hair flying across her face. She must have smelled her pussy on her fingers because her cute nose wrinkled in disgust, delicate cheerleader features squinting as she turned away and dropped her hand back to her side. Seeing the pile of clothes on the floor she dove for them and Daniel watched her face fall as she picked up the unusable scraps of cloth.

Someone began pounding on the door of the classroom and Emily ran behind the teacher's desk, huddling up and drawing herself in close. Daniel could just make out one knee as she tried to take cover. Another student opened the door and Mr. Grimsley rushed in, along with the principal and the school nurse. They draped Emily in a blanket and gently escorted her out of the room. She was sobbing uncontrollably, mascara running down her pretty face.

Daniel grinned as he watched her. It served her right. She would never live this one down. And Daniel could treasure the memory of being inside her and feeling her cum around his fingers forever.

Daniel was washing his hands in a school bathroom—one of the self-contained units with one toilet and sink—when the demon appeared noiselessly at his side. The demon was bigger now, just coming up to Daniel's knee.

“That was delicious.” The demon licked his lips with an impossibly long, spiky-looking tongue. “She won't be messing with anyone anytime soon.”

“Mirah now?” Daniel asked.

“Hmm, not quite yet.” The demon rubbed his chin. “She's willful. I need to be stronger still. But Charlotte...that I can do. And for longer than Emily now. Maybe the best part of a day.”

Daniel gazed at his face in the mirror. Despite the deep sleep he'd gotten last night there appeared to be bags under his eyes, giving him a gaunt, skeletal look. He'd enjoyed being Emily but deep down he still had doubts about what he'd done. It wasn't fair to control people like this.

“But she did deserve it,” the demon spoke up, as if picking up his thoughts, “She helped Mirah prepare that spit sandwich yesterday.”

The anger flared bright within Daniel. He had no plan other than vengeance. “Put me in, boss,” he growled.

He was suddenly in the lunch room sitting across from Mirah. Mirah was in the middle of some rant, rolling her eyes when Daniel appeared in Charlotte's body. Thick framed glasses were perched on his flat nose. He held a fork in slender fingers, a tiny morsel of carrot perched on the end. Just like in Emily, Daniel was immediately aware of the differences between this body and his old. Charlotte was tiny, for one, and he felt the lack of mass immediately. The lunch room seemed immense, everything seemed bigger, louder from his smaller perspective. His long, black hair tickled his cheek and as he brushed it away his fingers whispered against his smooth cheek. He shifted his legs beneath the table, feeling the skirt brush across the top of his thighs. He returned his hand to his lap and caressed his leg, fingers skating gently across Charlotte's warm thighs. As Daniel adjusted to his surroundings, he became aware that Mirah was ranting about Emily.

“I knew she was such a super slut. I'm not at all surprised. They say it was some sort of psychotic episode but I think she just wants attention, right?”

Mirah looked to Charlotte, clearly expecting contrite confirmation. Instead, Daniel lay his fork down and wiped his lips daintily with his napkin. His stomach rumbled with hunger and he looked down at his plate. It was empty, a minuscule smudge of oil on the surface indicating the previous existence of something slight and low calorie. Charlotte always did eat like a bird and now, in her body, Daniel could feel that she never filled up. No wonder she was so small and fragile looking.

“Hello?” Mirah waved at his face. “You agree Emily is out. I can't be seen with someone who does *that*.” Mirah wrinkled her nose in distaste.

“Oh, shut up,” Daniel said. His voice seemed tiny and high-pitched now.

Mirah froze, her mouth open in absolute surprise.

“I never liked you.” Daniel continued. “No one did. Emily may be a slut but you're a bitch.”

Mirah was too stunned to retort. Daniel stood and strutted out of the lunch room, aware that some of the guys were glancing at his legs and his little ass as it swayed back and forth beneath the tight skirt.

Daniel walked straight out to the parking lot, digging Charlotte's keys out of her ridiculously tiny backpack and clicking the button until he found her car. Brand new bright yellow convertible. Figured.

He hopped in and screeched out of the parking lot, using her phone to navigate to her own house. He didn't have any sort of plan in mind but he knew people would be talking about Emily for the rest of the day and he didn't want to take anything away from that. Charlotte's house was a hideous, sprawling McMansion. He parked in one of the three garages and strolled inside. The only people at home were the maids. They kept their heads down as Daniel searched through the house, opening and closing the seemingly infinite number of doors until he came to what had to be Charlotte's room.

It was decorated in rich-brat-teenage-girl style: big posters of boy bands he'd never heard of plastered on the walls, an elegant wood-carved mirror above a massive makeup desk crammed with bottles and tubes and brushes, overstuffed closet with expensive-looking clothes. The bed was raised high above the floor, the mattress thick with fluffy stuffing. He pulled apart her room, searching for anything that looked fun. In one of her drawers he found a fancy red corset connected to some blue shorts. It was inlaid with gold and had two golden W's where the waist would be. On top were two golden bracelets, a golden tiara, and a golden lasso. Definitely Wonder Woman's outfit. But what was it doing in Charlotte's room?

Daniel found his answer in the messy piles of paper on her wardrobe. It was a flier for the local comic con, which was going on today and over the rest of the weekend.

So, apparently Charlotte was big into cosplay. Time to make a few nerds happy.

Daniel tossed his school uniform onto the floor, then slid off his bra and panties, freeing Charlotte's diminutive breasts. They were tinier than Emily's but no less perky. He pinched and pulled the nipple, stretching it out and letting it bounce back until it spiked out in pleasure. Charlotte also kept herself shaved, and Daniel took some time to examine her bare pussy, spreading himself to gaze into his plump pink folds. She was cute and tiny, and his stomach rumbled again as if to remind him how she managed to stay that way. There was no telling exactly how much time he had in her body, so he had to be quick.

He slipped into the Wonder Woman outfit, sliding the shorts up his legs and squeezing into the corset. The suit was tailor-made for Charlotte's body. The corset squashed her breasts up, making them appear much bigger. A wonder bra for Wonder Woman. He posed in the mirror quickly, Charlotte's large round glasses and wide Asian features incongruous with his outfit. But adorable in a way. The little shorts were basically underwear, clinging to his ass, slipping just across his butt cheeks before curving in between his thighs.

He skipped downstairs to the kitchen. Fuck this staying hungry. He was going to teach her to eat. Daniel grabbed a slice of chocolate cake that was sitting on the counter and crammed it into his mouth. He followed that up with a plate of lasagne topped with some hamburger patties and chased it down with as much ice cream as he could cram into himself. When he was finally done he wiped a little dribble of chocolate off his cheeks and sat back. He belched loudly, patting his stomach which was now distended beneath his tight outfit. That would do for now.

Daniel collected his keys and headed downtown to the convention.

He was a hit, naturally. A tiny Asian with big, dork glasses crammed into a superhero outfit made the other convention-goers swarm. The guards didn't even check for his pass, just assumed he was a booth babe. And he acted like one. He posed for pictures everywhere, thrusting out his chest and holding up a peace sign as he smiled for everyone's camera. Guys threw their arms around his bare waist for pictures and he pressed up against them. Occasionally a hand would brush against his ass and he would giggle. It wasn't his body and he didn't mind being groped. The attention was flattering, nearly overwhelming. Daniel sauntered around the booths, growing ever hornier as he flaunted Charlotte's body to complete strangers.

It was while posing for one picture that Daniel felt a hand stray down to his ass and stay there, squeezing his butt and making him jump as the camera went off. Daniel turned to the hand's owner, an older man in his thirties with a trim brown beard and mischievous eyes. He was inoffensively bland, not cute, not ugly. Though the guy wasn't tall, Daniel still found himself craning his neck up because of Charlotte's tiny stature. He was the kind of guy Charlotte would ignore walking down the street, passing right on by as if he didn't exist.

Something about being in a convention with a hand on a pretty girl's ass gave him the gall to ask, "You want to come up to my room?"

The guy probably expected Daniel to smack him and yell, but instead Daniel just batted his eyes and wrapped himself around the man's arm.

"Lead the way," he said.

As soon as Daniel entered the man's room he turned and launched himself into the man's arms. The man grabbed him in surprise, locking his hands beneath Daniel's tiny ass and pulling him close. Daniel was on his tiptoes, his lips pressed against the man's. Daniel stretched up his hand and curled it through the guy's hair, pulling their lips tight together. The man's tongue shot out and Daniel opened Charlotte's mouth, welcoming it inside. The man was warm and tasted minty as his tongue slithered around, his hands coming up to Daniel's tits, digging roughly into his sensitive skin, groping big handfuls of Daniel's breasts.

Daniel pressed Charlotte's nearly naked body against the guy, rubbing himself against the man's pants as the hidden erection pressed up between them beneath the guy's clothes. Daniel pushed the man back and giggled at his open mouthed astonishment, then leaned in close, his tits pressing against the man's chest as he brought Charlotte's lips to the man's ear.

"Keep your phone out. You're going to want a video of this." Daniel purred.

The man scrambled for his phone as Daniel got to his knees and tossed his long, coal-black hair behind him. He placed his hand over the bulge in the man's pants, rubbing it, teasing the guy as he got out his phone. When it was recording, Daniel unbuttoned the guy's pants and yanked them down. He nearly laughed at the superman boxers, but turned it into a coquettish giggle, grinning up like a fox and licking his lips. Daniel pulled the boxers down, too, and was greeted with the sight of a cock that jutted out towards Charlotte's pretty little nose. The base of the man's dick was hidden in an unruly mass of brown hair, the head already swollen, the shaft thick.

Daniel gripped it in his hands. His tiny fingers made the cock seem that much bigger. He stroked slowly, gazing down adoringly at the dick in his fingers as he manipulated it. He looked up at the camera and grinned in delight as his fingers trailed up and down the shaft. Then he opened his mouth and quickly swallowed the stranger's cock, taking it into his mouth, letting the head glide

across his tongue, bringing with it a slight salty taste. Daniel shoved his lips down greedily, swallowing as much of the cock as he could before coming back up, plump little lips wrapped tight around the man's dick. The shaft was now glistening with his saliva and he pushed his mouth back down swirling his head around, tongue undulating against the underside of the man's cock. He kept the pressure up, sucking hard, his lips concave as he filled himself with the man's dick, driving his lips up and down the veiny shaft as the man groaned above but kept the camera aimed squarely at Daniel's face.

Daniel showed off for the camera, stuffing the cock into one cheek, sliding his hand up and down the remainder of the shaft, jacking the man off into his mouth. He pulled his lips off and licked the man's dick from base to tip, the dick coming to rest on his little nose, his face growing slick with his own saliva. The man's moans grew louder and Daniel swallowed the dick again, faster this time, going down far enough to choke himself. He came up coughing and went right back down, torturing Charlotte's little body, shoving her face up and down the cock until he felt it throb in his mouth.

Daniel pulled the man's cock out of his mouth and aimed it at his face just as the man exploded. spurts of white cum jetted from his cock and Daniel caught it on Charlotte's face, opening his mouth wide and letting the creamy cum drip over his nose, his glasses, sliding down his cheeks and onto his chest. It was hot as it hit his skin and made him squirm as his own body warmed with it, delighting in being used like this, in turning Charlotte into a little cumrag. When the man was finally done Daniel turned to the phone, saw Charlotte's beautiful face reflected back at him, her features slick and obscured with creamy seed. He licked his lips, tasting the deep, salty taste of cum. He rubbed his face and dragged the cum down his neck, squeezing his little tits and leaving a sticky trail of jizz down his lither body.

His other hand still grasping the man's dick, he looked up at him. "Got any friends?"

Daniel spent the next several hours going from hotel room to hotel room, blowing anyone and everyone, letting them cum on his face, his tits, his ass. His only rule was that they had to film it. And they did. Daniel sucked guys off until his jaw was sore and jizz dripped down between his tits and the crack of his ass. He made them bring him candy and sweets, taking payment in sugar and fat, which he messily stuffed into his mouth before plunging Charlotte's lips back down on another fat cock. He was the cheapest whore, available to everyone for just a hot dog or a soft drink. When he was done, his entire costume was damp with jizz and as he felt himself slipping out of Charlotte's body, he quickly set her phone to record directly to his private YouTube channel and poured the rest of a milkshake into his mouth, letting it dribble down his face as he forced himself to swallow it, his body so incredibly full, his stomach bloated.

Later, when Daniel was back in his old body, he watched the video of Charlotte coming back to herself. Watched the realization of what she was wearing, of what was dripping down her body and what she could taste in her mouth. Her stunned reaction was everything he'd imagined and more.

The next day the demon appeared and he was bigger still. His head now reached Daniel's waist. Daniel was walking through the school hallways with his lunch when the demon appeared in an acrid puff of smoke. Daniel peered over at him slowly, his head feeling strangely heavy.

“That was incredible, Daniel. You really showed her. Look, it's all over the internet.” The demon laughed as he held up a cell phone. Charlotte's face peered back from a hundred different thumbnails of videos on the website, each one showing her outfit more askew than the last, her hair and face stiffer with cum.

Daniel stared vacantly at the videos. He felt so hollow and used. “Yeah,” he agreed slowly.

“I'm now strong enough to put you into Mirah,” the demon said. His smile was too wide for his face, all teeth and gums.

“I don't know,” Daniel said, “I've done a lot.”

“But you haven't done anything to the person who *really* deserves it,” the demon said, coming in close, hissing in Daniel's ear, the cadence hypnotic, the voice steady and so sure of itself. “Mirah is the one who needs to learn humility. And she needs to bring it on herself. Remember all the things she did to you. The humiliation. The injury. The sandwich. Come with me.”

The demon led him out through the doors and towards the edge of the basketball courts. Across from them they could see Mirah lounging on the bleachers, surrounded by a new group of girls. Charlotte and Emily hadn't shown up at school that day but Mirah had just picked two girls out of her pack of hangers-on and lifted them up to be her new personal cheer squad. They were surrounded by a couple of drooling jocks all vying for her attention. Mirah ignored them, leaning back and flipping through her phone, looking up occasionally to toss out a comment that the guys jumped on like rabid dogs, each trying to outdo the other.

Daniel's rage burst up from inside him from out of nowhere. Of course, the demon was right. He clenched a shaking fist as his humiliations came back to haunt him. There she was, surrounded by people who would give anything to be with her, totally unaffected by the misery she put out into the world. She needed to pay.

“Yessss,” the demon said, flicking his too-long tongue out as if tasting Daniel's rage. “She can be yours to do with as you will.”

“Put me in, boss,” Daniel growled.

Instantly he was lounging on the bleachers, his long coffee-colored legs stretched out in front of him. The tiny skirt rode up his thighs, just long enough to promise a hint of a view without ever delivering. His feet were clad with expensive sandals, his little toes painted a bright pink that beautifully set off his Indian skin. He held a pink phone in perfect fingers. Each digit was slender, the nails perfectly tapered, a picture of perfection afforded to her by her immense wealth. Her school outfit was perfectly tailored to her body, hugging her curves in all the right places, accentuating her hips, her ass, stretched taut across the swell of her breasts. And now that Daniel

was inside her he could feel just how big her tits were, heavier than either Emily's or Charlotte's, they rocked back and forth even beneath his bra as he sat up and stretched, enjoying every lovely motion of Mirah's lithe body. He turned a glaring eye on the guys around him, arching one perfectly sculpted eyebrow in disdain.

“I'm going to go, boys, don't wait up.” God, that voice, the voice of his tormentor now spilled from his lips, so fucking infuriating to hear and also so sexy. Light and teasing. Girlish and carefree.

He stood, aware that the guys were gazing at his legs, his ass as he strode away. The girls at his side didn't know what to do. They got up to follow but he turned and fixed them with a cold stare. “You stay here.”

He strode off towards the parking lot, Mirah's phone clutched in his hand, his little skirt swishing back and forth across her ass. He was going to humiliate her, but first, he was going to enjoy himself and her money.

Daniel strode into the virtual reality arcade, plunked Mirah's credit card down and paid for everyone's games. As the employee strapped him in, Daniel took the opportunity to press Mirah's delightful body up against the man. He played until he was hungry, then went to the greasiest dive he could find, someplace Mirah would never deign to appear, and ordered everything off the menu. He filled Mirah's tiny body with nachos dripping with cheese, greasy fried chicken, and pulled pork until he was bloated and full. After that he stopped by the electronics store and ordered the most expensive computer he could, shipping it to his own address. A little present from Mirah.

Everywhere he went he was the center of attention. His startling dark eyes and stunning looks had the employees knocking each other down to help him out. He favored them with easy smiles, laughing at the worst jokes, and finding every excuse to bend down, or twist over to let his skirt slide up and reveal a glimpse of the stark white panties nestled between his cocoa butter thighs. Between stops Daniel sped down the road, blasting through stoplights and racking up scores of traffic tickets from the red light cameras. Whenever he pulled up next to someone at a light he would get their attention—waving or honking—before yanking up his top and flashing Mirah's tits at them. He got many appreciative honks back.

It was fun being inside her body. Partly because he was so carefree, little caring about the consequences that Mirah would face when she returned, and partly because of all the attention he got from being a beautiful bratty teenager. He bought whatever he wanted, ate everything, showed off his perfect little body. But he wanted to show off more.

Daniel's next stop was Stormy's, the strip club off the highway. The bouncer at the front door gave him a strange look but didn't stop him from sauntering in. His eyes adjusted slowly to the dim light as the thumping music assaulted his ears. There were a few groups of customers scattered around. A bored looking brunette danced onstage. She had small breasts and a rectangular figure and only a handful of guys were paying attention to her, half-heartedly waving dollar bills at her. Clearly she was the afternoon shift. She soon collected the money and disappeared backstage.

Daniel strode up to the bar. The barkeep, a skinny guy with sleeve tats up both arms came over and grinned crookedly at him.

“Can I help you?” He asked in a gruff voice.

Daniel shot him Mirah's sweetest smile. “I was hoping *I* could help *you*. How do I get up onstage?”

“You ask me.” He looked her up and down. “How old are you?”

“Old enough.”

The barkeep shrugged. "We're short staffed this afternoon. Have at it."

The barkeep escorted him backstage, past a mostly empty dressing room and up to a sequined curtain that led out to the dance stage. Daniel tossed his keys and wallet onto an empty dressing table.

"All yours, sweetie," the barkeep said, smacking Daniel's ass.

Daniel strolled onstage, hips swaying back and forth as the music kicked up to a thumping beat. The guys in the audience looked up and hollered appreciatively as they noticed his schoolgirl uniform. Daniel let the music take him, gyrating his body and gradually peeling off layers of clothing, tossing them into the crowd as the guys crowded closer. Soon he was in nothing but a bra and panties and he leaned against the pole, sliding down as he felt himself up, hands wandering over his tits, his ass, sliding between his legs. God, Mirah's body felt so nice. She was so limber and energetic. He lifted his leg up over his head, stretching as far as he could, enjoying the elasticity of her body while his panties tightened against his pussy.

He offered his back to a man in the front row and the guy obligingly unstrapped his bra. Daniel tossed the bra away and let his tits bounce down. They were full and ripe, two perfect tear-dropped shapes. They were wonderful to stroke, the skin tender and warm. The crowd grew louder and more hands held up dollar bills. Daniel grabbed the pole, twirled around and jumped up, wrapping his legs around the pole as he slid down to the ground, the solid steel pressing hard against his clit, his boobs jiggling with each motion. The pressure coupled with the hooting attention made him moist. He crawled along the floor, enjoying Mirah's humiliation as guys pawed at his hanging tits, squeezing painfully, smacking them and watching them bounce.

Daniel arched his back and turned to the row of guys. Their musk was ripe in his nose and he nodded at one, offering up one hip. The man took hold of Daniel's panties and slid them off over his ass and down his leg. Daniel rolled onto his back and kicked the panties away before spreading his legs in the air. His breath caught in his throat as he stared down at his perfect body, the little lips of his pussy just visible beneath the dark thatch of pubic hair.

He rolled in the dollar bills, stroking his thighs and cooing like a whore. Daniel was so wet now, glistening drops of his juice sparkled from his pubic hair, reflecting the dazzling lights of the club. And then it was over. The music stopped and the barkeep appeared to usher him backstage.

"Holy shit," the barkeep gushed, "That was amazing. When can you come back?"

"I don't know," Daniel said, "You'll have to ask my dad."

Daniel texted the barkeep Mirah's dad's number from out of her phone, making sure to accompany it with a topless selfie. He was about to leave when he realized that he didn't have any clothes.

"Um," Daniel giggled, "I threw away all my clothes. What do you have in your wardrobe?"

School was out by the time Daniel got back in Mirah's car. He drove fast, hoping to make it there in time for his big finale. He'd chosen the sluttiest outfit he could find from the strip club and was now dressed in a belly shirt that clung to Mirah's heavy tits but left her trim stomach exposed. The stark white of the shirt contrasted nicely with his dark skin. The cut-off shorts barely even counted as underwear, which was fine because he wasn't wearing any underwear. Little rich girl Mirah was dressed like a cheap whore...and was about to act like one.

When he arrived back at school he saw the lacrosse team out on the field finishing up their practice. He jumped the car up onto the curb and hopped out, then snuck through the hallways and entered the men's locker room from the back. When the members of the lacrosse team came filing back into

the locker room they were greeted with the sight of Mirah's body lying on one of the benches in the middle of the floor.

Daniel was on all fours, his head leaning on his hands, his back arched so that his lovely little butt was perched high in the air. The tight shirt did little to hide the sway of his breasts, and his tiny cut-offs rode high up his ass. He could feel the lips of his pussy giving way to the fabric. Daniel smiled up at the guys and batted his eyelashes. The team stood frozen, staring at him for a beat, unsure of how to react to seeing prissy, stuck up Mirah offering herself to them.

Daniel crooked a finger at the guy in front, the team captain, a crew cut blond with a jaw that could cut steel. As the captain came closer his astonishment turned into a wide grin, and Daniel sat up on his knees, gripped the captain's uniform, and pressed their lips together. Daniel twisted his tongue into the captain's mouth. He tasted of sweat and grass. Daniel clapped his hand on the captain's ass and pulled him closer as they made out, closing his eyes as the captain explored Daniel's mouth, tongue thrusting eagerly between Daniel's wet, warm lips.

Daniel pulled away, still gripping a fistful of the captain's shirt. He peered over at the rest of the team and bit his plump lower lip.

“What are you all waiting for? Come join us.” He purred, his voice oozing with lust.

That was all it took. The team eagerly gathered around him, pawing at his body, squeezing Daniel's stolen tits, his ass. They passed him from guy to guy and he made out with each one as the others grew bolder. Someone pulled his shirt up and he lifted his arms, let them take off his top and free his breasts. A mouth was on his tits instantly, warm tongue lapping at his nipple while someone squeezed his other boob. There were so many hands on him, greedy for him, some rough, some tender. Someone helped him out of his pants and then there was a hand between his legs. He moaned into a guy's mouth as fingers dug into his pussy, finding his wetness and spreading it across his pussy lips.

Suddenly there was a cock in Daniel's face and he opened his mouth and swallowed it, lips gliding down as far as he could, until he choked and came back up spluttering. His lips were back down in an instant, greedy for dick, the musky taste of teenage cock filled his mouth as his tongue undulated against the slick warm shaft. The dick slid across his tongue and slammed into the back of his throat. They seemed to delight in making him choke, in fucking his mouth quick and hard, and he let them, punishing Mirah's body for everything she'd ever done.

As he sucked one dick, someone grabbed his hand and put it on another. Daniel wrapped his fingers around the shaft and slid his fingers up and down, slowly pumping the cock. He quickly brought his fingers between his legs, coated them with his wetness, and then used it as lube to continue stroking the dick. It grew ever harder in his hand, solidifying, throbbing every now and then as his fingers slid up the head and then back down the veiny shaft.

There was a dick between his breasts. Someone had Daniel's tits in hand and had shoved them together and was now fucking his amazing boobs. At the same time, hands found his ass and squeezed. Daniel arched his back and felt a dull pressure against his pussy as one of the team placed their dick up against Daniel's slick opening. The cock seemed so big against Daniel's tiny body, and whoever it was pushed inside hard and fast. Daniel gasped as the cock entered him, slid deep inside. The walls of his cunt wrapped around the shaft, bringing with it an incredible fullness. He felt that he might split as someone drove deep inside, planting their cockhead hard up against his center, a painful pleasure that reverberated through his body and made him moan with a small orgasm. He gasped as the dick hit his cervix, momentarily pausing in sucking the dick in his mouth until impatient hands gripped his hair and forced his mouth back down the slick shaft. And now the team was using him, fucking his body, squeezing his tits and smacking his ass.

Daniel moaned around the cock in his mouth as the guy behind him grew faster, driving his dick harder into Daniel's aching cunt, shooting white hot pleasure directly into Daniel's brain. And then the cock in his mouth erupted, throbbing suddenly as the man in his mouth came, jetting salty, warm cream down Daniel's throat. He gulped it down, swallowing as much as he could until he had to pull away and let the rest dribble down his chin. He turned his attention to the dick between his breasts, lowering his lips to swallow the head as it appeared between his pillowy boobs, sucking off the precum as the man squeezed his tits painfully hard and thrust up between them, again and again.

The man behind him fucked him faster, faster, and then drove balls deep and came with a moan, gripping Daniel's ass in steel fingers and emptying his creamy seed into Mirah's body. Daniel could feel each throb, each spurt of seed as it filled his body and he came, too. He shut his eyes and moaned as his body vibrated with pleasure, mouth dropping open to cry out until he was suddenly silenced by another cock between his lips. He sucked eagerly, now into the rhythm, driving his lips down, down, deep-throating the dick in front of him as, behind, the guy switched out and someone else came in.

His ass was gripped again and he felt someone thrust forward, pounding into him quickly and violently, eliciting cries of pleasure from Daniel as his body burned with lust. Whoever it was only thrust a few times, until their shaft was covered with Mirah's juices. Then they pulled out and spread apart Daniel's ass. Daniel moaned, not ready for this, but he was surrounded, couldn't move for all the strong arms holding him down, petting him, fucking him. Someone grabbed a fistful of hair and jammed Daniel's mouth down hard. His lips slid down, down, little nose buried in someone's pubic hair as he swallowed the cock. At the same time, a warm, dull heat pressed against the tight hole of his ass. The pressure grew fiercer and Daniel felt his puckered hole opening, giving way. Lubricated by Mirah's pussy juices, the cock slid slowly into Daniel's asshole. All he could do was groan around the cock in his mouth, his body held fast by eager young men. The cock in his ass continued plunging in. It seemed to go on forever, each inch bringing with it a glorious mix of pleasure and pain. Finally, finally, he felt the man's groin touch his and knew he was as full as he could be and he came unexpectedly. A dizzying rush of pleasure flew through his body, making him squirm beneath the heavy touch of the team as his ass tightened around the dick inside.

The cock in his ass grew quicker, each thrust driving his little lips down the shaft of the cock in front of him. In and out, in and out, filled from one end then the other, growing in rhythm until both cocks throbbed and came. He was pulled back and forth as the cock in his ass sunk deep, shooting hot cum into his asshole as the one between his lips exploded into his mouth. He swallowed and moaned as pleasure twisted through him. He gave Mirah's virginal body over to the team with pure delight. Everyone got a chance to fuck him, to squeeze his tits, to slide into any hole they wanted. He tasted his pussy on one dick, his ass on another, swallowing whatever was thrust in his face, quivering and driving hard down on whatever was pounded into his cunt and his ass until everyone had had a turn.

When the last team member was done Daniel was released, and he barely managed to soften his fall as he collapsed onto the bench. Cum dripped from his lips, ran down his tits. Rivulets of sticky seed were stuck to his thighs and he felt amazingly full and warm and used. Mirah's body had gotten everything she deserved. As his body came down from the orgasmic high he felt himself receding from Mirah's body and he laughed, imagining how she would feel coming back to herself, finding her body naked in the men's locker room, surrounded by guys who had just fucked her senseless.

Daniel awoke on his bed, feeling hollow and empty. His throat was dry and the air in his room felt stuffy and warm. A tall body loomed over him as he lay, weakened, on the bed.

“Yesss, Daniel, I hope you got everything you wanted. I know I did. But you have no more hate left and I need some more.”

The figure flickered and disappeared in a large puff of greasy smoke that hung in Daniel's room for hours afterwards.

## Epilogue

Emily sat on her bed, knees tucked up to her chest. She sniffed every now and then but had mostly gotten herself under control. They'd called it some sort of psychotic episode but it had felt so real. She had remembered every minute of it, could remember doing it and believing it was necessary at the time, until suddenly she'd come back to herself and realized what she'd done.

A shadow fell over her and she looked up, expecting to find her dad. What she saw instead was a demon. He was red-skinned and taller than a man, with sharp horns on his head and hypnotic glowing eyes.

“Hello, Emily,” the demon said,

Rationally, Emily knew she should be scared. But she was exhausted and spent, and had no energy left to care about anything. Until the demon spoke again.

“It wasn't psychosis, Emily. You were possessed. I can tell you who it was and how to get revenge. All I want is your hate.” He hissed.

And Emily gave it to him gladly.

###

## iSwap

Even from all the way upstairs and with my bedroom door closed, I could hear my stepsister screaming in rage.

“You can't do that!” Amber wailed.

“I already have,” my dad roared in response. “You do not deserve to go on this trip.”

My suitcase was on the floor and I continued adding clothes to it as the argument from downstairs trickled up to my room. It was hard to concentrate with all the noise, but fortunately I'd made a list and was ticking things off as they went in. I'd already budgeted exactly for the trip and I didn't want to have to buy any extra clothes just because I'd forgotten my swimsuit or some nice dress shirts to get into the fancier clubs around Athens. It also wouldn't hurt to bring a spare set of glasses and an extra book or two. Better to be prepared for anything: rainy days, closed bookstores, leisurely lunches in nearly empty cafes.

“It's not fair! It was only one dumb party!” Amber yelled from downstairs, emphasizing her point by thumping loudly on something heavy and solid, probably the kitchen table around which the argument was occurring.

“That's not the point,” dad responded. “You had a responsibility. How can we trust you to go off on your own if we can't trust you at home?”

Amber and I had made plans to visit Athens together over the summer and our plane was leaving in two days. My stepsister and I didn't really get along—I found her too much of a stuck-up princess and she thought of me as too much of a boring bookworm—but we'd found a package deal to take advantage of low airfares and cheap hotels. We'd mostly be doing different activities anyway, and I didn't expect to see much of my bratty stepsister except back at the hotel each night. I wanted to see the sites, visit the ruins and explore where democracy was born. Amber wanted to lay on the beach and go to clubs every night. But, from the way the argument downstairs was going, I'd not only get my own room, I wouldn't have to deal with any of Amber's demands. I was already smiling at the thought of having the resort hotel room all to myself.

The argument downstairs had reached a simmer, and I sometimes caught snippets of conversation, but it didn't seem like my dad was budging. The whole thing had started because Amber had invited a few friends over last night when my parents went out for a late evening. That was her story anyway, but I remember a pretty wild party going on until about an hour before my parents were due to return. I'd been holed up in my room playing video games, venturing downstairs occasionally to grab a beer, or try to sneak a glance at Amber's best friend, Kaitlyn.

Kaitlyn had mostly lounged on our living room couch, surrounded by a group of three or four guys who were so clearly trying to get in her pants. I couldn't really blame them. Kaitlyn was gorgeous, with soft features, a cute little button nose, and full pouty lips. Plus, she had a fantastic figure. She was a soccer player, so her thighs were solid and powerful, and she had the tightest ass. She was a dream to watch running across the field, her powerful legs striding forward, her heavy breasts bouncing up and down. How I wished they'd bounce up and down in my face. Like Tantalus and the

fruit, Kaitlyn's boobs were forever out of my grasp but always visible. She and Amber were on the school soccer team together and also hung out constantly so she was always in my periphery. She also starred in a number of my fantasies. But to her, I was just her best friend's dorky little brother.

I had retreated from Amber's friends back upstairs when I heard the sound of something smash, and I ran downstairs to find Amber standing over Carl Reiner's body. Well, a signed photograph of the actor's body anyway. The frame was broken and what looked like half a beer was dripping onto the picture and spilling onto the carpet. No amount of cleaning could get the stain out before my stepmom and my dad got home. Amber tried to hide the ripped photograph but, of course, my dad noticed the empty spot in his celebrity collection right away and went ballistic.

There were denials. Screams. Crying. But now it seemed pretty quiet. I folded up my suitcase and peeked my head out of my room just in time to see Amber stomping up the stairs. Amber was tall and willowy, with long limbs and a slender frame. She took after her mom, with smooth mocha skin, a regal nose, and a pretty, dark-featured face. She usually evinced a comfort in her body that I envied, an ability to move easily through a room with a sort of carefree giddiness about herself. Now, however, her brow was furrowed, striking dark eyebrows narrowed in anger, little nose wrinkled in disgust. Even in rage she was well put together, like her makeup had been artistically run with tears instead of uncontrolled mad crying. Her belly shirt showed off the smooth expanse of her flat tummy and her shorts were scandalously small, nearly underwear, revealing acres of perfect legs. She fixed me with her wide brown eyes.

“This is bullshit,” she spat, “Dad took away my ticket.”

“Oh, geez,” I said lamely.

“Yeah. Oh, geez. I'm sure you're *real* broken up about it. Now you can have your little nerd-cation by yourself.”

I withdrew silently into my room rather than debate the finer points of crafting a portmanteau that made sense. She stomped down the hallway as I resumed packing. My trip was getting more exciting and less stressful by the minute.

Amber made herself scarce for most of the next day. I figured she'd spent most of it either holed up in her room or out commiserating with her friends. Either way, I was glad I didn't have to be around her much. I was sure I wouldn't have been able to contain my excitement, and Amber was always free with the insults when she was in these moods. I spent the day picking up a few last minute toiletries and researching restaurants. That afternoon, while I was ticking things off my list, Amber slunk into my room without knocking. That wasn't so unusual; she thought she was the queen of the fucking house.

What was unusual was that she peered closely at me, making me feel like a germ under a microscope. She rarely showed an interest in me except to belittle me, so this was odd. Her coffee-brown eyes flicked over my face and down my body, her face so close I could see the little freckles on her nose. If I hadn't known who she was, I would have been elated to receive such close attention from a beautiful girl. Unfortunately, her annoying personality overshadowed her looks.

She suddenly stood up and nodded as if making up her mind. "Yeah, I can do that," she said to herself, before turning to leave. I watched her cute butt as it wiggled away around the corner.

Ok, so her personality didn't *completely* nullify her looks. The whole ordeal had been strange and way out of character for her.

The morning after that was the day of the trip. I was zipping up my backpack when Amber appeared in the doorway of my room. She looked surprisingly upbeat. A little smile played at the corner of her rosy lips and her eyes twinkled mysteriously. She had her cell phone in one hand and she flipped her silken brunette hair back off her face and behind one slim ear before leaning against the doorway. She crossed her legs at the ankle and ran her bare toes up and down her shin, drawing my attention to her perfect legs. Oddly, her clothes today were pretty conservative for her: a plain, tight fitting white t-shirt with a high neckline, and three-quarter length pink jeans that seemed painted on.

"Hey Noah, all packed?" She asked in a too-chipper tone.

"Uh, yeah," I replied, warily.

"Got your money? Passports? Itinerary?"

"Yeeeah," I said, drawing out the word. I was curious as to why Amber was taking such an interest in me.

"Good," she said, fiddling with something on her phone. "I figured you were organized like that. It means I don't have to worry about a thing." She looked up at me. "You might want to sit down; this can be a little disorienting."

Before I could ask what she was talking about the world flipped and suddenly I was standing in the doorway of my own room looking back at a stranger on the bed. It took a second for me to realize that the stranger was actually *me*...or, my body anyway. My body was looking back up at me with a half-smile on its lips.

I gasped—an airy, feminine sound—and brought my hands to lips that were much softer and tasted faintly of peaches. I gaped down at myself and my eyes nearly bulged out of my head as I found myself staring down the high neckline of my stepsister's shirt. My new cleavage was just visible beneath the neckline and I could feel the weight of the slight breasts that were pressing out from beneath my shirt. My legs were altogether too skinny, ending in perfect little feet and delicate toes.

I swayed slightly as a wave of vertigo passed through me. I lost my balance and clutched at the door frame as angel-soft hair brushed down my cheek and my breasts jiggled, the nipples rubbing against the cotton fabric, perking out like two tiny thimbles. The hands grabbing the door were hairless, the nails perfectly rounded and glossy. I was a put-together princess. God, her smell was all around me, a heady sweetness of fruit and flowers. A cell phone was clutched in the slender fingers of one hand, the display showing the title of the app in swirly gray letters: iSwap. Beneath was a large timer counting down from two weeks.

My body was looking down at itself, mouth twisted in concentration before finally nodding once, just as Amber had done when investigating me the day before.

“Perfect,” she said. My voice was deeper than I realized and almost unrecognizable to my ears, like listening to a recording of myself.

“What--? How--?” I asked, though the answers to both questions were as obvious as they were seemingly impossible.

I stared at the phone in my hands and pressed the cancel button beneath the countdown timer. The message: “Input code” appeared. I looked up at Amber, my little mouth hanging open. God, I could feel her tongue, feel the different contours of her mouth. I froze for a second as I realized I was practically tasting my stepsister's own mouth.

“I'm going on this trip,” Amber said. “And if the only way I can do it is to steal your body, well...” she shrugged. “My friend knows a guy who knows a guy who installed this little app. Tippy top secret but I coaxed it out of him.” She bit her lip and grinned.

I dreaded to think what she had done, or rather, my concern was not for her, but for what she had made my new body do.

“No. But...Amber...I can't be you.”

“But you are. For the next two weeks. You get to stay here in dullsville and I'm going to enjoy Athens. You'll get your body back juuust in time to enjoy a cramped 14 hour flight in coach.”

“I'm going to tell mom and dad what you did.” I couldn't keep my stepsister's whine out of my voice.

She just smiled. “Do that and I'll swap us for longer. Look, it's easy.”

She got up and came towards me. I shrank away from her as she towered over me. She gently tucked my hair back behind one ear and straightened my top.

“Gorgeous. You just have fun. Consider this your vacation. You get to be daddy's special little girl. And I'm the only one who knows the code, so don't fuck up my life.”

My dad yelled up from downstairs. “Noah! You ready? We've got to get you to the airport.”

“Coming dad!” Amber yelled.

She turned and shot me a quick smile that didn't look anywhere near as adorable on my body as it did on her own. “Get out of my room,” she ordered.

She picked up my suitcase and lugged it out the door, pushing me out into the hallway as she did so. She then hauled my bag downstairs, leaving me in the hallway to fume futilely. She was stealing my trip and my body! I'd planned everything and now, as usual, she was getting her way. It was always heads I win tails you lose with her. But I couldn't tell mom and dad. Even if I could get them to believe me, as long as Amber had the code for the app she had all the power. I stomped my tiny foot in rage. I guess I *had* to go to *her* room now.

I clomped down the hallway—well, as much as I could clomp in such a delicate body—and slammed the door behind me, my body shaking. I stared around at her stupid pink room with her stupid stuffed animals, ridiculous vanity full of makeup, insane closets stuffed with dumb girly outfits. I caught sight of myself in the full length mirror hanging off the wall. My stepsister's reflection glowered back at me, her sweet face contorted in disgust and rage. God, I was going to have to look at her every single day for the next two weeks.

I stood in front of the mirror, hands on my hips, glaring at myself and hating my new reflection. I felt so tiny. So fucking fragile, even with toned arms and legs. There was a sort of mass of me that I was missing. My eyes flicked down to my chest, the two little hills so prominent beneath her tight, white shirt. Fine, if she was going to stick me in her body I was going to take advantage of the situation.

I yanked my t-shirt off over my head and dropped it to the floor, then tossed my silky brunette hair behind my head, brushing the stray strands away from my forehead, my fingers slipping across my soft skin, nose catching the fleeting scent of her flowery lotion. My pulse quickened as I caught sight of my stepsister topless but for her bra. The bra was a little more difficult to get off. I twisted and turned, finally managing to unclasp it and slip it from my shoulders. I gaped down at my tits as they bounced free. The creamy mocha skin was crisscrossed with red lines from the bra but the skin was otherwise smooth and perfect. She had such perky little tits, each capped with a delicate pink nipple. Her breasts were just big enough to fill each hand and I massaged them until the slight ache from the bra had subsided. The firm heaviness of my stepsister's tits was delightful to hold and gripping them sent tiny sparks of electricity shooting through me. Her boobs—no, *my* boobs now—were elastic and firm, bouncing back to position as I jostled them, just enjoying the sight of my sister fondling herself in the mirror, making her breasts jiggle back and forth.

“Oh, god, I'm so horny for you, Noah,” I sighed to myself, thrilling at hearing my stepsister's voice begging for me. “Squeeze my little tits.” I begged, moaning as I gathered her breasts and pushed them together firmly, fingers pinching the little nipples until they hardened into spikes. Warmth exploded through my body and suddenly my pants felt way too tight.

I dropped my tits and scrabbled for my jeans. It was some work getting them off; Amber wore them tight and I had to unroll them down my long legs. At one point I lost my balance and fell onto the bed, landing on an ass more rounded than I was used to—but in a good way. I giggled as I kicked off my pants and then peeled off my panties, rolling them down my legs and slingshotting them across the room. I stood and then there was my stepsister, naked in front of me, her glorious body at my command. I could just see the outline of her slit beneath her carefully trimmed pubic hair and it sent my heart racing. I had to admit, I'd always been curious to see her naked, and I turned myself this way and that, just admiring myself. Amber's hair was slightly askew, her cheeks flushed, a look of pure lust in her eyes. In this state she was perfect, wanting nothing more than to finger her lithe little body. While I was in control she was no longer the stuck up princess; she was my little slut.

“Oh, fuck, you make me so horny,” I moaned to my image as my fingers found my way between my legs. Hearing prissy little Amber begging for it made me even hornier.

I slid a finger inside myself for the first time, landing on my wetness, stroking my rubbery folds as my pussy wrapped around my fingers. My pussy was warm and wonderful, and already damp with lust. My pussy lips were loosening at my touch but there was an inner tension starting to wind up. I

began rubbing my clit slowly, pressing lightly against myself as pleasure flared within me, driving the desire in my body higher. I slid a finger in deeper, felt myself penetrating my warm, wet folds. Catching sight of my stepsister naked in the mirror, her fingers buried in her pussy, was enough to make me cum quickly. I shivered and gasped once, closing my eyes to enjoy the brief explosion through my body. It was over all too quickly and I resumed fingering myself.

My other hand returned to my tits, squeezing and fondling as I added another finger into my tight little pussy. The walls of my cunt were warm and slick and I pushed inside as deep as I could go, burying my fingers in my warmth, curling them up to hit the dimpled nub of my center. I thrust in and out like this, deep and moving faster. Now the wet sounds of my fingers inside myself hit my ears.

“Oh, god,” I cried as I bent over, clapping my legs together. This time my cry was involuntary, one of pure pleasure as my stepsister's body shook with desire.

I spread myself once more, dragging her juices up her stomach and across her tits, slipping the fingers of my other hand inside me, coating them with my wetness before smearing it across my sister's boobs, coating the prissy little bitch with her own juices.

“I'm a dirty little whore,” I moaned, sucking on the fingers of one hand, tasting the delicious musky flavor of my sister's cunt.

By now my body was a roaring inferno and I returned both hands to my sopping wet cunt. One rubbed my clit fast and furious while two fingers of the other hand slipped inside. I spread my legs as I fingered myself, my body needing it hard and fast. My little moans grew higher in pitch as my body wound up. I was dripping now, pussy juices running down my thigh until I finally came, arching my back and closing my eyes as I cried “Ooohhh!” but never letting go of my clit, never pulling my fingers out of my stepsister's warm pussy as the orgasm pulsed through me, bathing me in a white hot desire that seemed to last forever, filling every particle of my new body.

When it finally ebbed, I fell back down onto my back on the bed, arms to my side, breathing hard.

Holy hell. Maybe this punishment wouldn't be so bad after all.

My reverie was interrupted by the dinging of my phone. I pushed myself to one side, conscious of the way my little tits swayed beneath me as I moved, and picked the phone up off the bed where I'd dropped it. I ran my hands through my long hair to get it out of my face. Leaning on one elbow I read the text from Kaitlyn:

*Sucks about your trip. Want to come shopping?*

I wasn't particularly interested in shopping, but I was very interested in seeing Kaitlyn.

I replied: *Yes please!!*

We agreed to meet at the outlet in half an hour. I dropped the phone back on the bed and rubbed my little nose. The faint scent of my pussy on my fingers reminded me I needed to clean off. I hurried to the shower and washed myself using my stepsister's vanilla scented body wash. Touching myself in the shower, spreading the body wash over my skin until I was slick and bubbly nearly made me want to cum again. Instead, I towelled off and got dressed. I put back on the plain white shirt, but instead of trying to fight my way back into her skin-tight pants I picked out a pair of pink shorts, wondering why must most of her wardrobe be pink? These were also tight, clinging to my supple ass, but at least they were easy to put on, if a little short. They came down to just above mid-thigh, leaving my stepsister's fantastic legs bare. I picked out some matching pink sandals and hurried downstairs, stopping myself just at the top of the staircase to put myself in my stepsister's frame of mind. I was supposed to be pissed off about the trip.

I scowled as I tromped downstairs, harumphing past my stepmom, Meredith, who shook her head and sighed.

"I know you're upset, honey," she said, muting the television.

She placed her chin in her hands as she stared over at me from her position on the living room couch. It was clear Amber had gotten her looks from her mom. Meredith had the same perfect mocha colored skin and flashing green eyes. She was slightly plumper than Amber but still retained the outlines of the same slim figure and perky breasts of her daughter.

I glared at her. "This is bullshit," I said, hoping I wasn't overdoing it.

I grabbed Amber's keys off the side table—they were attached to a ridiculous pink pom-pom key ring—and marched out the door.

"I'm going shopping with Kaitlyn," I called out behind me, letting the door slam without waiting for a response.

I got into Kaitlyn's little red Camry and pushed the hair out of my face yet again. Having long hair was such a chore. Maybe I should chop it off? A smile played across my lips as I imagined how Amber would react coming home to find her body with a page boy haircut. Or just completely shaved bald. But my smile faded as I realized she was the only one who had the code for the app and could just as easily make me stay in her body. Or put me back in it anytime she wanted. I

needed to find a way into that app. If I did it in time, maybe I could even salvage some of my vacation.

I pondered the situation as I drove to the outlet. I parked and walked up to the meeting spot with Kaitlyn in front of a cute, girly clothing store. Kaitlyn was already waiting for me.

Kaitlyn wore cut-off jean shorts and a black halter top that said “Bad Girl” in pink letters. She smiled and surprised me with a huge hug. Her heavy breasts pressed against mine and I smelled her intoxicating floral scent—the one that lingered around our house and left me sniffing the air in bliss for an hour after her visits—as our cheeks brushed against each other for air kisses.

“Come on, girl,” she said, pulling away and patting my back, “Let's go do some retail therapy.”

Kaitlyn had barely ever said three words to me and I'd always had this impression that, like my sister, she was a snob. So I was surprised to find out just how fun she was. Easy to talk to. Intelligent. And peppy. She was nearly bouncing as we walked through each store, pushing through racks of dresses and tops and skirts. She put me at ease with her jokes, which was good because I honestly felt a little strange about perusing the women's clothing. I was sort of worried someone would call me out at any moment for being a guy, impossible as that may seem. Kaitlyn's cheeriness helped, and soon we were giggling and talking like old friends as we helped each other pick out new outfits.

I happily picked out clothes I wanted to see Kaitlyn in, saying things like, “I think you'd look great in this.” I said, pulling out a slick miniskirt. And, “This would really show off your legs,” as I pulled out some shorts. And, as I became bolder, “You'll have the guys drooling over this one. And the girls.” I winked and laughed as I handed her a baby blue summer dress that matched her eyes. Kaitlyn smiled mysteriously, cocking her head at me. Had I gone too far?

“I'm just saying...” I said, giving her shoulder a gentle squeeze.

Kaitlyn kept tossing me clothes to try on as well, and when both our arms were full she pulled me back to the dressing rooms. Kaitlyn pushed open the door of one and looked shocked when I followed her in.

“We can pose for each other,” I half-whispered.

“You sure?” She asked in surprise.

I shrugged. “We see each other all the time in the locker room.” It was an assumption but Kaitlyn didn't argue. She smiled uncertainly, staring into my eyes as if searching for something before finally nodding, her blonde ponytail jiggling madly.

We both slipped into the changing room and I shut the door behind us. The room was pretty spacious but we still occasionally bumped into each other as we dressed. I had half an eye on Kaitlyn in the mirror as she pulled off her shirt and struggled into one of the tiny tops. For an instant my eyes landed on her bra, the full breasts bobbing slightly as she picked up a pink crop top. Her eyes flicked to me and I turned away, my face going red, as I undressed down to my bra and panties and began pulling on a dress. As I rolled it up my legs I looked up at Kaitlyn, and now it was her turn to flick her eyes away and pretend she was interested in smoothing out her top, twisting this way and that to check herself out in the mirror. What really stunned me was that she hadn't bothered to put any bottoms on, and so she stood half-naked, her gloriously long legs stretched out beneath her, some white cotton panties clinging to her waist. And, as I was bending over, my face was so close to her perfect ass I could have kissed it.

“How does this one look?” She turned to me, her hands on her hips.

She looked gorgeous. The solid top clung fast to her boobs, becoming not much more than a few strings crisscrossing her trim stomach. I plucked at the strings, adjusting her outfit on her, letting my hands slide across her warm skin and graze the top of her thigh. Fuck, she was making me wet.

“You look amazing,” I gushed. “But you'd look amazing in anything. You're so lucky.” I turned around and held my hair up so she could zip up my dress.

She stepped forward and zipped me up. “What are you talking about?” She whispered, and her hot breath on the back of my neck sent goosebumps down my body. “I'd give anything to have your complexion.”

“Really?” I turned back around and dropped my hair.

Kaitlyn's adorable face was right there, inches from my own, close enough for me to make out the tiny freckles across her perfect nose. The pupils of her baby blue eyes were wide and locked onto mine. I became aware I was holding my breath and forced it out unsteadily. Being so close to Kaitlyn was making me dizzy, making my body warm gently. I blinked once and she took my hand.

“Are you okay?” She asked, her eyes wide with concern.

“Yeah. I think so.” I said.

On impulse I slid my hand behind her back, fingers landing on her warm skin, and pulled her gently into a kiss. She didn't hesitate or struggle, just pressed her soft lips to mine as I tasted her warm breath. I closed my eyes, enjoying the softness of our bodies together, enjoying the slight tendrils of heat winding through me. Her kiss was tentative and gentle. After a few seconds she pulled away.

“Are you sure?” She asked.

I nodded, my heart pounding as her smile lit up and she pressed her lips back against mine, more forcefully this time. Her hands wrapped around my body and she opened her mouth to my probing tongue. I slipped inside her warmth and our tongues met, tasting each other as I explored the contours of her mouth. I held her close, our bodies pressing together, completely conscious of her tits on mine.

Kaitlyn's fingers wandered across my back, down the little curve of my ass and then back up. I reached around behind my back, pulling away from her kiss long enough to unzip my dress and let it fall to the floor. Then we were on each other again, arms and lips entangled. My breath came faster and I grew moist, little tingles of anticipation shooting through me.

I unclasped her bra and when she slipped it to the floor I buried my face in between her breasts, kissing and fondling her heavy tits, wrapping her fat tits around my face and kissing greedily. I locked my lips over one pink areola, sucking gently as I flicked my tongue against her nipple. She stifled a gasp and held my head close. I felt her swaying back, her ass leaning against the changing room mirror as I kissed her body up and down. She tasted delicious and I made my way back and forth between her perfect breasts, pulling back every now and then just to stare at them as I held them in each hand. They overflowed my hands, spilling out of my fingers, her skin smooth and perfect.

Her hands came down to my tits and I undid my own bra to let her fingers land on my skin. She knew how to touch my body, starting out gently with my tits but growing rougher. Glancing in the mirror, I watched the reflection of my stepsister making out with her best friend, and it nearly made me cum right there. My panties were soaking, and Kaitlyn smiled up at me from between my tits as her fingers landed on my wetness. Oh, fuck, I shuddered as her fingers found my insides, stroking gently, teasing, just barely pressing into my pussy.

She knelt between my legs and I placed one foot on the changing room chair, spreading myself for her as she buried her face between my pussy. I crammed my fingers into my mouth, muffling my cries as Kaitlyn licked up and down my slit, spreading my wetness across her chin. I stared down with wide eyes as Kaitlyn's little blonde head moved up and down between my thighs, the desire pounding through my body in eager waves. She slid her tongue inside me, landing on my clit and I threw back my head, a whimper escaping my lips before I clamped my hand over my mouth, biting my finger as I came. My body shuddered, my knees went weak, and still Kaitlyn kept going, bringing up her fingers to help.

And now she was sliding her fingers into me as she licked my clit, pounding up hard as her tongue swirled around inside me. Her fingers plunged deep into my pussy, twisting through my wet heat until she landed on my center and I came again, more intense this time. I bit my finger harder, trying to drown the moan as the fire in my body consumed me. All I could think about was Kaitlyn's little tongue inside me and whenever I briefly opened my eyes and looked down at myself, I was greeted with the amazing sight of my stepsister's naked body, Kaitlyn's face covered with my juices as she licked greedily. She saw me looking and smiled up at me, then closed her eyes and pushed her tongue hard up against my clit. My body exploded with pleasure, tendrils of burning heat filled every inch of me as I had the biggest orgasm of my life. Kaitlyn held me tight so I didn't thrash about, but a long moan escaped my lips and my body shivered and shook. My mind was filled with the white hot orgasm, my entire body on fire for a wonderful eternity.

When I finally came down and opened my eyes, Kaitlyn was standing in front of me again, grinning, her chin still slick with my wetness.

“Oh my gawd, you were so loud!”

I leaned forward and kissed her, feeling her melt into my arms as I tasted my stepsister's pussy on her lips.

Finally, she pulled away. “We should get out of here before someone comes.”

“Too late,” I grinned.

We hurriedly got dressed and left the store, too embarrassed to return the clothes to the racks and just left them in the changing room. I took Kaitlyn's hand as we strolled past more shops.

“I still can't believe this is happening,” Kaitlyn gushed, “I mean...you said you weren't into girls.”

I shrugged. “People change.”

The rest of the day was like a dream. Kaitlyn and I hung out, laughing and gossiping and kissing. We couldn't keep our hands off each other. In no time it seemed like the day was over and I had to get home. I promised Kaitlyn we'd get together again. And we would. As I drove away, I started feeling a little guilty about what I was doing. When Amber got her body back she'd be pissed. And Kaitlyn would be crushed when Amber turned her down after everything we'd said and done together. The first one didn't bother me, but I'd started to really like Kaitlyn. If only there was some way we could both be happy.

I was halfway home before I had an idea. A year ago, my friend, Mike, claimed he had hacked his phone to play apps it wasn't designed for. He often made outlandish claims about his hacking skills—I doubt he was *actually* wanted by the NSA—but at least this one time he'd showed me some of the apps he'd put on his phone as proof. Anyway, Mike was the closest thing I knew to a real hacker. Maybe he could get into Amber's body swapping app.

My stepsister obviously didn't have Mike's number in her phone and I'd never bothered to memorize it. So I just drove to his house. He was surprised, to say the least, when he opened the door and saw my stepsister. I noticed that I had one hand on my hip, one leg forward, just like my stepsister always did when she was waiting. It was like this body's natural resting position.

“Hi Mike. I'm Amber. Noah's sister. Can I come in?” I asked with Amber's sweetest smile.

“Uh, yeah. Sure.”

He stood aside and I walked past him, pivoting to face him. Amber's long, lean body towered over Mike. His slightly pudgy face stared up at me with a guilty smile an instant after I turned. I knew he was checking out my ass. He ran a hand through his unruly brown hair.

“Can we talk somewhere a little more private? Maybe your room?”

I didn't want his parents to hear any of this. From the look on his face, Mike couldn't believe that my gorgeous stepsister had shown up out of the blue and asked to go up to his room. He recovered quickly and tried to look suave.

“Of course. Follow me.”

He kept up a string of nervous chatter as I followed him up the stairs, babbling about the weather and the weird circumstances and how his room was a mess but an organized mess and anyway he wasn't expecting visitors. His room *was* a mess, with spare computer parts piled in a corner and a pile of clothes that he hastily kicked into a closet as I entered and shut the door behind me. A desk along one wall was taken up by two large screen monitors and a hefty computer tower with a glass case so you could see the hardware inside as the lights winked on and off. Wires and cables snaked this way and that around the top of the desk. He was babbling and I shushed him with a finger on his lips.

“I need you to get the password for this app.” I pulled it up on Amber's phone and showed him the countdown.

“What is it?” He asked, taking it from me and tapping some options on the screen. They all returned the same message: *Enter Password*

“It's an app that swaps two people's bodies.”

“What?” He looked up at me, one eyebrow cocked.

“Mike, it's me, Noah. My dad forbade my stepsister from going on the trip to Athens, so she stole my body and went as me. Leaving me like this.” I spread my arms, gesturing at my new body.

“Whoa. You're--? What? No. Is this a trick?” He asked.

“Not a trick. I'm stuck in Amber's body until that counter gets to zero. I need the password so I can swap back.”

“Prove it.”

I brushed my long hair back behind an ear. “Last year you snuck a ghost pepper into Rob's lunch and he almost had to go to the hospital.” Mike and I were the only two who knew it was him and we'd both kept our mouths shut because the school had threatened to expel the culprit.

“Well...well...your brother could have told you that.”

I sighed. “Look. You know my stepsister is a bratty princess. Would Amber come over here to your house and do this?”

I grabbed the bottom of my shirt and peeled it off over my head. My brunette hair tickled over my face and I gathered it up in one hand and pushed it behind me. Mike's eyes nearly popped out of his head and his gaze went straight to my chest.

“Now the bra,” he said.

“What?” I covered myself, my fingers landing on my soft breasts. Even in this short space of time I'd become somewhat protective of this body. Maybe it was all the time spent hanging out with Kaitlyn, but I was feeling comfortable in my stepsister's skin.

“If you want me to help, prove you're Amber by showing me your tits.”

I rolled my eyes. “Fine.”

I unclasped my bra and slid it off. My petite breasts bounced free and Mike's eyes landed on them. I felt so exposed but at the same time, a little turned on from his attention to my body. I grabbed my tits and jiggled them for him, pulling them together and letting them bounce back into position.

“Let me touch.” He said.

His hands came up but I smacked them away. “No. Get me into that app and then we can talk. Maybe you can touch...everything.” I let my hands glide down my torso seductively.

Mike set to work with more determination than I'd ever seen. He brought out some wires and connected Amber's phone to what looked like the innards of a computer, which was itself connected to his main computer. I put my shirt back on so as not to distract him, but left my bra hanging on the back of his chair as a reminder. My little nipples indented the fabric of the shirt, hinting at the supple breasts beneath.

Mike worked away, fingers tapping across the keyboard, pausing every now and then to scratch his chin or mumble something under his breath. I understood very little of what was displayed on the screen, only that somehow he was trying to crack the operating system. Bored, I wandered around his room until I found some books that weren't about computer science. I sat gingerly on his bed and read the beginning of some sort of science fiction space opera series about spider people. Eventually I tossed the book aside.

“How much longer you think this is going to take?”

He shrugged, not taking his eyes off the screen. “Dunno. I need to get in without totally erasing everything on it. I have no idea where your sister got this app. There's no publisher's name, no identifying contact info. Nothing. For all we know, this is the only copy of the app in existence.”

“So...a day or two?” I asked hopefully.

“Leave it with me,” he said. “Come back over tomorrow afternoon, about 3.”

It was getting late and I had to be getting back home anyway. I grabbed my bra and returned home, a little anxious about not having my phone. What if Mike cracked the app and used it? Even worse, what if Kaitlyn texted me and I couldn't answer? Just thinking about her made my heart flutter. We were perfect for each other. Except for the fact that I was really a guy.

Pretending to be my stepsister in front of my parents was hard enough without the distraction of my thoughts. My mom kept commenting about how quiet I was over dinner, and I let them think I was still stewing.

It was agony waiting until 3 the next day. Kaitlyn came around to our house when I wouldn't respond to her texts and I told her that I'd lost my phone. Kaitlyn and I spent another full day together. I'm sure I wasn't acting anything like my stepsister, but I was so happy just being with Kaitlyn, having her full attention, staring into her baby blue eyes and sneaking kisses when we were sure no one else was watching, that I didn't care. Hell, as far as Kaitlyn was concerned I was acting better. We were in love. She offered to come with me to get a new phone but I made up some excuse about how my mom wanted to spend some mother-daughter time.

I sped to Mike's place right at the appointed time. The driveway was empty and it looked like no one was home. After ringing the bell a few times and pacing back and forth across the porch, I heard footsteps. Then the door was opened and Mike invited me in. He'd shaved and cleaned up. His hair was trimmed and spiked messily and he was wearing a black shirt and jeans—both clean and pressed—that made him look slimmer.

“Hey, Mike.” I said, looking him up and down. “You should clean up like this all the time.”

He smiled. “Come in.”

I followed him upstairs to his room. It was a far cry from the disaster of the day before. He'd tidied everything away and put clean, crisp sheets on the bed. My stepsister's phone was lying on the desk, still connected to the computer. One of his screens showed a copy of the phone, the big counter still counting down. Twelve days left. What had once seemed to be an eternity when I first became Amber was now going far too quickly as I grew to enjoy being a sexy girl.

“Did you get it?” I asked.

“I did.” He turned to the phone and brought up the password screen. He keyed in some numbers and the password screen disappeared, replaced with a whole array of settings.

“You did it!”

I hugged him without thinking, throwing my arms around his neck and kissing his cheek. I felt his warm hands slip around my torso and I pulled back, leaving my arms draped around his neck. He stared up at me, hopefully. Mike actually wasn't a bad looking guy. Certainly not your stereotypical computer hacker. In fact, a few sessions at the gym and he'd be downright studly. He was holding me close to him, firmly but not forcefully. I could feel the eager yearning coming off him as he stared into my eyes. His face was so expressive. Charming even. I imagined he was feeling the same thing I felt when I first explored my stepsister's body.

“Can I kiss you?” He asked.

I blushed and bit my lip. His demeanor had completely changed. There was no wisecracking, just a complete desire to please me. It was exhilarating. I nodded and we kissed. His minty breath filled my mouth as our tongues explored each other. I slid my fingers through his hair as his hands wandered up and down my back. Mike had a spicy scent—manly is the only way I could describe it—and his tender kiss sent tingles up and down my spine. Our kisses grew deeper, more urgent and my breath came faster. Mike's hand slipped beneath my top and I helped him pull my shirt off, quickly followed by my bra. I was mirroring his excitement, excited to offer my sister's body to one of my friends, excited to feel *everything* about being a woman.

He kissed his way down my neck, tiny explosions of heat shooting through my body from every place his lips landed. At last he came to my breasts and he took his time, running his hands over them, opening his mouth to suck on my skin. I sighed as his tongue flicked out and his lips wrapped around my nipple, tasting me. My thighs grew wet as he moved back and forth across my breasts, greedy for me. I stared down and watched my body responding as he licked my tits, suckling on each nipple until it spiked out inside his mouth and he released it, shiny with his saliva, the echoing warmth of his mouth slowly fading until he brought his lips up again and repeated it on the other nipple.

My body was burning up and I needed more. I dropped to my knees and scrabbled with the button on his pants, my hands shaking with anticipation and desire. When I finally got the button undone I yanked his pants down. His cock sprang out from beneath his boxer shorts, amazingly thick and long. Though maybe that was just my new perspective, the comparison of my slender fingers as I stroked his shaft. I rolled his boxer shorts down and continued stroking, making long, slow drags of my fingers up and down his shaft, my little nose so close I could smell his delicious musk. A drop of precum appeared at the tip of his cockhead and, without pausing to think, I stuck my tongue out and licked it off. It was warm and slightly salty on my lips. Mike moaned above me and I looked up at him with my big brown eyes, fingers still gripping his shaft. His eyes were wide and staring down at me. I had him at my complete control. I giggled and opened my lips, swallowing the head of his dick in one quick motion and dragging my lips down, down his magnificent shaft.

His dick filled my mouth and I sucked gently as I held him there, my tongue undulating against the underside of his cock. I never imagined I would like the taste of dick, but in Amber's body it was divine. The feel of the hard-softness between my lips, the slight salty taste of his skin, the heat radiating out from his shaft. That and the sight of my sister's fingers stroking a dick my little breasts beneath me, all served to make me wetter. My panties grew damp as I slid my lips up and down his cock, pulling off occasionally to stroke it between saliva-slickened fingers before opening wide and sucking on it some more. I move faster, fully in control as he moaned above me, pausing only when I sensed he was right on the edge, holding his heat in my mouth until he relaxed, and then continuing to suck his dick. When we could both stand it no longer I stood and pushed him onto the bed.

I pushed my own shorts down, then quickly rolled my panties down my legs and straddled him without letting him penetrate me. Not yet. His cock was trapped between us. I could feel it throbbing as I grinded my wet pussy against the underside of his shaft. His hands came up and squeezed my tits. Now his touch was rough, powerful and I threw my head back and sighed. I pushed myself up and grabbed his cock with one hand, then guided it against my wet opening. There was a pressure against my pussy lips, building, building, and then I cried out with relief as he entered me and I sank down slowly on his cock, holding my breath as a dick filled my pussy for the first time. His heat travelled through me, deeper and deeper as the walls of my cunt gripped his shaft. And then I was down on him and he was completely inside me. I held him there like that for a few seconds, enjoying the immense fullness of having a dick lodged deep in my body. His warmth filled me utterly, a perfect fullness that left me complete and happy.

I dragged my waist forward, drawing him out of me slightly before plunging back down. A gasp escaped my lips and I rocked back and forth in a slow rhythm. Mike held my hips, thrusting up towards me as I rocked back onto him, hitting my center with each thrust and making me cry out, deep throated cries of lust flying from my lips. My hands came up to my tits, pinching my nipples and enjoying the soft feel of my slender breasts as I bounced up and down on Mike. I was so wet I was practically dripping, and the soft squelch of Mike's dick thrusting up inside my cunt made me hornier than ever.

“Oh, Mike, Mike!” I cried out, “Cum for me.”

That was what he needed. He gripped my thighs and thrust up hard. I threw my head back and cried out in a high pitched voice as he filled me, his cock throbbing inside me, filling my pussy with white hot spurts of cum. I came with him, rocking back and forth, fuller than I'd ever felt before, every inch of my body alight with pleasure as the orgasm racked my body. I squealed like a girl, all inhibitions lost as my cunt gripped his dick and I milked him for every last drop of cum, my hands digging into my tits, leaving red marks as the pain met the pleasure and multiplied it.

My body slowed as I came back down. I suddenly had no strength left and I rolled off Mike and curled up on the bed, shivering with aftershocks as his cum dripped out of me. Mike nestled up to me, resting his warm hand on my ass. Fuck, that was incredible. How could I give all this up and go back to my boring life?

“Mike?” I asked, turning my head.

“Mmm,” he mumbled, half-asleep.

“What kind of settings are on that app?”

I could tell Amber was a little mystified as to why she wasn't back in her body, but as long as our parents were around she continued to play the part of me. The four of us lounged around the living room as she regaled us with her stories about Athens, looking at me every now and then, clearly trying to make me jealous. But I just put on my best smile and nodded.

“So,” she asked with an obnoxious smile, “Did I miss anything here?”

“Well...Kaitlyn and I are dating,” I said.

Her mouth dropped open. Closed. Then opened again. Finally, she set her jaw and nodded. She was super pissed but wouldn't say anything as long as our parents were around. I couldn't wait to see how she took the rest of the news.

Finally, she stretched and said, “Well, guess I'll unpack.”

She stood and threw a meaningful glance my way. I slowly stood and followed her as she lugged her suitcase to my room. As soon as I came in the door she turned on me.

“What the hell do you mean you're dating Kaitlyn? I told you not to fuck up my life.” She hissed. “When we swap back I am going to ruin you.”

“Good thing we're not swapping back, then.”

“What?”

I held up the phone and showed her the app. The countdown clock was still going, only now it was counting up.

“It's permanent. I've got your body forever. Looks like I get to be daddy's little princess.”

“You can't do this! I'll get another app and swap us back.”

“Won't work.” I shook my head. Mike had cloned the iSwap app onto his phone and we'd tried a few more swaps. It turned out that the app wouldn't work with someone who was already swapped. And it was a simple matter for Mike to edit the code so the app would count up to infinity, instead of down to a deadline.

“I hope you enjoyed Athens,” I smirked, “Because I'm going to enjoy the rest of your life.”

I walked out the door, tossing my hair behind me and taking one last look back at my old life. There was still an hour until my date with Kaitlyn. That left plenty of time for a few orgasms.

###

## Learning Curves

*Unfair* didn't cover it. This wasn't simply unfair; it was a gross and howling injustice that left Will wanting to do something uncharacteristically loud and violent. Scream. Cuss. Break something. Hurt somebody. Anything other than sit silently in the chemistry classroom and wait for four years of hard work to come crumbling down around his ears.

And then Travis had the temerity to actually shrug and say, "I mean... shit. Sorry, dude."

Will couldn't bring himself to reply. If he opened his mouth, if he loosened the leash on his anger even a fraction of an inch, he was fairly certain he'd lose it. He'd perhaps pick up the faux bronze bust of Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin that Mrs. King kept on her desk and beat Travis around the head with it.

But bludgeoning to death the school's star QB—the beloved golden boy with a full ride scholarship to Boise State—was not going to get Will out of this mess. So instead he merely sat, unable to control the agitated bouncing of his right leg and played back the events of the last ten minutes:

Will had been minding his own business, taking a shortcut behind the science building, when he'd stumbled across the football guys getting ready to light up a joint behind the chem lab. With the benefit of hindsight, he now knew he should've made an immediate U-turn and run. What he did instead was pause, just for a moment, to peer at them through his smudged glasses and marvel at their stupidity. Three guys with scholarships (and permission to leave school grounds for lunch) electing to spark a joint on school property... when there was a perfectly good clearing in the woods five minute's drive away that both the school and the local cops seemed to tactfully ignore.

He *really* shouldn't have stopped. He shouldn't have hovered momentarily to wonder how many times these guys had been concussed and whether that had any impact on their decision-making abilities. Because, while he stood there considering traumatic brain injury, footsteps sounded around the corner. And then four things happened almost simultaneously:

- 1) The left tackle and tight end both turned tail and ran.
- 2) Travis glanced over at Will and said, "It's not like they're gonna search the valedictorian." And pitched the joint into Will's unsuspecting hand (adding two more passing yards to his stats for the season).
- 3) Will caught the joint and—in a moment of reflexive, addle-brained madness—shoved it out of sight into his pocket.
- 4) Mrs. King rounded the corner.

What followed had been fairly predictable. Mrs. King had, in fact, decided to search the valedictorian. And it took her less than six seconds to find the joint.

There had been something deeply shaming about being perp walked by Mrs. King. It was partly, Will realized, because Travis was next to him. And Travis (high school royalty that he was) naturally drew attention, so a hundred sets of eyes seem to be watching them as they headed for the chem lab. The size differential between the accused and accuser made the whole tableau feel faintly

ridiculous. Travis was prime QB material: 6'2" and 202 pounds of thick muscle. Will was not prime anything; he was just fucking tall. A graceless 6'5" (and three quarters, if he were being honest) of lurching, bespectacled nerd.

In contrast, Will was fairly sure Mrs. King was struggling to make 5'3. In her heels. She was also barely out of grad school with baby-blond curls, large bouncing breasts, and a cherubic little face. She was about as far from an imposing authority figure as you could imagine.

But she *had* looked hella pissed, her brow creasing as she surveyed Will. She'd frogmarched them to her classroom and dumped them there, saying with kindergarten-teacher-sternness: "Sit there and think about what you've done. I'll be back." It had happened so fast that Will hadn't even had time to wonder why she hadn't taken them directly to Mr. Bailey in the administration building.

The same thought had apparently just very belatedly (Thanks traumatic brain injury!) occurred to Travis, because he murmured, "You reckon she's bringing Bailey here?"

Before Will could answer, the door opened and Mrs. King walked back in. She didn't have Bailey with her, just a box containing a random collection of beakers, wires and lab equipment. Setting down the box, she turned to Travis. "You can go."

"Huh," Travis replied gormlessly, prompting Will to silently confirm his Multiple Concussions Hypothesis.

Mrs. King waved him towards the door impatiently. "You weren't holding. And I can't prove you were doing anything. You can go," she repeated in her airy voice.

Travis paused long enough to shoot Will an apologetic shrug, and then bolted for the door.

The second the door closed, Mrs. King turned to Will. Even in the throes of anxiety and possible expulsion, Will couldn't help thinking how startlingly blue her eyes were.

"You, on the other hand," Mrs. King began sternly, "Were caught holding a schedule I drug on school property." She sighed and her bad cop facade crumbled, her wide eyes growing tender. "What were you thinking, Will? I expected so much more from you."

"It wasn't mine." He knew he sounded petulant, not to mention idiotic. The '*I was holding it for someone else*' excuse was so worn it was see-through. But in this case it was pretty damn close to the truth.

She shook her head with weary resignation, sending her little curls jiggling. "You know I have to report this, don't you?"

Trying for defiance, he retorted, "I'll contest it."

"How, Will?" she asked gently. "It was in your pocket."

He knew she was right; he was fucked. The urge to punch the desk or the bust of Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin was overwhelming... Although he suspected it wouldn't help his case with Mrs. King if he damaged her beloved statue of one of the handful of women who had won the Nobel prize for chemistry. Swallowing down the desire for violence, he asked, "What's going to happen to me?"

Mrs. K shifted her box of equipment to one side and sat down on her desk. "Automatic suspension. A note on your permanent record. And, I'm guessing, you'll be stripped of valedictorian... There's a behavior clause in the award rules."

Fuck.

And fuck again.

And so much more fuck.

Four years of studying and tedium. Four years of putting his social life on hold. Four years of self-imposed relegation to the nerd doldrums... just to end up empty-handed at the end.

“Unless...” Mrs. K pulled out two wires from the box and began twining them absently around her finger. “There is one other option.”

“Huh,” Will replied, sounding (he knew) pretty much as gormless as Travis.

Mrs. King began pulling parts from the box and constructing an intricate tangle of wires and diodes and beakers of volatile-looking liquids. As she did so she spoke to him, “I need to test out my experiment and you're the perfect subject. I've invented something that will let us swap our consciousness.”

“Uh...” Will said.

Mrs. King fixed him with her lovely baby blue eyes. “We're going to swap bodies for a day. I'll be you and you be me. In return, this whole drug thing disappears.”

Will eyed the contraption she'd set up on her desk. The thing looked like electrochemical death waiting to happen.

But, despite the appearance of the machine, he was pretty sure Mrs. K wouldn't actually let him get hurt. She was obsessive about lab safety and (for a high school chem teacher) she knew her shit. And she wouldn't willingly attach him—and herself!—to a machine that was going to fry their brains.

“Ok.”

Will let her proceed because he knew for a fact that the contraption wouldn't work. He wasn't a chemist (or a human biologist) but he also wasn't an idiot. And he knew that, despite her claim, there was no possible way a high school chemistry teacher with a degree from UC Santa Barbara had built a machine that was able to swap consciousness from one physical body to another. Whatever she thought this thing could do was obviously some psychological weirdness on her part. Mrs. King, it turned out, was just a little bit insane, but—since it was apparently going to save him from suspension—Will was rolling with it.

He nodded politely as she continued her explanation of the underlying chemical principles at work and the results of the two mini tests she'd conducted so far. It was hard to remain straight faced, however, when she started talking about the ‘retention of the host body's memory’ and ‘the necessity of concealing the switch and maintaining each other's lives’.

It was clear she genuinely believed they were going to swap. Genuinely thought they were going to spend a day in each other's bodies. Genuinely thought they were going to achieve this grand scientific breakthrough in an antiquated chem lab in a suburban high school.

“There,” she said, as she connected the last wire between them, “that's everything.”

Will gave her a humoring smile. “Right... ok.”

Picking up a loose lead, she held it over a beaker of unidentifiable liquid. “Remember, no one—not our families, our friends, *no one*—can know we did this. You have to *be* me: take my classes, follow my schedule, everything.”

“Sure, you got it,” he said placatingly. “And you promise not to report me for the spliff?”

“Yes, I think we can regard this experiment as extra credit; complete it and I won't say a word to admin.”

“Ok.” Will took a breath. “Do it.”

Mrs. K dropped the lead into the beaker.

Will braced for a small shock: perhaps an insubstantial, little electrical spark or something. What he got instead was a jolt that fired through his entire body, juddering through his core and sending electrical impulses down his limbs. He slammed his eyes shut against the invasive pain. It was as if the energy were scouring his body from the inside out.

And then, mercifully, it stopped. He cracked open an eye... and found himself staring at his own body sitting across from him.

“Fuck,” he managed, startled to hear the sound of Mrs. King's light voice coming from his mouth. The expletive didn't really cover it, so he tried again: “What the fucking hell just happened?” And, man. was it strange hearing Mrs. King's voice from within her own body. And swearing. The timbre of her voice was different, resonating in his head higher pitched than he was prepared for.

His body smiled at him as it began to unhook itself from the machine and said, “You didn't believe me, did you?” Mrs. King raised a brow and waved a hand in Will's direction. “Quod erat demonstrandum.” It took a second for Will to comprehend it all. He just stared dumbly as his own (former) body moved completely independently of his commands.

The cogs in his mind began to turn again and an unbelievable thought presented itself. He dropped his eyes down and stared. He was wearing Mrs. King's navy blue skirt, wearing her stockings and high heels, wearing her blouse with the little pearl buttons. He was wearing her cherry red nail polish and her thin little wrists and her bouncy boobs and her slender neck and her plump twenty-something ass. He was wearing Mrs. King. *How the...*

He sucked in a gulp of air and was horrified to feel himself burst into tears. The sobs were uncontrollable, hitching in his chest and then emerging in little high-pitched gasps.

“What's happening?” he whimpered. Embarrassed at his feeble tears, he added, “I don't usually...”

“I know,” Mrs. King said gently as she handed him the box of tissues from her desk. “I explained what would happen, Will. You're not just wearing my body, you're *being* it. And, when a 22-year-old woman receives a shock, she cries.”

“But... I mean, this *can't* be happening,” he managed between sobs.

He dabbed at his eyes with a tissue, fingers brushing across his tiny nose, his soft cheeks. The contours of his face were off. Smaller. Smoother. Different angles and sensitivity.

“It is, and the sooner you accept it, the better.” She sat down next to him and he stared back at his old face from this new perspective as she went on. “You've got to pull it together. From the perspective of everyone in this school, everyone in the world: you *are* me. And I'm you. We have to make sure we protect each other throughout this experiment. I'm going to go to your classes, do your homework, make sure no one questions your behavior.” She shot him a stern, teacher-like stare, which didn't quite work with his guileless, angular face. “And you have to do the same for me.”

It was not as if he had a choice, so he did the only thing he could do: he nodded and tried to stem the flow of tears. And then he asked the question that should've occurred to him earlier: “Why me?”

“What do you mean?”

“Why are you testing it on me? Why, when you knew what this machine could *actually* do, are you even testing it here? Why are you keeping it quiet? Why aren't you... I don't know...banging on the doors at Stanford or MIT? Or getting a patent? Or applying for the Nobel Prize?”

He sniffed again but seemed to have his tears under control. He dropped his hands to his lap, his arms jiggling his breasts as he did so. His eyes were drawn down briefly to his deep cleavage, Mrs. King's beautiful tits tucked away in his top. If he concentrated he could *feel* their weight, the bounce as they rubbed against the fabric of his blouse. Blushing, he forced his eyes quickly back up to Mrs. King's face. Fortunately, she didn't seem to have been paying attention to him. Her eyes had a far away look as she stroked her new face in wonder.

"Honestly..." Mrs. King looked bashful, almost coy—which Will decided looked really frickin weird on *his* face—and said, "I wanted to try it myself. Properly. A full 24 hours. Once I go public... it'll be all clinical trials and FDA regulations, and I won't be allowed near it. I wanted to know, for myself, what I'd built."

"Yeah but... why am I the guinea pig?"

"To be honest, I was worried about size differential in the subjects." She gave a sheepish grin, then stood and began packing away the machine in a supply closet. "And you're the tallest person I know."

Will sat and let the information percolate for a moment. 24 hours. A single day. He could do one day. Swiping away the last trace of his tears, he said, "Ok, what do I need to know? What do I have to do next?"

"You already know it: you have my memories."

He prodded the recesses of his mind—her mind?—and realized she was right. Her memories were there, a little foggy but still readable: a blueprint for her life and schedule. His voice still a little shaky, he said, "You've got a free period."

"Yes," Mrs. K confirmed. "And just the one class left today: 12th grade chem after lunch. That gives you over an hour to prepare. Review my class notes, acquaint yourself with the memories and the lesson plan. You'll do fine. Just take a breath and—"

She was interrupted by the bell, and Will suddenly realized that his ass was supposed to be heading to Mr Trent's modern history class.

Mrs K locked the closet and slipped the key into her pocket. She shot him a reassuring smile. "It's ok. I've got this: history and then econ. Then meet your mom at the mall after school: shopping for graduation."

Will winced, hating that Mrs. King knew he still let his mom take him clothes shopping. And suddenly hating that she'd probably have access to all his other private thoughts. Hating, too, the picture his memories probably presented: a lanky, friendless loser who spent his every waking hour studying. And, oh god, he'd masturbated to thoughts of her once or twice. Imagined her gigantic breasts swaying in his face. And he knew he wasn't the only one. Mrs. King was the hot, young teacher, and, and...fuck, he had her body now all to himself.

If Mrs. King was rifling through his memories and judging him, she didn't make it obvious. She just walked his ridiculous, gangly body to the door and unlocked it. "Meet me here after school tomorrow to switch back." Will watched her duck through the doorway, clearly struggling to gauge exactly how tall she now was. Grinning, she poked her head back in and murmured, "Don't worry. I'll get the hang of it." She closed the door behind her.

Will looked down at himself, at his slender hands clasped in his lap, the navy blue skirt clinging to her shapely legs and leaving her thighs bare. Her breasts. Shit, her breasts. They hung right below his upturned little nose, calling to him. He knew they were big but sitting here, staring down at them, *feeling* their weight, they seemed even bigger than he'd imagined.

Curious, Will brought his hands up to his breasts. He hesitated for a moment, aware that this body was only on loan and not really his to touch. But scientific curiosity—and his residual attraction for this body—got the better of him. He placed Mrs. King's hands on his breasts and squeezed gently, fingers pressing against the bra hidden beneath the silken fabric. They felt wonderful. Heavy and perky and jiggly as he explored himself. Most of the guys in the school would kill to watch Mrs. King fondle herself. Which reminded him...

Will pushed himself out of the chair and walked to the door, his big boobs jiggling, his tight ass swaying behind him. The room seemed so much bigger from Mrs. King's smaller perspective, and it took a few steps to get used to the way his new body moved. Will locked the door and returned to Mrs. King's chair behind her desk. He sat down in the creaky leather office chair and stared back down at the new body beneath him. He unbuttoned his blouse and stripped it off before dropping it to the floor. It had been cut to fit his body and he didn't realize until he'd peeled it off how constricted he'd been. He gaped down at his succulent breasts, covered only by a white bra. The cups holding back Mrs. King's heavy boobs looked enormous, and he was taken with the urge to free them and let his tits hang out. Will took a deep breath, his breasts rising as he did so.

He leaned forward and, after a small struggle, unclasped his bra. He slipped one strap down his shoulder and paused. It felt wrong to be looking at Mrs. K like this. He almost put his bra back on but was stopped by another thought. This whole swap was *her* doing. Surely she didn't expect him to stay clothed all day. How would he shower? Besides, it wouldn't hurt just to peek. Will quickly slid the other shoulder strap off and dumped the bra onto the desk before he could have second thoughts.

His tits swung down from his chest and Will gaped down at his delicate body. Holy hell they were gorgeous. Tear drop shaped and perky. The skin creamy and smooth. Wide pale pink areolae dotted each one. They were even more perfect than Will had imagined. And so smooth, He squeezed his tits gently, enjoying their weight, their soft-firmness. They filled his hand, spilling out as he squeezed them in his fingers and pressed them against each other. He nudged them gently from side to side, watching them bounce back into position. How many times had he watched Mrs. K's tits wobbling as she walked, and now here were her amazing tits bare for him to touch at his leisure. As his fingers skated across Mrs. King's warm skin, her little nipples began to perk out. Will skated a finger across one gently, enjoying the sensitivity, the promise of pleasure as he stroked it.

He took a handful of one boob and brought it up to his face. Leaning down, he could just cover the nipple with his mouth. He kissed his breast, sucking it gently between his teeth to nip it lightly. Holy hell, he could suck on Mrs. King's tits. She tasted delicious and his own hot breath on his skin made him shiver with anticipation. His tongue flashed out, swirling around his nipple, making it grow sharp as a diamond, hot saliva coating the tip of his breast and sending warm pulses through his body.

Will did the same to the other breast, kissing and sucking one as he gently kneaded the other, revelling in the softness of Mrs. King's youthful body. His head was buzzing pleasantly as an urgency grew between his legs. He played with his new tits, excited and horny for himself, until he became aware of a creeping moisture in his panties.

Will stood and unzipped his blouse, letting it fall to the floor before rolling his panties down his legs, his tits dangling in front of his face as he leaned down. When he'd peeled his panties off he stood and brushed a blonde curl behind his ears as he gaped down at Mrs. King's naked body. He had to hold his tits aside to see everything, and he did so, letting his eyes slowly travel down his slender, compact form. Her body took his breath away. She was gorgeous: shapely little legs, trim tummy, perfect bubble butt.

He licked his lips nervously, tasting Mrs. K's waxy lipstick as he did so. His gaze fell on the carefully trimmed bronze fuzz between his legs. He released one tit to slip a hand down between his

legs, fingers poised above his already moistening opening. He slipped a finger inside himself slowly, watching his pussy part for his finger, feeling his little digit enter his sensitive opening and land on his rubbery folds. His pussy was warm and slightly slick, and he explored it by touch, circling two fingers gently over the hood of his clit. Sharp blasts of heat pulsed through his body as he fingered himself slowly, his other hand cupping and squeezing his breasts. He released a tiny sigh, Mrs. King's voice oozing with pleasure, and the sound made him even hornier.

Every second of his fingers inside himself made him wetter, and soon he was dragging the slickness up across the entire length of his slit. Something inside him shifted imperceptibly, and suddenly his fingers were directly on his clit. Will trembled and sank into the chair, sighing as pleasure flitted through him. "Oh, fuck," he whispered as he continued fondling his body, fingers slipping deeper inside his heat, pushing through the tight walls of his cunt, and suddenly he threw back his head and moaned, shutting his eyes as his entire body lit with pleasure.

Mrs. King's body was sopping wet now, and Will pushed his fingers in deeper, curving up through the clenched tunnel of his pussy. He opened his eyes again and stared down between his legs, watching his fingers slip in and out of himself, shiny with his lust. Fuck, it was so hot watching Mrs. King masturbate, hearing the melodic squelch of her fingers in her own wetness, watching her fingers slide in and out of her pussy, little flashes of pink appearing here and there. A sudden blast of heat tore through him. He groaned louder and longer this time, squeezing his tit against his chest as he fingered himself faster, riding the wave of heat up, up, until there was an explosion in his body, pleasure shooting through his core and down to his feet, curling his toes as he orgasmed hard. "Oh god," he cried out in a tiny voice, throwing his head back and pushing his fingers hard up against his center as the roaring inferno took him. His entire body shook with orgasm, the agonizing pleasure filling him and spilling through him, leaving him to come down slowly.

He was lightheaded and relaxed, his heart pounding madly in his ears as he came down from his orgasmic high. He let go of his aching breast and pulled his fingers out of himself, lying back in the chair as he recovered. All too soon it was time for Mrs. King's next class. He pulled his clothes back on, noting as he did so how his fingers still carried the delightful scent of Mrs. King's own musk.

Will had expected worse. He'd expected that, within minutes, the students would call him out as fake. But no. They didn't seem to notice or care about his slight mistakes. Mostly they just looked bored. It helped that Mrs. King's lesson plan was meticulous: a series of neat bullet points with the topics to cover and the pop quiz already printed out.

There *were* some bad moments. Distributing the quiz to each desk had been harder than he thought: walking in heels and a pencil skirt (not to mention a short, little body with massive tits that completely threw off his balance) was essentially impossible. He managed to trip not once but twice.

The second trip, though, he was willing to blame entirely on Nick Clarkson—the football team's star running back and certifiable asshole—who had taken his quiz and made no attempt at all to disguise the fact that he was staring directly at Will's stupid-big tits. The guy's eyes were laser focused, and Will was suddenly so conscious of the bounce under his silk shirt that he lost all concentration and bumped into the corner of a desk. Hence trip number two.

Recovering, he'd returned to his desk at the front of the classroom, aware the whole time that Nick's eyes were probably locked onto his swaying bubble butt. Will sunk gratefully back into the chair behind his desk. Silence reigned for ten delicious minutes as the students got on with their tests. And then, out of the corner of his eye, Will caught Nick glancing down at his lap, unlocking his phone and clearly texting under the desk.

Will spoke before he was even conscious of the intention: "Nick Clarkson! You know the rules. Phone up here now."

The little speech, Will realized, was purely Mrs. K. All he'd had to do was let it out: this body *knew* what it wanted to say and do. And getting through the next 24 hours would be a lot easier if he relinquished a little control.

While Nick reluctantly came up to the front and handed over his phone, Will concentrated on letting Mrs. King's personality and impulses take the lead. He heard himself say in Mrs. K's prissy little voice, "You know what I've got to do, Nick. This is the third time you've violated school phone policy, so your cell stays here in the locked drawer until admin gives the ok to release it."

He dropped the cell into the desk drawer and turned the key. And then, inexplicably, he felt Mrs. K's eyes look up and linger on Nick's perfect running back ass as he walked back to his desk. Will dragged his eyes away and resisted the urge to laugh at the realization: Mrs. King's body wanted to check out football player ass.

The bell rang, announcing the end of the school day, and Will called out, "Ok, leave your quizzes on your desks. Reading for this week is everything in chapter four through ionic and metallic bonding."

The students gathered up their bags and filed out. Nick lingered behind, pausing in front of Will's desk and asked pleadingly, "It's the end of the day. Can I get my phone back?"

It was novel: a football player having to defer to him. Will found he rather enjoyed the little rush of power and gave Nick a look of stern rebuke. “I don’t make the rules and you signed the honor code just like everyone else. A third cell violation means automatic confiscation of your phone.” Crossing his legs and straightening the papers on Mrs K’s desk, Will added, “I’ll report it to admin and it’ll be up to Mr Bailey to determine when you get your phone back.

Nick scowled and headed for the door.

There was a little more spring in Will’s step as he stood and wandered around the classroom gathering up the quizzes. Partly, it was just the thrill of denying an entitled football asshole something he wanted. And partly because he’d (mostly) figured out how to walk in heels.

He slid the quizzes into Mrs. K’s bag—adding them to the pile of grading he had to complete tonight—and headed for the teacher’s lounge. Walking into the lounge was like walking backstage at a play: all the teachers—the ones he normally saw upright and polished—were out of character, lounging and casual. Starched-up Ms. Coles was having a cuss-laden phone conversation with—based on the number of times she called the person on the other end ‘babe’ and ‘you asshole’—her boyfriend. Mr. Bailey (the school’s enforcer and disciplinarian) had his feet on a coffee table and smelled like he’d just had a sneaky post-school cig.

Will tried very hard not to gape at his teachers in their natural habitat as he headed over to Mrs. King’s cubbyhole. Grabbing the couple of papers from the cubby, he added them to his bag and mentally scanned Mrs. K’s memory for what to do next. The answer was waiting just below the surface: head home, pick up groceries on the way, make dinner, grade papers. He took a breath. He could do that. Nothing difficult there.

Turning, he caught Mr. Bailey’s eye and remembered one last thing he needed to do. “Umm...” Damn, it was hard to say a teacher’s name! “Umm, Dennis?”

Mr. Bailey smiled. “Hey, Sally.”

Swallowing down the weirdness of hearing Mrs. K called *Sally*, he said, “I had to confiscate Nick Clarkson’s cell today.”

Mr. Bailey rolled his eyes. “Third violation?”

“Yeah.”

“Ok, I’ll talk to him tomorrow.” Bailey sighed. “I’ve let him off once before; I’m giving him a week’s ban this time.”

Will hid his smile. There were definitely some upsides to being a teacher.

Mrs. King’s house was a lovingly renovated craftsman, and it was a bit like Mrs. K herself: neat, ordered, cute, polished. Will wandered the rooms, taking in the high-end appliances and carefully curated objet d’art. It was, he realized, all a little pricier than he’d expected for a high school teacher. Doing a quick trawl through Mrs. K’s memory, he ascertained why: her husband, it turned out, made serious bank.

Husband!

Will ground to a halt in the hallway. He’d been so caught up in simply getting through the school day, he hadn’t begun to consider Mrs. King’s life outside of school. And she had a frickin husband! A husband who—his borrowed memories informed him—would be home from work in an hour. What’s more, it was Mrs. King’s turn to make dinner tonight.

Okay. Deal with one thing at a time. Slipping through Mrs. King's memories, he found she'd planned to make something called a one pot chicken stew. Accessing her memories was imperfect, a bit like trying to remember a dream. Sometimes things would come easily to his mind, while at other times he had to really concentrate on drawing up the memory. Finding things in the kitchen was one of the latter. With some trial and error, Will rummaged through the pantry and searched the fridge until he'd found the tools and ingredients. At least he knew where the recipe was: she'd saved it to the little tablet she kept in the kitchen as a recipe book. Mrs. King must have made this recipe a lot and fixed it in her muscle memory because Will rarely had to consult the recipe. The pot was bubbling away, filling the kitchen with the delicious smell of chicken stew when Mrs. King's husband got home.

“Hey honey,” he called out as he walked into the kitchen. “Smells good.”

Will turned to him and was immediately hit with Mrs. King's feelings for her husband. There was the physical attraction, yes, but also undercurrents of dissatisfaction and ennui, tangled up with affection. The dissatisfaction wasn't necessarily directed *at* her husband but was certainly a side effect. Will felt deep down that Mrs. King still wanted more out of life than to be a high school teacher with a rich husband. A rich, *attractive* husband.

Mrs. King's husband—her mind supplied his name: Ethan—stood just over six feet tall and had intense brown eyes that were even now fixing Will to the kitchen counter. Ethan's dark brown hair was cut short, his face rugged and handsome. The top two buttons of his light gray shirt were unbuttoned, the tie askew. The shirt was cut to fit, and Will could make out an athletic body, muscles straining against the shirt as he moved. The top curves of Ethan's pecs kept drawing Will's eye, and he realized it was Mrs. King's attraction to her husband that made him enjoy the view so much. He'd certainly never stared at a handsome man so longingly before he'd become a woman.

Ethan came towards Will and kissed him on the lips. Ethan's lips were warm, and Will could feel the heat of his masculine body *right there*. Will pulled away, blushing at the thoughts creeping through his mind. Mrs. King's body yearned for Ethan but Will turned away, pretending he had to stir the pot so that Ethan couldn't see his flustered look.

Rather than back away, Ethan slipped his hands around Will's midsection and pressed himself gently against his wife. He stuck his nose into Will's hair, breathing deeply, before lowering his head and kissing Will on the cheek. Ethan's hot breath rushed past Will's tiny ear and something warm and urgent poked at Will's rear. Ethan gently nudged aside Will's curls and kissed his neck. Will froze, closing his eyes and releasing an involuntary sigh as little shivers went down his spine. The hands around Will's tummy tightened, pulling Will back against Ethan's hard body.

“Mmm,” Ethan murmured, his bass voice reverberating through Will's body in a way that made him wonderfully moist. “How about we have an appetizer before dinner?”

Will wanted Ethan's hands on him more than he'd wanted anything. He gave in to Mrs. King's feelings, turning to embrace “his” husband. The size differential was such that Ethan had to lean down to kiss Will on the lips again. This time Will opened wide and sucked on Ethan's tongue, enjoying the spicy scent of him, welcoming into his new mouth. Will's tits pressed against Ethan's chest as he wrapped his slender arms around his husband's back. His fingers grabbed Ethan's taut flesh, sliding up and down, exploring the strength of his shoulders, his back. Meanwhile, Ethan's hands clasped Will close, then slid down and cupped his little bottom. Now Ethan's erection was pressed against Will's flat tummy hard and insistent as they made out. It called out to Will and his body ached in response. Was he really ready to do something like this in Mrs. King's body?

Their lips still locked together, Will unbuckled Ethan's belt, then undid the button on his pants and snaked his hand inside, fingers wrapping around Ethan's girth. It felt tremendous in Will's slender fingers, hard and hot and with a wonderful firm-softness about it. Without thinking, Will pulled

away from Ethan's kiss and got to his knees. He rolled Ethan's pants down, followed by his underpants. Ethan's cock sprang up to meet Will's face. It stood erect in front of Will's perfect nose and he stared at it with wide eyes. It was as breathtakingly beautiful as it was terrifying. Will had never been interested in another man's dick before, but right now, kneeling on the floor in Mrs. King's body, he couldn't think of anything he wanted more. Mrs. King's body wanted to suck on her husband's dick, and Ethan couldn't—or wouldn't—fight the excitement and anticipation filling him.

Will stroked Ethan's cock with Mrs. K's pretty hand, watching her little fingers glide down the shaft. And how often had Will imagined just this scenario, with Mrs. King's hands wrapped around a throbbing dick. Will brought his face closer, the deep musk of Ethan's dick filling Will's nose. Will stuck out his little pink tongue and licked slowly from base to tip. Ethan's cock was warm and slightly salty, brushing against the tip of Ethan's nose as he licked. Will dragged his tongue up and down, covering the dick in his saliva as Ethan stared down at him, enchanted. Before Will could have second thoughts, he opened his ruby red lips and swallowed the cockhead.

He slid his lips down the shaft slowly. The cock filled his mouth, pressing against his tongue as it slid further down towards his throat. Mrs. King had impressive control over her gag reflex, and by relaxing into her reflexes, he was able to take the entirety of Ethan's dick. Will's nose was buried in Ethan's pubic hair, the head of Ethan's cock tickling the back of his throat. He held Ethan there and let his tongue undulate against the underside of the shaft, enjoying the little mini-throbs, and Ethan's moans of approval. There was a deep sense of satisfaction as he sucked Ethan's cock, like Mrs. King felt so right to have her lips locked around a dick.

Will brought his lips up and back down, sucking Ethan's dick in a gentle rhythm, swirling his mouth around. He was surprised to discover he enjoyed it. Enjoyed the power he had over Ethan just with his lips and tongue, the masculine taste of Ethan filling his mouth, the way Mrs. King's body warmed as he made her suck Ethan's dick. His rhythm grew faster, lips gliding up and down the huge cock, his hands sliding around to grab Ethan's ass and *thrust* him deeper into his pretty little mouth until Ethan suddenly grunted. Will clamped his lips around Ethan's throbbing cock and was rewarded with blasts of creamy cum shooting down his throat. Will swallowed as fast as he could, drinking down Ethan's salty jizz, each drop burning its way delightfully across his tongue and down into his belly. He sucked long and hard, closing his eyes and savoring the heat spilling through him, delighting in taking in every single drop, proud of his cock-sucking prowess. When Ethan was empty, Will slid his mouth off the cock and looked up at him. Ethan held out his hand. Will took it and stood. Without warning Ethan grabbed Will's ass and hoisted him up in the air.

Will screeched laughter as Ethan carried him to the couch in the living room and dropped him on it, then pushed Will's skirt up and dove between his creamy thighs. Will started, his hands reaching down to push his skirt back down but froze as Ethan's tongue found his pussy. Will sighed, shivering as a pleasant tension gripped him as Ethan's tongue snaked gently against his clit. He was already so wet from sucking Ethan's cock, his body driven to the precipice of orgasm by need and desire. Will came once, quickly, gasping as he raised his hips towards Ethan's mouth and grabbed his humongous breasts, fondling himself as he came beneath his husband's eager mouth.

Will pinched his little nipples as Ethan pulsed his tongue hard up against Will's clit, bringing in two fingers, sliding into Will's tight hole and ratcheting up the tension within Will's body. Will writhed and moaned as Ethan's tongue licked up and down his clit, fingers curving around deep in Will's center, landing on the dimpled nub of Will's pleasure. Will dug his hands into his heavy tits and whimpered, begging for more, his voice rising in pitch, "Oh, yes, yes. Yeesss!" On this last the tension snapped and he came hard, his body filled with pleasure both from the physical sensations and by staring down between his legs, watching his new pussy get licked and eaten by Ethan. The orgasm whited out his mind, leaving him briefly only pure desire, a physical lust that shattered his entire body and left him breathless and wailing. Finally, the pleasure released him and he settled back down.

When he opened his eyes, Ethan was resting on Will's flat stomach, huge hands sliding up and down Will's body, stroking him gently. Will smiled as he gazed down at Ethan's face, slick with Mrs. K's pussy juices. Will shuddered lightly with aftershock, his tits jiggling briefly as his body shook. Ethan kissed his tender belly, then pushed himself to his feet and went to finish dinner. Will lay on the couch and recovered, his own hands feeling up Mrs. King's body, memorizing her form by touch for when he was back in his own body.

Will got through school the next day using a combo of borrowed memories and common sense. The classes got progressively easier as he started to understand the routine and pace of teaching. Harder than the classes, however, were the social interactions with the other teachers. Lunch had been a minefield. He'd been so nervous and uptight about acting “correctly” that it was almost impossible for him to relax and let Mrs. King's natural instincts take over. Calling teachers *Mr. This* or *Mrs. That* was so entrenched that he had to be on permanent high alert in order to remember to call them by their first names. And heading into the ladies bathroom outside the teachers' lounge required overcoming deeply embedded instincts.

As the bell finally sounded for the end of the day and the students raced out into the hallway, Will heaved a sigh of relief. Closing the door behind the final student, he glanced at the clock. Mrs. K would have finished up trig class, and would arrive in a few minutes to switch back. He watched the second hand tick by and felt a complicated version of relief.

It was akin to the feeling of walking off a fucking terrifying roller coaster. On one hand, he felt sheer joy that the ordeal was over and that somehow he'd emerged unscathed. On the other hand, there was a weird little shred of desire to ride it just one more time.

It made sense really. His life, he knew, was largely devoid of risk: study, study, then study some more. In contrast, being Mrs. K was a highwire act, full of entirely unexpected moments of peril and thrill. Like the previous night...

Just thinking about that shivery kick of desire he'd felt in the kitchen—meeting Ethan's eye, feeling his feminine body cinch and squirm with need, and deciding to just go with it—left Will antsy and craving. But there wasn't any time to act on it; the door opened and Mrs. King walked in.

The first thing Will noticed was just how weirdly big—almost imposing—his body was. Intellectually, of course, he knew he was tall, but seeing his body through Mrs. K's teeny frame was an eye-opener. His body looked almost, well... impressive. Sure, there were guys with more muscle mass, but some time in the past year, he'd apparently bulked up a bit... Or perhaps it was just that his body was wearing a tighter than usual t-shirt .

He nodded at the shirt. “That's new, right?”

“Yeah,” Mrs. K confirmed. “At the mall yesterday, your mom kept waving her credit card and telling me to buy stuff.”

Will rolled his eyes. “I should've warned you; she's obsessed with clothes. You have to shut that down with her or she'll make you try on like a million pairs of jeans.”

“I didn't mind.” Mrs. K shrugged a little. “It was nice, actually... trying on clothes and not worrying about the extra pounds or if the outfit looked too slutty or if—” She cut herself off, looking a little embarrassed. “Sorry, anyway... I think your mom enjoyed it too.”

*Great*, Will refrained from saying sarcastically. Now he had two women trying to dress him. Although, to be fair, they'd done a pretty good job and had apparently found some jeans that were

actually long enough to fit him. It occurred to him that perhaps Mrs. King had, in fact, done him a favor with the switch: he'd avoided a boring afternoon at the mall with his mother, he had some new clothes, and he'd given his first oral. All in all, not bad for 24 hours.

But, that said, he was ready to switch back. He pointed at the locked cupboard that held the machine. "Ready?"

She gave him a tight little smile. "About that..."

"What about that?" he asked apprehensively, a sense of foreboding creeping up his spine.

"Well, see, I think... in the interest of thoroughness, it would be best if we make this a longer trial."

"What?" he yelped. She was a teacher, and he really didn't want to yell at her, but he couldn't help himself. "What do you *mean*?"

"It's just..."—she had the decency to look a little guilty—"I think a week-long test would be really beneficial."

"A week!" He was totally yelling now, despite the fact that his girly little voice was more whiny than authoritative. "I can't do this for a whole week!"

"I know it's challenging, Will, but this is important. There are a few more scenarios I think it would be worthwhile to test out and—"

"But we had a deal! One day, that's what you said."

"I know," she said placating, "and I completely understand your reservations, but this is my one chance to personally test the machine and—"

"But," Will repeated feebly, "we had a deal."

"We did," she agreed. "And I think, you have to agree, that you're getting a significant amount out of it. If it weren't for me giving you this chance, you'd currently be suspended and stripped of valedictorian. Instead, I'm simply asking for a few day's more of your time."

She was welching. And she was essentially blackmailing him. *And* she was railroading him into pretending that the welching and blackmail weren't shitty beyond belief. But, truth was, she held the cards. Or, more accurately, she held both the machine and the power to ruin his school transcript. So, if she wanted six more days, he had little choice but to cave.

That said, he wanted an irrefutable end date this time.

"Fine," he muttered begrudgingly, "but I want your word that next Wednesday — and not a day later— you'll hook us to the machine." He narrowed his eyes. "No suddenly saying that you need a month."

"You have my word, Will," she said sincerely. "Next Wednesday, after school." She pulled a key out of her pocket and held it out to him. "Here, take the key to the closet; you can unpack the machine, have it ready so we can hook it up as soon as I arrive."

He took it, enjoying the added security of having the key in his possession.

Mrs. King headed for the door then turned and said, "Thanks for doing this. It means a lot to me... to have tangible, *personal* proof of exactly what I've built. I think I never really believed I could do it." She eyed Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin on her desk and gave a soft smile. "I mean, I trusted the chem, but I just..." She swallowed down the obvious rising emotion. "Anyway, thanks. It means... everything."

Will kept a mental chart, checking off the six days as they ticked by. And he fell into a routine. After a few days, he could almost do the teaching part on autopilot. Mrs. King was so experienced and, quite honestly, so overqualified for her job, that reeling off reams of chemistry knowledge became almost like breathing. He went to school, taught classes, graded papers, came home and wrote lesson plans in front of Netflix.

The teaching part of his days wasn't complicated. What *was* increasingly complicated—now that he had a handle on what he needed to do professionally—was walking through Mrs. K's life outside of teaching. Now that he was no longer distracted by the constant fear of being discovered as an impostor in her body, he was more aware than ever of the body itself.

He felt the differences from his own lanky frame: the lack of physical strength, the inability to reach... pretty much anything, the physical draw to heat and softness, the increased flexibility of his new limbs. He also felt the contrasting way in which he was received in the world.

As a brainiac, nerdy teen, he was used to having his body ignored completely, but then being praised to rooftops for his academic accomplishments. As Mrs. K, it was the complete reverse. His—well, *her*—academic abilities were totally overlooked by students and co-workers alike, but her physical presence was watched almost constantly. Sometimes it was cursory glances from male teachers in the staff room and sometimes it was open stares from horny teens but, to Will, it felt like greedy male eyes followed his neckline from room to room. It was, in a word, wearing.

There were also moments in which he let himself enjoy what her body had to offer. There were, for example, the two languid orgasms that he gave himself in the shower every morning: his hand braced on the tiled wall as he taught himself to get this body off with increasing power and dexterity. And there were the subtle little feminine pleasures and luxuries baked into her life: her soft sheets, her expensive moisturizer, her floral shampoo, her weekly mani pedi—an appointment he'd been apprehensive about keeping but found he actually thoroughly enjoyed.

Most of all though, the primary upside to the swap, was the access. Whenever he was alone, he had a wet and willing female body quite literally to hand. And, as the six days ticked by, he made the most of it. In breaks between classes, he slipped his hand down into his bra and tweaked his nipples, teasing them to hard little peaks, and then leaving them to press and chafe against the lace of his bra as his students filed in. He spent hours every night in the bedroom, standing in front of the mirror, studying Mrs. King's body from every angle and caressing every inch of soft, smooth skin.

He'd even taken pictures, posing seductively for himself, his hands about his wonderful tits. He emailed the pics to a new email address and deleted all evidence from her phone. It wasn't like he was sending them to anyone. He just wanted to enjoy them later.

By day five, he'd mostly stopped feeling guilty about using Mrs. K's body in whatever way he wanted. To his mind: she'd railroaded him into a full week of a swapping; he was simply extracting a little deserved compensation.

And then, on Wednesday (mere hours from swap back time), he learned something that obliterated his last shred of guilt: he heard the rumor. At first, it was a whisper, the low rumbling gossip of the tenth graders as they took their seats. Hearing the names Will Berriman and Travis Hayes in the same sentence, had struck Will as unlikely and highly suspicious, so he'd let the chatter continue a little longer than he'd usually allow in the hope of hearing more. But, other than a sense that there was juicy gossip swirling, he got nothing.

Turned out, the teachers were less circumspect than the tenth graders. Will got the full story at lunch: Travis 'Gorgeous Golden Boy D1 Quarterback' Hayes was apparently hooking up with Will 'Giant, Nerd Valedictorian' Berriman. Coach Mike and special teams had walked in on the pair—bare chested, liplocked and body-locked—in the changing rooms.

The gleeful teachers volleyed questions around the staff room: Did anyone know Travis was gay? Was he out? Was there a school policy on making out in the changing room? How popular did Travis—who was on the *very* top rung of the school social strata... but academically several yards short of a touchdown—end up with a brainiac social nobody like Will?

Will had mixed feelings about that last question. On one hand, it was nice to hear his intelligence roundly praised. On the other hand, it wasn't exactly fun to hear how outlandish a choice he was considered for gorgeous Travis.

But worrying about his rep in the minds of the teachers was a momentary distraction: a place for his mind to linger a moment before the full weight of what had happened fully permeated.

It was the unfairness of the situation that struck him next. While he'd spent a week carefully protecting Mrs. King's reputation and feeling guilty about touching her body even in the privacy of her own home, Mrs. K. was out *hooking up in public* with a guy!

What the actual fucking fuck was she thinking!

They were hours from swapping back and she was going to dump him back in his body with the whole school talking about him. With everyone assuming he was gay. With Travis thinking he was up for getting it on in the showers.

The rage didn't dissipate. Will stewed with fury through the rest of lunch and could barely hold it together through his last class of the day. As soon as the bell sounded, he ordered the students out—resisting the urge to smack Nick Clarkson around the head for muttering, “Damn, Mrs. K's in a shitting mood today; must be PMSing.”—and slammed the door behind them.

Marching over to the supply closet, he unlocked the door and pulled out the machine. This mess was ending *now*, before Mrs. King could do any more damage. He sat, resolutely glaring at the clock for the six and half minutes until she finally showed.

As she opened the door, then carefully closed and locked it behind her, she looked sheepish. *As she fucking should*, Will screamed internally. He wanted to yell, but he was too angry to even speak.

She glanced around the room—obviously making sure that they were alone and that the blinds were drawn—then said contritely, “I owe you an apology.”

“The whole school is talking about it.... about me.” Will felt angry tears beginning to build. “What were... What were you thinking?”

“I wasn't,” Mrs. King admitted. “Travis came up to me a few days ago, to apologize for the joint, and we got talking and...” She swallowed and added, “And I'm really sorry. It got out of hand. I just wanted to experience everything I could, so I—”

“So you dry humped the quarterback!” Will yelled.

“I'm sorry,” she repeated, running her hand through her hair in agitation.

Will felt his annoyance with her ticking up yet one more notch: she'd cut his frickin hair. It was shorter on the sides and carefully styled on top. It matched the new hipster glasses she'd apparently bought.

Was there any part of his life she hadn't overhauled? And to what extent? Fearing the answer, he asked the question anyway: “How far did it go?”

“What?”

“*What* she asks.” Will glared in astonishment. “How far did it go with you and Travis? Did it happen more than once? Did you make out? Did you... do more?”

“More,” she admitted quietly. “We...there was more.”

“How much more?”

“We... kissed. And, umm, he gave me—well, we both actually gave each other—umm... blowjobs.”

She'd rendered him speechless, actually immobilized with anger.

“Will, please understand...” Mrs. King was babbling with contrition. “I got carried away and I overstepped and... I'm so sorry”

Some reflexive feminine urge was prompting him to mask his rage, to forgive and duck confrontation and tell her it was ok. But he tamped down the urge and stayed resolutely silent... because she didn't deserve even a hint of forgiveness.

She took the hint and simply headed over to the machine. “I'll get us set up to swap back.”

He folded his arms. “Good.”

Remorse written across her face, she said, “I'd make it up to you if I could.”

“How, exactly?” Will asked incredulously. “You've overhauled my image, you've got the whole school thinking I'm gay, and you've left me in a really messy situation with Travis.” He realized something else that was bothering him. “And you cheated me out of something important: My body just had its first ever real hook-up; I got my first ever oral... and I wasn't even fucking *there*.”

He knew he was ranting, but he couldn't stop. “I mean, it's not like girls are lining up to be with me, but you've pretty much guaranteed that I'm leaving high school a virgin. And that might not seem like—”

A hint of a smile played at the corner of her lips. “You don't have to.” Looking up from the machine, she added carefully, “I owe you one... and there *is* something I'd love to experience in this body...”

“What do you—?”

“You weren't there when your body experienced its first blowjob...” She looked nervous, but met his eye nevertheless and plowed on. “But you can be right here when it gets laid for the first time.”

Before Will could process what she had just said, his former body leaned down and kissed him. His former lips met his new ones and he could taste himself, could smell the faint hint of sandalwood cologne she picked for him to wear. Will's heart hammered in his chest. He *had* been curious about Mrs. King and, so far, he was a virgin in this body. In both bodies, really. But was he really ready to have someone's dick inside him, even if it was his own? Will put his arms on his former chest and pulled back, staring up into his former eyes. Mrs. King still had a hand on his back and was staring down at him, her pupils dilated with longing.

“But...” Will gulped, “That's my body.”

“And that was mine,” she replied, stepping closer. “And I know exactly how to treat it.”

With that she pulled him close, crushing Will's hands between them, his firm breasts pressed up against Mrs. King's chest as she forced her lips against his again. Her other hand came up and slipped through Will's blonde hair, cupping his neck as they made out. Will let himself be guided by the rush of warmth blossoming between his legs. He kissed her back, closing his eyes and pressing himself closer. He was all too aware of his hands on his former pecs, of the hardness poking at him from beneath Mr. King's pants. Of the aching wetness between his own legs.

She was rough with him, pulling him close and squeezing his lips against hers. Will found his body responding, enjoying being taken by this big strong teenager. Mrs. King unzipped Will's blouse and yanked it off his arms. Will gasped at the strength and determination of his former body, giggling softly as he dropped his top onto the floor. Mrs. King stared down in delight at Will's bra, her arms still clasped around his back.

“Fuck,” she sighed, “I never appreciated tits until I was a teenage guy.”

She buried her face in his cleavage as Will laughed. Her greedy hands squeezed his breasts just as he would have done if their situations were reversed. She kissed his skin, sending little nipples of pleasure through Will's body. Opening her mouth, she breathed hot breath over each nipple, warming his bra, caressing the still hidden nipples. Will reached around and unhooked his bra. He barely had time to shrug it off before Mrs. King's teeth clamped over one little pink nipple. He sucked in a breath through his teeth as the pain met the pleasure. He grabbed his other breast, squeezing tight, enjoying his own soft body as Mrs. King kissed and suckled him. And she did know how to work her body, kissing him just where he needed, teasing him and playing his pleasure like a master musician.

Her mouth returned to his and he wrapped her in his arms. She drove him back against the wall, dry humping him as they made out. Her cock was urgent and sharp beneath her pants and, god, Will wanted it more than anything.

“Fuck me,” he whispered between kisses, “Fuck me right now.”

Mrs. King yanked her pants down and Will got a quick glimpse of his familiar cock. The tip was already shiny with precum, the cockhead pointing directly up at him. Will yanked up his skirt. Mrs. King grabbed one leg and hoisted it in the air, holding his thigh up in her firm grip, pushing him back on the wall for support. With her other hand, she gripped her cock and guided it towards Will's waiting pussy. She nudged aside his panties and then the head of Will's own cock was pressing against his swollen pussy lips. It felt so big against him. He continued kissing Mrs. King hungrily, his hands playing with his own tits, tweaking his little nipples and moaning into Mrs. King's mouth. The pressure against his pussy built, the head just slipping inside him, pushing against his swollen pussy. And then the pressure disappeared with a blissful relief and Will's own cock penetrated his new body. Will grunted as his pussy was filled, the cockhead traveling through the slick walls of his cunt, pounding hard up against his center.

Mrs. King slammed into him, sending his tits jiggling. His body was so delicious, so tense and he moaned as she pounded him, pulling his leg higher up, spreading him ever more so she could thrust deeper and deeper. Will could hear the slap of balls against him, could hear the delightful squishing sound of the cock sliding through his wetness, could feel his own desire building, building, until the tension burst and he came. He threw his head back as Mrs. King continued thrusting inside him. He moaned as his body convulsed around the hard cock, tits jiggling. Mrs. King buried her face in his bobbing tits, kissing greedily as she continued pounding him faster, harder, until she too grunted and came, slamming deep, deep inside. Will could feel her spurting, could feel each blast of hot cum as she emptied herself into him and he came again, moaning and twisting. The mental pleasure of being his hot teacher combined with the physical pleasure of being fucked in her tight pussy to make him release a strangled cry of lust as the orgasm overtook him. His hands flew to his tits, gripping himself as Mrs. King's cock pulsed inside him, slowing to a top and leaving Will out of breath.

She released his leg slowly and he stood unsteadily, swiping aside the blonde hair that had plastered itself to his forehead. Will's face was flushed and angry red marks were fading from his tits where he'd grabbed himself so hard. Now that the pleasure had abated he felt uncomfortably full, felt the cum threatening to trickle out of his pussy. Mrs. King pulled her pants up and went to her desk, returning with some tissues.

“You'll need to wipe yourself off,” she said bashfully.

When Will was as clean as he could be, he got dressed again. He zipped up his skirt and nodded at the machine. “Let's do this.” He didn't want to let on how wonderful it had felt to be pounded by his own cock.

Clearly his body seriously appreciated getting laid because Mrs. K was still grinning ear to ear as she replied, “Ok, I just need to get us set up.” She worked efficiently, hooking up the leads and connecting their bodies.

As she held the final wire over the beaker of liquid, ready to initialize the chemical reaction, she gave him a small nod. “Thanks again, Will... for letting me experience this.”

Willing to be generous (now that it was finally almost over), Will replied, “That's ok.”

And Mrs. K dropped the wire.

The pain was familiar and welcome, the burn searing through his whole body and tearing his connective tissue. When it ebbed away and the world swam back into focus, Will looked down, more than ready to see his familiar, lanky frame and his—

“What the fuck!” He looked down again, confirming he was *still* in Mrs. King's body. “What the *actual* fuck?!?”

She looked genuinely remorseful. “Sorry, Will.”

“Is the machine broken?”

“Umm, well...” She swallowed. “See—”

Comprehension began to dawn and he demanded, “Did you do this on purpose? Make the reaction fail to ... to leave us like this?”

“It's not quite what you're thinking. See, I—”

“You *promised*,” he said through gritted teeth. “You promised to switch us back.”

“Technically, I promised to hook us up to the machine...” She looked away, avoiding his eye. “Which I did.”

“Then why didn't it work?”

“Theoretically, there was a small chance this would happen. Chemistry is a delicate balancing act. Change the ingredients even slightly and—”

“You changed the ingredients?”

“No,” she said, looking back at him now, “you did.” She ignored his look of confusion and added, “There was a new substance introduced this time, which added citric acid, acid phosphatase, calcium, sodium, zinc, potassium, fructose and a few other things to the mix.”

“I didn't add anything,” Will retorted. “I never even messed with the machine.” And then the list of ingredients coalesced in his mind and he blurted out, “Semen! You're saying it didn't work because there's semen present in this body.”

Her expression led Will to his next conclusion and he stated, “You knew.”

“It was a hypothesis.”

“And yet you did it anyway! Let me do something that would fuck up the switch.”

She seemed to be having a tough time looking contrite. “Sorry, I saw an opportunity... and, well, this body is very *very* hard to give up.”

“So how fucking long until the jizz leaves my body?”

Mrs. King looked thoughtful and just a little smug. “Days definitely, maybe weeks.” She shrugged and added, “I’m a chemist not a human biologist.”

“So you’re just going to leave me like this?”

“For now... Well, yeah.” She grinned and headed for the door. “After all, I’ve agreed to meet Travis in half an hour.” And, with that, she headed out the door.

Will dropped his head into his hands. Mrs. King clearly didn’t give a shit about protecting his life. Hell, for all he knew, she was going to hold his body hostage and spend her time rubbing it up against Travis. Maybe she’d never give him his body back. He wanted to weep in despair, but his anger was gradually stifling every other emotion. He could feel his rage boiling up in his gut and bubbling beneath his skin. Lashing out, he grabbed the Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin bust and shoved it to the floor. It shattered with a thoroughly satisfying crash.

“Whoa!”

Looking up, Will found Nick Clarkson standing in the doorway, eyeing the mess.

Nick stepped into the chem lab. “Mrs. K? You ok?”

Will’s glared at the mess and Nick with equal venom. “I’m fine.”

“K, then.” Nick looked at him beseechingly. “It’s been a week; can I get my phone back?”

Will did not have the energy for Nick right now. “Fine, whatever.” He moved behind Mrs. King’s desk, unlocked the drawer and pulled out Nick’s phone. When he looked up, he found Nick bent over, picking up chunks of broken plaster. And then he felt his eyes moving over the planes of Nick’s back to the curves of his perfect ass.

And his anger became something sharp and tactical. Walking back around the desk, he knelt down on all fours and began helping to pick up the pieces. The second he let the neckline of his blouse gape low, he saw Nick’s eyes jump to his tits.

And he knew what he was going to do next.

“Nick?”

With obvious effort, Nick dragged his eyes away from Will’s cleavage. “Umm, yeah?”

Will held Nick’s stare for a moment, then said slowly, “Fuck me.”

Nick’s eyes nearly bugged out of his head. “What?”

Will let a little smile tease at the corner of his mouth. Sitting back on his heels, he began to unbutton the little buttons on his top. “Stand up, lock the door, and fuck me.”

And then Nick was jumping to his feet and racing to lock the door. By the time he turned back, Will was topless. He swayed back and forth, letting his huge breasts jiggle enticingly.

Will’s felt his smile slide into a smirk of resolve. If Mrs. King was going to taint his reputation... he was going to *total* hers.

###

## That Bitch From Work

The digital signs around the lobby all displayed the same message: *Experiment in progress. Report unusual events immediately.* The same message had also been displayed the last time Felix had been in this lobby. That was six months ago, which was the last time he'd come to pick up his girlfriend, Anna, from work. Felix asked the smiling middle-aged receptionist in the lobby if it was the same experiment but she just waved the question away.

“They're always doing something,” she laughed. “Don't worry. It's totally safe. The lab is completely shielded with ion-induced...something or other.”

She checked him in and handed him an electronic badge with the word 'Visitor' displayed in big bold letters on a digital screen. Felix clipped it to the collar of his shirt.

“This badge will automatically get you up to the right floor. Then you just follow the lighted path,” the receptionist said.

Felix thanked her and walked to the row of elevators. The entire lobby was done up in stark white and silver, giving it an air of futuristic sterility. They must have done something to the marble floors because they seemed to swallow the sounds of his footprints. When Felix rounded the corner it looked like a dead end. There was a large alcove with walls that appeared completely blank, but as he approached a door slid open, revealing the inside of elevator. Felix stepped in and was whisked up to the fourth floor. The inside of the elevator was as blank as the outside, only a small black panel—probably for swiping a key card—and the legally required emergency button were visible. The only sign that the elevator was moving was the digital display above the door that counted up as they passed each floor.

A pleasant female voice spoke from invisible speakers as the doors opened. “Welcome, Felix. Fourth floor. Please follow the white path.”

Felix followed the dimly glowing path of white LED diodes set into the floor. They took him around the corner and past a few cubicles. The only fully enclosed offices were situated in the middle of the floor; six pairs of doors that faced onto each other with a wide corridor between. Anna's was one in the middle. The offices were made of an obscure glass that let light through but nothing else. As Felix walked by an open office door, a woman came quickly around the corner carrying a handful of papers and nearly collided with him. She jumped back, startled, and gave a little gasp of surprise as her papers went flying through the air.

“Oh, my god, I'm sorry, I didn't see you,” she squeaked.

The woman was a diminutive blonde with long hair curled up in an intricate bun, leaving one deliberate lock that fell artfully down the side of her face. She glanced up at him and Felix got a glimpse of her pale blue eyes and delicate pixie features, her mouth fixed in a little 'o' of surprise. Felix was average height and she was wearing heels, but he still found himself looking way down at her. And from this vantage point he found himself looking right down the neck of her cream-colored haute couture dress and got a glimpse of the matching cream bra clasping her slender breasts.

“Oh, I'm sorry,” Felix mumbled, flicking his eyes quickly away, before kneeling to help retrieve the papers.

She got on her hands and knees and began gathering the papers. Felix had to fight to keep his eyes off her cute, little rear end as it wiggled right in front of him.

He figured from the voice and the extravagant outfit and the general appearance, that the woman could only be Tess, or, as Anna called her, “that bitch from work”. This fact was confirmed as Felix stood and handed her the papers he'd picked up.

“Hi, Felix,” Anna spoke up from behind him. “I see you met Tess.”

Felix turned to see Anna standing in the doorway of her office. Her long, midnight-black hair was tied up in a bun that had started out neat in the morning but now, at the end of the day, was unraveling slowly. She had her glasses off and was chewing on one end of the thick black frames thoughtfully, her long legs half-crossed as she leaned her slender body against the door frame. Felix took Anna's hand and pecked her on the cheek.

“Felix, this is Tess. Tess. Felix.” Anna said, giving Felix a knowing look.

“Hi, Tess.”

“Hi,” she nodded, and Felix noted that even when not surprised, her voice was still exceptionally high pitched, like a little girl's voice. She turned to Anna. “If you're having trouble with that sequencing I can take it off your hands.”

“No. I've got it. Thanks.” Anna said, affecting a strained smile.

“It's no trouble,” Tess insisted sweetly. “I mean, you've been working on it all week and still haven't cracked it. Why not give it to someone who's quick?”

“I can do my own work, Tess.”

Tess shrugged. “Suit yourself. You going home now?”

“Yep.” Anna said, returning to her office and grabbing her purse off the desk.

“You're not going to stick around for the experiment? I could never leave if something I'd worked on was happening in the lab. I guess I just care too much.” She sighed.

“What's that supposed to mean?”

Felix sensed Anna's agitation and he put his hand on her back comfortingly.

“I just mean you've been working here for soooo long. You must have seen it all. But this is all new to me. Plus, I don't need much sleep. Some people say I've got too much energy. You're lucky you don't have to worry about that. Well, goodnight!” Tess chirped.

Felix began gently nudging Anna down the hall and away from Tess before she could reply. They'd only taken a few steps when the entire building shuttered and the lights flickered. All three of them froze and looked around. The building shuddered again, more violently this time. Felix lost his footing and desperately tried to cling to some nearby furniture as he fell. The last thing he saw before the lights shut off completely was Anna and Tess also falling to the floor.

Felix fumbled around in the darkness. He was disoriented and his hand glanced against a bookshelf that he swore hadn't been there a moment ago. There were papers everywhere beneath his hands, and something hung loosely about his neck and around his legs. His chest felt strangely off-balance and he went to rub it, recoiling as his fingers landed on something warm and with a strange give that seemed to be part of his body.

The emergency lights started to blink into life and Felix heard Anna call out. “Felix, are you okay?”

“I’m fine, I’m ju--” Felix began and stopped at the sound of his squeaky, feminine voice.

The emergency lights finally stabilized and lit up the small space between the offices they’d been standing in. Felix saw Anna kneeling over a strange man’s body. She glanced at Felix, eyebrows drawing together in disgust, then turned her attention back to the man on the floor as he groaned and started to move. At that moment Felix recognized that the man wasn’t a stranger at all, but actually his own body. Felix gasped—a delicate, airy sound—and looked down at himself. He was greeted by the sight of a cream-colored dress, the gap down the middle allowing him to stare straight at the small breasts hanging from a lithe frame. Petite legs stretched out beneath the bottom of the dress, the calves slender and fragile. His dainty toes were clad in expensive looking black heels.

“Oh my god,” Felix gasped, bringing a hand up to his face in surprise.

His lips felt plumper and softer. His fingers slid across his soft cheeks, the tiny nostrils and pert little nose of Tess.

“You’re fine,” Anna said sharply, “Felix may not be.”

“But Anna, I’m--” Felix began.

“You’re so fucking selfish is what you are,” Anna snapped.

Felix crawled over to his old body, fully aware of how his new body moved, how his breasts dangled and swayed beneath him, how his little ass wiggled. His old body was opening its eyes and when its gaze fell on Tess it scrambled up and gasped, then stared down at itself.

“What-- How--? But you’re--” Felix’s former body stammered as it drew up its knees.

“It’s okay,” Anna tried to calm her.

And Felix was now sure it *was* a her. It was Tess in his old body.

“It’s not all right, Anna,” Felix said and Anna’s head snapped towards him, her mouth already moving to frame some sort of insult, “We’ve swapped bodies.”

That shut her up. Anna closed her mouth and lifted an eyebrow. “You must have hit your head too hard,” she snorted disdainfully.

“No,” Tess spoke up with Felix’s deep voice. “It’s true.”

Anna looked back and forth between the two of them. She leaned forward and peered into Felix’s eyes. Felix couldn’t help letting a little half-smile slip across his lips as he always did when he was feeling self-conscious. Anna covered her hand with her mouth, her eyes wide, as she shrank back.

Tess staggered to her feet and looked down at her hands as she clenched and unclenched her fists. “Holy shit,” she whispered. One hand came gently to her throat. “Whoa.” She said, apparently feeling the deep vibrations from her new voice.

Felix stood unsteadily on Tess’s heels, then held out his hand to help Anna up. She paused for a second, then grasped it and Felix helped her stand. Only then did Felix realize how different the world was. Both Anna and his old body towered over him. He suddenly felt so tiny, and was aware of all the changes in his new perspective, like the fact that he was no longer tall enough to see over the cubicles, and the fact that the banks of computer parts along one wall seemed to stretch up an infinite distance to the ceiling.

The three staggered back down to the lobby, Felix attempting to balance in his high heels while his senses were overloaded with new sensations. Smells were sharper, colors were slightly off, and most of all, his body had a new weight distribution. He was acutely aware of the little breasts on his chest, the way the dress brushed across his thighs, and the way the air in the room funneled up beneath his clothing and across his bare legs.

When they got down to the lobby they found a group of four other people who'd also swapped. One of the research assistants came out to explain that there was no reason to panic and that this completely unexpected phenomena could be reversed just as soon as they had figured out what caused it in the first place. In the meantime, they were all told to swap their personal possessions—wallets, phones, keys—so everyone could go to their own homes and perhaps, maybe, just possibly there would be a solution in the morning. During this pep talk, Felix tried to reach for Anna to draw comfort, but she pulled away from him. People balked but there was really nothing to be done. Better to go home and rest than stay at the labs all night.

When Felix and Anna were finally alone and walking to Felix's car, Felix broke the silence. “Anna, come on, are you going to talk to me? I need you.”

Anna looked at him and sighed. “I know, it's just-- every time I look at you I see that...that little bitch from the office.”

“How do you think I feel? I'm almost a fucking midget!” Felix squeaked.

That got a quick chuckle out of her at least. Felix unlocked the car and tumbled into the driver's seat. His seat sat low and he could barely see over the steering wheel. He had to crank up the height of the seat to its maximum setting and pull it all the way forward so his tiny body could reach the pedals. And even then the steering wheel felt so incredibly huge and unwieldy in his little hands. He adjusted the mirrors until he could see everything from his new lower perspective.

“Christ,” Anna snorted, her arms folded, “You're like a fucking child. Do we need to tie some boxes to your feet so you can reach the pedals, little girl?”

Felix bit back a reply. “Why don't we go get some dinner at that Thai place you like?” He asked.

Anna tightened her lips and nodded.

Anna set her fork down and smirked at Felix. “You sure you don't need a booster seat?”

“I'm all right,” Felix said, though truthfully, he was finding it hard to get comfortable in the chair.

“Christ,” Anna said, sipping her wine. “I can't believe I have to sit here and look at Tess. Fuck, even worse, I have to actually take this little bitch into my house.”

“It's not really Tess, though.”

“I know that instinctively, but I just can't stand anything about her and it's really hard to separate your physical appearance from her...*her-ness*. Like, I just want to slap that stupid grin off your face. And your voice, Jesus, it bores into my brain.”

“I don't like this anymore than you do.” Felix sipped at his wine, already feeling the alcohol starting to tug at his mind. He angrily swiped a lock of blonde hair back behind an ear. “I mean...I'm not used to being a woman.”

Anna snorted. “Hardly a woman. I feel like we should get you a dollhouse so you can feel more comfortable in that tiny body.”

Felix huffed and crossed his arms, feeling the weight of Tess's slim breasts resting on them. “Your insults are getting a little old, can we please stop?”

“Sorry, it's just...fuck, look at you.”

Felix picked up his glass of red wine and brought it to his lips and paused. Then he dumped the contents down the front of his designer dress, soaking his bra and leaving a bright red stain marring the cream fabric. The liquid dripped down into his lap as Anna covered her mouth and laughed.

“What the fuck?” She said, still laughing.

Felix smiled. “It's not so bad. I can make Tess do anything. We can embarrass the hell out of her. This is your chance, Anna.”

Anna sat forward and put her hand on her chin, staring thoughtfully at Felix. His plan to make her feel better had seemed to work, and now she was eyeing him up and down.

“Unbutton your dress,” she finally said.

Felix unclasped the top front button of his dress and peeled it down so that it draped at his side, revealing his cream bra. They both looked down at his body and Felix admired himself for the first time. Tess may have been a bitch but she had one hell of a body. He felt eyes on him and looked up at a man sitting at the nearest table just in time to see the man's eyes glance away. Felix's cheeks blushed red. It may have been someone else's body but it was still very much Felix inside, and he himself had never been an exhibitionist. But now Anna was staring at him with a look of pure delight.

“Oh, shit, I can really make you do anything.”

“Anna, it *is* still me and I don't--”

“Shut up,” Anna hissed. “Look at yourself. You're a shrimp. A weakling. You'll do what I tell you to do.”

“Anna come on.” Felix said, his voice trembling. Suddenly, he understood it had been a mistake to tempt Anna like this. He tried to put the genie back in the bottle. “Let's go home and we can--”

“No.” Anna said simply. “You do what I say or you don't come home.”

“What do you mean?”

“What do you mean?” She mimicked his high pitched voice. “I mean, your name's not on the lease. I can have the police evict you for trespassing if you step one disgusting foot into my apartment without my permission. Now, you'll do what I say. Oh, this is going to be fun.”

“But Anna--”

“No. You call me 'Mistress'. And if I want your opinion I'll give it to you, you stupid bitch. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes...Mistress.” Felix frowned.

“Good.” Anna nodded and sat back in her chair, one leg crossed over the other. “Now to show you I'm not totally cruel, I want you to finger yourself until you cum.”

“Here?” Felix gulped.

“Enjoy the street,” Anna said, and she made to get up.

“Wait. Wait.”

“Wait, what?” She glared, hands still on the table and ready to push away.

“Wait...Mistress.” He had little choice.

And he was more than a little curious.

Felix looked down at Tess's body, his eyes fixed on her perfect breasts—*his* perfect breasts—clashed by the strapless silk bra. The delicate-looking hooks down the front were the only thing holding the bra closed. He brought his hands up and placed them on his tits as Anna sat back in her seat and watched from behind her wine glass. Felix squeezed his breasts experimentally. They were small but perky, and firm beneath his fingers. Tess couldn't have been much out of college and her skin was smooth and nearly flawless. The odd mole here and there only serving to highlight how lovely her skin was. Felix could already see his little nipples perking up beneath the fabric, could already feel the first stirrings of longing between his legs.

His nimble fingers undid the clasp and the bra fell away, letting his amazing breasts hang down from his chest. They were breathtaking: little tear drop shapes, strawberry-pink areolae, firm but bouncy. Felix jiggled his chest and he and Anna watched his tits bounce up and down. He took one in each hand, cupping his breasts gently. They were wonderfully firm and barely filled his hand. He ran his thumbs back and forth across each sensitive nipple, exploring himself. Pleasure unfolded between his legs as he fondled Tess's boobs, watched her own hands feeling herself up.

He pinched Tess's tiny nipples, pulling them away slightly and releasing them to watch them snap back into place, sighing gently as little shivers rolled down his spine. His nipples grew perky and

ever more sensitive as he plucked them and released them. He sucked on his thumb and forefingers, tasting Tess's delicious salty skin, before squeezing his nipples again. The saliva lubricated his fingers and he tweaked them over and over, the gentle pain meeting the pleasure slowly uncurling within his body. It was fun playing with Tess's breasts, watching this beautiful woman touch herself under Felix's control just as he'd wanted to do the moment he saw her in the office. He hoped Anna didn't know how much he was truly enjoying this.

The guy at the other table was definitely staring now. Felix looked up, met his eye and winked, opening his mouth in silent laughter. One hand continued caressing his wonderful breasts as the other slipped down into his lap, beneath the hem of his skirt and up onto his smooth panties. Pressing his fingers gently against his pussy, Felix could feel the damp warmth already building. He let out a little sigh as his fingers rubbed the fabric against his clit, the pressure growing and creating a beautiful tension throughout his body. He pulled his panties aside and rubbed his fingertips against the coarse hair of his pussy, feeling his nether lips part ever so slightly as he slipped inside Tess's body for the first time. She was delightfully warm. Her hooded nub slightly moist and rubbery as he opened for himself, growing wetter the longer he stroked his clit.

Felix rubbed himself with two fingers, his breath coming faster as he pushed deeper inside himself, his dainty fingers sliding through the warm, wet walls of his cunt. His other finger gripped his tit harder, kneading and squeezing. He pushed his fingers in and out of his creamy heat, the delightful wet sounds reaching his ears even through the murmurs of the restaurant. He continued fingering himself to a steady rhythm, his pussy dripping now, the tension streaming through his body, building, building, until he suddenly crested and came. He closed his eyes and threw his head back, sighing out in Tess's tiny voice "Oooohhh" as he climaxed, pussy throbbing around his fingers as he rubbed himself furiously.

The pleasure shot through his entire body and he froze, paralyzed with orgasm. When at last he could move again it was only to plunge his fingers deeper inside himself, fingering Tess's little pussy faster and faster. The next orgasm came quicker and was much more powerful. His tiny voice grew even higher in pitch and he moaned, convulsing around the fingers inside himself, enjoying the thrusting of his dainty digits into his wet pussy as he curled them around and pounded his center, whimpering as his entire body throbbed with orgasm.

He came down slowly, fingers still inside his own warmth. When he opened his eyes he became aware that Anna, along with the entire restaurant, was staring at him. Anna had a vicious smile on her face. Felix glanced around and saw several phones pointed at him, recording the girl who was masturbating in public. He was sure he'd be all over the internet within minutes. What would Tess do when she saw what he'd done in her body? Felix became suddenly self-conscious, pulling his fingers out of himself and buttoning up his wine-ruined dress with fingers that still smelled wonderfully of his musky pussy.

They were kicked out of the restaurant soon after, but Anna was delighted. She made him leave his bra on the table as a tip and she laughed as they made their way down the street, leaning on him to let out hearty guffaws.

"That was incredible," She sobbed with laughter.

Felix kept his mouth shut, all too aware of how much bigger Anna now was and how much control she had over him. She'd always been a little bit of a control freak, but now she seemed to be using the fact that Felix was stuck in the body of her enemy to let it all out. Felix dreaded to think what she had in mind for the rest of the night.

Felix had to take about two and a half steps for every one of Anna's in order to keep up.

"Please slow down, Mistress." He puffed, just managing to stagger on his high heels.

Anna glanced back at him with a mixture of disdain and intrigue, but she slowed her pace. People along the street kept glancing at them as they passed. Maybe it was the extreme height difference between Anna and Tess. Or maybe it was the red wine stain down Felix's dress. Suddenly, Anna stopped and Felix nearly bumped into her.

"You look preposterous," Anna said. "We'll have to fix that."

She nodded and Felix looked up to see they'd stopped in front of a boutique clothing store. The name "Pretty Little Thing" was written in cursive font over the entrance, and the mannequins in the window showed off several skimpy outfits. Though the term "outfit" was being generous. Felix would hardly consider the minuscule scraps of cloth to be called clothing.

Anna grabbed Felix's arm and dragged him inside the store. She was now so much stronger than Felix that he couldn't resist even if he'd wanted to. Her fingers left red marks on his tender skin and he rubbed his arm as Anna released him to flip through the racks, tossing out a few items of clothing to Felix.

"Hard to find anything in your size," Anna remarked, dumping a miniskirt into Felix's hands. "Maybe we need to go to a kid's clothing store."

When Felix had his arms full of clothes, Anna maneuvered him back to the dressing rooms. She slipped into the room with him and leaned against the door, crossing her arms as she glared at him. Anna made him try on all the outfits, ordering him to turn around, to stick out his ass, to bend over. Once or twice Felix started to complain but Anna just waved the possibility of kicking him out of the apartment over his head and he demurred with a simple, "Yes, Mistress."

Finally, she nodded her head at the latest outfit combination. "That's the one. Have a good look at yourself, you little slut."

Felix turned to the mirror and, indeed, he did look like a slut. His top was composed of a simple pink belly shirt, tied in a knot at the front and which exposed his bra-less cleavage. Felix was worried that moving too fast might cause his tits to pop out. The skirt Anna had chosen for him was a white frilly lace that barely covered his ass and was little more than underwear. His entire body was on display, and Felix ogled himself in the mirror. Tess's beautiful blue eyes roamed down her shapely body, and he wiggled her ass, enjoying the thrill of controlling such a sexy body, even as his heart began hammering in his chest at the thought of walking around like this.

"Oh, one more thing," Anna said. "Take off your heels. And your panties."

"Yes, Mistress," Felix mumbled.

He unstrapped his heels and stepped out, aware that he'd just lost even more height. Now Anna loomed over him as he rolled the panties down his legs. The slightest wind would let the whole world see his pussy. Anna took his heels and he offered her his panties but she grimaced in disgust.

"Hmm," Anna said, "We can't leave those here. That's un-hygenic. Stick them in your mouth, slut."

Felix closed his eyes and crammed Tess's panties into his mouth. He could taste the muskiness of his pussy and got a whiff of himself every time he breathed. The fabric filled his mouth, made it seem like he was choking on Tess's cunt. It was disgusting, embarrassing...and incredibly erotic.

"Keep those, those and those." Anna said, pointing to some outfits, including the one he was currently wearing. "Put those other clothes back. I'll toss this," Anna said, picking up Tess's stained dress and marching away.

Felix put the clothes back on the rack, simply shaking his head whenever a sales lady approached and asked if he needed help, not daring to pull the panties out of his mouth. Anna caught up with him as he was putting the last of the shirts back on the rack. She no longer had the dress or the heels, but she did have an unmarked paper bag and she was finishing a phone call.

"Ok. See you." She said, ending the call. A little smile played at the corner of her mouth. "Let's go," she said.

Felix knew better than to ask questions. Anna paid for the clothes then ushered Felix out the door. She slapped Felix's bare ass and laughed as he gave a tiny yelp, jumping up in the air. That caused his shirt to slide across his chest and he grabbed his tits to keep them covered. Anna strolled on and Felix hurried after her. She stopped in front of a toy store and turned to him.

"Wait here."

She went in and came back out a few minutes later with a stuffed bear attached to a bright pink harness. The harness was attached to a leash, and Felix saw it was one of those devices parents sometimes used to prevent their kids from running too far away. Anna handed him the harness and ordered him to put it on. Felix didn't know whether it was more embarrassing to be forced to wear a teddy bear harness, or whether it was more embarrassing that it actually fit. It was only a little snug, squeezing his tits uncomfortably but at least it would keep the skimpy top in place. Anna took hold of the leash and proceeded to direct Felix through the streets, tugging it if he got too far behind, walking him like a dog. Felix avoided eye contact with everyone, embarrassed to be seen like this, even in someone else's body. He heard snickers as people passed and he could feel their eyes on him as Anna tugged on his leash to make him keep up.

Anna led him straight to a tattoo parlor and yanked him inside. She made Felix stand in the corner, hand firmly gripping his leash, as she talked to one of the tattoo artists, a scrawny bald guy covered head to toe in tattoos. Felix couldn't hear their conversation or see what Anna was planning. Eventually the tattoo guy asked Felix if he was okay with all this.

"Whatever she wants is okay," Felix replied glumly, mumbling around the soaking wet panties still in his mouth.

Felix was made to lie down on one of the cushioned seats and the tattoo artist sat down behind him. There was the whir of the tattoo needle, followed by a firm hand on his side, and then a sharp pain as the man began tattooing his lower back. Felix clutched the handles of the seat and squeezed his eyes shut, tears rolling down his face from the pain. He bit down on the panties that were still in his mouth as he wrestled with the pain. Every time he opened his eyes he saw Anna's gleeful face right in front of him.

"This is so amazing," she whispered to him, "Thank you for this, you little slut. Holy shit, when Tess gets her body back she's going to shit."

Finally, after what seemed like hours, the needle switched off and Felix was invited to stand and check out his new tattoo in the mirror. He half turned and found that he'd been given a huge tramp stamp. Right above the curve of his ass, in pink, swirling letters, were the words "Dirty Slut". Felix wanted to cry all over again. He felt like his body had been ruined, as though he had a responsibility to Tess to take care of her body and Anna was running roughshod over him, bending him to her will.

Anna took great delight in walking him the long way back to the car, tugging on Felix's leash to lead him down the most crowded streets so people could gawk. Anna had never been particularly strong, but she was so much stronger than Tess's tiny body, and Felix couldn't help following where he was led. The new tattoo still burned, and it sat right down on his lower back, above the hem of the tiny skirt he was wearing so as to be clearly visible to everyone who stared at his ass. Which was everyone. Every now and then the skirt threatened to flip up around his legs and Felix had to hold the fabric down so his pussy wasn't exposed to the world. Just being in Tess's body for a few hours had made him comfortable in her form and he tried in vain to protect his own modesty.

On the way back to the car Felix made the mistake of telling Anna he was thirsty. She jerked him into a convenience store and laughed at his attempts to get one of the water bottles from the shelves. They were only on the fourth shelf up but even standing on his tiptoes Felix couldn't quite reach it. He jumped up and down a few times but the water remained out of reach and all Felix succeeded in doing was making his tits jiggle out of his shirt. Anna finally took pity on him and grabbed the water bottle herself as he took hold of his tits and stuffed them back under his top. After they paid, Anna led Felix back out to the street and let him spit out the panties before uncapping the water bottle. Then she held the bottle high over his head and out of reach. Felix stretched out his arms and tried to reach it as Anna laughed.

"Thirsty, little slut? Then drink."

She poured the water over his head and Felix had no option but to look up and open his mouth, trying to swallow as much as he could as the rest poured down his body in a torrent. She emptied the entire bottle over his head. What didn't end up in his mouth ran down his delightful body in rivulets, the cold causing goosebumps across his skin and making his nipples spike out. It also drenched his outfit, making the shirt nearly see-through and causing it to cling to the light swell of his boobs. At least it plastered the skirt to his ass so he didn't have to worry about it flipping up anymore.

Anna paraded him through the streets and finally back to the car, where Felix collapsed gratefully into the driver's seat.

"Home, Mistress?" He begged.

"Yes, bitch," Anna agreed.

When they arrived back at their apartment, Anna finally let him unsnap the child's harness. She pulled a skimpy night shirt and some short pink shorts out of the bag of clothes and ordered Felix to put them on.

"We've got company coming over." Anna said, with a mysterious smile.

"Mistress, please. Can we just go to bed?" Felix begged, hating the little whine in his voice.

Anna turned on him and slapped him suddenly across the face, her eyes blazing behind her thick glasses. "You will do what I say."

Felix was stunned. His face burned with pain and embarrassment at how weak he was. He didn't dare fight back. Felix just nodded and took the clothes she held out to him. His cheek still smarted as he closed the bedroom door and stripped out of his sopping wet outfit. It was the first time he'd seen Tess's body naked by himself and it took his breath away. His delicate little body had flawless skin, marred only by the lower back tattoo. He had a beautiful hourglass figure, with a slender waist and a bouncy ass. Her face was adorable, lean and girlish, with full lips and a sweet smile. He couldn't look fierce if he wanted to. Felix smiled sadly and the girl in the mirror copied him. He was stuck inside this body for the foreseeable future, and his girlfriend had turned into a sadist. He only hoped the worst was behind him.

Felix slipped into the tiny pair of pink cotton shorts and tied up the drawstring. The nightie had a retro vintage look with a Barbie print on the front. It was tight on his body and outlined his petite form. But even with the hint of his breast making the shirt protrude, at first glance he looked like a schoolgirl.

"Oh my god, you're adorable!" Anna squealed when Felix returned to the living room. "Turn around." Felix did so without enthusiasm and Anna said, "Sooo cute. Wow, maybe I should invite of my guy friends over and just have them fuck that little ass all night."

Felix drew back. "Please don't, Mistress." he whimpered.

Felix knew if she did that there was no way he could fight back. He would be forced to obey as Anna watched him get taken again and again. There was a sudden knock on the front door and Felix started. His heart pounded in his chest.

"Oh, don't worry, I wouldn't do that," Anna laughed. "Maybe. Look, for now I just invited over an old friend. Go answer the door."

Felix unlocked the door and opened it. He looked up at a glamorous woman in a flaming red dress that was tailored to fit to her curvaceous body. She had silken auburn hair, and her green eyes shown with delight as she stared down at Felix. And down was the operative word. She was taller than Felix's normal body, definitely over six feet, and Felix felt like a small dwarf in her radiant presence.

"Oh, hi," The woman said, "You must be Anna's little sister, Tess. You are adorable." She leaned down and ruffled his hair. "I'm Heather, an old friend of your sister's."

Felix led Heather back down to the kitchen. Anna was prepping some snacks and she greeted Heather with a hearty kiss on each cheek. Felix, even in his astonishment, noted how Anna's hands slid down Heather's graceful figure. He wondered—not for the first time—whether Anna was interested in women. She'd sworn up and down that, other than a few experiments in college, she was totally straight. Yet something about the way she talked to Heather, held her eye contact, took every opportunity to touch her as she showed her around the house, made Felix think Heather was more than just a friend. Maybe Heather was the girl Anna had experimented with and there was some residual attraction?

“Go get the wine glasses,” Anna ordered Felix, before turning to have a whispered conversation with Heather.

Standing on tiptoes, Felix could just open the high cupboard where the glasses were kept but he had to clamber up onto the counter to reach them. Balancing on his knees, he took out some wine glasses and set them on the counter before climbing back down. He handed them to Anna, who completely ignored him as she poured the wine and kept talking to Heather.

Anna and Heather nestled up closely on the couch. Anna had her legs tucked beneath her, one elbow on the back of the couch propping up her head as she gazed at Heather. She gave a quick glance to Felix and indicated with a nod of her head that he was to take the stuffed armchair next to the couch. Felix slid into the leather seat, which was so massive compared to his new body that his tiny legs dangled in the air when he sat back.

Anna and Heather giggled more as the wine loosened them up. Their bodies moved slowly closer together on the couch until Heather's hand was resting on Anna's lean leg. Felix was intensely curious about what was going on but whenever he tried to speak one or both of them would shush him. It was so demeaning and his body burned bright with rage and...something more. He'd come to take his girlfriend's side over Tess, and every deserved humiliation for his body's past owner was making him warm. He squirmed in his seat, body uncomfortably fidgety with the need to touch himself, as Heather and Anna continued to treat him like the bratty little sister. Felix could only watch as Heather and Anna grew closer and closer until Anna finally slipped her fingers through Heather's hair and brought their lips gently together.

Anna closed her eyes and their bodies grew entwined, golden limbs wrapped around each other, stroking the soft skin gently as they made out. Felix watched them with wide eyes, his own hands slipping down into his lap. He pressed his fingers into his shorts, stroking himself as he watched the two women make out. God, he could feel the lips of Tess's pussy growing slick as moisture dotted his pink shorts. He let out a short gasp and Anna pulled away from Heather's lips to glance over at him and laugh.

“Looks like someone's getting horny.”

“Aww, your little sister looks like she wants to join in.”

“Yes, please. Mistress.” Felix spoke up.

“She's not ready.” Anna scoffed.

“I am,” Felix said, twisting in the seat, his body alive with desire. He couldn't sit still, there was so much pent up energy inside him that needed to be released.

“Ok. Prove it.” Anna said.

She stood and grabbed her phone and the unmarked bag she'd bought that night. She tossed the bag to Felix and began recording him on her phone. Felix opened the bag and pulled out the object: a thick, black phallus almost as long as Felix's forearm. Felix gulped.

“Your pussy's too tight right now, but show the world how you can fuck yourself with that and then you can join us.” Anna laughed from behind her camera.

Felix was so horny he agreed, desperate for any kind of release. He gripped the huge dildo in his tiny hand and pressed the tip against his pussy. He began rubbing slowly, letting the tip push up against his clit and spark a fire within him that climbed up through his entire body. He had no idea how he was going to get any of it inside him, but he was dying to try. His other hand came under his shirt and landed on a soft breast. He gripped himself gently, fingers circling over his skin, brushing up against his little nipple and squeezing. Anna moved closer with the camera and Felix licked his lips, throwing his head back as a sudden jolt of pleasure lit him up. He sighed as he came back down, his body ready for more.

Looking down, Felix saw his shorts were soaked with his own juices. A wet patch spread out across his crotch as the dildo continued to press the fabric into his pussy. Felix untied his shorts and slipped them off his legs, his breath quickening at the sight of Tess's little pussy lips—*his* little pussy lips—gently unfolding beneath the trimmed golden pubic hair. He slid the head of the dildo against his opening, felt it pushing his lips aside, filling him with just the tip as he moaned and writhed. With the fingers of his free hand he spread himself, revealing delicate pink folds, shiny with lust, before he pushed the dildo down into himself, harder now. He was so small, so tight, his body just on the edge of pain as he forced the thick phallus deeper inside himself, his pussy engorged with lust. There was no way he could take the whole thing in.

Felix spread his legs and Heather and Anna stared down at him, each of them silent as they watched him masturbate. Felix pushed the dildo harder against his entrance and his pussy slowly, slowly opened. Felix increased the pressure, pushing, pushing, and finally gasped when the head suddenly slipped inside. Fuck, he felt so full, and still he continued sliding the phallus inside himself, watching each inch disappear inside his gorgeous body. He pulled out, the phallus slick with his juices, and pushed in again, slowly fucking himself, the dildo going deeper inside each time. His cunt was so full and his head buzzed with an aching pleasure. He couldn't help but moan, opening his plump lips and sighing out as he filled himself, fucking himself harder, faster, until he hit his center and cried out in a sudden burst of anguished desire.

Felix was so full it hurt and the ridges of the phallus bumped up against his clit as it slipped in and out of his body, sending rolling waves of pleasure through him. With one hand he thrust the dildo inside his dripping cunt, while he fingered his slick little clit with the fingers of the other. He bit his lip and looked directly into Anna's camera, moaning like a whore. His legs were in the air, spread wide, toes curled, and he could feel the approaching orgasm growing within him. He shut his eyes as the tension ratcheted up, higher, higher...

“What do you think you're doing young lady?”

Heather's voice startled Felix from his impending orgasm. He opened his eyes and stared up at her. She glowered down at him, hands on her hips as Anna continued recording. Evidently this was all part of some role play. Before Felix could respond Heather grabbed his arm and hauled him out of the chair. Despite his squirming she easily manhandled him over to the couch and laid him over her knee. The dildo was still deep inside Felix and it thumped madly up against his clit, sliding deeper into his body as he wiggled and twisted, trying to get away. His little legs wiggled futilely in the air as Heather held him on her knee, his bare ass up in the air.

Heather slapped him on his ass hard. Felix gasped and froze, stunned into silence from the sharp pain.

“That...is...not...how...we...behave.” Heather hissed, emphasizing each word with another smack of Felix's ass.

Either Felix's ass was extremely tender or Heather was really laying into him, because each smack stung. The pain brought tears to his eyes, dripping down his little nose and onto the couch as he tried in vain to escape Heather's grasp. But he was so tiny and weak he couldn't get away and it only made Heather angrier.

“This...is...not...how...you..act...in...someone...else's...body.” Heather said, smacking his ass again.

On the last heavy smack Felix cried out in a combination of pain and lust. His legs flexed involuntarily and his entire body convulsed as he surprised himself by cumming. The orgasm was tremendous, whitening out all thought from his mind. For an infinite moment he was nothing but pleasure, the orgasm slamming through him. It was quick and unexpected and when it was done it continued to send slight tingles through his entire body.

Heather finally released him and he rolled onto the floor and curled up in a ball. Tears streamed down his face both at the pain and the humiliation Anna was enforcing. He didn't know what to make of the fact that he'd just cum. That everything she'd put him through that night had given him the biggest orgasm of his life. It took a moment for Felix to register what she'd said.

“Stop crying, you little bitch.” Anna ordered.

Felix rubbed his nose and sniffed. “You knew I'm a guy?” He asked.

Heather grinned. “I didn't think it was true until now.”

“Who are you really?”

Anna broke in. “She's an escort I called while you were putting the clothes away. I didn't think you could satisfy me anymore because you're not a real man. So I called someone who could.”

Anna flung herself back in Heather's arms, her fingers slipping underneath Heather's dress and moving rhythmically. They were kissing, Heather moaning occasionally into Anna's mouth. Felix could hear Heather's wetness and it made him horny.

“I can satisfy you,” Felix begged.

Heather pulled away from Anna and glared down at Felix.

“Let's see. You can start with me. Lick my pussy, you stupid cunt.” Heather hissed.

Felix crawled towards her on his hands and knees, his ass still red and raw. Heather lifted her dress and Felix buried Tess's face between her legs, sliding his tongue into Heather's wetness. Her musky scent invaded his nose and he rubbed his tiny face against her pussy, dragging her moisture all across his cheeks as Heather sighed above him. Felix's other hand came down to the dildo and he began thrusting in and out of himself until Anna suddenly gripped his hand.

“No. You don't cum until we do.” Anna ordered.

Fuck, Felix was so horny. He redoubled his efforts on Heather's pussy, her lips opening for his tongue. Her velvety folds were salty and delicious and she soon came, clapping her legs around his head and crying out. Felix's tongue was deep inside her when she came, and her orgasm was accompanied by a squirt of warm liquid that filled Felix's mouth and splashed down his chin and cheeks. He came up dripping, just in time for Anna to grab a handful of his hair and yank him towards her. She plunged Felix's face into her own sopping wet pussy and Felix eagerly sucked at her pussy, opening his lips to take her all in, tongue gliding up and down the outside of her slit before burrowing inside against her clit.

“Oh, fuck, yes,” Anna moaned, her hand still firmly in Felix's hard, forcing him down deeper between her legs. “Lick my pussy you stupid bitch.”

Felix realized Anna was basically spite fucking Tess, and he was getting all the benefit. Now his nose was pressed into her pussy and all he could smell was her deliciously musky scent as his tongue slid in and out. Anna's juices flowed freely and Felix swallowed great gulps, his tongue locked up against Anna's velvety clit, undulating harder and harder against her wet heat until Anna finally came. She thrust her hips up and slammed Felix's face hard between her legs as she vibrated with orgasm.

The two women used Felix, passing him back and forth between each other as they kissed and suckled each other's breasts. Felix's body was sopping wet, he could feel his pussy lips sliding back and forth against the dildo, still lodged inside him, his body so tantalizingly close to an orgasm but never allowed to get there. Finally, when his blonde hair was plastered to his forehead, his face was shiny with Anna and Heather's mingled essence, and he'd given them several orgasm apiece, he got up on his knees.

"Please, please, Mistress. Can I cum now?"

Anna picked up her phone and started recording again.

"Okay, you little whore show me what you got."

Felix practically fell onto his back, spreading his legs wide for the camera as he took hold of the slippery phallus and plunged it into his pussy. After hours of being on the edge, Tess was wet and loose, and the dildo slammed into him, filling his little body as he moaned, his voice growing higher in pitch. His hands came up to his lips, feeling the soft contours of his face, wiping Anna and Heather's pussy juices into his hair and dragging it back down onto his chest so he could pinch and pull at his nipples. His entire body was on fire and he came in no time, crying out in a squeaky, quivering voice "Oh, fuuuuck" as he thrust his hips up and buried the dildo to the hilt inside him. He shook and came, moaning in ecstasy, rolling on the floor, his only thought for more as the pleasure burned through him. Time seemed to stop as he came, enjoying Tess's body from head to toe, the orgasm blasting through every inch of his delightfully cute body.

When he finally came down he was exhausted, and lay panting on the floor, the dildo still sticking out of his pussy. He lifted his head and stared down at Tess's body, grinning at the thick phallus still embedded in his cunt. Christ, Felix realized he'd taken the whole thing. He really *was* a slut. And he loved every minute of it.

He crawled up into Anna's arms and she stroked his hair. They lay there entwined, their bodies sated and exhausted. Felix finally tossed his blonde hair back behind his ears and looked Anna in the eyes.

"Let's not switch me back. We can get out of here. Escape. Go live somewhere else. I can be your bitch if you promise me more orgasms like that one."

Anna smiled. "I think I can do that, you stupid little bitch."

"I *am* your stupid little bitch." Felix agreed with a slight smile.

They kissed deeply, tasting each other. And Felix felt Tess's body growing horny already at the thought of being inside her forever.

Fortunately, there would be plenty of time to enjoy himself.

###

## **Thank you!**

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

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## Also by M. Wills

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

### **The Devil You Know (Part 2)**

*A demon continues his plan of body possession and body swapping to grow his powers.*

### **Closer and Closer**

*A man clones his mind into the bodies of his MILF crush and her stepdaughter.*

### **Wife Swap**

*A husband is fed up with his sexless marriage and swaps bodies with his curvy wife to enjoy her body.*

### **The Devil You Know (Part 1)**

*A demon builds his power by possessing people and changing their bodies and minds to suit his needs.*

### **Game Changer**

*A magical board game forces a son to swap bodies with his stepmom.*

### **Body Switch Collection: Volume 8**

*Five previously published erotic short stories by best-selling body swap author M Wills.*

### **Heist (Part Two)**

*In the conclusion of Heist, the criminals remain stuck inside the bodies of a normal family, and now to cover their tracks they have to get their girlfriends to possess the bodies of three family friends who've figured out their secret. But it all goes wrong when they can't resist exploring their incredible new forms.*

### **Yummy Mummy**

*An old man possesses the body of his curvy MILF stepdaughter for a break from his own life, and he can't resist exploring his new body.*

### **Back Together**

*I needed to know if my college crush still liked me, so I possessed her body for a weekend to examine her memories and enjoy her life.*

### **Heist (Part One)**

*A gang of criminals hides out from the police by possessing a man, his wife, and their two college*

*age daughters, but their plan to act normal goes awry as they give in to the temptation to enjoy their new lives.*

### **Homecoming**

*The school bully has possessed his stepmom's body and is out for revenge.*

### **Never Gonna Give You Up**

*A woman who can switch her mind into other bodies uses her ability to stalk her ex's new girlfriend and steal her life.*

### **Body Switch Collection: Volume 7**

*Six previously published erotic body switching stories by bestselling author M. Wills.*

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