

Cheers
M2F Body Swap

by M. Wills

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Table of Contents

[Cheers](#)

[Thank you](#)

[Also by M Wills](#)

Cheers

The smell of burning rubber permeated the house, slipping in beneath Kyle's door as he lounged on his bed, one arm carelessly bent over his head. His laptop rested on his bare chest, the latest World Skateboarding League championships playing out in real time. Kyle sniffed and recoiled at the acrid odor. He paused the video and set the laptop on his bed, then stood and stepped over the dirty clothes strewn about the floor. Peeking out into the hall, he saw his dad coming out of the upstairs living room from the far end, a dirty gray cloud of smoke following him.

Kyle's dad waved the smoke out of his face and coughed a few times. "Sorry, son. Can you help me open all the upstairs windows?"

"Yeah, all right," Kyle mumbled, pushing his greasy blonde hair out of his face. He shuffled across the hallway to knock on the door to his stepsister's room as his dad disappeared into the bathroom. There was no answer from Lauren so Kyle let himself in to her room.

Lauren's room was decorated in pink and white hues, the bed complete with a gauzy pink curtain. A makeup table with mirror sat against the far wall opposite the bed, cluttered with mascara and blush and eye shadow and god knew what else. A pile of fashion magazines slumped on the ground next to the vanity, pages ripped out and certain tips circled in black ink. Lauren's cheerleading top and skirt were draped over the back of the makeup chair, the pom-poms—forest green and white, their school colors—sat in one corner of the room. Her closet was half open, crammed with clothes and a shoe rack custom made by some smitten ex-boyfriend to hold her immense collection.

As he opened her window to let the smoke out, Kyle wondered what the point was of owning more than one pair of shoes. After all, people only ever had two feet at a time. He paused at the window, looking down into the backyard where his twin sister lay by the pool, sunning herself. Lauren's long golden hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and her eyes were closed. Kyle could faintly hear some sort of trashy pop song playing from the portable speaker by her head. She wore only a small two piece—lacy, and a deep pink color that matched her fingernails—that barely held in check her enormous breasts. Of the two siblings, Kyle had gotten the brains but Lauren had definitely gotten the looks.

Kyle had to grudgingly admit that Lauren was objectively hot, with an adorable face and mesmerizing sky blue eyes. Though as of the end of the last school year she'd had been practically flat chested. Teasing her about her chest had been Kyle's dirty-but-effective response whenever Lauren got too prissy towards him—which was often—but it was an insult that no longer worked. That summer her breasts had appeared almost overnight. Kyle didn't really like to dwell on his sister's breasts but they were so huge there was no ignoring them. He knew from overhearing some uncomfortable conversations between Lauren and their mom that she was even considering breast reduction surgery. One thing was for sure: there would be a lot of surprised students when they saw her during the first day of senior year tomorrow.

As Kyle watched from the window, Lauren's phone rang. She picked it off the table beside her and held it to her ear, languidly crossing one of her tanned legs. She started chatting easily enough, pausing only when she looked up and saw Kyle standing in the window. She rolled her eyes and said something into the phone, then pushed herself to her feet and stalked off, presumably to find

somewhere private to talk. As if he cared what kind of banal bullshit she was gossiping about.

Kyle returned to the hallway and shut Lauren's door behind him, glad to be out of that girly pink nightmare. His dad was just coming out of the bathroom, still rubbing his eyes from the smoke.

“What did you destroy this time?” Kyle asked.

“Your mom was complaining that her vacuum was losing suction so I supercharged it. Think I blew out the motor. Don't tell her okay?”

Kyle pointedly glanced behind his dad and through the open door of the living room. A good portion of the wall was scorched black, and smoke still lingered in the room.

“I, uh, think she'll figure it out on her own,” Kyle said.

His dad turned and ran a hand through his hair nervously. “Yeah, you're probably right.” He paused and pinched his bottom lip in thought, as he habitually did when faced with a problem. “But I think I just figured out how to fix it before she gets home.”

Kyle's dad disappeared back through the living room door and seconds later Kyle heard the sound of some sort of ratchet. Kyle returned to his bed to finish watching the championships, but the constant banging and swearing from down the hall, not to mention the lingering burnt rubber smell, put him off. He dug through the pile of clothes on the floor and pulled out a shirt that looked mostly stain-free. Sniffing it, he found it was also mostly smell-free. Bonus. He put it on and eyed himself briefly in the mirror on the back of his closet.

He was tall and lean, and had developed a healthy tan from afternoons skateboarding topless, showing off his abs to the other skater girls. He had a heavy brow that gave him a brutish look, masking his intelligence. Like Lauren, he was slender, but unlike her it didn't really work. On him it made him look somehow lanky without being tall, and his facial features were just that slightly askew to be not quite handsome. Average if he was lucky. But he had good abs at least. Though those had been the result of good genetics rather than effort. If he worked harder at weightlifting he knew the muscles would come quickly, but he just couldn't be bothered. It was the same with his grades.

Kyle lifted the corner of his mattress and fished out the baggie of weed and the rolling papers. He slipped both into his pocket and, with a quick glance down the hallway to make sure his dad wasn't coming, he hurried downstairs to find a quiet place to smoke.

By now the smell of burnt rubber had filtered downstairs. So Kyle slid open the back door and walked out to the pool area. Lauren was still gone but there was no way he was smoking out there. Not with nosy Mrs. Jameson just next door. The only other option around here was his dad's workshop. His dad would be busy upstairs for awhile, so Kyle slid open the door and stepped inside, then slid it closed behind him.

It was a large workshop, having once been a garage before his dad filled it up with equipment and gadgets. It was hotter inside from the trapped heat but not unbearable. Rows of shelves stood against one wall, filled with electronics in various states of disrepair, leftovers from his dad's previous experimental devices. In the center of the room was a steel column stuffed with tubes and wires. Various diodes blinked here and there on the surface. On either side of the column stood two glass booths, like phone booths. It was part of his dad's latest invention, the workings and point of which were a secret to everyone else in the family.

Kyle could only see the edge of the glass booth on the far side, but he faintly heard Lauren's voice coming from within. She pushed open the door and peaked out, her breasts wobbling down below her as she did so, the skimpy bathing suit straining to contain them. She waved him away with a scowl.

Kyle waved back and smiled, pretending to not understand what she meant. She sniffed and tossed her wavy blonde hair back behind her, then retreated back into the booth and shut it with a bang. The booth on the other side of the steel column was empty except for a small stool. It looked like the perfect place for a hotbox.

Kyle stepped into the booth and pulled the door shut behind him. He sat and pulled out the baggie. Balancing it on his knees, he carefully sprinkled out some herb and rolled it up into a tight joint, making sure to catch any flakes and pour them back into the bag. When he was done he lit up and inhaled, enjoying the mellow that followed seconds later. After a few more lazy puffs the welcome sense of lightheadedness hit him. Kyle leaned back against one side of the glass booth. Glancing up, he saw some sort of control panel soldered to the wall closest to the metal column. Blue lights blinked on and off in a pattern. The panel had obviously been scrounged from some piece of stereo equipment, but his dad had put pieces of tape over the previous labels formerly the various bass and treble dials. The tape was labeled in his dad's scrawling handwriting, words that looked like 'memory' and 'intensity' among some other indecipherable words. Kyle took some time to examine the panel and the blinking lights but couldn't make heads or tails of it.

He reached up and flipped one of the switches idly. Something whirred to life in the steel column outside the booth. A red light blinked on. Startled, Kyle flipped the switch back down, but whatever program he'd set in motion kept going. Shit, there was no telling what this invention was meant to do. The whirring from the machine grew louder and more lights flashed on the control panel. Kyle slid various dials around but to no avail. Finally, a big red button marked 'power' lit up. With a sense of relief, Kyle pushed it, hoping the whole thing would just shut down. Instead, there was a terrific crack, more felt than heard, which seemed to reverberate through his entire body and made him clench his eyes shut.

Suddenly there was something hard up against the side of his face, a girl's voice talking a mile a minute into his ear, "...but Tammy doesn't even like Sam and even if she did can you imagine? Tammy and Sammy? Ugh, those names. Like something out of a baby book..."

The voice jabbered on as Kyle licked his lips. They tasted like cherries, the sweetness accompanied by a thick glossy feel. His whole mouth felt different somehow, oddly shaped. The entire sense of his body was out of whack and he seemed to have turned himself around in the booth because he was looking at the door instead of the control panel. The ghostly image reflected back was completely wrong. Curves in weird places, some sort of small pink outfit on. And skin. So much skin. Kyle glanced down at himself and did a double take at the sight of two humongous breasts hanging from his chest, clasped by a pink bathing suit top that was fit to burst from the weight.

"Jesus!" Kyle cried. The voice spilling from his lips was high pitched and feminine.

The voice on the other end of the phone paused. "Are you okay, Lauren?"

Oh shit. No fucking way. He let the arm with the phone fall to his side, his eyes locked on the two breasts. He could feel his mostly bare ass sitting on a hard stool. Two legs poked out from somewhere below his tits, also bare. The legs were long and luxurious, the skin tanned and bereft of hair. But those tits. He couldn't stop staring at them. They were huge. The curves were perfectly formed, stuffed into the little top. Somewhere beneath that fabric were two little nipples. He could see the indentations of each, could feel the weight of his boobs pulling at his chest, jiggling at each slight motion. Thinking it could only be a dream or a drug-induced haze he grabbed them. They were weighty and firm beneath his hands, his fingers dimpling the skin as he clutched them. He immediately dropped them and uttered a light gasp. He'd felt *everything*. And his nails, god, smooth and pink and delicate.

He brought a hand to his mouth, his fingers landing on smooth skin, and soft, full lips. A slight fruity scent he vaguely recognized as his sister's hand lotion hit his nose. In a flurry he brought both

hands up to his face, running them along the soft new contours of his chin, his upturned nose, the stubble-free cheeks. Everything felt softer, more rounded and delicate. Fuck, fuck, fuck, he was in Lauren's half naked body.

Kyle stood on wobbly legs and pushed open the glass booth. He staggered out, his breasts bobbling at each step—so damn distracting!—and turned the corner to see himself. His old body was standing there looking just as surprised as he was. His former eyes glanced down then back up, wide with shock.

“Kyle?” His old body asked.

Kyle nodded weakly, feeling his sister's hair tickling his neck and shoulders, for he understood at that moment that he was in her body just as she was in his.

“What the fuck did you do?!” She yelled, looking down at herself and grimacing. “This is fucking gross. Change us back!” Hearing his body yell at him was another strange experience, along with seeing it move with his sister's mannerisms and hearing his own voice, deeper and alien in his new ears.

“I don't know what I did!” He yelled back, his voice high pitched and trembling and just so, well, girlish. “I was just playing with the little panel. I didn't know it was going to do anything!”

“I'm going to get dad!” She stormed off, almost tumbling but steadying herself on the wall. Evidently she was getting used to her new mass. Or she was high as a kite. It was only then, when Lauren had managed to open the sliding door, that Kyle was struck by how quiet the workshop was. The hum of the equipment had completely died.

Kyle followed behind her through the backyard and into the house. With each step his tits wiggled wildly, each simple motion feeling strangely good, like his little nipples were on fire in a wonderful way every time they brushed against the fabric. He could also feel his sister's bare thighs sliding together on each step, and was acutely aware of the absence between his naked legs. God, he felt so naked in her body. How could she go around lugging these triple F tits? Actually, he realized a second later, there was no such thing as a triple F size bra, the letters just kept going up as normal after DD, making Lauren a 30J. He paused mid-step and cocked his head. He could have sworn he'd never known that before. It's like the knowledge had just popped in there. Maybe he picked it up when he was talking about bras with his mom? Yes, that's--

Hold up. He'd never talked about bras with his mom. But he could remember it so vividly. Could remember being slightly embarrassed even as he knew it was necessary. Could remember sliding on his first training bra over his flat chest. What was going on with his thoughts?

Kyle shook away the stray thoughts and hurried up the stairs, clutching his breasts to stop them from swaying painfully at each step. As soon as his palm landed on his nipple a little shiver of pleasure passed through him. Kyle didn't have time to ponder that before his sister turned and glared at him, catching him with his hands on both her tits.

“Don't touch those!” She hissed.

“They hurt,” he complained, dropping his hands.

“No shit,” she said, continuing up the stairs, slower but still in a rush, glancing back at him now and then with a glare.

They burst into the upstairs living room to find their dad on his knees, the vacuum laid out in pieces around him. Kyle and Lauren both started talking at once, Lauren trying to blame him for this and Kyle proclaiming his innocence.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” their dad said, putting his screwdriver down. “One at a time. What

happened?”

They both tried again at the same time:

“I was in that glass cage thing in your workshop and then Kyle came in and got in the other one and then the next thing I know we've switched bodies.”

“I didn't mean to push the button. I just moved a couple of switches and then when I tried to turn it off this happened.”

“Wait, wait,” their dad said, his eyes alight with excitement. “You mean, it worked? You two remember being each other?”

“This is what it was supposed to do?” Lauren asked, incredulous.

“Well, not with you two specifically, but, sort of, yes. How do you feel? Do you still remember everything about yourself?”

“I...think so,” said Lauren, though it was evident that she was having trouble concentrating. Kyle wasn't surprised; he'd been pretty high before the switch and now it was *her* brain fogged with weed.

Kyle felt Lauren's bathing suit bottoms riding up the crack of his ass and reached around, dipping a finger beneath the top to pull them out of his butt. She knocked his hand away and shook her head. Kyle blushed with embarrassment. He'd had his finger in his sister's ass crack. Gross. His dad didn't notice the whole exchange, so caught up in the success of his invention.

“This is amazing. When your mom and I tried it...nevermind. Show me what you did!”

Their dad followed them back downstairs and out to the shed. It still smelled faintly of weed, but getting caught smoking was the least of Kyle's worries. There was another smell too, burning rubber.

“Hmmm,” his dad said, investigating the now dark equipment. “Guess you blew a fuse. Which panel did you touch?” Kyle led him over to the booth he'd originally walked into and his dad poked around at the control panel. “Show me what you did.”

“Uh,” Kyle picked at his lip in thought and was momentarily distracted by how smooth and soft his skin was. “I think I did, like, this.” He tried to repeat the sequence of switches as his dad watched on.

“Ok. Interesting.”

“So fix it and change us back,” Lauren spoke up impatiently from behind.

“I'll try.”

“Try?” Lauren said, “Daddy, you have to do it. I can't stay stuck inside my stoner brother.”

“How do you think I feel?” Kyle asked, “I'm a walking Barbie doll.”

“Guys,” their dad said, placing an arm around each of them. “Think of this like a scientific experiment. Record your experiences. You can compare notes on how things go at your first day of school.”

“You seem excited about this, dad,” Kyle said.

“First day of school?” Lauren cried, a little slow to catch on through the weed haze in her brain. “I can *not* go to school like this.”

“Well, you can't miss your first day of school.” Their dad replied, ever the pragmatist.

Their dad wouldn't back down and, surprisingly, their mom agreed with him when she got home, despite Lauren's desperate appeals. It was apparent the machine had blown more than just a fuse and fixing it would take some time. Meanwhile, Kyle had put on the baggiest shirt he could find in his room just so he could cover up his sister's breasts. The fabric tented out over his tits but at least he wasn't staring down into her cleavage. Though he did feel that same wonderful warmth every time his top shifted, like his nipples were super sensitive. Fuck, it felt so good he started doing it on purpose, “accidentally” knocking his boobs when he raised his arms and sending intense blasts of pleasure through him. A few times walking through the house he had to stop and clutch onto a nearby wall or piece of furniture, taking deep breaths, nearly orgasmic with delight.

“You okay?” his sister frowned when he gasped lightly as he sat down at the dinner table.

“Yeah...I'm fine,” Kyle managed.

He couldn't imagine his sister had felt like this all the time. Maybe something on one of those switches had supercharged her pleasure, making the slightest motion nearly overstimulate him with delight. If the machine could switch bodies and memories why could it not also mess with basic brain chemistry? He was too embarrassed to bring it up to his dad, so he suffered through dinner in silence, excusing himself to go to his room—Lauren had put her foot down at the idea of switching rooms—as soon as he could.

He shut and locked the door, then threw off the shirt and struggled out of the bathing suit top. He reached around to try to unhook it, making his breasts bob as he twisted and turned, gasping in delight as the smooth material brushed against his sensitive nipples. He finally managed to struggle out of his top and toss it to the floor. His sister's breasts bounced down his chest and he grabbed them gratefully with her slender hands. Jesus, they felt so nice; warm and with a perfect yielding firmness. And, Christ, were they sensitive. He stifled a gasp as his fingers flitted across a little nipple, sending aching pleasure straight down between his legs.

Kyle moved to the mirror and ran his eyes down his topless body. He giggled at the sight of his pretty blonde cheerleader sister ogling herself, mouth dropped open as she took in the sight of her enormous breasts. He ran his hands beneath them and hefted them. Her tits spilled out of his fingers. They were heavy. Probably about two pounds each. And so firm but still with some give. He let them drop and gazed at them as they bounced together, the skin rippling lightly and sending shivers of anticipation through him. They felt so wonderful to touch, and he clutched them tight again, nipples cupped in each palm, fingers dimpling the tanned skin as pleasure urged a gasp from his lips.

He held his tits apart and let them swing together again and again, mesmerized by the big bouncing boobs. Each touch intensified the warmth between his legs, urging a tension through his body that begged to be released. He rolled Lauren's pink bathing suit bottoms down, his breasts swaying down and nearly bobbing into his nose as he leaned down to pull them off. He was naked in his sister's body first the first time. He stood and looked at himself in the mirror, eyes tracing the curve of her cute little rear. He grabbed his tits and spread them apart so he could look down between them, past her trim tummy, to the little blonde tuft of hair between her legs. Again, just touching his tits turned up the heat between his legs. Already he was moist. He could feel Lauren's pussy lips growing wet.

He dropped a tit and slipped a finger between his legs, tracing his delicate slit. Fuck, she was horny. *He* was horny, his lips already eager to spread themselves at his touch. He watched in the mirror as he made his sister keep one hand on her tremendous breasts as the finger of the other hand slipped inside his entrance. He landed on his inner slickness, felt his pussy lips wrap around his dainty digit. It felt divine, and he slid in deeper. Did she always get this wet this easily? She was soaking. He

brought some more fingers down and circled them over his clit as his other hand proceeded to clutch his tits, moving around so he could grasp her nipple between thumb and forefinger. As soon as he touched her perfect pink nipple he shuddered and came, a gasp escaping his lips while a squirt of liquid shot from his pussy, soaking his hand.

The rush of desire overwhelmed him and he abandoned his soft touch, thrusting his fingers deep into his pussy, chasing the burning itch of desire calling to him. He could feel his fingers moving around inside him, spreading the tight walls of his canal. He squeezed her fat pink nipple, moaning as his body throbbed, building to a huge orgasm while pussy juice dripped down his leg. The drip became a trickle, and then with a mind opening gasp he came, fingers stroking his slick cunt hard and fast, the other hand full of tit as he exploded, squirting onto the floor of his room in a fierce spray of liquid that brought with it an incredible release of pressure. His entire body was like a clit, the pleasure white hot through him as he came, rubbing and squeezing and squirting for what seemed a blessed eternity.

The orgasm finally released him and he fell back into bed, his tits jiggling madly as he did so, bringing on another instant orgasm. He clutched them and cried out again, lust soaked but spent. Christ, she felt so good. Everything felt so good. His bed was damp and his room smelled delightfully of his sister's pussy. No, for the time being it was *his* pussy.

Somehow he knew it had never been like this before for Lauren. The machine had done things to him. Amped up his pleasure center somehow. Even Lauren's girlfriends had never experienced mind-bending orgasms like the one he'd just had. He had no idea how he knew that, he just did. It was another stray memory, vividly real. They'd been in Melissa's car with Eve talking about their celebrity crushes when the topic of orgasms had come up and the other two had confessed they'd never had one. He'd lied and said he hadn't, though there had been that one time while watching that movie with the Rock that his hands had wandered down to his pussy and--

No. Shit. None of that had happened to him. He was getting Lauren's memories.

So he used them to give himself another orgasm before bed.

When his bedside alarm clock sounded the next morning, Kyle slapped it off and heaved himself to his feet, bleary eyed and yawning. He trudged down the hall to the toilet and did his business. He brushed his teeth in a daze, pushing his silky hair back behind an ear and giving himself a once over. He had some bags under his eyes from his restless sleep, trying to find a comfortable position with these enormous breasts flopping every which way. The breast reduction surgery was looking better and better all the time. Well, bleary eyes were nothing a little makeup wouldn't fix.

When he was done, he rinsed his face and went back down the hall. Opening the door to his room he found the familiar pink hues and smelled the delightful fresh flowery scent. He also found his brother, sitting up in bed and scrambling for the pink coverlet that had been carelessly thrown aside. It was only then, faced with his former body, that reality snapped back into place for Kyle. He caught a glimpse of his former dick, rock hard and straining upwards, before Lauren covered herself. It had seemed so normal to come back to his sister's room he hadn't even questioned it, slipping into her usual routine as easily as if it was his own.

"Jesus, don't you ever knock?" Lauren yelled, using her anger to mask her embarrassment.

"I...I needed some clothes," Kyle said, thinking quickly, "I can't really go to school wearing boy clothes can I?"

"Fine," grumbled Lauren, "Just give me some privacy while I get up."

"Please," Kyle said, rolling his eyes, "I know all about morning wood. Get out of here."

Lauren harrumphed but stood up and hurried out of the room, her boxer shorts tented out in front of her. Kyle shut the door behind her and tossed off his nightie before taking a seat in front of Lauren's makeup mirror, topless. His breasts bounced beneath him as he expertly picked out the eye shadow and the blush, applying it to his face as if he'd done it every day. Somehow he had Lauren's instincts and her memories layered on top of his own. He knew exactly how to go about it and make himself gorgeous and the Lauren part of himself did so, while the Kyle part of himself gave his heavy boobs a little squeeze every now and then. Lauren's breasts were incredible. No wonder the guys drooled over her. Despite her annoying, princess attitude, she was hot as hell, like something out of a porno: a petite blonde cheerleader with huge tits.

When his makeup was done he brushed his golden locks out and tied up the back in a cute ponytail before brushing his bangs so that they curled over his forehead. He turned his head this way and that, checking himself out, admiring Lauren's adorable profile with tiny, upturned nose sporting a little sprinkle of freckles. Going to her closet, he dug through her drawers until he found a bra. He put it on, taking hold of each tit and adjusting it into the huge cups, pausing briefly, as each time he touched a nipple the warming pleasure pulsed through him. By the time he'd struggled into the bra and adjusted it, he'd already bit his lip twice to muffle the little sighs of the two almost-orgasms. Christ, her body was wired for sex.

Then it was a cute white top and forest green skirt combo he'd been setting aside for his first day of school. No. Wait. *Lauren* had been setting it aside for the first day of school. He tried to keep the

two competing personas straight in his mind but it was becoming harder all the time. Well, whoever had been setting it aside had good taste. The frilly skirt brushed against his thighs with each step, while the top was molded to his body, hugging his breasts before tapering down to his trim tummy. Comfortable but not so tight it looked slutty. The other girls were going to be so jealous when they saw how big his breasts had gotten over the summer.

Kyle went downstairs for breakfast. He was at the kitchen table with Lauren's customary bowl of yogurt and fruit when Lauren trudged in. Somehow she'd managed to find a Polo shirt that Kyle didn't remember owning, and some wrinkled jeans.

"You really need to put away your clothes," she said, digging through the fridge for something to eat. "Who took my yogurt?" She growled in frustration, turning to glare at Kyle.

"Uhh..." Kyle froze, the spoon halfway to his mouth. *His* usual breakfast was Pop Tarts, so why was Lauren not going for them? He'd taken the yogurt almost without thinking about it. Had she not gotten his memories the way he'd gotten hers?

In the end she made do with cereal. They ate in grumpy silence. Afterwards, Kyle drove them to school in Lauren's car, Lauren moaning beside him for most of the ride.

"I can't *believe* dad's making us go to school like this. This is so messed up. And what is that smell?" She sniffed around the car before raising one arm and sniffing. "Eww, it's me."

Kyle just rolled his eyes and gave Lauren a quick rundown of his friends. Then she did the same for him, as if he didn't already know everything about Melissa and Eve. He could not wait to get rid of Lauren, and hurried away from the car as soon as he'd parked. Her friends were waiting for him near the main entrance and they wrapped him up in a huge hug, their sweet fruit-scented body wash filling his nostrils as they pressed their cheeks together and giggled like, well, schoolgirls. Both Melissa and Eve were on the cheerleading team with Lauren, and they were all dressed similarly in cute little white tops and green skirts.

"What happened yesterday?" Melissa asked, "Your phone, like, cut off or something. I was, like, totally worried."

"Gawd, my stupid brother broke my phone," Kyle lied, to sympathetic noises from Melissa and Eve.

"I, like, can't even imagine not having a phone. Like, what did you do?" Eve asked.

"Oh my gawd, it was awful, you can't even imagine," Kyle said. "It's like, how do I even talk to people, you know?"

Back in his own body, he used to cringe when he heard his sister talking to her friends. But now, he didn't know how he could have ever thought they were so vapid and boring. Melissa and Eve were funny and sympathetic and had the most fascinating things to say about clothing. Melissa had made a photo collection on her phone of all her possible outfit combinations and Kyle and Eve eagerly flicked through them, oohing and ahing and giving their opinions until the bell rang for classes. Fascinating, riveting stuff.

Walking through the hallways was an experience. It was the first time any of the students had seen Lauren since she'd grown breasts and they couldn't stop gawking. Kyle just gabbed happily with Melissa and Eve as they strolled down the hallway, glancing once or twice at some of the guys, smiling at a few of the football players and watching their faces light up in grins. Kyle had never been so physically desired before and it was exciting and dangerous, aided by the fabric of his bra jiggling his nipples just so to make him warm and tingly. By the time he'd walked into his first class he could already feel the moistness gathering in his panties. It was agonizing sitting in algebra and listening to the stupid teacher drone on and on when all he wanted to do was rub his clit. He was

throbbing, the pleasure demanding his whole attention, but he forced himself to grab the edge of the desk, knuckles white with the effort at restraint.

By lunchtime he was desperate for release and excused himself from Melissa and Eve to hurry to his car. He ran into Lauren on the way. She was sitting by herself out at a picnic table near the edge of the football field, listlessly eating a sandwich. He stopped and turned, but not before she saw him and waved him over. He came reluctantly.

“Where are your friends?” Kyle asked.

“Ugh,” Lauren said, “Bunch of stoners. Do they talk about *anything* other than, like, drugs and skateboarding?”

“I don't know, do your friends talk about anything other than shopping and boys?”

“At least there's a point to shopping and boys. I cannot *wait* to get out of your dumb body.”

“Same,” Kyle lied. “I've got to go meet up with the girls. See you.”

Kyle turned and hurried off before Lauren could stop him, taking the long way to his car. Once there, he hopped in and sped to the mall, speed walking through the air conditioned corridors to the sex shop on the second floor. He perused the row of vibrators on display and was interrupted when the woman behind the counter came up and started asking him intensely personal questions about how he liked his pleasure. She was an older woman with long, black hair streaked with gray, and she had no qualms about discussing clits and vulvas and the like.

“I'm looking for something, uh, discreet,” Kyle said, “Something I can operate anytime.”

She led him over to a shelf and began graphically explaining how the various dildos worked. Even if Kyle hadn't been a female he would have been embarrassed. The woman was not shy about sharing what *she* liked but no way was Kyle going to open up to a stranger. He soon found what he wanted: a large vibrator made to be slipped into panties and controlled through an app on his phone. He took it and examined it, noting the cool, slightly rubbery outer shell. It seemed big, filling his palm. He knew what else he wanted it to fill.

“Something like that may be a little too big for you,” the sales woman tried to dissuade him.

But Kyle insisted. The longer he looked at the vaguely cock shaped piece of hard rubber the more he wanted to shove it up his sister's cunt. He bought it and took it back out to the car. In the driver's seat, safe from prying eyes, he hiked up his skirt and pried open his panties, slowly easing the dildo inside. He began by rubbing it against his clit with one hand, while the other came up to tweak his nipple. He gasped at the sudden burst of pleasure, and continued rubbing the dildo through his growing wetness until the head glistened with his juices. He could feel himself spreading and loosening, the familiar warmth building up between his legs, an emptiness yearning to be filled. He slowly eased the huge dildo inside him, feeling it push apart the tight walls of his cunt. Fuck, it was so big, stretching him out as he pushed it all the way inside, until it was buried deep within him, only the shallow base sticking out.

Jesus, he felt so full. He downloaded the app and gave it a try, setting the dildo on the lowest setting. The vibration was immediate and unexpectedly tense. He gripped the steering wheel with one manicured hand and gasped as his whole pussy quivered, pleasure quickly spreading through his body. He couldn't hear the buzzing but he sure as hell felt it. A relaxing flush of warmth followed the quick hit of pleasure, doing little to relieve the aching desire that had been building up all day. If anything, it made it worse, the need for relief just growing. He was interrupted from further experiments by a text from Melissa:

Where u at??

Shit. He needed to get back to school. He tossed the phone aside and drove back to school quickly, the vibrator on low the whole time. He could hear the bell ringing for class as he pulled into his parking spot. He jumped out and ran into the building so as not to be late. The dildo was still lodged deep inside, bouncing up against his inner pleasure with each step, a fullness just verging on the edge of uncomfortable, the low vibration making him stumble as the pleasure briefly burst through him. He made his way to the classroom and grabbed a seat at the back of the class next to Melissa.

“You okay?” She asked.

Kyle nodded. “Yeah. Woman trouble.”

Melissa patted his hand. The teacher stood up and quieted the class down before Kyle was forced to elaborate. Kyle sat there, feeling the massive vibrator buzzing inside him. Fuck, he was so wet. His panties were soaking. He could feel the moisture each time he moved in his seat. He crossed his legs, his skirt pulling up his thigh. But he didn't even notice that, overwhelmed as he was by the huge rush of warmth as his pussy gripped the dildo tighter inside him. He gasped and bit his lip. Melissa looked over at him with a raised eyebrow but he studiously ignored her, hands gripping the edge of the desk.

The vibrator was so incredible, the buzzing sensation roiling him, driving a delicious throbbing through Lauren's body. He tore one hand away from the desk, bringing it up to rest his chin on it. He could smell Lauren's strawberry hand lotion as his fingers crawled across her smooth cheek. But more importantly, his forearm brushed against his nipple, making his entire body sing. He pressed harder, and as his tits bobbed slightly it made his nipples rub against the fabric. It was too late to fight it now. He could only hold on and try not to make too much noise.

His body was burning with heat, the familiar cresting wave of orgasm approaching. A brief glance at Melissa showed she wasn't paying any attention, so Kyle tweak his sister's nipples quickly and came with a sharp inhale of breath. Now Melissa was looking at him but he was too far gone. He orgasmed hard, body pulsating, both hands back gripping the edge of the desk, hoping to steady himself as he came. There was a blast of water, and suddenly his thighs were soaked as he squirted, his body delightfully on fire. He was so delightfully horny, the vibrator hitting him in just the right place, and his body lit up with a deep pleasure. God, he wanted to touch himself but he forced his eyes straight ahead as if he was paying attention even as he came hard and quietly. His skirt was soaking wet. He could feel the puddle of his juices spreading out beneath his ass. Good thing he was wearing a dark color.

Fuck, that was incredible. He pushed his hair back out of his face and sat back at his desk with a relieved sigh. And still the vibrator buzzed away inside him. Even as the last vestiges of that first orgasm were dissipating, the next one was growing.

Kyle tried to use the dildo sparingly for the rest of the day, now knowing that his sister was a squirter and he didn't have a change of clothes. But it was so tempting feeling the big fake cock filling him inside and knowing that with a few flicks of his finger he could be having another orgasm. His thighs were constantly wet; he could feel them sliding together at each step. Maybe it was the pheromones from his soaking wet pussy, or maybe it was Lauren's new breasts, but Kyle found himself the object of attention everywhere he went. The male gaze was on him and it felt wonderful. Dangerous but thrilling. There was an excitement knowing Kyle had easy access to Lauren's body, access that the other guys in school would kill for.

Kyle was having so much fun with Melissa that he invited her over after school. She sat beside him in the car, Lauren taking the backseat. It was good that Melissa was there because it prevented Lauren from moaning about the swap the whole way home. She sat sullenly in the back as the two girls talked about the guys on the football team, ranking them in order of attractiveness. As soon as they arrived home, Lauren jumped out of the car and hurried to the workshop.

"I'll meet you up in my room, Melissa, I just have to talk to my dad about something first," Kyle said, following Lauren without waiting for Melissa's response. Kyle tried to memorize the feelings of Lauren's body for when he was back in his own, and he hoped that they'd have to stay a little longer. He enjoyed talking to Melissa.

When they got inside, they were surprised to find their mom tinkering with machine. She was sitting at the computer, staring at a screen filled with code. Her wavy brunette hair was pulled back in a messy bun and she was pinching her lip in thought.

"Mom?" Lauren asked. And then, when she failed to respond. "Mom? Mom!" Lauren said, finally coming up close and tapping her on the shoulder.

Their mom turned, startled. "Oh, hi, guys. Sorry, I forgot I was still mom."

"What do you mean? Where's dad? Why isn't he fixing this thing? I want out of here!" She stamped her foot in impotent rage.

"Calm down, honey, I'm working on it. I thought I had it this afternoon, and your mom and I tried it out and I, well..." Their mom shrugged and gestured at her body.

"Dad?" Kyle asked.

She nodded. "I've been trying to fix the settings. There's only a finite amount of settings that could possibly work."

"Good."

"Unfortunately, the finite amount of settings is, for all practical purposes, infinite, unless we have more time than there is in the age of the universe."

Lauren stared at her dad in incomprehension, but it was dawning on Kyle that he might be stuck in his sister's body for the foreseeable future. And he wasn't exactly devastated.

“What?” Lauren finally managed.

“But I can definitely narrow it down,” he added. “You'll get your body back. We all will. Eventually.”

“Ugh. Oh my gawd, this is, like totally the worst.”

Lauren stormed out of the workshop. Kyle was about to leave to when his dad stopped him.

“Uh, Kyle?”

Kyle turned to find his dad with an uncomfortable look on his mom's face. “Did you...Are you...what I mean to say is...Is there an intensity of sexual feelings for, um, these?” His dad asked, lightly gripping the two breasts that poked out beneath his tight, white top.

“Do you mean, like, do my boobs make me really horny?” Kyle asked, his face reddening. He couldn't believe he was having this conversation with his dad.

His dad nodded.

“Yeah,” Kyle mumbled.

His dad nodded again. “Okay, then. That gives me a clue. It's not just me. I *will* get you back in your body. Promise.”

His dad turned back to the screen and Kyle quietly left the workshop. Lauren was in the kitchen getting something to eat, so Kyle went upstairs to her room unimpeded and joined Melissa. Lauren's memories were so fresh and it made her room more comfortable than his own. There was a familiarity about everything that was somehow comforting even though, logically, he knew it should be strange. Melissa was sitting in front of the makeup mirror, combing her silky brunette hair and eyeing herself critically. She looked up as Kyle came in.

“Everything okay?”

“Yeah. My dumb brother. You know.”

Melissa made a face, scrunching up her little nose and sticking out her tongue. Man, she was cute when she did that. Kyle had a strange sensation of being both himself and Lauren, of being attracted to Melissa and of wanting her as a friend. He'd slung his backpack onto the floor and was about to flop onto his bed when Lauren pounded on the door.

“Open up, creep!” She yelled through the door.

He walked to the door and cracked it open. He put a finger to his lips to shush her, motioning to Melissa behind him. “Leave us alone,” he whispered.

“Get out of my room. I'm telling dad!” She hissed.

“Wouldn't that be weird to Melissa? You hanging out in *my* room? Besides, go ahead and interrupt dad, it will just means you're in my body longer!”

“Then I'm telling mom!” She turned and stomped down the hallway. “Mom!”

He heard her stomp down the hallway towards their parents' room. A few seconds later Kyle heard her screech in his former baritone voice, followed by footsteps running back towards Kyle's former room. Shortly after that he heard his dad's voice:

“Lauren, honey, surely you understand why I was curious. I'm sorry you had to see your father naked but it was in the interest of science.”

Kyle grinned and shut the door.

“What was all that about?” Melissa asked.

Kyle sighed. “My family being embarrassing.”

“Ugh. Tell me about it. My dad's, like, the worst.”

Kyle took the brush from her hand and combed out her hair as she complained about her family. They giggled together, trading stories and bitching about other girls in class. They ended up flopping onto the bed on their backs, their thighs touching.

“It must be so weird, growing like that over the summer,” Melissa said.

“Like what?”

“You know, your breasts.”

“Oh. Yeah.” Kyle sat up on one arm and looked down at the two peaks that were pressing his shirt out. “Really weird. Look.”

Kyle gripped his shirt and pulled it off over his head. He tossed it aside as Melissa sat up and they both looked at his breasts.

“Wow,” Melissa said, her eyes tracing his curves. There was something about the way she was looking at him that made his body warm gently.

“Yeah. And heavy. Here, feel.”

Kyle reached around and undid his bra, sliding it down his arms and dropping it onto the floor. His breasts bobbed down his chest. Melissa's eyes went wide but never left his body.

“Go ahead,” Kyle said again, “Feel them.”

Melissa tentatively reached out and cupped his breasts. She let out a little gasp as she touched his soft skin, hefting his breasts gently.

“Oh my god, they *are* heavy.”

“What about yours?” Kyle asked.

“Mine?”

“How do they feel?”

“Oh, nothing like this.” Melissa said, blushing.

“Come on, let me see. Don't be embarrassed.”

Melissa smiled—such a cute smile!—and peeled her top off, followed by her bra. Her tits were about the size of Kyle's fists, and perky the breasts slopping to two gentle points of each nipple. Kyle gently took them in each hand and fondled them, fingers caressing Melissa's breasts. They were wonderfully plump yet firm, and he slid his hands across them gently, watching them jiggle beneath his touch. He looked into Melissa's gorgeous green eyes. She was staring up at him, her cheeks flushed red, little mouth slightly agape, her plump lips welcoming him. Kyle's mouth was suddenly dry.

“Have you ever kissed a girl?” Kyle asked.

Melissa shook her head. Kyle leaned close to her and she didn't shy away. Their lips met, pressed together gently, their warmth mingling. Melissa pulled away.

“Lauren, what are we doing?” She whispered.

He didn't even know if she was aware that her hand was still resting on his breast, her fingers touching his nipple and making his body buzz with excitement.

Kyle shrugged. “Whatever we want,” he whispered, sliding his hand behind Melissa's neck and gently bringing their lips together again.

She didn't resist. In fact, she pressed closer to him as his tongue flicked out to taste her. Her delicate flowery scent filled his nose and the sweet taste of her strawberry lip gloss hit his tongue as she opened her mouth for him. Her hands moved across his body tentatively as he explored hers, caressing her shoulders, her breasts, up to her face, just exploring the beautiful woman in front of him. She did the same, fingers wandering around his soft curves, making him shiver once. She was so soft and delicious, and their kisses grew more passionate, mouths hungry for each other, bodies growing closer. They just needed to touch each other. Melissa's warm thigh scooted closer to his, their breasts pressed together, sending more electric jolts through Kyle's body. He sighed in her mouth and gently lay her back on the bed before crawling on top of her.

He caressed her cheek, just staring down at her beautiful face from above: the jagged dark eyebrows over the wide green eyes, the perfect cheekbones, the shy smile. His huge tits dangled beneath him, and as he lowered his lips to Melissa's breasts, his own breasts rested on her hips. He kissed her warm skin, suckling her perky tits. He took her nipple in his mouth, running his warm tongue along her flesh, tasting her as his other hand grabbed her other breast. He feasted gently, back and forth across Melissa's breasts as she watched him wide-eyed. Her breath was coming faster and he felt her writhing beneath his touch.

He kissed his way down her trim tummy, over her mound, and buried his face between her legs, inhaling the delicious musky scent of her pussy. She tensed up a little, but he stroked her thighs slowly, kissing up and down her inner thigh, passing across the coarse triangle of hair and kissing across her entrance without penetrating. His tits now rested on her legs, and his little nipples scraped against her skin, making his own body warmer, wetter.

He stuck out his tongue and licked her slowly, following the line of her slit from bottom to top. She tasted divine. He did it again, pressing a little harder, feeling her pussy lips loosen. His tongue darted inside and tasted her salty warmth. He continued licking, longer, harder, until she was dripping. Now he slipped his tongue in farther, nestling among her velvety folds, drinking her in before resting firmly against her clit. She sighed above him and he knew he'd found the spot. His tongue stayed there, licking gently, darting out to tease her clit as it budded beneath him. Then he opened his mouth and gently sucked it inside, tasting her deep delicious cunt.

Her moans were coming faster, her body moving quicker as he continued licking, thrusting his face between her legs, growing as warm and wet as she was until she came suddenly. Her entire body tightened, her breath paused, and then with a strangled gasp she orgasmed. He could feel her body rippling as he buried his face inside her, tongue deep in her pussy, licking through the pleasure until she lay still beneath him. He raised his head and looked up from between her thighs, stroking her sopping pussy with his finger and smiling up at her.

Melissa took his hand and gently lay him back, then leaned over and kissed him. Now he was on his back and her tits rested on his. He reached up and grabbed one as they kissed. He felt her hand slide down his stomach and over his mound. Her fingers found the trail leading down to his pussy and she followed it until she landed on his slit. He could feel her smile in his mouth as they kissed, and his hand grew harder on her tits.

He pulled away long enough to murmur, “Suck on my nipple.”

Melissa nodded and moved her head down to his tit. She took him into her mouth and he moaned as

her warm breath covered his tit. Her tongue flicked out, teasing him, tasting him, as her fingers worked their way slowly inside. He was already so wet and she giggled as she found his warm folds. Kyle looked down his sister's body a her friend sucked on her nipple, her other hand swirling through his tight, wet cunt. His body was on fire and he dripped down his thighs as Melissa pressed in deeper, two finger inside him now as she nipped at his nipple with her teeth. The tension rose within him, cresting suddenly and he came, crying out in a tiny, high-pitched voice as he bucked. Melissa kept her fingers inside him, stroking his wet warmth and kissing his nipple has he came hard. He squirted again, a blast of liquid soaking Melissa's fingers as he orgasmed hard, the tension snapping and causing an orgasm that made him flex his feet and bend his toes, his entire body alight with pleasure.

It ebbed only slowly, and Melissa raised her head from his tit, smiling down at him. He caressed her cheek and they kissed once more before she snuggled up to him. They lay on the bed, her arm across his chest, gently caressing his huge tits as he stroked her back.

“That was incredible” Kyle whispered. “You have the most beautiful body of anyone in school.”

“No,” Melissa said.

“You do.”

“Everyone's talking about how you're the prettiest girl in school,” Melissa replied.

Kyle took her hand and kissed it, then stroked her tiny upturned nose. They lay there for some time, chatting about nothing until Kyle's dad called everyone down for dinner. The two girls hurriedly got dressed and kissed one last time before opening the door. Melissa excused herself to go home, leaving Kyle and his family alone. Lauren shot Kyle a look as Melissa left.

“What did you do?” She fumed.

Kyle shrugged. “Girl stuff.”

With everyone in someone else's body it was definitely one of the strangest dinners Kyle's family had ever had. And that included his mom's brief, sudden foray into raw food nature dinners that involved no heating of ingredients, no plates, and no cutlery. Just eating the food out on the grass.

Kyle's dad carried on a steady stream of observations about his wife's body. Lauren had gotten her breast size from her mom, so their dad was now going on about the seemingly simple things he'd been doing that had been hampered by his breasts. He was so caught up in his own scientific observations he was oblivious to the discomfort of everyone else. Their mom tried to steer the topic away several times but it was obvious their dad was obsessed. Kyle knew what his mom and sister did not: that his dad had breasts at the top of his mind because, like Lauren's, they were begging to be fondled. The only reason Kyle didn't play with his new tits more that night was because his nipples were red and raw and he needed to give them a break.

The second night in Lauren's body, Kyle found it much easier to sleep. It seemed he was acclimating to Lauren's memories, because he knew how she liked to have the pillows just so for comfort, and how she clipped her long hair back so it wouldn't bother her in the night. There was none of the confusion in waking up in Lauren's room the next morning. Quite the opposite, in fact, as it took him a second to realize what Lauren meant when she saw him in the hall that morning and muttered, "Your body's so gross." Glancing down, he saw that her boxer shorts were tented out from her erection, and the fabric was soaked through.

"So what was your wet dream about?" Kyle grinned.

Lauren glared at him and stalked into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

After Kyle had finished in the bathroom and put on his makeup, he lay back on the bed and slid the dildo back inside him, taking his time, making sure his pussy was nice and wet before he thrust the hard rubber through his tight opening, then flicked it on. He came once, trembling around the thick vibrator and squirting onto the bed as he cooed in Lauren's throaty voice. He made sure to stuff plenty of extra panties and skirts into his backpack. It could be his last day in Lauren's body, and he wanted to make it a big one.

Once again, Kyle drove them both to school and split off from Lauren to join Melissa and Eve at the entrance. They looked longingly at each other, but there was an unspoken agreement to not talk about what they'd done in front of everyone. Still, Kyle held Melissa's hand and sat near her whenever he could, just enjoying her proximity and waiting for the moment they could be alone again.

In the mean time, the rest of the day was spent in a haze of mini-orgasms. The vibrator worked its magic inside Kyle through every single class and he experimented with riding the wave, controlling his body, leaving him floating just on the edge of an orgasm before he clicked it off. The throbbing filled him. He could feel his tight canal clenching around the thick toy, the waves of pleasure reverberating through Lauren's incredible body. He allowed himself one small orgasm each time, clenching his legs together and biting his lip to stop the moans from escaping. It was impossible to concentrate, but Lauren's classes were so easy for him he didn't need to do much. She'd definitely gotten the body but not the brains of the family. Each time Kyle enjoyed a mini-orgasm that made him squirt briefly, but he flicked off the dildo before he could have the bone rattling, earth shattering orgasm he needed.

Today, it wasn't so surreal hanging out with Lauren's friends as part of the popular crowd. It just seemed normal. Lauren's memories slotted neatly into place and he knew the other girls, most of whom were on the cheer squad with her. It was also a big ego boost fending off the guys around the school. Kyle was aware he was acting a little more free, a little flirtier than his sister usually was, but there was something about being in her spectacular body that gave him a confidence boost. There was a power in being a beautiful girl that he'd not felt before and it thrilled him almost as much as the physical pleasure he was enjoying. He could reduce the guys to drooling messes with a batted eye or a smile, and he took joy in doing so, beckoning them towards him.

During lunchtime alone, as he sat on the bleachers with Melissa and the other girls beside him, three guys approached him with the lamest of excuses as they worked up the nerve to ask him out. Surely his sister wouldn't mind returning to her body to find she had dates lined up for the next three weekends. Though there was a big part of Kyle that wanted to go on those dates and have those guys fawning over him. That they were attractive didn't hurt. Not that Kyle was attracted to men but, well, the thought of being a pretty girl out on a date with a handsome man certainly did *something* nice to Lauren's body.

Kyle was at his last class of the day, having just had another little orgasm that left him sweaty and damp—he'd already gone through three pairs of panties that day—when things started to go wrong. As he pulled out his phone to flick off the vibrator app he suddenly found his phone being yanked out of his hand. Kyle looked up to see Lauren's history teacher, Mr. Jarmusch, standing over him.

“Lauren, no phones in class. You know the rules.”

Kyle opened his mouth to protest but snapped it closed as he felt another orgasm approaching. He just gritted his teeth and stared up at Mr. Jarmusch as his sister's body began trembling, the waves of pleasure pulsing through him. Shit. School rules dictated that anyone caught with a cell phone in class would have it confiscated until their parents came to retrieve it. The entire class was staring at him now. He took deep breaths, trying to get his body under control enough to speak but the damn vibrator was still humming inside him, pushing him nearer a climax.

“I—oooh,” He started, his protest turning into a high pitched squeal as he clapped his legs together and shut his eyes.

“Are you ok?” Mr. Jarmusch asked, concern in his voice.

“Yes, I'm—ooooohhhh,” His response died in a breathy sigh of lust as he came. His entire body trembled, his massive tits shaking, the slight touch of his nipples against the bra as they spiked out was enough to send him over the edge. All he could do was hold on as the white hot pleasure engulfed him. He orgasmed in front of the whole class, biting his lower lip and squirming in his seat as great gushes of his sister's warm juices trickled down his thighs.

Mr. Jarmusch saw the puddle spreading beneath Kyle's seat and his eyes went wide. “Do you need to leave?”

Kyle just nodded, grabbing his back and hurrying out the room. He could feel his wet skirt clinging to his ass. The entire class watched him in silence. He nearly made it out the door before another gust of orgasm hit him and he clung to the wall briefly, moaning as he came, sending more wetness down his legs, soaking into his socks. And still the vibrator kept going. It was humiliating and incredible, as though his sister's embarrassment was making him even hornier.

Kyle hurried down the hallway to the bathroom and had just escaped into a stall when he heard the principal, Mrs. Lowry, call out, “Lauren? Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I'm fine.”

Kyle waited but didn't hear her leaving. Shit. Shit. Shit. He stripped off his wet panties and skirt, then pulled out a dry one of each from his backpack. The vibrator was still humming like mad between his legs. He reached down and gripped the base, his fingers sliding across Lauren's wet pussy lips. He began easing the thick dildo out of him but paused as the sound of the vibrator grew louder, unmuffled by his body. He couldn't very well put it anywhere, not with Mrs. Lowry out there. In the end he had no choice but to shove it back inside him. He went slowly, as every inch was a delicious agony of delight, until his pussy had once again wrapped around the thick shaft.

When he came out of the stall Mrs. Lowry was still there, a look of concern on her face. “Mr. Jarmusch told me there was an...incident. Are you sure you're okay?”

“Yes. It's just this, uh, medication I'm on. I'd rather not talk about it. Health reasons and all.”

Mrs. Lowry nodded sympathetically. “Do you want me to call your parents?”

“No, no, I'll be fine,” he waved her away, just wanting her to leave. “I'd rather just, like, pretend everything is normal, you know?”

“Okay, if that's what you want.”

Kyle was saved from any more awkwardness by the bell signaling the end of school. He clutched his backpack and ran out of the bathroom. He went straight out to his car and waited for Lauren. When she finally arrived she surprised him by getting angry, but not for the reasons Kyle was expecting.

“What are you doing here? You have to go to cheer practice.”

“I'm not going to cheer practice.”

“Oh yes you are. When I get my body back I am not going to get punished for your laziness.”

“Fuck that,” Kyle took out his keys but Lauren snatched them out of his hand and held them up over her head.

Kyle made the mistake of trying to jump up once to reach them, but that just sent his tits jiggling like mad and his ultra-sensitive nipples to send a sharp shock of pleasure through him. He masked his breathy moan with what he hoped sounded like an annoyed grunt. In the end she escorted him down to the football field to make sure he went to practice, leaving only when the coach called Kyle over to join the rest of the squad.

With Lauren's memories, Kyle fit effortlessly into the routines, even with the added distraction of the dildo inside him, vibrating away and leaving him balanced on the edge of a huge orgasm. The squad been training for a couple weeks before school had started and they had the basics of their routine down pat. Kyle managed to keep himself under control during warmups. There was actually some relief in the high kicks. The pressure between his legs eased on each one, allowing him to get on top of the pleasure. He sunk into the routine, waving his pom-poms, angling and twisting his body. It was such a joy to move in Lauren's limber, athletic form. But he found that the vibrator had wound his body up to the point that it was incredibly sensitive to the warm touch of someone else. When Melissa and Eve grabbed his arms to help hoist him up onto the upraised hand of Brian, the male cheerleader, Kyle nearly lost it, shuffling a little and losing his step as he orgasmed, regaining his composure just in time for Brian to hold him aloft over his head.

Kyle shuffled his pom-poms as the heat roiled him. His voice became ragged as he cheered, his cries of lust hidden beneath the chirpy voice of the others. He just prayed that he wouldn't cum in a gushing spray down Brian's arms. Brian tossed him up in the air and Kyle spun, tumbling down in a spiral to be caught in Brian's hands. Even as Brian set him down it was difficult to concentrate. Kyle's entire body was focused on the impending orgasm, the tightness gripping his body, the smell of Brian's aftershave clinging to him and making him weak. He just had to hold it together for a few more seconds and it would all be over with. Their cheers built to a climax, as did Lauren's body. The vibrator was a heavy presence inside him, gnawing away at his concentration. There was only a cartwheel and one final split to go. He pulled the cartwheel off beautifully, legs flying in a perfect circle, but as he landed heavily on the ground in his split, the impact of the stop forced the vibrator up to hit hard against his g-spot and he came.

“Oh, oh!” He sang out, his hands coming down to his tits to squeeze. He didn't care who was watching, he needed to expunge this tension. The orgasm crested over him in waves, flooding his body with delight as he shook and squirmed, throwing his head back, gritting his teeth. He could hear his pussy gushing, the liquid pouring out in a river, sloshing beneath his skirt. He vaguely

noticed the rest of the cheers stopping as the routine ended, the others frozen in position in a pyramid behind him. Kyle could only stay in his split on the ground, front and center as he orgasmed in plain view, eyes shut tight, hands gripping his sensitive tits. Fuck, he felt so wonderful. Lauren felt so wonderful and he squeezed the pleasure out of himself, crying loud and long until every inch of delight had been wrung out of him and his clothes were a soaking mess. He fell back onto the ground, a smile on his face as the rest of the squad gasped and smirked. But Kyle didn't care. He was finally free of the tension that had been building up all day, and his body was a calm delight once more.

The ride back home was awkward. Lauren didn't say a word. She'd seen everything and she was livid. She'd already used up her anger in yelling at him on the way to the car, railing at him for embarrassing her and ruining her life, for abusing her body like that. At least the vibrator had finally run out of batteries, so there was that.

Their dad—in his normal body—greeted them on the way in. “Good news everyone, the machine is fixed.”

“Good,” Lauren growled, get me out of here.

She stomped through the house and yanked open the back door. Kyle's dad looked at him.

“What happened?”

“Dad...” Kyle began. And then it all came rushing out: his joy at being Lauren, his discoveries about himself, and his desire to stay inside her. When he was done his dad was silent for a moment, and was just about to say something when Lauren came back.

“Come on!” She said angrily.

Kyle's dad patted his cheek. “Come on,” he said, and led Kyle back out to the workshop.

Kyle and Lauren each got back into one of the glass booths as their dad went to the computer and fiddled with some setting. As Kyle waited he reached up to stroke his tits one last time, gripping the little nipples beneath the bra. His breath came faster as he heard the machine whirring to life and he came seconds before there was a bright flash of light.

Kyle opened his eyes and looked down, expecting to see his former male body, but was delighted to find himself still inside Lauren, his hands still on his tits and the last vestiges of pleasure humming through him. He pushed open the door and saw his own body come out the other side. He was prepared for his dad to apologize and explain how he'd really thought it would work, when his sister spoke up.

“Man, it is so good to be back. Sorry about, you know, everything, Lauren.”

Kyle had no idea what to say, and Lauren took his silence as acceptance. She slouched out of the workshop and Kyle turned to his dad, who was beaming at him.

“I thought about what you said...son. You looked so happy, I just couldn't say no. Lauren now thinks she's always been you, and you get to be her.”

“Oh, daddy!” Kyle grabbed his dad in a hug as a tear slipped from his eye.

His dad patted him on the head, then Kyle turned and ran up to his room, where he stripped off his clothes and fondled his massive tits, enjoying his permanent body, and soon having the first orgasm of his new life.

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below.

Yes, I do commissions! You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for more info and pricing, plus weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

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If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

Body Switch Collection: Volume 4

Six previously published erotic stories of body swapping and transformation, together for one low price.

In the Game (Part 1)

A young man finds an app that allows him to place a copy of his mind in someone else's body, and he uses it to take over the girl he has a crush on and help himself to her body, though it also just might save his career as a pro gamer.

Leading Her On

Through a freak accident, Zach somehow finds himself stuck in the body of Charlotte, his adorable upstairs neighbor. He learns to control her and finds that his desires are becoming hers, and he can make her do everything he's always wanted.

Swap Brothel

The swap brothel offers a chance for people to temporarily become any of the girls on offer for a price. Tyler's been a regular for months, swapping into his favorite big breasted beauty, Mia, and enjoying himself. But one day while he's inside Mia she escapes with his body, leaving him trapped in her gorgeous body until the police can find her. Can he escape before her desires become his own?

The Other Woman

Veronica didn't trust her fiancée so she came up with a plan to test him by using her witch's magic to temporarily transform herself into Candi, the blonde stripper who keeps buzzing around their table at the strip club. When Veronica returns to her body she finds that her memories are slowly changing. Is it a flaw in the spell? Or something more nefarious?

The Body Thief

Bethany had her body temporarily stolen years ago by a body thief who forced her to watch from behind her own eyes as he took over her life for his own pleasure. She vowed never to let it happen again, training hard at the gym and changing her routine to stay safe. But all it takes is one slip up at the wrong time for the thief to take her over once more and uncover her own hidden desires.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 3

This collection features six previously published red hot body swapping stories from best selling author M Wills.

What's Yours is Mine

Sean has always been jealous of his hot stepmom. He envies her looks, her grace, and the ease with which she goes through life. When he finds an alien jewel that can grant wishes, he uses it to swap

their bodies and experience her life from inside her body.

Deviants (Part Two)

In the erotic conclusion to Deviants (Part One), the body possession machine has become incredibly popular, with guys lining up to have their fun inside the bodies of the high school girls that Ross has under his control. But Melissa and her friends have put together the clues and are determined to put an end to it all.

Deviants (Part One)

Ross has invented a device that lets him control anyone's body. Together with a group of friends, he uses it to possess a group of sexy young women and have fun in their bodies. But things get out of control and soon the whole system may be exposed, leading to an end of their pleasure.

How to Host a Merger

Theo works for Host Corp, a body swapping company that lets the rich enjoy being someone else for a little while. When Theo agrees to help open the London office, he does so without knowing the company has arranged to put him into the body of a gorgeous young woman for the duration of his contract. After some adjustment, Theo begins to plan on how he can stay inside her permanently.

Wishing Well

In this sexy gender swapping tale, an old man makes an idle wish that sees him swapping bodies with a young woman and taking over her life.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 2

This hot collection of body swapping and transformation erotica features 8 stories from 6 previously published books.

More Stories From the Global Shift

Four sets of people struggle to cope with the bodies they've been swapped into in the aftermath of the Global Switch.

Transition

Joe just wanted to hang out with his friends, breeze through his college classes and get a girlfriend. But an idle wish to understand what it's like as a woman sees him slowly transforming.

And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.