

# Centerfield Centerfold



*An Erotic  
Body Swap Story*  
L.M. Gregory



# Centerfield Centerfold



An Erotic  
Body Swap Story  
L.M. Gregory

# **Copyright**

Centerfield Centerfold

An Erotic Body Swap Story

By

L.M Gregory

2019 Copyright L.M. Gregory All right reserved

All characters in this story are at least 18 years old. Any similarities to real or fictional people are accidental.

# Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Other Stories by L.M. Gregory](#)

[L.M. Gregory](#)

# Chapter One

A capacity crowd surged to their feet; nearly sixty-thousand people roared in a single voice. Take, me out to the ballgame...

Sara Anderson stood in the luxury box, high above the field, but with an unobstructed view, straight behind the plate. Wearing a jersey that hugged her curves and a ball cap that allowed only a few strands of black hair to escape she sang like she sat in the cheap seats.

Not that any seats were cheap this night.

A glance at her husband and a broader grin split Sara's face. Twenty-three years of marriage, putting up with her love of baseball, her insistence on singing at the top of her voice even when surrounded by executives, and Sam Anderson had only a smile on his face. He didn't even look out at the crowd, only at his wife.

On other occasions, the look might have stopped Sara, not because Sam wanted her to stop, just the opposite. Despite preferring small, intimate settings, he had never once denied her the pleasure of baseball. Going so far as to attend with her whenever possible. Even so many years later and still not having learned about the game.

Love.

They'd had their issues, but each time they'd pulled out stronger.

And Sara loved him for it.

She'd show him how much.

Later.

#

"This is it! The last at-bat for a legend. Ladies and Gentlemen, next to the plate, future hall of famer, 4 time MVP, the greatest centerfielder of the 21st century,

Jacob Walton!

If the crowd had energized the stadium during the 7th inning stretch, it blew the non-existent roof off the stadium now.

No one cheered harder than Sara Anderson for all her lavish surroundings.

Jacob waved to the crowd. Minutes passed before it settled enough for the legendary player to take his last swing.

No one begrudged the crowd their moment.

“Strike one!” the umpire cried into the silent stadium.

The crowd groaned as one. But no boos. Jacob had earned a reputation as a fair and honorable player in his 24 years. His fans respected that and wouldn’t complain.

Much.

Crack!

The ball soared into the sky, the crowd leaped as one, screaming. Every eye following a tiny white ball, but none started as much Sara.

It fell.

Slowly.

Time slowed to a crawl.

The ball fell... over the wall.

“A home run! His last at-bat a home run!” the announcer's voice faded, drowned out by a roar that some seismologists would later claim registered on their instruments.

Sara clenched her hands, fingers intertwined above her breasts. Her vision blurred.

“Sara?” a soft voice asked. “Are you okay?”

She glanced at her husband. "I'm wonderful."

"What's wrong? You're crying."

"Nothing is wrong. Nothing at all."

*That could have been me the crowd was screaming for. Sara threw her hands around her husband's neck and kissed him.*

*I'm so glad it wasn't.*

#

It took considerable time to exit the stadium, no one wanted to leave, and Sam didn't pressure Sara. Another reason why she loved him.

When they finally reached their town car, it was late in the evening, nearing midnight of a beautiful night.

A perfect night.

Well, not perfect, they could have been leaving the World Series, but a home run on Jacob's last at-bat would do as well.

In the back of the car, Sara snuggled into her husband's side as he quietly gave the driver instructions.

"That was wonderful, my love."

"It's not over yet," Sam said.

Sara sat up. "Oh I know, but I didn't think you'd want to do that in the car." She flashed her husband a wicked grin.

Even in the dark interior, Sara saw the blush touching his cheeks. Over 20 years, and she could still make him blush.

"That's not what I was talking about." He glanced at the driver and back at his wife. "Though I won't say no."

"There's more?"



Sam pulled out his phone and made a show of looking something up. Pausing. Frowning. Generally being the ass she loved.

“Give me that,” Sara said. Her patience running out, she grabbed the phone and looked at the screen.

An invitation.

To Jacob Walton’s retirement party. In one week.

Heart racing, Sara Anderson’s gaze jerked to her husband. Speechless, she managed to gasp out, “How?”

“I have my ways.” he said smug and playful.

Sara smacked his arm.

“You are so getting laid tonight.”

Sam’s laughter filled the car.

#

Tuxedos and evening gowns, wine flowed like water in the ballroom of the most expensive hotel in town. Hundreds of supporters, wealthy almost to a person, filled it with quiet chatter. A stark contrast to the stadium just a week earlier where even the highest of classes had screamed in adoration.

Sara glided through the crowd, her sequined, black gown sparkling in the light. Her eyes darted from person to person. Searching. Her stomach twisted into a tiny ball, so tight she couldn’t... dared not even try to drink. It had been 26 years, and tonight she’d talk to him again.

A nudge. Sara’s husband nodded his head to the side where a small group had crowded around Jacob.

“I’ll be over there,” Sam said, indicating the other way, towards an executive from an allied company.

Sara grabbed his bicep, steady under her fingers. “You’re not coming with?”

He shook his head. “This is your night.” With a quick peck to her cheek, Sam moved towards his acquaintance.

Alone.

No. Sam had stopped but turned so he could watch her. To be ready if she needed him.

She wasn’t alone. And hadn’t been since she’d met Sam.

Throwing back her shoulders while gathering her courage, Sara watched one of the people surrounding Jacob slip away.

An opening.

The gown hugged her curves, ample, even more so than when she’d last seen Jacob in person. Twenty-six years.

Would he recognize her?

How could he not?

Heels clicking on the floor, she moved towards him with a determination that had helped Sara and Sam become one of the leading power couples in the country. Not that Sam wouldn’t have made it on his own, but Sara had accelerated his career and he made sure to give her full credit. They made a formidable team.

Sara slipped into the crowd as if the spot had been left open just for her. Given all she knew, maybe it had.

“And the ball hit me. Right between the...,” Jacob trailed off, the wince letting everyone know where he was talking about.

Laughter.

Sara didn’t join. She studied Jacob.

Older, well they both were. Lines on his face. But stronger too. He’d picked up a workout regiment at some point that had helped him gain strength. He’d

weathered the steroid abuse scandals untouched though. Insisting on open results. No one doubted him.

Maybe it was her studying him, maybe the lack of laughter, but something caused Jacob to look at Sara.

He raised his glass to her, acknowledging her, but giving no indication he knew who she was.

Except.

He paused.

Turned back to Sara.

Studied her.

“I feel like I know you,” he said. Ignoring everyone else. Much to their annoyance.

Jacob took a step closer so he could see her better.

Sara smiled. “I should hope so,” she said softly.

“We’ve met?” A confused look crossed his face.

“We have. I’m Sara Anderson.” She held out a slender hand, long fingers, dark tan skin.

Jacob shook his head. “The name isn’t familiar...,” he trailed off.

“Sara Dillon might be more familiar?”

Shock hit Jacob’s face.

He took a step back.

“Not here. You can’t.” He looked around. “There’s nothing you can do. Please. Don’t start anything here.”

Sara laughed. “I’m not here to start anything.”

He paused. “You’re not?”

Shaking her head, Sara smiled. “No. I’m here to thank you.”

“Thank me?”

Glancing to the side, Sara met her husband’s eyes. She smiled and waved at him. He returned the wave before turning back to the man he was talking to. “Without you, I’d have never met my husband.”

Jacob followed her gaze. “Your... husband?”

“Or had three wonderful children.”

“You have kids?” Jacob swallowed. His head darting around. Then his face softened. “You’re happy?” It was part question, part statement, and part accusation.

“I am. Very happy. Thank you, Jacob. Thank you for stealing my body.”



## Chapter Two

*Pop. Champagne sprayed the locker room as half-naked men slapped each other's asses in celebration of surviving another season.*

Of course, the champagne was cheap wine, the pop more of a grinding turn of the bottle top, but Jacob Walton hoped that one day he'd be celebrating a World Series victory, and not merely the end of a minor league season.

*Soon.*

Jacob's latest season had been spectacular. There was a better than even chance he'd be called up the next year and a good chance he'd permanently move to the pros within two years.

Good chance or not, he'd spend the offseason working out and working on his swing. A little more power would go a long ways towards making him a premier choice for calling up.

After dressing, Jacob moved out where fans of the minor league team waited for their last chance to meet the players. This part he loved. Meeting people, signing autographs, one day, when he was a pro, he'd be doing it a lot more, for now, the locals were a small, but enthusiastic group of fans. They got to see the potential pros before they were called to the big leagues.

#

"There you go, hold onto that, it'll be worth a ton in a few years." Jacob winked at the young man whose ball he'd just signed. He hoped that was true.

Stretching, he looked around. There were fewer fans than players left. Jacob sighed. No one to interact with. He'd already signed all of the remaining fans' memorabilia.

Except...

A blond-haired, darkly tanned woman moved across the team meeting room. Her

eyes settled on each player before moving on. As if she was looking for someone.

Jacob frowned. She looked familiar. Almost.

He was certain though he wouldn't have forgotten that beautiful face or spectacular body. The t-shirt the woman wore stretched tight over high, huge breasts. Her jeans hugged a round ass that swayed with every step.

Brent Summers, another player, nudged him. "Close your mouth. You're drooling."

Touching his mouth, finding nothing, Jacob glared back at his friend.

Brent laughed.

"Ass," Jacob mumbled, swinging back to follow the movements of the sizzling hot woman.

"Who is she? Do you know?"

"Page 35."

"What?" Jacob asked, tearing his gaze away.

Brent laughed. "She's a centerfold."

"A centerfold..." Oh. That's why she seemed familiar. She was probably taped to a teammate's locker. Add a lot of makeup, remove all her clothes and... yeah.

"Don't even bother buddy, she's way out of your league."

"Out of my league?"

"And mine!" Brent said with a laugh while throwing up his hands. "She dates big-time actors. Though her bio does say she loves baseball."

Jacob glanced at his friend.

Brent shrugged a blush flushing his cheeks. "Maybe I paid more attention than I should have."

“It seems you know her well.”

“I know what they put in the magazines.”

Magazines. Plural. She was likely famous. Or at least semi-famous. More than even a talented minor leaguer could hope for. Even if she loved baseball.

Sighing, Jacob shook his head. Oh well.

“Jacob? Jacob Walton?” a soft voice asked.

Turning, Jacob looked into the blue, sparkling eyes of the young centerfold. Gold flecks floated in her light blue eyes.

Beautiful.

“Uh, that’s me.”

“Smooth,” Brent whispered behind him.

Jacob tried to subtly smack his friend in the shoulder, but the smile on the woman’s plump lips suggested he’d failed.

“Would you sign my ball?”

Jacob blinked. Sign? Ball? Oh! “Of course!” He could do this. He wasn’t usually an idiot around women, but something about this one just,,, turned his wheels.

“Thank you,” she said, handing him a pristine baseball.

He’d expected other signatures. Most people had come to get the whole team. Some speculated on who would make it big and had them sign a picture or solo sign a ball.

“Who should I make it out to?” He asked., His fingers brushed hers as he took the baseball. A smile touched her lips. The touch? That he was signing? He hoped she liked the contact.

“Sara Dillon.”

“Sara Dillon. To my most beautiful fan,” Jacob said while writing. Barely

suppressing a wince at his lame attribution, he finished signing his name and handed the ball back.

“Thank you,” she said. Her eyes sparkled with humor.

“Could I buy you dinner?” he blurted out. And would have kicked himself, but those eyes caught everything.

“I’d love that,” she said.

“You would? I mean, great! Let me grab my bag, and we’ll go. Um, do you have your own car, did you want to meet somewhere?”

She laughed. “No, I came with a friend, but I’ll let her know I’ve found another ride.”

“Great! One minute. I promise. Just one minute.”

Jacob hurried to the locker room to grab his duffle bag, his steps increasing in speed when a mocking “you are the luckiest idiot in the park,” followed him from Brent.

Ass.



## Chapter Three

The door almost broke, so urgent was Jacob's pushing on it. Arms wrapped around Sara, they fell into his dingy apartment, lips locked.

"Are you sure?" he breathed between kisses. "We can wait. You're worth waiting for."

"Fuck waiting," Sara said.

Jacob groaned.

He kicked the door shut with a bang.

"Fucking is good."

Slipping his hands to her waist, he tugged her t-shirt out and up. Her arms released him, lifting and Jacob pulled the shirt off, tossing it into the room. He'd only thought Sara's breasts spectacular.

Now he knew better.

They were so far beyond spectacular there wasn't even a word to describe them in his vocabulary. And they were still covered by a red, lace bra. Simple, but against her dark skin, it made her breasts stand out.

Jacob paused.

Stared.

No wonder Sara had thrived as a nude model and ended up as the centerfold of major men's magazines.

His new lover didn't give him much time to ruminate, though. She grabbed his head and planted a fierce kiss.

"Less staring, more fucking," she demanded with a breathless gasp.

Jacob shook his head. He'd been with many women, even the minor leagues opened many doors... or pussies as the case might be. None had been as breathtakingly beautiful as Sara. Her sex appeal was almost intimidating.

Hell, it was intimidating.

But he couldn't let that stop him.

Once in a lifetime pussy wasn't something he would throw away just because the woman was so damn hot she made Jacob afraid.

Fumbling fingers moved to her jeans, worked the snap, and opened Sara's pants. Meanwhile, her hands pulled Jacob's shirt up, and he wiggled to maneuver to help her strip him. Fortunately, neither person wore much. While stripping could be a fantastic part of foreplay, too much would only slow them down.

And slower would be problematic at the moment.

As long as Jacob kept going, he would be fine.

As long as he didn't think about what or who he was doing, he'd be fine.

Right?

Sure.

Sara's hands were cold on his hard stomach. Baseball might be the one sport where workouts were not as important as talent, but body health helped. And Jacob spent a considerable amount of time in the gym to keep a strong core.

"Mm, so nice," Sara whispered.

Jacob shivered. Not from the cold, but the heat in her voice. However far outside his league she might be, Sara didn't seem to agree.

There was nothing sexier than a woman who found her lover hot.

They stumbled into his little bedroom, shedding the last of their clothes. Sara's cold fingers might have caused a problem, but Jacob was so turned on, nothing was going to remove his hardon.

But now he had a full view of Sara's naked body. From the breasts that didn't quite defy gravity—but that only made them better—to the gentle slope of her soft stomach, to the curve of her hip, and the thick mess of hair between her legs.

For a long moment, Jacob quivered on the edge of cumming without even being touched. Only a Herculean effort, a hard squeeze of his PC muscle, held off the inevitable explosion. Heat rushed to Jacob's face, he'd almost blown his load before getting to the main event. That hadn't happened in a long time.

A long, long time.

Shaking off the near-miss, Jacob grabbed Sara, and they tumbled into the bed. The cheap piece of furniture squeaking and bending at their combined weight.

He rained kisses on her lips, down her neck.

Sara groaned, arched back.

The first touch of her breasts nearly sent Jacob over the edge again. Soft, but firm. The nipples huge, with dark red areola surrounding them, goosebumps enhancing the sensation under his thumbs.

"Amazing," he whispered.

"More," she groaned.

Down he kissed.

Until he reached her breasts. Mouth replaced fingers. He sucked the erect nipple into his mouth. Swirled his tongue around it. Shivered at Sara's moans so close to his ear.

Her hair tickled his face. Her body, so cold at first, slowly warming as his heat transferred to her.

Jacob played his hands lower, teasing the soft skin around her belly button.

Lower.

Across the mound above her pussy.

“Lower,” she demanded.

How could he refuse?

His fingers slipped downward, across the folds. Sara shuddered, cried out. Jacob’s fingers slid effortlessly between the lips, already wet, he caressed and teased.

“No more teasing, Jacob!”

He pulled back, shifting his body over hers. “Now?” he asked.

“Now,” she said.

A furnace. Jacob’s first moment in Sara felt like a furnace. He knew he should have used a condom, but she hadn’t said anything and... well, he’d pay the price to feel himself in her.

Deeper.

He thrust.

She arched to meet him.

The room flickered.

Her face, brown eyes tinted gold, flashing, staring at him. Biting her lower lip. Bliss spread across her face.

His face, head rolled back, blue eyes wide, wondering.

Another thrust.

They moved together.

Like old lovers, not the first time.

And each time the room changed.

Back.



Him.

Her.

Confusion.

But pleasure, both the familiar and so unfamiliar he didn't even know what to call it, drove Jacob onward.

Upward.

Soaring.

Faster.

Their breathing syncing.

Moans filling the room.

Cries getting louder.

Flicker.

Thrust.

*Into him.*

How?

Didn't matter?

"I'm close," Jacob said. Voice higher. What had happened?

Didn't matter.

So much pleasure.

His hips rose to meet her thrust. To take her deeper.

Their eyes locked.

Blue mixing with blue.

Lost in each other.

In the pleasure.

In the confusion.

But confusion faded into bliss.

Into tormented pleasure.

Which of them went first, Jacob wasn't sure.

Did it matter?

Bliss exploded across his body.

A pulsating warmth jettisoned into his... wait. Into his what?

What did he have to cum into?

But the pleasure washed the confusion away.

Until heaviness collapsed onto him.

"That was incredible," his former body panted.

#

Jacob lay on his back, chest heavier than normal.

What had happened?

Sex, sure, but something else.

Why did he feel so odd?

The afterglow, the happiness of post-sex, the anticipation of more, was all there. Yet different. No half-erection tried to form, yet the familiar tightness between his legs did.

He rolled his head to look at Sara.

And the oddity exploded.

It wasn't Sara.

It was him.

His body anyway.

It couldn't be him, not unless there was a mirror on his bed that he didn't know about.

He watched his former hands exploring his body. Touching. Tweaking his nipples.

"This isn't as much fun," the body said, shaking its head.

Jacob's stomach twisted. There was only so much he could ignore, so much that the post-sexual enjoyment could push aside.

Having his body lying next to him... that pushed the boundary.

Well, it smacked through the boundary like an out of control semi-truck.

"What the hell?" Jacob asked. His voice high. Familiar. A little.

If his body was there, but it wasn't him. Then who was he? Jacob? There'd only been one other person in the room...

He glanced down.

Two enormous mounds fell to each side. The weight on his chest he'd noticed earlier. Familiar, though only from that day.

Beautiful.

Spectacular even.

Sara's breasts.

*His now, apparently.*

Which made no damn sense.

“It worked,” Sara laughed. In Jacob’s voice and laughter. Although neither was quite right. They sounded off to Jacob. Not even like hearing his voice in a recording. It was more. Like hearing his voice, but without him driving it.

Freaky.

“What worked?” the voice that came out of his own mouth didn’t match his expectations. That wasn’t entirely out of normal. Hearing your own voice through your own ears always sounded different from hearing it recorded and played back.

But not that different.

Not multiple steps higher.

Softer.

Almost sultry.

Jacob shuddered.

Sara—in Jacob’s body—threw her arms around him and pulled him close, snuggling him. “That body swap.”

“Body swap? What’s a body swap? How is this even possible?” The what was obvious. Somehow Sara had swapped their... consciousnesses? Spirits? Souls? Jacob didn’t believe in religion or the gods of the religious, but suddenly appearing in another person’s body, while maintaining his own memories, did tend to change one’s perspective on life and the meaning therein of.

The how he didn’t have a clue. Not a single idea. Magic? Some technology that hadn’t made it into the general public? Alien tech? Come to think of it, alien tech made about as much sense as anything.

Jacob’s previous body hugged him tightly. “Oh, honey, I am sorry.” The speech pattern was not Jacob’s, even as the voice was. It still confused him. He couldn’t

think of a time when it wouldn't.

"Then give me back my body!"

She shook her head. "Even if I could, I'm not going to. I went through a lot of trouble to arrange this." Sara shuddered.

Jacob opened his mouth to ask how, but Sara covered his lips with a finger. "No sweetie. No answers. So don't bother asking."

That wasn't a request or demand Jacob could follow.

"That's not happening. You will tell me what is going on. Now."

Their eyes locked. Blue flared. Fought.

It was Jacob who looked away. Swallowed.

Defeated.

Jacob's old hands caressed him, touched his arms, his cheek. He shuddered. It felt good. Too good. Sara would know every button to touch in her old body, and that would lower Jacob's defenses.

Not good.

Lips touched his. Tingles started in his lips, spread downward.

Pleasure was the last thing Jacob wanted to experience, but his body didn't agree.

So unfair.

Sara touched Jacob's cheek, running a hand downward.

"Should we experiment? The swap made the sex confusing," Sara whispered. "But this time we could experience... everything."

Remembering the pleasure, so different, not necessarily better, but different, Jacob shuddered.

No!

He was still a man.

Sort of.

He had to control his body. His choices.

“No,” he whispered.

Sara sighed. “I was hoping you would be more amenable to suggestions, but I suppose that was asking too much.”

Sliding off the bed, Jacob watched as Sara stood, wobbled, and stretched. His former taut ass clenching. A warmth spread through him, his eyes locked on the cheeks flexing in front of him. His bed was small enough that even on the other side he could reach out...

Touch.

No!

Shaking his head, he rolled away, his breasts moving with, swaying, The feeling so new he didn't even know what to think.

Movement.

The light padding of feet over his thin carpet.

“I'll give you my information. Everything I can to make your life easier.” Sara sighed. “I did rush this a bit, so money will be tight.” She paused. “Judging from your abode, I suspect you aren't much better off, but I'll help if I can.”

Jacob sat up, paused as his breasts wobbled. The wavering boobs had interrupted his anger. Minor league players didn't get paid much. They played for love or hope. The love of the game or the hope of making the pros where the minimum wage would more than make up for a few years of living rough.

Part of him wanted to defend his apartment.

But the heat in his cheeks, the clenching of his stomach, kept that from



happening.

“Unless you’ve changed your mind about sex, you should probably get dressed. This body is distracted by yours.”

Blushing more, Jacob slid his feet to the floor and stood. He stumbled forward, unused to the new body.

His hand slapped against the wall, keeping him from falling. Seconds later, strong arms held him up.

A soft laugh brushed his neck, sending shivers down his spine. “It’s hard, isn’t it?”

Jacob didn’t think Sara was talking about the erection pressing against his waist.

“My balance is off.”

“Try not to think about it. It gets easier every step. I didn’t fall coming to catch you.”

And Sara seemed to be taking advantage of holding Jacob. Hands no longer just supporting but teasing.

Caressing.

Sides.

Across the stomach.

Each touch bringing warmth and a pleasant falling feeling in his stomach. The twisting of his stomach wasn’t embarrassment but a feeling of newness. Excitement at doing something he’d never done.

It was something he experienced to a lesser degree with each new lover, but the current extent he hadn’t felt since his first furtive explorations with a woman.

Part of him wanted to give in.

But he wanted his body back.

“Stop,” he whispered.

Sara sighed and stepped away. Surprising Jacob. He’d expected her to press.

Apparently not.

“Get dressed. We’ll talk.”

## Chapter Four

The talk with Sara had been enlightening. Though she was well paid for her shoots and had done a lot of them recently, she'd also plowed the money straight into her search for... whatever it was that had allowed the body swap.

She'd been cagey about that.

Refusing to say what she'd been after or how she'd found it.

But after hours, she'd all but forced Jacob out of his own apartment, given him a little cash for a taxi, and said good luck. Though she'd continued to suggest sex, she hadn't touched him again.

So Jacob had left confused.

And horny.

#

A few days later, he found himself waiting in the reception area of a primary care doctor. He'd tried the library and a rudimentary search on the library's computers of the new-fangled internet. That hadn't gone well. Mostly he'd pulled up strange stories that left him blushing.

It wasn't surprising that a potential breakthrough in communication, finally rolling out to the public in mass, and the first thing people did was find ways to get off.

"Miss Dillon? The doctor will see you now." A receptionist called Jacob forward. Blushing, he couldn't get used to being called Miss, or Sara for that matter. He was Jacob. Even Mr. Walton was his father!

The doctor's appointment had occurred to him the day before. Maybe the bodies hadn't been swapped, but instead changed.

If Jacob's body was still there... underneath. Maybe a doctor could do

something.

It was about as likely as him winning the World Series in his current body, but he had to try.

#

“Dr. Thompson will be in a few minutes,” the nurse said. She’d taken Jacob’s vitals, and everything checked out. Not that he’d expected otherwise, Sara seemed like she was in good health, and the body Jacob inhabited was the same 20 years old that his had been.

The man who walked in wearing a white lab coat didn’t seem much older.

Which caused a few problems.

Jacob had specifically requested a female doctor. Bad enough to get examined when he had no idea what that entailed for women, except a few horror stories from his mother, he didn’t really believe. But to have a man do it? No way.

Plus, this doctor looked like he shouldn’t have been let out of undergrad school, let alone old enough for a medical degree.

The sudden pounding of Jacob’s heart and flush of his body indicated the last problem.

After a single day of being turned on by every man of reasonable age, Jacob had hidden in Sara’s tiny apartment. Smaller than his own, but in better shape and with better furnishings, it still caused cabin fever after just a couple days.

The checkup was a chance to get out if nothing else.

But not if he had to be examined by a man.

Jacob had been around naked men his entire adult life. Good looking naked adult men. His confidence in his own sexuality allowed him to admit that the men were good looking, but that was as far as he would go. He had no interest in sex with a man.

Until Sara had stolen his body that is.

Now, he wasn't sure if it was some weirdness with his body or some disconnect in his mind, but men made him horny as fuck. It was something he'd intended to subtly bring up in the appointment.

He could and was controlling the extreme arousal. He didn't have to give in, but damn did he want to.

The doctor who walked in triggered him.

Hard.

Tall, darker-skinned than even Sara's body, with black hair and what looked like a lean-muscled build under his lab coat, Doctor Thompson sent Jacob's body straight into overdrive.

He moaned softly, trying to stifle it. But Dr. Thompson looked up from his chart and frowned.

"Are you okay?"

"Fine, just fine. Ah, I thought you'd be a woman."

He smiled. "Sorry, Doctor Casey had an emergency at the hospital, I'm taking her patients. I hope that okay? If not, we can reschedule you."

The way the doctor spoke made it seem like he really would be okay if Jacob rescheduled.

But... it might be days for another opening. He'd gotten lucky with this one,. And, he'd already done the preliminary work. Maybe... it would be okay?

"No. I think it'll be fine," Jacob said. His pounding heart and the almost painful ache between his legs had him wondering if that was true though.

The doctor flashed him a brilliant smile. "Good. So far, everything looks fine." Dr. Thompson set the chart on the desk and stepped closer to where Jacob sat.

The nurse had given Jacob a paper gown before leaving. One that should have fit, but Jacob's new breasts stretched the paper to the limits. And his hardening nipples were pressing out.

Flushing, Jacob said. “It’s a little cold in here.”

Dr. Thompson laughed. “Yeah, we’ve been complaining for years.”

*How could this guy have been a doctor for years?*

Dr. Thompson waved a light in front of Jacob’s eyes. “Any specific complaints?”

*I’m supposed to be a man? “Er, I’ve recently felt different.”*

“Open up and say ah, different how?”

How was Jacob supposed to say ‘ah’ and answer? “Ahhhhhhhh.”

“Good. Sorry, I should have done that before asking you a question.”

Jacob swallowed. “Just... like I have a new body.”

“Hm. Any weight gain or loss?”

*Yeah, quite a bit, but I don’t think that’s what you’re asking about. “No... not really.”*

Touching Jacob’s neck on either side, the doctor pushed. “Any pain?”

*Just between my legs, want to fix that doctor? “Feels fine.”*

“So this difference, have you had any digestive issues, any bloating?”

“Not that I’ve noticed.”

“When was your last period?”

Jacob flushed. Hard. “I’m not sure,” he whispered. Though the answer was never for him, he had no idea when Sara had last had a period.

The doctor smiled gently. “Have you had unprotected sex since your last period?”

“Technically... yes.”

“We’ll do a pregnancy test. Feeling out of sorts can be an early symptom.”

*I could be pregnant? Jacob’s vision blurred. He had trouble breathing. Wait...*

Hold on.

Sara hadn’t said anything about being pregnant!

Wouldn’t that have been something to mention?

And that wasn’t even the problem! Jacob knew why he was feeling like different. Because he was different!

He just had no idea how to explain that. Yo doc, three days ago I was a minor league baseball player. A man! Now I’m a woman. Can you fix that?

Right...

That would work.

Yet, what choice did he have?

“I don’t think that’s it. I feel like up until three days ago I was a man.”

Doctor Thompson, who had been touching Jacob’s neck more, took a step back and frowned.

“That’s... oddly specific.”

Jacob shrugged.

“So until a few days ago, you felt like you were a man trapped in a woman’s body?”

“Er, not exactly. I literally thought I was a man. Then I had sex with a woman, and she took my body, leaving me this one. I’m sort of hoping that it’s an illusion or something,” Jacob blurted out.

*Oh fuck.*

The doctor stared.

Blinked.

Blinked again.

“I... see. That... might be beyond my experience.”

“Oh.”

“I can bring a psych consult though. I think that might be for the best.”

A psych consult? They would lock him up! Jacob knew nothing about psychiatric care, other than what was on TV, and that made it seem like something he really didn't want to know more about.

“Uh, I think I'm not explaining myself well. Actually, it was a dream. It left me disturbed. And confused.”

“A dream?” the doctor frowned. “So, you felt... different after a dream about being a man?”

“I-I think so?”

“Hm, that may not warrant a quick consult, but it's something you should see a therapist about. Soon. Are you okay with a referral? We have many great therapists who would be able to help you.”

Jacob sighed. An obstacle dodged. It wouldn't help him get back to being a man, but at least he'd be free.

“That seems like a good idea.”

It might even be a good idea. Though Sara's bank account was thinner than Jacob's had been. Glancing through her records, she'd blown a considerable amount in the last few months and hadn't been taking jobs. If Jacob didn't figure out how to get his body back and quick, he'd have to do a modeling job or two, and that was not something he wanted to do.

“Okay, I'll get the referral, we'll do a pregnancy test just in case.” The doctor paused to write down instructions, then stepped closer again. “I'm going to check your lungs and heart. Did you want a nurse to join us?”



Another person to witness his humiliation? Sure! Bring in a whole band while they were at it. “No!”

The doctor blinked at the fierce denial. “Okay, then. Are you ready?”

“Ready,” Jacob squeaked. What was wrong with his voice?

The doctor slipped a cold stethoscope onto Jacob’s back, he hissed. The scent of the young doctor filled his nose.

Aroused him.

A throbbing started deep inside him.

“Hm, your heart is fast, I didn’t see that in your chart.”

Jacob blushed. Damn it.

“I need to check from the front. Is that okay?”

From the front? Jacob glanced down. “Okay.”

The doctor came around. Pulled the gown down a little. Paused. Jacob just heard the sharp intake of breath.

That was fair, to be honest. Sara’s body was just... damn fine.

Doctor Thompson swallowed. But regained his composure quick enough that Jacob wasn’t sure he’d seen what he thought he’d seen or imagined it.

“Deep breath.”

Jacob took a deep breath, arched his back. Why did I do that?

For a moment, Jacob thought he felt a trembling in Doctor Thompson’s hand.

“Lungs sound good,” the doctor said, withdrawing the stethoscope. He took a few steps back, spun, and began writing in the chart, bending over the desk.

His lab coat pulled up over tight dress pants.

*What an ass. Jacob shook his head. He had to stop looking at men's butts. Or at least he had to stop enjoying them!*

"I think we'll wait for Doctor Casey to do your gynecological exam. You'd probably be more comfortable."

Jacob licked his lips, the doctor hadn't stood up yet. "No, I want you to do it," he said softly.

*Why did I say that? But surprised as he was by his forwardness, he didn't want to withdraw the request either.*

"Oh. Uh, okay, just let me get a nurse."

"That won't be necessary," Jacob said, lowering his voice.

The doctor looked at him. Dark eyes flickering in the bright light.

"I-I'm not sure that's a good idea."

"It's a very good idea."

Doctor Thompson visibly swallowed. Shook his head. Took a step. Paused. Shook again. "No. I uh, don't have time. I'll schedule you another appointment with Dr. Casey as soon as possible. The nurse will followup with you. Have a good day."

The young doctor fled.

*Damn, foiled by ethics.*

Jacob trembled. Need, desire, a wanton urge to chase the doctor down and have his way with him fought with reality.

*What the fuck is wrong with me?*

## Chapter Five

Modern medicine was not going to help. Jacob hadn't really thought it would, but he'd hoped. Instead, he left the clinic frustrated by the lack of anything they could do and frustrated by a level of arousal that drove him wild. He'd half-seriously considered going into a bar and fucking the first man to look at him.

But he still had control.

By a string.

So if the medical community couldn't help him, what could?

He sat on Sara's dining table, with the Yellow Pages in front of him.

But what could he look for?

Body swap?

Nothing. Not surprising.

Magic?

Had magic swapped them? If not, Jacob had no clue what it might have been.

Magic...

Parties.

Parties.

Parties.

Magic wasn't real. It was a stage show. A dude on stage throwing around illusions designed to fool the eye and the mind. Nothing more. The people listed in the Yellow Pages under magic were even less than that. They pulled rabbits out of hats. Or made rainbows appear to grow. Wore black hats and had funny

beards.

No. That wouldn't help...

Hello.

Doktor Abraham Kanzy. Breaking curses, finding lost objects, exorcisms, possessions, and other magical ailments, I can cure them all, the ad read.

Jacob zeroed in on possessions. That seemed about right now that he thought about it. What else could it be? Though possession usually appeared as a voice within one person's head. He'd never heard of one where a person swapped bodies entirely.

Of course, Jacob had never heard of body swapping at all!

Other magical ailments might cover what had happened to him too.

The 'Doktor' spelling worried him. A misprint in the Yellow Pages? Possible.

But since he had no other choice...

#

The taxi dropped him off in a rundown neighborhood of boarded-up old retail shops, cracked sidewalks, and broken windows.

A few stores held on to their slots, but Jacob wasn't sure who would be coming down to this area other than crazy people.

*Like me.*

'Doktor Abraham Kanzy' flashed in neon above one of the stores. Doktor. Jacob sighed. It hadn't been a misprint.

Damn.

#

A bell jingled as Jacob entered the store. "Hello," he said.

“One minute,” a voice yelled.

Jacob bit his lip and looked around. The store held... well. Nothing he understood. It looked more like an antique store than a magical store. Strange vases, old plates, and other odds and ends filled shelves. The shelves, in turn, were arranged haphazardly, leaving the store a maze in the dim light.

“Can I help you?” a voice said from behind Jacob.

He jumped. No noise had alerted him to the approach of anyone. Spinning around, Jacob found himself staring at a short man. Pale skin, beardless, and very short. Even shorter than Jacob’s current body.

Not exactly a magical looking person.

Unless he was an elf?

Jacob tried to subtly look at the man’s ears, but thick graying hair covered any pointed tips.

“Uh, I’m Jac... Sara. I called earlier?”

“Oh! Right. You had a magical problem. Come come.” The short man, Abraham, Jacob assumed, started down one of the short paths. By the time Jacob took a step, the pathway was empty.

Sighing, Jacob followed as best he could, but feared he would be lost. On the good side, the store wasn’t that big, he couldn’t be lost for long.

#

They sat in a study that would have doubled as a set piece for a movie about a university. Before Jacob could examine the room closely, Abraham spoke, “So how can I help you, young lady.”

Squirming in his seat, Jacob considered. How much to tell? The little bit he’d dropped to the real doctor had almost gotten him committed. While he doubted this man could do anything similar, he didn’t want to risk much either.

On the other hand, if he didn’t tell the man what had happened, how could

Abraham help.

Jacob sighed. Might as well dive in the deep end.

“It all started at the end of the season celebration...”

#

Jacob finally ran out of things to say. He was reasonably sure he hadn't held anything back, even getting seduced. Though the man had to have noticed Sara's body, even a gay man would notice if not appreciate in the same way.

“Interesting, interesting. You say you're this Jacob Walton, a basketball player?”

“Baseball,” Jacob mumbled.

“Right. Doesn't matter really.”

“There's a big difference between baseball and basketball.”

“Baseball, basketball, you both play with balls. It isn't going to help us with your problem is all I meant.”

Jacob sighed. He knew there were people not into sports, but he hated seeing his sport belittled.

Basketball. Bah.

“So do you have an idea of what's going on with me?”

“Sure sure. I see two possibilities.”

Jacob blinked. “That's great! Please help me!”

“Well, the first and more likely, have you considered you might be crazy?”

Jacob blinked. Sighed. “I'm not crazy.”

“You're certain? Because your story... not a lot of people would believe you.”

Not a lot of people would believe? Which meant... “Are you saying you do

believe me?”

Abraham sighed. “If you’re not crazy than I suspect I know the problem.”

“Please, you have to help me. I can’t stay like this!” The highness of Jacob’s current voice hardly registered anymore, but his plea came out so much like a whine, that he flinched.

“A succubus.”

“A... succubus?”

“Exactly. A spirt that steals energy through sex from vulnerable men.”

Jacob blushed. He had hardly been vulnerable. It hadn’t been that long since he’d been laid. And anyway... “A demon? You’re saying a demon stole my body?”

“Not a demon, demon’s aren’t real. A spirit of sexual corruption.”

“What’s the difference?”

Abraham waved his hand, “It doesn’t matter, the point is you’ll need to recover your body soon, or you won’t be able to.”

“Okay...,” Jacob was starting to think the man didn’t really know what he was talking about. “How do I do that.”

“Sex. You’ll have to seduce the succubus,” he paused. “Though I suppose she’s an incubus now. Anyway, you’ll need to seduce the incubus.”

“Wait. That doesn’t make sense. She wanted to have sex with me right after stealing my body.”

“Well sure, you weren’t powerful enough to take your body back then.”

“So how do I get powerful enough.” Jacob had a sick feeling he knew the answer.

“Sex of course,” Abraham said, confirming Jacob’s fear. “Lots of sex. You’ll need to fuck a lot of men in the next few days, a week at the utmost. Your body

retains some ability to suck men of their vitality. At least for a little while.”

Jacob touched his head, he felt a headache trying to start. “If succubuses suck me of their vitality, why did she steal my body?”

“Succubi.”

“What?”

“The plural of succubus is succubi, not succubuses.”

“Of course, it is.”

Not even seeming to hear Jacob, Abraham continued. “The answer to your question is that the succubi get tired of their body from time to time and swap with another person. She’ll start changing your body soon, which is part of why you have to hurry. Once she’s adapted the body for her purposes, you won’t get it back.”

“So... saying I believe you, how would I do this?”

“I already said, have lots of sex, seduce the incubus, and your body will snap back to you. The body will know what to do. It wants to be with you.”

“Won’t she know that? And refuse?”

“A succubus or incubus refusing sex? No. Nope. She won’t even suspect, because it would be odd for you to have fucked enough men to have enough power to get back the body.”

Jacob had heard enough. “Let me guess, the first man I should have sex with is you?” he said dryly. What a joke.

Abraham slammed his chair back into the wall, bouncing hard off the wall as he sprung to feet and held out his hand. “Oh hell no vile demon of hell! My heart would give out, find young men for your evil schemes.”

Jacob blinked. “I thought you said demons were not real?”

Abraham shrugged. “It’s hard to break religious conditioning. Even when you



know better. Now, will that be cash or check you disgusting slut?”

Jacob sighed.

## Chapter Six

Jacob dropped onto the couch and considered his options. Obviously, he wasn't going to go around fucking random men. No matter what the good "Doktor" suggested. Succubus indeed. That didn't even make sense!

Though... Abraham had passed up the opportunity to have sex with Jacob... Sara's body. That seemed odd if the whole thing was a hoax.

Could the quack be less crazy than he'd accused Jacob of being?

No!

No matter how much his body wanted to fuck men—and Jacob's lust had surged at the suggestion from Abraham—he wasn't going to jump into bed—or the backseats of cars—on the off chance succubuses... succubi were real.

No fucking way.

#

The phone rang.

For Jacob, that was a bit of a surprise. He didn't know anyone, but Sara probably did.

The question was, should he answer?

After the third ring, he sighed and picked up.

"Hello?"

"Sara! Baby! It's Dick. How are things? Are you done with whatever project has kept you busy?"

Dick? Who the hell was Dick? Jacob almost asked, but the way the guy talked, he knew Sara. Which meant Jacob should at least pretend to know the guy.

“Hey... Dick. I’m busy, yeah.”

“Not too busy I hope, haha, because I have a great offer for you. It’s a short shoot, skin, but the pay, baby the pay!”

Shoot? Skin? Jacob had no idea what Dick meant, but the word ‘pay’ stood out. A glance at Sara’s checkbook had Jacob feeling more than a little nervous.

“How much?” he asked. Couldn’t hurt to know.

The amount staggered Jacob. More than he made in the entire year! For one shoot! Whatever that was.

Still... there was the problem that Jacob had no idea how to do a shoot. Given that he knew Sara was a model, a shoot had to be a photoshoot. Right? Skin... Jacob swallowed. He knew what kind of pictures Sara had out there. Skin likely meant naked.

“Sara? Baby? You still there? This is a big one, babe. Please don’t say no. I’m not sure how long I can keep putting people off until they move on.”

Empty checkbook vs. nude photography.

Jacob sighed. “When and where?”

#

It was a short ride to the studio. Not sure what he needed to bring, or wear, or even do, Jacob had tried to call Sara at his old number, but no one answered.

So on the day of the shoot, Jacob tossed on a t-shirt and jeans, at least those were familiar. Unlike the flapless panties and worse, the bra. Or torture device. The bra seemed to be a race between the straps hurting his skin and the pain of flopping boobs without. He still wasn’t sure which side he came down on. A balanced day seemed best so far. A bra sometimes, naked others.

But going out? The bra always won.

While having breasts and wearing a bra made being a woman an experience Jacob would have preferred skipping, the lack of a penis drove him crazy. He

would never get over the ability to stand at a toilet and just whip it out.

Jacob sighed. He was stalling. He didn't want to go in, and he didn't want to become a nude model or whatever Sara had been. But damn if he didn't want that check. Even after Dick's cut—and who knew how much that would be—Jacob expected to have enough to live for a few months at least.

With another sigh, he went inside. How hard could standing around naked be?

#

Fucking hard, turned out to be the answer.

The problem started when he walked in, it turned out that standing around naked didn't actually have much to do with the job.

“Sara!” an unidentified man approached Jacob. Was he supposed to know the guy?

The man held out his hand, “I’m Brent Willis, the photographer, and director of this project.”

*Nope, thank god. “Hi, Brent. Sara.” Jacob shook the man’s hand while holding back a wince. That was the first time he’d identified himself as Sara without stumbling. Brent. Same first name as his teammate, but he looked very different. He needed to get back into his body.*

Fast.

“Ginger!” Brent yelled.

A blond woman in way too much makeup scurried from the back.

“Get Sara into her makeup, and find Cindy, we don’t have much time so we’ll need to do the costume changes quickly.”

Costume changes? Jacob relaxed. So not a nude shoot. That... was good.

#

An hour later, lights glaring at him, Jacob changed his mind. The “costume” was

a dress so sheer he might as well have been naked. And without a bra or panties... well, there wasn't much hidden at all.

Brent turned out to be a sadist on schedule.

"Bend over!" he yelled. "Not so far! I want your ass, not your asshole."

Glaring, Jacob tried to conform, but what the hell did that even mean?

"Great! Hold that."

Back aching, breasts pulling, Jacob didn't think he could hold it. But for the number of zeros in the paycheck, he'd damn sure try.

"Excellent. Bring out the twins!"

Twins?

The two men who came out were in no way twins. Other than both being tall, taller than Jacob's old body. One, a blond, towered over Jacob, with tanned skin, broad shoulder and biceps that looked bigger than Jacob's previous thighs.

The other had darker skin than Sara's, a more lean build but still muscular.

Both were drool-worthy, according to Jacob's new body.

*Damn it.*

And what were the two guys doing here?

"Okay Jack, you take the front. Matt, the back."

The two men wordlessly surrounded Jacob, whose heart raced at the sudden nearness of two such perfect specimens of masculinity. Their scents, musky but light, mingled. Jacob closed his eyes, almost swooning at the overwhelming lust flushing his body.

And then they touched him.

Jack, the blond in front, wrapped arms around Jacob, pulling him into a tight embrace that would have been enough to trigger Jacob's flight or fuck response.

Toss in the darker Matthew pressing against Jacob from behind and Jacob couldn't be sure he didn't cum right there.

Well, that he didn't know, made him think he didn't, but still... it felt damn good.

Clicks and flashes came from the camera. "Excellent! Ravish her."

*Oh, god, yes! Their hands moved over Jacob's body, bunching the dress, pulling it upward to expose more leg. The two men moved slowly, but steadily to the commands of Brent. Jacob had never experienced a ravishing, and he didn't think the slow-motion one staged for the camera counted, but it still left him breathless.*

"Excellent Sara! Keep pushing your breasts into Jack!"

Jacob blushed. He hadn't noticed anything of the sort.

Strong hands grabbed Jacob's ass, which—based on the skin to skin contact—no longer had the minimal coverage provided by the sheer dress.

Jacob moaned, his head rolling back into the muscular chest of Matthew.

"Perfect!" Brent said. "Amazing passion. Dick said you were a great actress, and he was right."

*Actress? Right, Jacob was acting. Of course.*

Had Brent told him to bend over and take one of the men up the pussy, Jacob would have complied without hesitation. No question.

It wasn't that kind of shoot.

Unfortunately.

Maybe afterward...

The shoot continued.

The lights and lack of AC had Jacob sweating even without clothing.

Which, by the end, he wasn't wearing. And neither were the men.

Jacob had always thought of himself as well hung. Next to Jack and Matt though, he felt inadequate. And he might have discovered the source of the "twins" statement earlier. Their dicks were almost identical except for color.

Same extraordinary length.

Same thickness that Jacob wasn't sure he could get Sara's hand around.

Same hanging balls.

Even the same upward curve. A curve which sent shudders through Jacob just looking at.

And he got to do more than look.

Brent had Jacob touching, though hiding with his breasts or hair.

"Excellent. Wait. Ginger! Move her hair a little to the left. There's too much dick showing."

Holding the awkward pose would have been difficult had Jack not been grasping Jacob around the waist while Jacob pretended to be worshiping Matt's cock.

Not that pretending was hard.

Acting turned out to be simple so long as it wasn't really acting.

"Love the flushed skin, darling! Excellent makeup Ginger."

Jacob flushed harder. The makeup "artist" Ginger had mostly gossiped about the hot models, while Jacob ignored her. If she'd done anything to Jacob's face, he hadn't noticed. The flush on Jacob's skin came from his arousal. Nothing less.

The arousal that led him to reconsider his no men policy. If the crazy "Doktor" was right, Jacob had to fuck a lot of men. Would one of the models be interested? Hell, why limit himself to one? The way they touched him in the shoot, Jacob was ready for a threesome.

"And... that's a wrap!"

Jacob crashed into the floor when Jack let him go.

*Ass. Maybe I'll just stick to Matt. Though the threesome idea still had him humming.*

Squatting next to Jacob, Brent grinned. "Excellent job babe. This is going to sell like hotcakes. I'll be calling Dick in the future about you."

Flipping onto his back, even though that exposed his breasts to the photographer, Jacob smiled. Breathless but happy. "I'll be waiting," he said.

*Now, where are those men?*

#

After catching his breath, Jacob stood and made his way to the back of the studio where makeshift dressing rooms were set up.

Soft groans pointed the direction. What was the noise? Ginger! The hussy! She'd beaten Jacob to the hot models! Jacob hadn't mastered running, hell he'd barely figured out walking in Sara's body, but he hurried to the back. If Ginger thought she could steal from him, she had another thing coming!

Turning the corner, Jacob stopped.

It wasn't Ginger.

Matthew had Jack bent over, and his cock buried deep in Jack's ass. Rough. Hard. The leaner man fucked the stronger.

Jacob knew he should have been disgusted, he'd never been into men, but seeing two men fucking did the opposite. His arousal exploded upward like a homerun ball. Even as part of him slumped in disappointment. If they were gay, Jacob was not getting what he wanted of them.

"Excuse me," a soft voice said.

Jacob stepped aside and looked over his shoulder. A man he vaguely recognized as the lighting guy carried heavy lights past Jacob.



He stopped. Shook his head. “I swear, they could at least wait until they were private.”

But the lighting guy didn’t stop them. Didn’t say anything to the two lovers, just carried his lights past.

The stranger did have a nice ass.

*I wonder if he’s straight?*

“Oh, lighting guy!” Jacob called out.

## Chapter Seven

It turned out that lighting guy's name was Darren something, Jacob hadn't been listening carefully when Darren had introduced himself.

It also turned out that when you are a smoking hot centerfold, seducing college-aged guys was as easy as asking, "Do you want to have sex?"

#

For the second time in only a short time, Jacob found himself crashing through his door, though the two locations were different. This time, it was Sara's apartment, rather than his own, though since he sort of was Sara, it kind of was his place.

Not that it mattered much.

Jacob pulled Darren into the apartment, keeping his arms wrapped around the lighting guy's neck. Their lips locked. As soon the door slammed behind Darren, Jacob jumped into his arm. Fortunately, hauling lights around made a person healthy. Sara's body, being a few inches above average height combined with her voluptuous build made her not precisely light.

Jacob wasn't sure about the dissociation he kept doing in his own mind. The body might have been Sara's, but he controlled it now. He couldn't blame her for anything. Sara hadn't seduced Darren. Invited him back to Jacob's apartment and it wasn't Sara preparing to fuck the lighting guy to within an inch of his life.

Possibly literally if the good Doktor was right.

A part of Jacob felt terrible for what he was about to do.

Most of him was just damn horny. Plus, the guy didn't die, just lost a little vitality. No big deal. Darren probably wouldn't even miss it.

Jacob wrapped his legs around Darren, kissing him while holding on to his neck hard. Despite arriving at the photoshoot in jeans, Jacob had left in a "borrowed"

dress. Slinky, nearly sheer—though not as sheer as what he'd worn in the shoot—the dress made what happened next so much easier.

Darren managed to juggle Jacob, removing Jacob's thong, and eventually getting his own pants down to his ankle, all without dropping Jacob. An impressive feat.

But Jacob didn't have much time to admire the accomplishment as Darren buried himself in Jacob.

As a minor league player, Jacob didn't exactly have women hanging off each arm, but as a potential Major League player and multi-millionaire he hadn't lacked for pussy either. Experience had taught him that foreplay wasn't just a fun word, it was a necessity.

But he'd already had six and half hours of foreplay. Of standing naked or semi-naked in front of multiple men.

Posing.

Being touched.

Touching.

Maybe Sara herself could have walked away without being halfway to orgasm, but Jacob? He'd teetered on the verge of an orgasm for hours, and if the return trip had slightly dampened his fires, they hadn't been even close to going out.

A single lunge from Darren sent him soaring into the cheap seats, while the second thrust had his head rolling back and a cry ripped from his lips.

The orgasm burst from in, almost surprising Jacob in intensity. The frenzied thrusts from the overeager Darren kept him in the high. He tightened his legs around his new lover, reveling in the feeling of a cock in his pussy.

The act should have thrown him. Should have sent him running, but he'd needed the pleasure. Breathing heavily he pulled himself back into Darren, nuzzling Darren's neck, biting.

Darren groaned. Shuddered and warmth blazed inside Jacob.

A last few thrusts and Darren trembled, slowly set Jacob onto his feet.

“Damn,” Darren said.

“Don’t think you’re done yet,” Jacob said. He grabbed Darren by the collar and dragged the man to his bedroom.

#

They stripped quickly, still eager, and in need.

Jacob gave Darren a hard shove so that the lighting guy stumbled back and fell onto his ass, safely on the bed.

Tossing his hair behind his head, Jacob knelt. He needed Darren back up and ready and experience as a man told him the best way.

A part of Jacob was disappointed when he first saw Darren’s cock instead of just felt it. It had felt amazing, but that might have been how turned on Jacob was. He’d hoped for something like the so-called twins, but Darren was smaller. Average maybe.

Still semi-erect though. Or coming back. Jacob wasn’t sure which and didn’t really care as he lowered himself to his knees in front of Darren. Brought his head to Darren’s cock and...

Paused.

Oddly, while he’d enthusiastically fucked Darren and been prepared to blow him, he suddenly hit a limit. Fucked in the pussy? Sure. A blowjob? Woah now.

Licking his lips, Jacob studied his lover’s cock. His breath raced, warming the cock, and he watched as it grew without even touching it.

Grew bigger.

And bigger.

Still short of Jacob’s expectations, but much better than he’d thought! No wonder it had felt so good. A grower, not a shower.

Relieved of the need to orally tease Darren back into shape, Jacob stood and crawled on Darren instead. Pushing the man back on the bed.

Darren groaned. “Damn, not even a touch and it still was among the best blowjobs I’ve received.”

Jacob paused. “Really?”

Darren grinned. “Have you looked in a mirror? I think you could have slapped my cock around and I’d have thought it wonderful.”

With a shake of his head, Jacob straddled Darren. While he was still turned on, he probably should have worked some foreplay, but sex called to Jacob. Demanded his attention.

Maybe there was something to the succubus thing.

Jacob grabbed Darren’s cock by the base and guided him in. The cock stretched Jacob’s pussy, and he released a groan.

“That is such an amazing feeling,” Jacob said.

“I would have thought you’d had all kinds of cock.”

*Did he just call me a slut? Jacob shrugged. Fuck it. Leaning forward, he pressed his hands into Darren’s chest, sliding his hips forward and back.*

Slowly.

Grinding his mound into Darren, which just so happened to rub Jacob’s clit in a fantastic manner.

No wonder his lovers seemed to prefer that to the pornographic up and down.

Darren caressing Jacob’s breasts caught him off guard, in a good way. Incredible. Jacob shuddered under the gentle touch. He moved slowly. Letting the pleasure build back up while hoping Darren could hold out.

Jacob’s movements increased, steady, but slow.

Faster.

His breathing catching.

The pleasure coming back in a gentle lapping feeling instead of the powerful blaze he'd felt before.

Faster.

Body quivered.

Shuddered.

He barely held off the desire to move even faster.

The growing pleasure just felt wonderful. How much better could it get?

Slow.

More.

No matter how strong his will, he had to increase his speed.

Faster.

Darren matched Jacob's pace, his touches growing stronger on Jacob's breasts.

Which grew the urge to move even faster.

Leg muscles trembled, clenched.

Bliss grew, and Jacob didn't even care that it was a man he was riding.

Didn't care that the body Jacob had was a woman's.

The pleasure just grew.

And grew.

When it finally peaked, it wasn't the explosion of before, but an equally powerful fall. Just a fall. Over a cliff. That by continuing his movements, Jacob extended.

And extended.

Longer.

He threw his head back and screamed. Fuck the neighbors.

That broke Darren free. The lighting guy thrust upward and groaned as he came into Jacob's pussy.

Jacob moved until Darren's cock faltered and his own orgasm subsided.

Sweaty.

Happy.

And still horny, Jacob laid his body across Darren's. He'd let his lover recover.

For a minute or two.

#

The urge for more came back quickly. Two rounds weren't enough. Darren seemed content, but Jacob wanted more.

So much more.

He slid his body up, Darren's.

"What are you doing?"

"You'll see," Jacob said as he turned around, planting a knee on either side of Darren's head.

"Sara?" Darren asked.

Jacob lowered himself, pressing his cunt, still filled with Darren's own semen, against his lover's lips. Further down, Jacob's breasts rested on Darren's flat stomach.

It took a little more than his breath this time to return Darren to full attention. But Jacob didn't care anymore about avoiding a cock in his mouth. Even as he

pressed himself against Darren's mouth, he opened his own to swallow Darren's cock.

Teasing the tip between his lips, Jacob flicked his tongue out, amusing himself by tickling the mushroom head. Hopefully arousing Darren. The cock swelled against Jacob's mouth.

The position wasn't the greatest, it looked better than it felt or so Jacob had always felt. It was hard to concentrate on pleasuring a lover while getting oral pleasure. Intercourse was more straightforward, almost automatic. Oral sex harder, requiring more technique.

But the warm breath against his nether region, a strong tongue licking through his lower lips sent a rush of bliss through Jacob. He moaned softly, pressing down against Darren. He'd worried a little that Darren wouldn't want to do it while his pussy still held semen, but the young man lapped away without reservation.

And more importantly, Darren's cock came back to full life.

Jacob had no idea how long Darren could keep going, but he intended to find out!

But more foreplay wouldn't hurt.

So Jacob played, teased, and finally swallowed Darren's cock, all the while receiving similar attention to his pussy. He waited until Darren swelled, before pulling off.

"What are you doing?" Darren groaned.

"Patience."

Jacob slipped to the edge of the bed, on his hands and knees and looked over his shoulder at Darren. "Fuck me."

That was a command the young man wasn't going to disobey.

Faster than Jacob thought possible, Darren was behind him.



And then in him.

Deep.

So deep.

Jacob cried out.

But this time Darren had full control. And he took Jacob.

Hard.

Fast.

The earlier pleasuring of Jacob's lips and clit enough to push Jacob to the edge. Simmering. And then boiling over.

He thrust himself back onto Darren's cock, crying out with each hard push. His whole body trembled as pleasure raced through him. It was a position Jacob never thought to find himself in. A man, behind him, fucking him, and Jacob loving every single thrust.

Darren grunted, his cock throbbed inside Jacob before filling him.

They collapsed again.

Another thing Jacob never thought to experience. Cum inside him.

*Should I be worried about getting pregnant? He wasn't, according to the test a few days earlier. At that moment, he didn't even care. Plus, he intended to get his own body back. Let Sara deal with the aftermath.*

Maybe that wasn't fair, but was stealing his body fair to begin with?

Jacob rolled over and faced Darren. "Ready lover?"

#

How many times they went for, Jacob lost track.

His cunt ached but in a good way.

And Darren...

Darren was out cold.

Jacob stared at his lover and shivered. Suddenly cold. He'd drained Darren. Just like the Doktor had said would happen.

Trembling, Jacob spilled from the bed and paced. He didn't feel stronger, and the requirement to get his body back from the succubus would take more lovers, but...

Maybe that really was what happened.

Maybe, just maybe, with enough men to fuck, Jacob could seduce Sara somehow and get his body back. Was it worth it?

He still felt wonderful despite the chill from the realization that he really might be in the body of a succubus. He might be a supernatural power. Was there more he could do with it? Maybe not return and...

No!

He needed his body back. He'd been a ballplayer his whole life and getting to the pros his only dream. A good fuck and he was considering giving it all up? For what? What life could he lead as a woman, as a succubus? School had been a necessary step, he'd done one year of college before getting drafted. There wasn't any education to fall back on. The only thing he had as Sara was her body.

It might be a spectacular body, but that would fade over time. He could make a lot of money, a lot of fucking money, but that paled in comparison to what he could make as a pro. Even maximizing his earning potential with Sara's body would leave him with enough for a good life, but not the life he wanted.

He'd earned.

He'd spent years building up his skills and contacts.

No.

Jacob glanced at the sleeping man on his bed. It was time to kick one lover out and bring in more.

Many more!

## Chapter Eight

Jacob pushed his sunglasses to the top of his head and looked around the small diner. His agent, Dick, had asked to meet. Sara still hadn't returned Jacob's calls, but he'd lucked and found a labeled picture of Sara and Dick, so he sort of knew what the man looked like. Otherwise Jacob would have had to show up early and hope to beat Dick to a seat.

Instead, after a few moments of searching, Jacob had spotted his agent. He hoped. A short, pudgy man with brown hair only on the sides of his head.

*He goes nothing, Jacob thought.*

The eyes of men of all ages were on him as he made his way to Dick's booth. He hadn't noticed at first, but after a few outings, it became evident that men stared. Wrenched their necks to stare. Jacob guessed he could wear a potato sack, shave his head, and still get attention. Sara's body just had too much going for it to be ignored.

It left him feeling like he had a target on his back... side. Even in a relatively loose t-shirt and jeans, men watched. Stalked.

Jacob slid into the booth. "Dick," he said.

"Sara baby, I'm glad you made it." Before Jacob could say anything, Dick pushed an envelope across the table. "Your check."

Glancing at the check, Jacob frowned. It was a significant amount. More than he'd had at any one time since... well, ever. It was also smaller than he'd expected.

"Your chunk seems excessive."

Dick held up his hands, and a flash of anger crossed his face. "Forgetting what you owe me? I took nothing from the gigs before your vacation."

Vacation? That must be what Sara called her leaving work for a while. And she

hadn't mentioned borrowing from her agent. Was it even borrowing? Jacob sighed. It didn't matter. If Sara owed it, Jacob owed it until he could get his body back.

Heat flushed Jacob's cheeks. That had been going... well. Though it left him feeling like a slut. Used and tired. Was the possibility of getting his body back even worth it? How many men had it been in just the day since the lighting guy? He sighed. Men were easy to pick up. The hard part was actually convincing the non-narcissists that Jacob was serious!

"I have another gig if you want it. The pay is... excessive."

Gig? Oh right, his agent. Jacob would have seduced the man if he looked healthy and Jacob didn't have to work with the guy. While it might be worth a little power, he doubted it would make up for the risk to their professional relationship. One Jacob didn't even understand yet. Part of him considered fucking Dick just to screw over Sara when they body swapped back, but since he wasn't sure how long until he got the body back... being careful shot to the top of the list.

"Excessive pay? How excessive?"

Dick named a figure.

Jacob blinked. And blinked again. It was an order of magnitude more significant than the check in his purse and that had seemed ridiculous to Jacob.

"Who do I have to fuck to get that?"

Dick laughed nervously. "Well, it is a private shoot."

"A private shoot," Jacob said, staring at Dick who looked away.

Running a hand through his non-existent hair, Dick refused to meet Jacob's eyes. "It's a private shoot..."

"What does that even mean?"

Dick shrugged. "At his house. I don't know the guy, though I have vetted him. Nothing bad will happen." He laughed, coughed. "You won't disappear."

“That’s not reassuring.”

“Look at the money.”

Jacob sighed. Finding Sara where she hid with his body was turning out to be harder than he thought. He’d assumed she would go to his usual winter workout location, but a few calls had ended that speculation. He’d tried his teammates and other friends across the minor leagues. Not a hint.

*Of course, they might think I’m a pregnant lover trying to track him down for marriage. Jacob snickered. While not true, it wasn’t that far off either.*

“It is a lot of money.”

Dick nodded. “More than enough to finish what you owe me and leave you well off. I can say the client did insist it really would be a photo shoot, though how far you’d have to go to earn the money,” he trailed off.

Jacob gnawed on his lower lip, considering. He needed sex anyway, why not get paid for it? A part of him flinched from the idea. Giving it away was fine, selling it? He knew that thought process was ridiculous, sex for money between adults should be legal, but shaking off social conditioning turned out to be hard.

With a sigh, Jacob said, “Give me the information.”

The sex he’d been having, first with Darren, then with a couple of random strangers, had been pleasurable, even while leaving a sick feeling in his stomach. If it was doing anything else, Jacob couldn’t feel it.

*That “Doktor” better be right, he thought.*

#

I’m going to kill him, Jacob thought.

It fit multiple people.

David Wood, the client still look good for a man pushing 70. Sort of like an older version of that hot science fiction captain the geeks loved so much.

At least he looked like he was in shape, but if Jacob was supposed to do more than pose, he feared for the man's heart. He knew how good looking Sara's body was. Scorching. He honestly wasn't sure how his own body had survived the experience.

Dick, of course, topped the list. For getting Jacob the gig. And not warning Jacob better. Old man sex.

The crazy "Doktor" who'd suggested sex with many men deserved a slot on the death list as well.

Even with all that, Jacob didn't leave. If the Doktor was right, he had only a short amount of time to finish this. He'd wasted hours talking with Dick and getting to the house in the hills among the estates of the wealthy. Hell, he hadn't been sure the guards at the gate were going to let him into the community until they'd called David and received assurance that the woman demanding access really was supposed to be there.

*They probably think I'm a whore. Which, to be fair, might be true.*

Jacob couldn't come to grips with the idea, but... the money and the sex would help. He had to try.

"Where do we set up?" Jacob asked. He might as well jump in the deep end. Again.

#

Literally, it turned out. The old man led Jacob to massive pool area. The walk had confused Jacob. He'd worn a short-skirted halter top which left all of Sara's assets well exposed. The man didn't even seem to notice.

If Jacob was there for sex, why wasn't he getting more looks from the man he was supposed to fuck?

The answer might have been the two young studs sunning themselves by the pool. Better looking even than the gay couple from Jacob's first shoot, the two lounged naked.

The sight of their massive cocks caused Jacob to catch his breath.

And drool.

Please don't be gay, he thought. Even knowing the irony, he couldn't back away from the thought. None of the handfuls of men he'd fucked so far had been overly-well endowed. These two... looked like they could hurt Jacob. Hurt him so good.

Though... without having taken a big cock, Jacob wasn't sure what it would feel like. Good? Bad? Incredible?

The ache in his pussy said he wanted to try.

"Harry! Eric! Put on some clothes, I told you we had company coming."

The two men stood almost in unison, stretched their hard muscled bodies, and walked off flexing their muscular asses as they left.

Jacob wiped his mouth and turned to his host. Confused by the naked men leaving, since he'd thought the "shoot" would be about sex, he studied David.

The man shook his head and sighed. "Sorry. They're my houseguests, but I haven't been able to teach them manners yet."

"I... see," Jacob said, even though he had no idea what David was talking about.

"Come over here," David said, pointing to a nearby table with a pitcher of sweating lemonade already set out. "I'll explain what I hired you for."

#

"So you see, I wanted to be a photographer in my youth, I wanted to photograph sexy, gorgeous women in the nude, but..." David shrugged. "My father insisted on business. As you can see, I did well, but now I want to go back to my first love before it's too late."

Jacob leaned back in his chair, he'd set his giant hat off to the side since the table was under the cover of an umbrella. Sipping his lemonade, Jacob considered. The old man's explanation made sense, and it simplified the shoot considerably. However, the price didn't make sense. Sara, before Jacob getting her body, might have been at the top of the nude model list, but there were many, many young



women willing and able to pose.

Why pay a fortune to this one?

“Why me?” Jacob asked. With time of importance, bluntness seemed the best course of action.

Motion caught his attention, the two tall men were returning. Dressed. If what they wore counted as dressed. Thongs, too small, which hid nothing and emphasized everything. Jacob stared. Licked his lips. Their packages were just so damn big!

“Miss Dillon?” David asked.

Jacob jerked his head back to his host, who had an amused smile on his face.

“I was saying, have you taken a look at Harry and Eric, but I see you have. You’ll be working with them.”

Flushing, Jacob ducked his head. “I’ll be modeling with them?” Jacob nodded his head towards the two hotties.

“You will. Though the reason I chose you is your perfection next to theirs. They have the perfect masculine form, muscular, tall, and with cocks that make women drool.”

And men in women’s bodies. “They are good looking,” Jacob said.

“Then there’s you,” David continued. “I’m sure you know this, Miss Dillon, but you are a radiant woman. Beautiful with a figure that puts fertility goddesses to shame. There are beautiful women and voluptuous women, but it is rare to find both in full supply in one woman!”

“Thank you,” Jacob said. Even though his look had nothing to do with him. Sara had done whatever was necessary to keep the figure, Jacob just hadn’t had time to screw it up!

David waved his hand. “Thank you for agreeing. Now before we do start, I want to make clear that there will be full contact. Is that a problem?”

“Well, I agreed to the contract, I won’t back out now!” Jacob said. His eyes flickering back to the men.

No, I’m not leaving now, that’s for sure. Rawr.

#

Full contact turned out to be a relative thing. At least at first. David led Jacob and his soon-to-be lovers to a pool house that would have been a luxury dwelling for most people. At least four bedrooms and baths, decorated in a luxurious but comfortable style that included artwork Jacob guessed cost more than even he made on this gig.

David apparently could afford it and if the old pervert wanted a sexy photo shoot for his retirement, who was Jacob to refuse?

The two other men followed along quietly. Unlike the models from his earlier shoot, Eric and Harry made no attempt to hide their frank appraisal of Jacob. Judging from the tents in their thongs, Sara’s body passed their inspections with flying colors. Thank god this pair isn’t gay.

Jacob wished all the best to the lovers from his other gig, he just wanted to be able to participate!

“There are outfits prepared for you in the bedroom, Miss Dillon, please put on the first. And don’t worry about makeup, you’re stunning and exactly the way I want you without.”

Jacob flushed as he opened the door to the bedroom David had indicated. Makeup was something he had not mastered or even attempted to be fair. The art was magic as far as he was concerned. Fortunately, as David had pointed out, Sara’s face held more than enough beauty to skip it in most cases. Though, the makeup artist had done some work at the other gig that enhanced what nature had provided.

Had Jacob intended to stick around, it was something he would have had to learn. But he was getting his own body back. And soon! If that meant fucking a few men... well, that was life.

The first outfit did not fit in with what Jacob expected. Nudity or barely covered

would have fit, but the white flowing nightgown looked like something a wealthy, virginal, bride would wear on her honeymoon.

Still, it covered everything but left a significant amount of cleavage free. Jacob shifted to study himself in the full-person mirror. A tight waistline accentuated Jacob's small waist while the material hugged his ample hips.

A smile tugged at Jacob's lips. He could see the appeal. Taking a deep breath, which caused a mesmerizing rise and fall in his chest, Jacob turned to return to the men.

#

Only Harry waited in the hallway outside the bedroom. He bestowed a brilliant smile on Jacob that left Jacob's heart fluttering.

Why was he so easily seduced?

As a potential professional ballplayer and a good looking man, Jacob had had plenty of successful seductions despite only being in his early 20s. He'd also been shot down on countless occasions. If women went around as turned on as Jacob had been since getting Sara's body, the population of the earth would be 10x as high.

No.

Something in the body swap must have caused Jacob's unusual libido.

Such as being in a succubus body?

Jacob stumbled, Harry's strong arm snapped out and caught him before he fell.

"Thanks," Jacob mumbled, blushing. But he didn't let go of the tuxedoed arm. Strength, rippling power even through the thick cotton, felt wonderful under Jacob's hand.

Hold on.

Tuxedo?

He'd been so caught up in his own world he hadn't even noticed that Harry had gotten dressed. In a tux?

What was David up too?

#

The answer appeared to be a wedding. Or a fake marriage. Though not one like anything Jacob had experienced. While his gown might be white and might cover nearly as well as any modern wedding dress, it was still obviously a nightgown.

Which left Jacob underdressed with the two tuxedoed men. Eric too wore a wedding outfit.

Very underdressed. Heat rushed to Jacob's cheeks. It would be easier if his body would just decide to stay permanently blushing.

"There's the blushing bride!" David gushed.

Which didn't help the brushing.

"Bride?" Jacob asked.

"Well, I don't think this type of marriage is legal anywhere, but we'll pretend." David winked.

What was he up to?

A flowered arch stood near one end of what was probably an entertainment room or living room. All other furniture had been removed. By Harry and Eric? So far Jacob hadn't seen anyone else. A man as rich as David appeared, had to have more servants. Had the hidden help arranged everything? Were they even now stealthed and awaiting secret signals from David?

"I want you to stand between Harry and Eric. Turn to one. Look into his eyes. Give him a loving look. Flip, do the same to the other."

David's commands were more straightforward and left more to Jacob than Brent's had. Brent had controlled every step of the way. Every motion. David

seemed content to let Jacob, Eric, and Harry handle most. Maybe he wanted a more natural shoot? Or perhaps he didn't know he could go further? Jacob shrugged the instructions were easy enough.

There is something intimate about looking into someone's eyes. Something beyond just a pleasant look. Jacob didn't know Harry, but Harry's soft brown eyes said he was a gentle man despite his size. Though it hadn't been part of the instructions, Jacob touched Harry's clean-shaven face, ran his fingers down the soft skin. Harry sighed, nuzzled Jacob's hand.

Arms, strong and hard, wrapped gently around Jacob's stomach. Eric could have gone for the breasts, the pussy, but the instructions were loving, and even if they didn't love each other, Jacob could relax and enjoy the touches. Enjoy the caresses of a gentle man touching his stomach. Of a powerful man holding back, while holding a beautiful woman from behind even as Jacob looked into the eyes of another man.

Jacob trembled. Overwhelmed. Holding, touching, looking, they combined into something that might not be love, not the deep romantic love of popular culture, but was still a form of love. Two—well three—people sharing intimacy. And even if they walked away afterward, they would always have that moment.

A smile crossed Harry's lips, he leaned down, Jacob closed his eyes, lips touched, brushed. A shiver ran through Jacob, pleasure from such a simple act.

Or maybe anticipation played a part.

Two men.

Both wanting him.

Even if they wanted him because of money.

Jacob's world shattered. That's all this was. Money. Power.

An old man's lust.

Which made the whole thing sordid.

Filthy.

Jacob moaned, torn between pleasure from the act itself and the feeling of helpless, wanton, abandonment.

The abandonment of all he had been.

If there was anything that said he was no longer Jacob Walton more powerfully than being taken by two gorgeous, sexy men, who were in turn directed by an old, rich guy, Jacob couldn't think of it.

He couldn't pretend.

Couldn't be Jacob on a weird vacation.

Nor was he Sara. He didn't know Sara well enough to be her. Would she have taken this job? The fact that her manager offered it at least hinted that she might have, but nothing in Jacob's experience said that Sara Dillon had been that type of model.

If model was even the right word.

Even as Jacob's thoughts tumbled, Harry and Eric continued under the direction of David.

Their hands explored Jacob. Touching every inch. Eric's lips teased Jacob's back, tickling and pleasuring in equal measure. Hands caressed his stomach, teased downward, darted away before touching the center of Jacob's pleasure. More hands brushed across his shoulders, back, circled his breasts.

So many sensations, from so many directions, warmth from being trapped between two men, and all Jacob could do was hold on.

He could fight it.

Try not to enjoy himself.

But what was the point?

He surrendered to his body.

Let the pleasure flow.

Lost track of who did what, because it didn't matter. The two men were interchangeable. Something that might bother Jacob later, but for now? He didn't care.

He just wanted the bliss.

And bliss it was.

Under the gentle commands of David, the two other men built Jacob up to a quivering mess, held on his feet only by the strength of his new lovers.

"And cut!" David yelled.

*What?*

Harry and Eric stopped what they were doing. Though they helped Jacob stand or he would have collapsed into a mess on the floor.

A whimper escaped Jacob's lips. Eric's smile twitched, but otherwise, he didn't respond, and if Harry noticed, he said nothing.

Panting and trembling, Jacob held off demanding more only by the smallest of strings. He wanted the men. Wanted to fuck them. One after the other.

At the same time.

Whatever would work!

Jacob swallowed. Tried to push the thoughts down.

How could he have gone from an almost professional baseball player to a quivering slut in so short of a time?

Wincing, Jacob shook his head.

Was it so wrong to enjoy sex?

Did that make him a slut?

He'd had a threesome once as a man/ Had Jacob been a slut? If not, was it fair to call himself a slut now just because he enjoyed sex?

“Let’s move to the bedroom.”

Those words wiped Jacob’s worry away.

If he was a slut, fuck it, he was going to enjoy it.

He could worry about the ramifications later.

When he got his other body back.

#

They reconvened in a bedroom that’s only feature was a huge, four-poster bed. Decorated in white, with lace spilling down the sides, the bed looked like something out of a poster shoot for a bridal magazine.

Though no bridal magazine would long survive having two hunky men fucking one sleazy bride.

Well, it wouldn’t survive as a bridal magazine. A men’s magazine though...

David had them start up right away.

Jacob laying on the bed, a long veil and white stockings the only clothing he still wore. His lovers naked oiled to a slick shine, their muscles glistened in the bright light of the bedroom. Each to one side.

Kissing down his body.

Nuzzling Jacob’s breasts.

The near explosion of pleasure from before building back up more quickly under the more direct stimulation of the men.

David’s commands even fewer, he set up the scene but let Harry and Eric handle the details.

Still, his commands came from time to time.

“Cup her breast.”



They did, holding Jacob's shapely breast while kissing and licking the nipple and around. Jacob squirmed and moaned. One lover had overwhelmed him, two left him unable to react.

"Hands lower."

The two lovers moved lower. Hands teasing downward. Pleasure surged, as much in wanton wanting as direct pleasure from the touches.

They were so close.

To bring him over.

To ending his wonderful torment.

"Eric, the clit, Harry her cunt."

Fingers danced across Jacob's lower lips. Parted them. The hood pulled back, and a light touch sent an explosion through Jacob. Lower still, a thick finger entered his slick tunnel. Jacob arched into their hands.

"Beautiful. Make her cum."

And they did.

Slow.

Steady.

But with two it was too much to last.

Jacob exploded, shuddering against their hands. His cry a banshee wail that attracted instead of drove off.

David didn't give Jacob any time to recover. "Harry, on your back, Sara darling, ride him."

Jacob groaned. He wanted a cock in him, but he didn't want to work for it! Why couldn't he be on the bottom? But David hadn't been wrong yet, so Jacob followed the instructions.

He threw his leg over Harry, grasped the big man's cock at the base and guided him inside. The cock slid easily into Jacob's pussy. Filling him. Stretching him. Touching.

Jacob cried out, his head rolling back as another orgasm crashed through him, but he followed David's instructions, shifting forward and backward, driving Harry into him.

"Bend over Harry, rub your tits on his chest," a harsh command from David followed.

Jacob complied.

Presented his ass to the camera.

And Eric.

"Eric, take her."

*What?*

A hand rested on Jacob's ass. Fingers parted the cheeks.

Trembling, but still riding Harry, Jacob fought the urge to flee. He knew what was coming, there wasn't another possibility.

Was that a step too far? He'd never wanted men as a man. Never even considered it. As a woman, he could just barely hold onto himself while fucking a man. But that was with his pussy. If a man took him in the ass...

But he didn't reject it.

He didn't say no.

Slick lube pressed into Jacob's tight asshole.

Followed by Eric's thick dick.

Jacob cried out.

Screamed.

Bliss.

Two cocks.

Both his.

Joining.

Pleasure erupted. His body thrusting back so hard he almost bucked Eric away.

“Beautiful,” David whispered, but loud enough to be heard.

It wasn't Jacob doing the work anymore. Eric pushed him, his thrusts moving Harry's cock inside Jacob. Pulling out, and Jacob pulled away, moving the cock inside him. Eric controlled the pace.

Jacob rode the pleasure.

Orgasm after orgasm.

Maybe it was just one.

A never-ending circuit of pleasure.

When the two men finally cried out, almost in unison and spilled into Jacob, he almost didn't notice.

But as they withdrew.

Shrank.

He shuddered one last time and fell onto Harry's chest. A hand moved to caress the back of Jacob's head, running through his sweat-soaked hair. Jacob didn't even know who was comforting him. He didn't care.

So. Much. Pleasure.

His body jerked. Over and over. Coming down, but still feeling aftershocks.

And it still wasn't over.

#

“Thank you, Eric. Harry,” David said. The two studs slipped off the bed, moving away, taking their warmth with them.

Jacob whimpered.

The bed pressed down.

Were they back?

Rolling onto his back, Jacob opened his eyes to meet David’s.

The old man was naked now. Not a bad body for a guy his age, though far short of Eric and Harry’s masterpieces.

“Now, my bride. You are mine.”

Despite his age, David’s cock glistened with precum, rigid. Pointing at Jacob.

And huge.

Fucking massive.

Jacob swallowed.

Was he really supposed to let that thing into his pussy?

David covered Jacob’s body with his own, pressing Jacob down.

*Fuck it, Jacob thought with a moan as the enormous cock settled between his legs.*

Entered him.

Slowly.

Spread him.

Stretched him.

Jacob cried out. Screamed.

Loved it.

David pushed until he hit up against Jacob's cervix. A mixture of pleasure and exquisite pain shuttered through Jacob.

"Look at me," David commanded.

Deep gray eyes met Jacob's.

David moved slowly, never taking his eyes from Jacob.

Jacob wanted to look away. To just enjoy the sensations. He couldn't. His gaze locked to his newest lover.

Each thrust accompanied by a grunt. A wince of pleasure on David's face.

Intimate.

Close.

Jacob rode the waves of increasing pleasure until he couldn't take it anymore. His body shuddered, and he screamed. Orgasm raced through him, and still David didn't look away.

Faster.

More pleasure.

Faster.

Another high.

Peak.

A slight drop.

Back again.

And then David joined Jacob, spilling into Jacob's already full cunt.

The old man stopped. Stared.

Smiled.

And rolled off.

Leaving Jacob alone with what he'd done.

Fucked three men in one session.

Heat touched his cheeks, but he couldn't bring himself to care much more.  
Maybe later Jacob would regret it.

Not now.

For now, he luxuriated in the afterglow.

#

## Chapter Nine

Hours later, back in his own—Sara’s—apartment, Jacob stared at the ceiling while lying naked on the bed.

What had he done?

Fucked men.

Three at once.

Why?

The men had seemed tired afterward. Had the succubus powers worked?

But David had been an old man, wouldn’t such a thing have... injured him at best? But the old man had walked away afterward.

Just walked away. Tired.

Jacob didn’t feel any stronger.

Did he need more men?

Wincing from the thought, he considered his options. As it was, he didn’t think anything had changed.

But...

If nothing changed, that meant the sex had been for... what?

What was he doing?

How could he change?

Shaking his head, Jacob knew the truth. He had only one option. Doctors couldn’t help, wouldn’t believe him. Therefore, he had to try the only thing that

had been suggested to him.

More men.

So many more men.

#

“Hey baby, did you fall from heaven?”

Jacob held back an eye roll and looked at the man who’d approached him in the bar. He’d expected men to come to him in droves, but they didn’t. This was the first of the night. An average looking Joe, with brown hair and eyes. Jacob couldn’t have picked him out of a lineup if he tried.

But what choice did Jacob have?

Plastering a smile on his face, Jacob said, “Would you like to see my wings?” Poor soul, if he only knew. Not an angel. Not an angel at all.

#

Jacob’s stared at the wall while the man above him moved. Pushing into him. Thrusting his little dick in and out.

“Oh yeah, baby. Give me that big dick,” Jacob lied.

How many?

He’d lost track.

Still didn’t feel stronger.

Just... tired.

So tired.

“Right there,” he said. Words seemed to help the men, got them off quicker.

And speed was the key now.



Fuck as many men as possible in as short of time as possible.

Then find Sara and get his body back.

Damn succubus.

#

Jacob shimmied his hips, grinding down on the man, this one at least had a fucking big cock. In the few days and many men since giving into the path, Jacob had discovered himself a size queen. He loved the feeling of a big dick inside him.

Unfortunately, most men were... average. By definition he supposed, but it would be nice if there was a way to figure it.

There wasn't.

A fat guy who'd he almost rejected had made David seem small. That one had nearly been too big, but Jacob had taken it.

Loved it.

Most guys didn't measure up.

But a cock was a cock and a cum a cum. If he'd been collecting it, Jacob was confident he could have started a really disgusting bar.

Sliding his fingers down onto his clit, Jacob pleased himself. He'd also discovered that the majority of men he could pick up in random bars were terrible at sex. If Jacob wanted good sex, he had to do it himself.

So he fingered his clit.

Screamed as the orgasm hit him and drove the man into his own climax.

They collapsed. The man's eyes flickering. Tired.

Tired.

The only sign that Jacob could see that it was working.

But was it?

Or was he only hoping that the tiredness afterward was real?

Jacob certainly didn't feel stronger.

If he was supposed to be getting more powerful, where was it?

He feared he was running out of time. The crazy old wizard—Doktor—whatever, had said there was a limited amount of time, but not what that was. Nor had he been specific as to what Jacob would need to reverse the succubus's stealing of his body.

It didn't matter.

As degrading as the sex was—or maybe because of how degrading it was—Jacob just wanted more. Always more.

Even with the littlest, most pathetic dick, he could get off so long as he helped himself.

But wouldn't it be better to find someone actually good?

Of course, if Jacob were a succubus now, having sex multiple times with one man might kill him.

Jacob laughed. The man glanced at him, but Jacob just waved him off. "Nothing. I just laugh after good orgasms."

The man grinned and nodded, reaching for Jacob.

Another round?

Why not?

#

Jacob paced his apartment. No use pretending anymore. It was his until he got Jacob's body back. His body! It was getting harder to think of himself as Jacob.

To even think of himself as him.

How many times now had he caught himself thinking of her but meaning him.

Her.

Him.

What was he?

If he was going to be Jacob again, the professional ballplayer, it had to be soon. He couldn't wait much longer.

He was losing himself into Sara.

And not a Sara he liked.

Sex was wonderful.

Glorious.

But the routine without anything between him and the man... it grew old.

Quickly.

Would a real lover, a boyfriend be better?

Closing his eyes, Jacob shook his head. There it was again. Boyfriend.

He couldn't keep this going.

It was time to try.

If he failed... No. He couldn't think like that.

Success or not, it was time to move on.

No more random men.

No more attempts at being a succubus, whatever that even meant.

He either had enough time, or the so-called Doktor was a quack.

More and more, Jacob feared that. That there was nothing he could do to get back.

Which meant what? That he was Sara.

Sara.

A woman.

Not a man.

No chance at being the best centerfielder in the major leagues.

No chance at winning the series.

No chance at MVP.

A cheerleader was the best he could be, and baseball didn't even have those!

So he had to try.

A deep breath and a nod, Jacob was done. He either went back to being Jacob.

Or he became Sara and tried to find a manner in which he could live with that.

## Chapter Ten

Sara wasn't in any of Jacob's old haunts. It made sense he supposed, but he'd hoped. It would have simplified things if she'd followed his patterns.

He had planned to play in a South American league, earn a little money—very little to be fair—while keeping in practice. Throw in workouts to increase his strength, and he had an excellent shot of making the big time when he returned.

But Sara hadn't signed with any of the teams.

Nor was she in his hometown.

His college town.

None of the gyms he worked out at during the season or off-season.

Jacob finally gave in and hired a private investigator. Who he fucked to get the guy to work faster. It was surprising what dudes, even so-called professionals, would do for a chance at first-class pussy like Sara's.

But each fuck took Jacob down the road to being Sara. That wasn't something he could give into. Not yet.

No! Not ever!

He kept fucking guys while the PI looked for Sara.

And found her.

Right where Jacob had left her.

Sara had never moved on.

She still lived in his apartment.

Doh!

#

The knock was softer than Jacob meant to make it. He wanted to pound down the door. Demand Sara give him back the body.

But that didn't happen.

For one, Sara's body wasn't strong enough. And Jacob was tired. This was it. The big chance.

The door opened. "Can I help... Oh. It's you."

"Yeah, it's me. Can I come in."

"Look, this is pointless," Sara said. Though the voice coming out was Jacob's. But the words weren't right. Not quite. The accent wrong. Or something. It was jarring. Almost painful.

"Please. It's the last time I'll bother you."

Sighing, Sara stepped back and gestured for Jacob to enter.

The old apartment looked... good. Better than when Jacob stayed in it. Sara had cleaned up or something.

They sat on the old furniture, not looking at each other. Was it as hard for Sara to look at her original body as it was for Jacob to look at his?

"Listen, we need to talk."

"So talk."

"You can't do this."

"I already did."

Jacob sighed. "I know, but it isn't right. It isn't fair."

"Neither is life. You think I wanted to be born a woman who isn't even allowed to be a ballplayer?"

“What?” Jacob asked.

It was Sara’s turn to sigh. “You never thought why I took the body?”

“I-I guess not.”

“I’ve wanted to be a baseball player since I was a little girl.” As if that statement wasn’t odd coming out of the mouth of a tall, muscular man.

Jacob gestured for Sara to continue, shaking his head to try and limit the weirdness. It didn’t help.

“I played little league. I was good. It didn’t matter. High school coach said no. Girls aren’t allowed.”

“I... suppose it isn’t fair. But neither is stealing my body!”

“I know... this isn’t what I expected.”

“Didn’t expect? Then how?”

Sara shook her head. “It doesn’t matter. It’s over. There’s nothing that can be done. I wouldn’t even if I could.”

“So that’s it? You just... go on with my body? Leave me in yours?” Jacob asked.

“Yes, to put it straight. I’m taking this chance.”

Jacob considered. She seemed emphatic. Maybe she didn’t know how to switch back the bodies. But Jacob did.

*Hold on. Why did a succubus want to be a ballplayer?*

Jacob opened his mouth to ask, but the fact that he knew what she was might be his only advantage.

So he slid to his knees instead, looking up at Sara in what he hoped was a mixture of entreating innocence.

“Then...” He paused. Looked away. Finally turning back to look into his old eyes. “Then make love to me.”

“What?” Sara laughed. Half amused, half confused.

“I need it. To feel... myself.” Jacob looked away, a flush rising across his neck that matched the one rising up Sara’s face. “I know it won’t be the same, but if I close my eyes, maybe it will be enough.”

Sara sighed.

Shook her head. Sighed again. “Fine. One last time. But just once!”

*What do you know, the old kook was right.*

#

Making love to one’s own body turned out to be awkward...

They stared at each other in Jacob’s old bedroom.

Neither moving to make the first move. Jacob felt the now familiar stirrings from his new body. The signals that sex was a good idea. A great idea! But some confusion hit as well. The person he wanted sex with looked familiar. Not in the “I’ve already had sex with him” manner, but just a wiggle in the back of Jacob’s head that this person was different from the rest. Different because he—she!—was him.

It was almost enough to cause a headache.

But even a slight pressure in his head could be eased with good sex. Nothing better for pain!

Despite Sara supposedly being a spirit of lust, it was Jacob who stepped forward first. His hands—sort of—which touched Sara first. A gentle reach to caress the familiar face.

Jacob shuddered. Was this sex? Or masturbation?

He slipped his hand around back, to Sara’s neck and pulled her head down. Closed his eyes, maybe if he couldn’t see he wouldn’t know.

Their lips met.



A brush.

Deeper.

A real kiss.

A thrill ran through Jacob.

The same sexual thrill he got with every man. But he knew this one. Knew it better than he could ever know another man. Every pleasure zone. Every tickle spot. Every dead spot.

And he knew the cock. A good-sized one.

His new pussy throbbed. Anticipating the upcoming pleasure. And why not? He'd come to enjoy sex even as it left feeling... dirty. Disgusted with himself.

This would be different.

Wouldn't it?

He'd get his old body back, hopefully. That alone should be enough.

Sara started to respond. Kissing back.

Her tongue—his—swirling along Jacob's mouth, sending a shiver through him. The reverse of what he'd thought earlier was true as well. If he knew her body better than Sara did, Sara knew her old body better than Jacob did.

She could use that, and Jacob knew he had to be careful.

He needed to fuck Sara.

To grab his body as they reached climax.

Or something.

The old weirdo hadn't been specific.

*The body will know what to do.*

Whatever.

Jacob let himself fall into Sara's embrace. Strong arms wrapping around him, holding him tight.

The explored.

Touched.

Undressed slowly.

Piece by piece.

His dress.

Her shirt.

His bra. Kisses to his breasts until he sighed with pleasure. Moaned.

Her pants. Her cock already erect and trembling in need.

Panties.

Underwear.

They were naked.

Both bodies familiar to Jacob. A yearning grew in him. His soul wanted the old body back.

*The body will know what to do.*

They tumbled onto the bed. Limbs wrapped around each other.

Desire soared in Jacob. His pussy tingled, clenched.

But he took it slow. Kept Sara from going too fast.

They made love, not fucked.

Touched.

Explored.

Relearned their old bodies.

Until they couldn't wait any longer.

Jacob's knees came up, legs wrapped around Sara's waist.

Her heavier body fell on him, their eyes met.

She took him. A gentle thrust.

Jacob arched back, meeting the thrust and releasing a pent up cry.

They moved together, following queues not yet lost.

Slow.

Steady.

Jacob lost himself. Tried to hold onto a straightforward idea. He'd know what to do. And when.

But nothing came.

Until Jacob did.

It flashed.

Filled him.

He cried out, filling the little apartment with his high voice.

Sara fell a moment later, her thick cock spurting into Jacob's waiting cunt.

They collapsed into each other's sweaty arms. Nuzzling. Kissing.

But still the wrong body.

*What went wrong?*

#

Jacob sobbed softly, trying to hold it in, but couldn't. Even Sara's eyes seemed filled with tears when he could see with his blurred vision.

"What's wrong?" Sara whispered. Holding him. Caressing him.

"It didn't work," he hiccupped.

"What didn't work?"

"My body was supposed to snap back to me," Jacob told her not caring that he wasn't supposed to. It hadn't worked. Hadn't he fucked enough men?

"Why would it snap back? I told you it was permanent."

Jacob shook his head and choked out the explanation the "Doktor" and given him.

Sara stared for a long moment and then fell onto her back, laughing. "You thought I was a succubus?" She giggled so long Jacob thought she might choke.

"It's not funny."

"No. It is hilarious."

"Do you have any idea how many men I fucked?" Jacob said. Which just sent Sara off into another peal of laughter.

"Oh god, I'd be pissed if I thought I'd ever have that body again. I might not have been a virgin, but at least I was discerning." She paused. "Succubus." Laughter followed again.

Jacob sat up and swung his legs off his old bed for probably the last time. A bit of nostalgia hit, but his face was on fire, his stomach tight, nothing sentimental was going to get through his anger.

A hand touched his bare back. "I'm sorry. I probably shouldn't laugh, but it is funny."

Jacob sighed. "Maybe a little. I don't understand why we didn't jump back

though.”

“Because I’m not a succubus.”

Jacob turned to face Sara. He shouldn’t have been surprised, but he was. Somehow, he’d come to believe the crazy man. Maybe he’d needed to. “Than how?”

Sara sighed. “A genie.”

“A genie? Like the lamp genies?”

“Yeah.”

“And I’m crazy for believing in succubi?”

“A little yeah, but you’re right. I searched for a way to get into the pros, there wasn’t one. Even the most athletic woman wouldn’t be given a chance. But during my search, I came across hints that genies were real.” Sara shrugged her athletic shoulders.

“I didn’t believe, not really, but by that point, I was desperate, nearly suicidal desperate. I-I found a lamp. Rubbed it and got my wishes.”

Jacob blinked. “Than why did you have to have my body.”

Sara sighed. “That was the only way the genie could work it said. I don’t know if the thing told the truth or not, but it did work so…” she trailed off.

Jacob considered. “So, if I found a genie?”

“Nope. One genie can’t undo another’s work, so mine said.”

“I’m stuck like this.”

“I suppose you could find a genie and get another man’s body, but that would just push the problem onto someone else.” Sara shrugged.

“I’m stuck.”

Sara touched Jacob’s back. Rubbed. “It’s not a lot, but I am sorry. This is not

what I expected.” She paused. “It’s not working like I thought either,” she mumbled.

“What?”

Blushing, Sara shook her head. “Nothing. Just thinking out loud.”

Jacob ignored her. It didn’t matter. He was stuck.

Forever.

As Sara Dillon.

A woman.

No centerfield.

No pro.

Just...

Stuck.

No hope.

## Chapter Eleven

Sara had suggested Jacob stay, especially as a major storm moved in, but Jacob had stumbled out of his own apartment. He couldn't stick around if it could never be his again.

Just couldn't.

The rain started shortly after he left, plastering his thin summer dress to his voluptuous frame.

Men stared.

Women stared.

A couple offered an umbrella or ride, but Jacob just kept going.

Nowhere.

He wasn't getting his body back.

He wasn't going to be the greatest centerfielder.

Nothing.

He had nothing.

His chest tightened until he feared he was having a heart attack. Though feared wasn't the right word. If he'd keeled over right there, he wouldn't have cared. So much had gone wrong. Lost his body. His chance at fame.

Even worse... all those men.

So many men he'd lost track. Maybe a prostitute could have done better, but Jacob had had to pick the men up himself. Seduce them. Not that it was that hard, but it still took time to find a place and grab a man.

So.

Many.

Men.

Tears mixed with the rain. He couldn't help it.

Helpless.

He was done.

He could try to live Sara's life, but he didn't have the skills. Not for the higher end jobs that she'd likely been working towards.

Her body was good enough that Jacob would have no issue becoming a nude model, but that held no appeal. Even as a part of him throbbed at the thought.

What was he going to do?

What could he do?

Nothing.

Just... nothing.

He slammed into a wall. Or something.

Looking up through blurred tears, he saw a shape. Man shaped.

Handsome, he thought. Though it was hard to tell.

Older. Maybe mid-30s.

"Miss?" the man asked. "Are you okay?"

"Fine, just fine," Jacob said and tried to go around the man.

"I can't just leave you like this." His deep voice was comforting. He took off his suit coat and slipped it around Jacob's shoulders. Covered Jacob with his umbrella even to the point of getting wet himself.



“Come on, there’s a coffee shop we can talk in.”

Jacob shook his head but didn’t otherwise object. What was the point? At least the guy was cute. Another notch in Jacob’s bed coming right up!

#

But if the man wanted sex, he went about it in an odd way. There really was a coffee shop. Warm and smelling heavenly. He bought them both a cup of steamy brew.

“Now, why were you wandering around the city all wet?”

*Because I was once a man and can never be again? Was the answer. But... fuck it.*

Jacob told the truth.

The man, Sam as he’d introduced himself earlier, just listened.

His face never wavered.

Never became judgmental. Even though there was no way he could believe the story.

The pressure in Jacob’s chest lessened. Until he could breathe normally.

Just letting it out helped.

“That’s... quite a story miss.”

Jacob laughed. “Sara. You can call me Sara, and I’m aware how it sounds.”

Sam smiled a wide smile. “I do believe you though.”

Jacob took a sip of coffee to cover his shock. “You do?”

“I do, I’ve... seen things. Too many to disbelieve the oddities of this world. Some of them. Also, to be fair, your story is so crazy it has to be real!”

Jacob laughed. The first in some time.

He felt... good.

“Thank you, Sam. You’ve helped.”

Sam leaned back, broad chest stretching his still wet dress shirt. Jacob’s body responded.

No. He couldn’t pretend anymore.

It wasn’t his body.

It was him.

He responded.

Jacob saw a good looking man and responded with pleasure.

There was nothing wrong with that.

Was there?

Other than if this Sam really did believe him, he’d want nothing to do with Jacob.

Taking another sip, Jacob relaxed. It didn’t matter. Jacob might want sex, hell it was possible Sam saw Sara’s former body as sexy enough to want to fuck even if it was occupied by a man, but Jacob could say no. He didn’t need to fuck as many men as possible.

He could be... discriminating.

First, he’d have to become Sara. Not the Sara Dillon she’d been. But a new one. Maybe he could go to college for real instead of spending a year playing ball just to qualify for the minors.

Get a degree.

Become... something.

Someone.

Hope.

Hope blossomed.

Sam leaned forward. “I’d like to see you again.”

Jacob blinked. “You would?”

“You’re fascinating. So yes. I do have a business trip coming up, but afterward... would you share your phone number?”

Blinking away tears that had sprung up for some reason—left over from before—couldn’t be happiness, Jacob wrote his number on a napkin and gave it to Sam.

“Thank you, Sam.”

“I like to help people.”

“You helped me.”

They talked for a little longer. Feeling each other out. Jacob expected Sam to ask him back, but finally, Sam glanced at his watch with a grimace.

“I have to go. A meeting I can’t get out of. I will call you in a few weeks.”

“Okay,” Jacob said.

Sam escorted Jacob to the door. Called a cab.

It wasn’t until he was home that Jacob realized he’d never given Sam back his jacket.

Looking out at the rain, Jacob smiled.

Maybe this could work...

## Chapter Twelve

There were five stains on the ceiling, two cracks, and the paint had faded in 22 spots—or maybe hadn't faded in 22 places but everywhere else it had faded. Lying on his back, staring at the ceiling had become a familiar position for Jacob. It helped him think when he wanted to, but more importantly it let him drift when he didn't want to think about anything.

He drummed his fingers on the hard bed.

It had been four weeks since the infamous threesome picture shoot. Well, infamous to Jacob. Also, had it been a threesome or foursome? He'd fucked two at once, but never three, David had jumped on afterward...

Jacob sighed. His thoughts lately had all been pointless. He had a full answering machine of messages from his agent but couldn't bring himself to do another shoot. Not yet.

Maybe not ever.

Sex just didn't appeal to him.

Well, that wasn't true. It greatly appealed to Jacob, but he didn't want to spend his life on his back—ironically given where he spent most of his time—he wanted to do... something.

Be someone.

The problem was what to be and who to be.

To be or not to be...

Ugh.

Then there was money. The big threesome—foursome, whatever—had paid well. Jacob was set for a few months, but not enough to change his life unless he moved.

*Maybe I could settle in some cheap Midwest town. Jacob laughed. He'd lived his whole life in urban areas, a move to the country would probably bore him to death.*

No. That didn't appeal at all.

Still, a few years while he went to college. Could he do that?

Maybe.

But to become what?

A knock jerked Jacob from his thoughts.

Who would come over? His agent called, never came over. Even after being ignored for a few weeks.

Jacob sighed as another knock followed. Whoever it was, was persistent.

A man carrying a huge bouquet of roses and lilies waited.

"Miss Dillon?" the man asked.

"Err, yes?"

"These are for you, sign here please." Juggling the flower vase and a clipboard with remarkable skill, the delivery guy held out the clipboard.

Jacob paused. Who would send me flowers? Then he laughed. Probably his agent trying to butter him up to fuck some new photographer.

But Jacob signed, the delivery driver was kind enough to bring them in and set the vase near the window. For a moment, Jacob considered going the porn route with a tip but ended up just handing the guy a couple dollars.

A big card stuck out of the top of the flowers. Jacob pulled it down, expecting a begging note from his agent, but it wasn't.

*Friday night, 8pm, Mason's Garden?*

The note was signed Sam Anderson.

Jacob swallowed, his vision blurring. He'd almost forgotten about Sam even though it had been the single most nice thing anyone had done for him since becoming Sara. Sam even knew who Jacob really was, assuming he believed and wasn't just humoring Jacob. Why would he want a date?

And Mason's Garden? The place was about as high end as you could go with a waiting list longer than Jacob's fuck list.

*Damn. What to do?*

There really was only one option.

Go shopping.

#

Tugging the neckline of the dress higher and trying to pull the hem lower, at the same time, turned out to be harder than expected.

*How did I let her talk me into this?*

Not having any clue what a woman wore to Mason's Garden—or what a man wore to be fair—Jacob had done the only thing he could think of.

He'd gone shopping.

To pay for it, he'd accepted some of the more comfortable, less sexualized photo shoots his agent arranged for him. Much to the disgruntlement of his agent. The more skin, the higher the pay, the higher the pay, the more the agent got, but Jacob chose, and his agent had to listen or quit. Even Sara's low-level jobs paid well.

She really had spent a lot on the genie in the bottle that had caused this whole mess.

But now, Jacob stood slightly behind Sam, as Sam talked to the host and tried to feel less exposed. The shop he'd gone to had a reputation as a high-end store, according to some of the other models Jacob had talked to.

The salesperson had told him that the dress he currently wore would fit right in

and it probably did, but Jacob's body had curves beyond average. So, the dress showed off a lot of skin.

A lot of skin.

Jacob felt like every eye in the restaurant was on him when all he wanted was Sam's eyes on him.

Which left him confused.

Sam looked delicious in a 3 piece, dark suit. Jacob already tingled from the expectation of unwrapping Sam later that night.

But first, he had to get through dinner.

#

Once in his seat, Jacob relaxed and let the chest exposure grow.

But Sam didn't seem to look. Instead, he kept gazing at Jacob's eyes.

His eyes!

It flustered Jacob, whose experience with men over the months he'd been a woman had led him to believe all men just wanted Jacob for his body. If Sam was an exception... why had he asked Jacob out?

But Sam was entertaining, and Jacob forgot his worries and started to enjoy himself. And the food, holy damn, the food. As a person who lived off quick meals and what he could scrounge from other players, the Mason's Garden was almost too unbelievable.

#

"I had a wonderful evening, Sara," Sam said. Even though he knew Jacob's real name, he called Jacob Sara. Did that mean he didn't believe the story? Or did understand, but felt Jacob needed to adapt to Sara? Maybe Sam had just taken Jacob at his word to call him Sara. Dating Sam was confusing. Fucking men easy, but Jacob held off on the later.

They had pulled into a parking spot near Jacob's apartment.

Jacob's stomach fluttered. He'd cleaned the apartment in anticipation—hope—of what might happen tonight. But now that it was here, he wasn't sure. Mason's Garden, the SUV Sam drove, the suit, it all indicated a level of wealth Jacob could not even conceive of let alone match. Did he dare bring Sam up to his apartment?

But Jacob's body burned. Deep inside something clenched and it felt so good, but Jacob knew it would feel even better once Sam... unclenched it.

Sam slipped out of the SUV and around the front. Jacob had learned he was supposed to wait for the door to be opened. Which was odd. He'd never been on this kind of date. Had he been an asshole of a boyfriend? Probably, though in truth he'd been more indifferent to dating. Baseball had been everything.

The door opened, and Sam held out his hand. Jacob took it, his hand trembling. Sam's stayed steady. He seemed unflappable.

Sam walked Jacob to the door of his apartment building.

Paused.

"It was a wonderful night. I can't recall when I last went out with a woman so interesting."

Jacob laughed. There weren't many former men body swapped into women's bodies, so it was unlikely Sam was lying.

"Did you want to come up to my place?" Jacob asked in a breathless rush. It seemed like a foregone conclusion, why else had Sam walked him to the door? Complimented him? But it was still polite to ask.

Sam leaned down, his warm breath, minty from dinner, washed over Jacob. Jacob's eyes closed, his lips parting.

Soft lips touched his.

Sam's tongue flickered out, tracing Jacob's lips. A moan slipped from Jacob.



*The perfect answer.*

“Can I call on you again?”

Jacob paused.

Blinked open his eyes.

Call on him? What did... Sam was asking if he could ask Jacob out again?

But not coming up?

Confused, Jacob answered, “Yes. Please do.”

Sam smiled. Gave Jacob a soft kiss and marched off to his SUV.

Leaving a frustrated Jacob behind.

#

Jacob stared at the ceiling, not counting the flaws this time, just staring in the mostly dark bedroom. His breathing rapid and unsteady. His fingers rubbed at his clit.

Fast.

Hard.

Until... he reached climax. His body shuddering, though he kept the noise to a minimum.

It... didn't help.

Frustrated.

Aroused.

And with stunning brown eyes in his imagination that just wouldn't go away.

Why hadn't Sam come up?

#

The windows were covered with steam. Jacob sat in Sam's lap, kissing him and giggling. He felt like a college kid with nowhere else to go but their car. Though no college-aged students had leather seats like these. Not that Jacob felt them at the moment, no, his ass pressed down into Sam where a hard lump pressed back.

Impressively big.

So big.

Jacob didn't want the first time with Sam to be in the back seat of a car, but he was aroused enough that it was fine.

They'd been necking—necking!—for so long that Jacob lost track of time. He knew it was dark out and that it had been getting darker.

Same broke off the kiss, panting.

“You are amazing, Sara.”

“I'd say the same about you.”

They grinned at each other.

“My place?” Jacob asked. Eager. Ready. His panties felt soaked.

Sam nodded.

#

“Sam!” Jacob cried.

Alone.

He'd dropped Jacob off.

Again.

And hadn't come beyond the apartment's front entrance.

Again.

So, Jacob, once again, masturbated until he came and went to sleep confused.

Why didn't Sam want to fuck him? Was the fact that Jacob had once been a man stopping him? It didn't seem to stop him from kissing. A twinge in Jacob's clit sent his thoughts ripping from that.

*Don't think about kissing! He didn't want to masturbate again. He wanted to be fucked by Sam!*

For weeks they'd been dating, and Jacob was at a near-constant simmer. His shoots had been going fantastic because when the photographer said, "Make love to the camera," they both needed a cigarette afterward.

But Jacob didn't cheat. Didn't even consider going out with another guy.

There was only one.

But if that guy didn't give in soon, Jacob was going to have to consider extreme measures.

#

Sam had Jacob pressed against the side of his building, his hand up her skirt teasing near, but not on Jacob's panties. Since they were nothing but a bikini cut, that left Sam's big hands all but on Jacob's sex.

The all but was important. It meant not.

Even though Jacob wanted those hands all over him.

"Come upstairs," Jacob said. He didn't care any longer about the state of his apartment. Either Sam accepted him as he was, or there was nothing to their relationship but sexual chemistry. Sexual frustration more like.

Sam broke off their kiss, panting.

"I should head home," he said.

"No. Damn it. Why don't you want me?" Jacob pleaded. It came out too quick

for him to stop it, and he regretted it.

Sam paused in his withdrawal. Sighed. “I-I don’t do this often.”

“Kiss girls against their apartment building?”

Sam laughed. “Date... sex.”

He didn’t have sex often? Jacob found that hard to believe. The man was gorgeous, brilliant, and his touches... God his touches left Jacob sizzling near orgasm.

“I don’t care, Sam. Just come up with me?”

Sam looked away. “It’s... I want more.”

“More?”

Turning back to Jacob, Sam said, “Yes. I want you. To be mine. Forever.”

Jacob bit his lower lip, his vision blurring. That was not what he’d expected. Sam not wanting to be with a former man. Sure. Sam having a war injury that kept him from being erect... well, maybe not, Jacob had felt the erection. But what Sam was saying?

“What are you saying?”

“I’m saying... I want this to work. To... be. To have a chance at being forever. I don’t know where we’ll go or what we’ll do or even if we have a chance, but I want to take that opportunity to find out.”

“I do too,” Jacob whispered. He took Sam’s hand in his. “You know my past?”

“I do, I don’t care,” Sam said.

“I’m not... pure,” Jacob said. Suddenly shamed by his promiscuousness during his attempt to become a succubus. Or whatever that had been.

“The past doesn’t matter beyond how it shapes us. If you can stay with me now, why should I care what you did or who you did with?”

“Damn it. Seriously? What kind of man are you Sam Anderson?” Jacob trembled. He didn’t know men could be that... good.

“The kind who say a woman crying in the rain and saw someone who needed help. Who needed me.”

“I’m not... who you think I am.”

“You are, Sara. You are who you want to be. If you want to be Jacob again, then I’ll support it. But I see who you are now and I don’t think you want to go back,” Sam said. “I care for the woman you are now. Keep finding yourself going forward and I think we’ll have a magical journey.”

Could Jacob give it up? Give up getting his body back? He had not a single clue how that might be accomplished. But he could live as a man, it wouldn’t be comfortable in Sara’s body, but he could do it.

But give up Sam?

No.

“Come upstairs, Sam.”

Sam smiled.

#

Jacob had had sex partners, not lovers. He knew that now. Not even as Jacob had anything been as right.

What Sam did was make love to Jacob.

They undressed each other.

Slowly.

Giggling in the dark.

Playful.

They fell into bed.

Holding each other.

Touching.

Caressing.

No hurry, even Jacob's lust simmered down and waited patiently.

Kisses, half the night. Tongues entwined.

Ears nibbled.

Necks nuzzled.

Sam teased Jacob's breasts for hours, or so it felt. Drawing cries of happiness and desire from Jacob.

He went down on Jacob.

Which drew far more than desire.

"Sam!" Jacob screamed, not even caring if he woke the entire building.

And then Sam took him.

And he was just as big as Jacob had thought.

He filled Jacob perfectly, like his cock had been made for Jacob's pussy.

Slow motions.

Jacob's hips rising to meet Sam's movements.

Simmering became burning.

Burning flared.

And exploded.

Jacob came again.

And again.

And same screamed, “Sara!” as he spilled into Jacob...

Into Sara.

She’d never be Jacob again.

Just Sara.

Even if it somehow failed with Sam.

She was Sara now.

And forever.

## Chapter Thirteen

“I’m happy for you, Sara,” Jacob said. The real Jacob now.

“Thank you,” Sara, the once but never again, Jacob said. “I’ve followed your career. Been to many of your games, I even dragged Sam though he doesn’t like baseball.”

Jacob laughed. “That’s the opposite I’d expect, but I have learned that people are not stereotypes. Everyone is unique.”

Sara nodded. “Exactly. I shouldn’t have been able to be... you. And I couldn’t. I had to become me. Sara Anderson.”

“Sara Anderson. Not the path I was going down, but I’m delighted you found one you liked. I did feel... guilty.”

Sara laughed. “It’s fine. You can let go of the guilt now. I do have a question though.”

“Ask, anything I can give you I will. I owe you at least that much.”

“You owe me nothing. I found Sam, and that’s repays everything. But I’ll take the answer anyway. I don’t think I would have been as successful as you. I might not be able to play baseball as well as I could when I was in your body, but I can still analyze it. Your swing is different than mine. It always has been. Where did you learn that?” Sara asked.

“Ah. A guy at the batting cages taught me.”

“A... guy?”

“Yeah.” Jacob laughed, but it sounded forced or nervous to Sara. “I sometimes wonder if he was sent by the...,” Jacob looked around. “Genie.”

“Ah.”



An awkward silence descended on the two who had once been each other. Or in each other's bodies.

Finally, Sara asked, "So you got what you wanted?"

Looking around the party where famous people mingled with each other to celebrate his career Jacob nodded. "I think I got exactly what I asked for."

Sara smiled, "Can I ask one last question?"

"Of course. Anything."

"Did you find love?"

This time Jacob's laugh was nervous. "Well. I guess you could call it that."

#

*Wait for it...*

Sara swung. And missed.

"Fuck!"

Her body was now a man's. She'd spent the week since Jacob's last visit in the batting cages. But if she hit 1 in 100 balls, it was a miracle. And that was at a low setting. How was she going to become a pro if she couldn't hit a little league pitch?

Swing! Miss!

Sara threw the bat into the net. And threw back her head to scream.

Fortunately, the cages were poorly attended this late in fall on a workday.

"You okay?" a voice asked from behind her.

"Oh, just fucking wonderful. Why would you think otherwise?" Sara turned to see an old man watching her. He looked vaguely familiar, but Sara couldn't place him.

“My experience is when the bat goes flying, something isn’t quite right,” the old man chuckled.

“You think?” Sara said, falling onto a bench and sprawling out. It was nice to be able to do that without being stared at. Though Jacob’s body was good looking, he wasn’t drool-worthy. Well, at least women were more subtle about it. Which was a massive change from how Sara had lived before. Men’s eyes had followed her as Sara wherever she went.

“I don’t usually give unsolicited advice, but I do want to say I saw you swinging, and your swing is off.”

Sara sighed. “Really? I didn’t even notice!” She knew sarcasm wasn’t the best answer, but she was so frustrated she didn’t have it in her to be polite.

The man tipped his baseball hat at her and chuckled. “I’ll leave you to your misses then. Have a good one.”

“Wait!” Sara said. “I’m sorry. I’m just frustrated. I’m not sure why I’m missing. I thought this body... err body routine would be easy.”

The man nodded. “Well, if you don’t mind my saying. You swing low. Like your swinging underneath something. I don’t think your bat is too heavy though.”

Underneath something? Like... breasts? Sara glanced down, but she could see all the way to her feet, something not possible before... borrowing Jacob’s body.

“Too low? Huh.” Sara tried not to blush. It was easier in Jacob’s body somehow.

“Here, I can give you a hand. If you don’t mind an old man instructing you?”

Sara sighed. “I’ll take all the help I can.”

The man came up behind Sara and adjusted her stance. Guided her swing. For hours they worked until the sun came down an attendant came to shut down the machines. But by that time Sara was hitting the ball more often than not and had adjusted the speed of the pitches upward.

She grinned at the old man. “Thank you!”

“No problem miss, I aim to please.”

Sara turned back for one last swing.

But the bat tumbled out of her fingers as she realized what the man had said, “miss.”

Spinning, Sara scanned for the man, but he was gone. Impossible, but true.

“Who were you?” she wondered.

#

Wiping the sweat from her brow, Sara stepped into the box. Waited. The pitch came at a random moment. Sara waited. Swung and connected.

The ball exploded outward, hammering into the netting behind the pitching box.

Grinning, Sara stepped back. She’d been practicing for a day now, and she had. That last pitch had been professional level.

I’m going to do it, she thought.

“Nice hit,” a soft voice giggled from behind her.

Sara turned. Paused. A young woman stood wearing an outfit entirely unsuited for the crisp autumn air. A plaid shirt, but tied up under massive breasts that Sara wasn’t sure her former body matched. Short, shorts, cut off just below the woman’s ass. Blond hair hung down in two braids. Despite the outfit, the woman looked about Sara’s age. She recognized it as the uniform of a local bar.

“Uh, thanks.”

The woman slipped into the cage, not really supposed to do that, but before Sara could object, she gushed. “Oh my god, I saw you play last year. You were amazing!”

For some reason, Sara struggled to lift her eyes to the woman’s. And her pants were uncomfortably tight.

The hell?

Sara had never been attracted to women, and she'd been too busy to worry about sex. She'd thought she'd just go through life alone or as gay.

But this woman pulled at her.

Hard.

"I saw you hitting, I think that one would have cleared the stadium!"

"Err, thank you?" The woman was bouncing, which did all sorts of things to her bosom, which obviously didn't have any support.

"Could I get an autograph?"

That Sara could get behind. Her first autograph! Sara grinned. "Absolutely."

"Here," the woman, closer now, really close, gave Sara a photo. Her. Jacob.

"One second." Sara started to scribble her name. Sar... scratched it out and signed Jacob Walton, trying to make it look like part of the mistake. "What's your name, sweetheart?" Sweetheart? Sara sighed. Still, if she personalized it, the girl might not notice the error.

"Daisy."

Sara signed, "To Daisy, the prettiest girl in all the land," and looked up. Part way. Daisy was standing damn close. Almost close enough where their bodies would touch. And her breasts were just right there.

Suddenly Sara didn't have any idea what she was doing. Or why. Everything flew out of her head. Was it true that men lost intelligence when they got erections? Her only experience was with Jacob himself, and that had just been... odd. Almost like masturbation since Jacob had been in her old body.

It hadn't counted.

Not really.

But Daisy sent Sara's thought careening into places Sara hadn't ever thought they'd go.

Like straight into the gutter.

Deep into the gutter.

With a woman?

Jerking her head up, Sara met the knowing blue eyes of Daisy. Daisy was wrapping one braid around her fingers. “Would you like to come over?”

“Yes,” Sara answered before she could even think about it.

Why did I say that?

#

The address Sara was given was out in the country. Her—Jacob’s—minor league team played in a small city surrounded by rural areas. So, the trip wasn’t too long, but by the time she arrived, Sara had started to regret following. She wasn’t even sure why she didn’t turn around, other than the cramped feeling in her pants.

Which she could have taken care of on her own. She’d tried that awkwardly a few times already. For some reason, masturbating wasn’t like giving a guy a handjob. It should have been identical but doing it to yourself changed things.

Sara sighed. She was babbling in her own head.

The car’s tires crunched as she pulled in front of an old farmhouse. Well kept, it still looked like something from a black and white movie.

Daisy was waiting out front with a vast grin on her face.

I hope I didn’t just set myself up to be killed, Sara thought. But... Daisy was oddly appealing. And her grin too happy to be that of a serial killer or crazy fan.

I hope.

#

Daisy led Sara through the house, up the stairs to a cozy bedroom.

“This is my room,” the woman said, bouncing on her toes.

“It’s... nice,” Sara said.

Awkward silence descended. Sara wasn’t sure what she was supposed to do. Start things? Daisy had invented her, it seemed wrong to impose. What if she’d just invited Sara over to... talk?

Daisy sidled towards Sara until they were close.

So very close.

Her plaid covered breasts brushing against Sara’s bicep. A shiver went through Sara’s body. Her first woman. Other than Jacob, which didn’t seem to count.

Assuming that’s what Daisy wanted. Which did seem likely.

“I’ve been a huge fan since I first saw you this summer. You hit a home run and a double. It was amazing.”

“Uh, thanks.” That had been Jacob. Maybe he would have even been able to figure out the game, but Sara hadn’t studied Jacob’s career enough to know the answer.

Daisy leaned in, her lips parting, blue shadowed eyes closing.

I guess that’s a hint.

Sara closed her own eyes and kissed Daisy. Their lips touching. Electricity ran through Sara, and her cock sprang back to life.

My cock, Sara thought, stifling a laugh.

Daisy leaned back, a look of bliss on her face. Her eyes popped open, and she grinned. “You taste like ballparks and sunshine.”

“Err, thanks?” Sara had no idea if that was a compliment or not.

“I want to taste more.”

Their lips locked again. This time Sara gave in more. Letting her arms wrap

around the farmgirl. Pulling her tight against Sara's broad chest. It was an odd sensation to have the breasts on the other person. She couldn't even say she'd experimented in college. For one thing, she'd never gone. Nor had she kissed a woman for real. A couple of times in shoots, but she wasn't sure that counted.

After some time had passed, Daisy began coaxing Sara towards the bed, but Sara didn't need much persuading. She wanted to experience this.

The back of her knees hit the edge of the bed, and she fell backward laughing.

Daisy grinned down at her, then dropped to her knees.

Skilled fingers opened Sara's jeans and tugged them downward along with her tighty-whities. Something she intended to change. Who wore tighty-whities anymore? She just hadn't had the time—or the money—to shop.

The thoughts of underwear faded as Daisy leaned forward, her warm breath tickling Sara's erection, causing a soft moan.

"It's big," Daisy said, eyes wide.

Was she serious? Jacob had a decent sized cock, but it wasn't that big. Well... not Jacob anymore. Sara's cock.

It was a good cock. She hoped.

Daisy took it into her mouth like a lollipop. A sucker she planned to devour.

With a groan, Sara fell back on the bed, letting the sensations wash through her. Good sensations. Powerful.

A feeling of surging built in her cock.

"I'm going to cum," Sara gasped. She'd had too many lovers who didn't bother warning her. That was something she didn't intend to do. If Daisy wanted to pull off, that was fine.

But Daisy didn't seem to have that in mind. Her blue eyes, so wide and innocent stared right at Sara as she sucked Sara's cock like a pro.

“Oh god,” Sara groaned, releasing her load into the hot farmer’s mouth. Spurt after spurt, until the pleasure swelled into near pain. Before Sara could say anything, Daisy pulled her mouth off and grinned at Sara.

“Sunshine and ballparks,” the blond said.

Sara laughed. “Sunshine and ballparks.” No idea what that means but fuck it.

#

Daisy stripped. She didn’t have Sara’s old body, she looked like the stereotype of the plump farm girl. Huge breasts, a soft stomach, wide hips. Too much weight for even a nude model like Sara had been. Which said all kinds of things about how fucked up the modeling industry was because Sara’s new cock sprang back to life.

Those bright, innocent eyes, so not innocent, widened. “You’re ready again?” Daisy squealed.

“I can’t help it around you.”

“Well let’s just see what else we can do.”

Daisy fell to the bed beside Sara, their arms reached for each other at the same time, wrapping around each other, and their lips met in a crushing embrace. Tongues darted to tease and play with each other.

With her cock straining so hard it hurt, Sara understood why men were always in a rush. It really was painful.

But she could wait.

Hopefully.

Sara rolled Daisy onto her back. Kissed down her neck, which brought a series of giggles. Hands exploring, Sara kissed downward to the magnificent mounds of flesh that were Daisy’s breasts. Huge nipples stood erect, pink against the pale skin of Daisy’s breasts.

Sara laughed.



“What?” Daisy asked, pouting.

“I love your farmer’s tan,” Sara said. And she did. It was damn cute. Daisy’s upper body was pale, but her arms, face, and legs starting just at her things were nut brown.

Not wanting to wait, Sara sucked a nipple into her mouth, eliciting a gasp from Daisy.

“Oh yeah, do that,” Daisy said.

Sara’s hand slid lower, through a tangle of blond curls and across Daisy’s slit. Daisy responded with her back arching, pressing her harder against Sara.

They lay like that for some time, Sara alternating between Daisy’s breasts, while she teased the other girl’s lower lips.

“Fuck me,” Daisy gasped at last.

Sara groaned. She needed this.

Letting her hand trail back up, she moved to position herself between Daisy’s legs.

“Ready?” Sara asked.

“Do it,” Daisy said.

Half afraid it wouldn’t work, Sara pressed downward and forward, Daisy’s hips moved, guiding Sara straight into her tight, waiting, wet pussy.

They both gasped. Sara had to bear down to keep from cumming right there and then.

After pausing for a long moment, she felt ready to continue. Sara moved, thrusting her cock into the eager Daisy. Which was both incredible and damn weird. She’d never even used a strapon!

Faster.

They moved together.

Daisy writhing under Sara, which turned out to be an incredible turn on.

There was no way Sara was going to last long, but neither did Daisy.

Back arching, Daisy's cries faded as she seemed to hold her breath. Then her body exploded, squirming as the farmgirl screamed. "Jacob!"

It was too much for Sara, she gave a hard thrust and blew her load into Daisy's waiting body. A few more frantic thrusts and Sara fell to the side.

The door slamming into the wall sent Sara scrambling into a sitting position.

"What the hell is going on here?" a huge man silhouetted in the door asked. Followed by the familiar click of a shotgun.

#

Sara—the original Jacob—covered her mouth. Was she hiding a laugh? A little later, she asked, "So, you married her under threat?"

"No, not exactly. Daisy's father just had a sick sense of humor. I did fall for her though." Jacob shrugged. "It didn't last, we were married about six months."

"Ah. I'm sorry to hear that."

"Rushing into marriage doesn't work."

Sara glanced over her shoulder at the man she'd said was her husband, he waved back before returning to his conversation. "No. It probably doesn't. Sam and I dated for well over a year."

Jacob nodded. "I am glad you found happiness. It helps alleviate my guild."

"I couldn't be happier that you made the wish you did," Sara said, and Jacob believed her. There was something in her voice that just couldn't be faked.

Sara leaned in and hugged Jacob. "Whatever you do next, good luck. It's been fun watching your career, and I'm curious what you will accomplish in the future."

Jacob hesitated before returning the hug. In all the years since the swap he'd

feared this moment, it was why he'd never even attempted to find Sara. The original Jacob.

"Thank you," Jacob said. And he meant it too.

Sara kissed his cheek and walked off to the slightly overweight, balding man whose grin lit up Sara's face with happiness. Sara took his arm, and the two wandered out of Jacob's sight.

He sighed.

They had kids too. Not here obviously, but they'd raised kids. His wouldn't even talk to him. They just collected child support.

And his exes collected their alimony.

There had been no happy ending for him. Other than the career. The Hall of Fame awaited. He never lacked for female companionship.

But...

He caught a glimpse of Sara throwing back her head and laughing as she and her husband left the ballroom.

That could have been his life.

But for a wish.

## [Other Stories by L.M. Gregory](#)

If you enjoyed this book and would like to read similar books, sign up for my newsletter which gives you access to a monthly update on upcoming books, release dates, and promotions!

## [Newsletter Signup](#)

Or

Checkout my website:

<https://www.lmgregory.net/>

Check back often for new stories.

## **The Swapped Hero Series:**

[Lost Sword: An Erotic Body Swap Fantasy](#)

Broken Sword: An Erotic Body Swap Fantasy, Coming June 2020!

Reforged Sword: An Erotic Body Swap Fantasy, Coming July 2020!

## **Stage Magic Series:**

[Stage Magic: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[Stage Wizardry: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[Stage Magic Illusions: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[Stage Magic Curtain Call: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

## **Virtual to Reality series:**

[My Computer Body Swapped Me: An Erotic Virtual to Reality Body Swap Novel](#)

[Identity Swapped: An Erotic Virtual to Reality Body Swap Story](#)

[Into Reality: An Erotic Virtual to Reality Body Swap Novel](#)

## **Erotic Fantasy Novels:**

[A Potion Gone Wrong: A Gender Swap Fantasy Story](#)

## **Transformation Novels**

[The Sleeping Beauty of Sherwood Forest](#)

## **Corruption Stories**

[Corrupted Desire: A Succubus Transformation Tale](#)

## **Body Swap Stories**

[Switched at the Seashore: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[Exchanging Valentines: A Body Swap Story](#)

[Lost and Found: A Body Swap Story](#)

[The Painted Lady of Culver County: A Body Swap Through Time Story](#)

[Foolish Choices: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[Borrowed Succubus: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[Centerfield Centerfold: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[Undercover Pole Dancer: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[The Coach's Wife: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[Basket Swapped: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[Pinup Swap: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[Ghost Swappers: An Erotic Body Swap Story](#)

[The Missing Housewife: A Time Travel Gender Swap Adventure](#)

[Fruitful Folly: A Body Swap Story](#)

[Yearning Folly: A Body Swap Story](#)

[Enthusiastic Measures: A Body Swap Story](#)

[Dangerous Chemistry: A Body Swap Story](#)

[Frustrated Folly: A Body Swap Story](#)

## **M2F Transformation Stories**

[Project Renewal: A Gender Swap Erotic Story](#)

[Accidental Wish Come True: An Erotic Transformation Story](#)

[Not the Enhancement I was Looking for: An Erotic Transformation Story](#)

[Enticing Makeover: A Gender Transformation Story](#)

[High Stakes Flight: A Gender Transformation Story](#)

[Promiscuous Flight: A Gender Transformation Story](#)

[Walk of Shame: A Gender Transformation Story](#)

[Shattered Desire: A Gender Transformation Story](#)

[Panty Raid: A Gender Transformation Story](#)

[From Boss to Sissy: How My Secretary Changed My Life](#)

[Life of Bob: The Mild-Mannered Seductress](#)

## **Bundles**

[Swapped Life: Three Body Swap Stories](#)

[Stuck: Three Erotic Transformation Stories](#)

[Gen Swapped: Three Erotic Body Swap Stories](#)



## **L.M. Gregory**

Transformation fascinates me. There is no question it is largely impossible, especially the way I write it, yet there is something almost mystical about it. Putting people into impossible positions and seeing what happens to them is fun. I hope you'll read my stories and come to the same conclusion.

As for me, I'm currently residing in the D.C. metro area with my partner and our imaginary, tiny octopus.

I hope you enjoy my works.

[Visit my website for more exciting transformation stories.](#)