

Closer and Closer

Body Possession

by M. Wills

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Mike

Kimberley ran a hand through her shoulder length blonde hair in weary resignation. Mike looked up from the financial papers he was proofreading on the other side of the office desk.

“What's up?” he asked.

“Oh, nothing,” Kimberley said, setting her own papers down and waving the question away.

The beam of sunlight streaming through the office windows highlighted her beautiful pale features. She stared blankly out the window, which allowed Mike to admire her busty figure beneath the dark blue executive suit that clung so snugly to her body. Her white button-down curved perfectly over her ample breasts. He felt sleazy ogling her but, god, he wanted her so much. He'd managed to tamp down his desire at work, acting like a perfect colleague, saving his impulse until he got home when he could take himself in hand thinking about her.

Though Kimberley was a level above Mike in the management hierarchy, they'd become close colleagues and confidants, many days even working out of the same corner office, which was both a blessing and a curse. Kimberley was in her late forties and a single mother to her stepdaughter, Daniella, of whom she was extremely fond. During the course of Mike's numerous projects with Kimberley she'd shared much of her life. Kimberley particularly stressed about Daniella and her needs, and Kimberley's own fears that she'd sacrificed her stepdaughter's childhood for a career. Because of those long conversations Mike felt he knew nearly as much about Daniella as her own stepmother did.

Little did Kimberley know that all that knowledge would be used to take over her stepdaughter's life.

“No, really. What is it?” Mike put his papers down and set his glasses on the desk.

“I don't know. I'm just having one of those days where I think about this job...I'm going to miss my daughter's recital next Friday for another meeting.”

Daniella was a consummate ballet dancer and had been taking lessons since she was three years old. What Kimberley lacked in motherly attendance she made up for by spoiling her daughter with education, clothing and ballet lessons. Even now that Daniella was eighteen and taking a year off before college, Kimberley still spoiled her, letting her live in the house rent free and never pressuring her to get a job.

Mike nodded. “It must be tough balancing family and work. But you do really well. I'm sure Daniella understands.”

Kimberley shrugged. “Maybe. Anyway, I talk about myself too much. How about you? Did you ever reschedule that date with Anna?”

“No. Our lives just haven't worked out yet.”

Anna was another in Mike's long string of online dating failures. The problem as Mike saw it was that he didn't have the energy to meet someone new who could be a potential lover. Especially not when his perfect woman worked across from him every day. If only Kimberley could love him unconditionally he thought he would be happy.

“Oh, you'll find someone.” She smiled sympathetically.

The other problem—probably the main problem if Mike really thought about it—was that he wasn't as interested in dating women as much as he was in the idea of *becoming* them. He often fantasized about slipping into the bodies of the women he dated and exploring the world from their perspective. What was it like through their senses? What was it like to move through the world in such a sensual body? To have men desire you just for being present? What was it like to live as a woman?

Mike had a secret stash of women's clothes at home that he often tried on after closing the windows and locking the doors, ashamed of his fetish. It wasn't “normal” as he'd been raised to believe during his mostly conservative upbringing, and he wanted to think he could be cured. He'd secretly fed his obsession when he was younger by stealing some of his sister's clothes from the dryer. Then the internet came along and made discretely buying women's clothing so much easier.

And yet every time Mike slipped into the delicate female garments he still didn't feel quite right. The clothes weren't made for his body. He was an impostor. He wished he could trade in his gruff male body for a petite feminine form. Only recently had he secured the means to do so. At least according to the strange old fortune teller who'd given him the little magic statuette.

Kimberley glanced at the elegant wristwatch on her slim wrist. “Shit, I have to pick up Daniella from ballet practice. Her damn car's still in the shop.”

She quickly gathered her purse and hurried out of the office with one last hasty goodbye. Mike closed the door behind her and removed the small statuette from his pocket. The statuette was about one finger length in height, black and polished, and carved into the crude figure of a woman.

Mike unfolded the scrap of paper on which the fortune teller had written the spell then pulled up the most recent picture of Daniella on his computer. It was one that Kimberley had sent him of Daniella in her cap and gown on graduation day. The fortune teller had instructed Mike that for the spell to work fully he needed to concentrate intently on the person he wished to become, to think about their life in as much detail as possible. Even better if he surrounded himself with objects the target had physically touched, or a place they favored. Best was if the target's guard was down and they were totally relaxed. Something about the magic honing in to the psychic resonance. Mike couldn't wait, nor could he think of any opportunity wherein he would be around Daniella when she was unguarded. It was this or nothing.

Mike wanted Kimberley's unconditional love and the best way to do that was to become her daughter, thus fulfilling both his fantasy of Kimberley and his fantasy of being a woman. He didn't have any physical object of Daniella's. The picture and his memories of past conversations with Kimberley would have to do. The trick was to keep them in mind while reciting the spell. Though he'd long ago memorized the spell, he held the scrap of paper up in front of him for assistance and began speaking, placing Daniella's name in the appropriate line. The instant he finished speaking his office vanished.

Daniella

Between one blink and the next Mike found himself standing in a large dance studio lined up against the barre behind several other girls, all dressed in leotards and tights. He swayed and grabbed the barre for balance, his whole physical sense of self suddenly off-kilter.

Looking into the mirror he saw Daniella's cute face looking back at him, shock written across her exquisite features, her pale blue eyes open in wonder. He—now *she*—wore a black leotard with rose-colored tights. Her long coffee-brown hair was coiled up in a bun on top of her head. Mike closed her mouth and watched the mirror image Daniella do the same. Then she grinned, Daniella's hooded eyes creasing into a crescent moon shape and the bridge of her dainty nose crinkling delightfully.

“Daniella!” A strict Russian-accented voice called out. Mike jerked her head around and saw the instructor, a lean gray-haired woman in black leotards and a severe bun, staring at her.

“Sorry,” Mike mumbled, hearing Daniella's voice falling from new lips for the first time. But she'd called her Daniella! The thought made Mike slightly aroused. She'd stolen this body and this identity. And no one knew.

Mike tried to concentrate and follow the lead of the girls in front of her, raising her arm here, pointing her toe there. She was fumbling and awkward, unused to the way this petite new body moved and swayed. She was put off by her hips and her slight breasts and her miniscule stature. God, her stature. Daniella was tiny. Not even five feet tall. Even the other students seemed to loom over her.

“Did you forget how to move your body? Graceful, graceful. Like swan. You are like duck.” The teacher interrupted Mike's thoughts.

The teacher imitated her, waddling her hips while the rest of the class snickered. Mike's ears burned red. Thankfully, class was dismissed soon after and Mike followed the other girls out into the drab beige lobby. She hesitated, unsure of which of the belongings were Daniella's, finally taking possession of a small pink backpack no one had yet claimed.

Walking out through the front doors of the dance studio, Mike saw Kimberley on the phone by the car. Kimberley hugged her with one hand and mouthed ‘sorry’, her phone still up to her ear while she mumbled noncommittal agreements to the person on the other end of the line. Mike followed her to the car, still trying to get the hang of her body. From the sounds of things, Kimberley was talking to Doug, the VP of sales. Mike tuned it out, her only thoughts the wonderful body she now inhabited and the beautiful mom she now had.

Kimberley remained on the phone for the duration of the car ride, ignoring her daughter. It gave Mike time to stare unashamedly at Kimberley's beautiful profile, drinking in her soft skin and rounded face, the straight line of her nose and the way her mouth curled up in a smile whenever she looked over and saw her daughter looking at her. Mike ran her new hands through her silky hair and across her own cheeks. She couldn't wait to get home and explore Daniella's delightful body.

They stopped to pick up some takeaway Chinese food before finally arriving at Kimberley and

Daniella's modest house. Kimberley headed straight to the kitchen and uncorked a bottle of wine. Only then did she hang up the phone. No wonder she was depressed about her job.

The house was filled with photos of Daniella, as though Kimberley had tried to make up for her own absence by filling the house with her daughter. Mike sat and ate as she watched her mom flit about the kitchen, taking a bite every now and then, trying to engage Daniella in conversation about her day. Mike giggled girlishly and offered vague responses, unsure exactly how Daniella would act. It seemed she had Daniella's body but not her memories.

Mike's taste buds were different and she was surprised at how delicious the orange chicken was from within her new body. She ate quickly, soothing the rumbles of her tummy, before fleeing to her room.

The walls of Daniella's room had a pinkish hue and along part of one wall a full-length mirror and practice barre had been installed. Gifts from a guilty mom. Mike perused her new room, flicking through the closet, which was stuffed with leotards and tights. She tried several of them on, posing in the mirror, watching Daniella's slim figure move under her command as she replicated the poses she saw in the pictures around the room. All the while she talked to herself, just enjoying the lovely sound of Daniella's soft voice.

"Hi, I'm Daniella, watch this," she said, before raising and holding her leg above her head. God, she was so light, so flexible, her voice so perfectly delicate and feminine.

When she was done, she stood sideways to the mirror and admired her slim profile, running a hand down her small breasts, across her trim stomach and down her flat crotch.

"Hi, I'm Kimberley's daughter, Daniella," she practiced as she turned the other way, gazing at her svelte figure, the thigh gap between her legs.

Saying it made it seem more real. And it felt so good to say that, to hear it and have it be true. Her tiny body began warming as she stared at herself. God, Daniella was adorable.

Her hand brushed down her ass and she squeezed her taut butt as she watched herself in the mirror making Daniella explore herself. Her slender hands felt so nice as they brushed across her soft skin and caressed the gentle slope of her breasts. Her nipples grew sharp in anticipation and a light warmth flitted through her.

A light turned on somewhere outside and Mike turned to the window. Across a small courtyard she could see Kimberley in her bedroom. She walked around in pantyhose, heels, and a casual top, still sipping her wine as she set out her outfit for the next day. Mike turned off the light in Daniella's room so Kimberley couldn't see in, then wandered closer to the window. She pressed her fingers against her smooth crotch in the dark as she watched her new mom undress, revealing her ample thighs and tender flesh.

Kimberley really was very pretty. And such a busty figure. Wonderfully plump and curvy. Mike was sort of jealous. Kimberley pulled out a wrap dress from her closet and slid it on, then sat on the bed and crossed and uncrossed her legs in the mirror, obviously trying to see how the outfit looked on her.

Mike's fingers slipped across the tights and pressed against her new opening. She rubbed the fabric gently over her swelling clit as an incredible warmth grew within her. Her fingers dipped lightly inside herself for the first time, feeling her new heat and wetness. A pleasant tension wound its way through her body, urging her on. Her other hand pushed her tights down her slender legs and grabbed an ass cheek. It was warm and with a toned firmness from the ballet. Mike pulsed with pleasure and a wetness grew beneath her fingers, seeping through her leotard as she caressed her new sex. She pushed harder and harder against her enchanting pussy, sending bright sparks of desire leaping through her.

From her room across the courtyard, Mike saw Kimberley stand and adjust her own pantyhose against her thick legs. Daniella's body vibrated under Mike's touch and she pushed her fingers deeper inside herself, struggling against the fabric of her leotard. Her feminine body cried out for more and she stroked harder, faster, enjoying the feel of the fabric and her fingers inside herself. She bent over, her long hair cascading across her cheeks, as she continued to circle her fingers over her clit. She was on fire now, a burning delight that *needed* to be unleashed. She yanked back the leotard and thrust her hand down the inside, fingers working against her slippery pussy, stroking faster, faster.

Just as the pleasure neared its crescendo the automatic light in the courtyard flicked on, drawing Kimberley's attention in Mike's direction. Mike froze, her body doubled over, her fingers twisting inside herself as Kimberley seemed to stare straight at her. Kimberley rushed out of her room and disappeared, bursting into Daniella's room a moment later and embracing Mike before she could figure out what to do.

"Oh, my sweet baby, Daniella, the cramps will pass. It's okay! Shhh," Kimberley whispered as she held Mike's body close and caressed her.

Kimberley's delicious flowery scent was in Mike's nose, the scent that was utterly associated with *her*, as her hands stroked her daughter, her breasts pressing against Mike. Mike bit her lip, her fingers worked furiously in her crotch as she came hard at Kimberley's touch. She convulsed in Kimberley's loving embrace, the orgasm bursting through her. She bit her lip as divine ecstasy flowed through her and she moaned once, every nerve of her body keenly attuned to Kimberley's fingers.

Kimberley apparently thought she was crying and continued rubbing her daughter's back and whispering in her ear, "Oh, my sweet baby," which only made Mike's orgasm that much more delightful. To be caressed by the woman she loved in the body she desired was everything Mike had ever wanted.

Daniella's orgasm was so much more powerful, much more all-consuming than anything Mike had ever experienced. His cheeks grew flush and it was all he could do to not cry out anymore.

When Mike had recovered somewhat, Kimberley patted her on the back and sent her to the shower to clean up any blood. With the bathroom door safely shut and locked, Mike peeled off her clothes, marveling as her new body was revealed for the first time. She had a trim, athletic figure from all her ballet practice. Solid calves and thighs. Small but perky breasts, the tiny curves rounding to small dots of strawberry-pink nipple.

She stepped into the shower and let the hot water wash down her body before scrubbing honey-scented body wash all over, taking special care to circle over her breasts, letting her fingers play against her soft skin and then down between her legs to her smooth crotch. Her hand ran up and down her pussy lips, following the line of pubic hair. Mike was growing aroused at the sight of her new self but there wasn't time for that now. Later.

Kimberley was waiting with tea when Mike emerged from the shower. She apologized over and over for being so callous and missing the signs of her daughter's cramps. Mike put on Daniella's night gown and lay down on the bed while Kimberley held her and stroked her silky hair until she fell asleep. With the combination of the excitement from the new body and the satisfaction of the orgasm, Mike was asleep in moments.

* * *

Mike awoke the next morning disoriented. It took her a few seconds to realize the strange room she found herself in was now her own, Daniella's delicate female body she inhabited now hers. She did

her business in the bathroom and slipped into a loose-fitting tee shirt.

“Feeling okay, pumpkin?” Kimberley asked when Mike appeared at the breakfast table.

Mike shrugged. “Okay, I guess. Mom.”

Kimberley was already dressed in her business suit. She eyed Mike over the mug of coffee in her hand and pushed her wavy hair back out of her face.

“Do you want to stay home from school?”

“Maybe that would help.” Mike tried to sound resigned but she was secretly overjoyed to finally have time alone in her new body.

“I wish I could stay with you but, you know...work.” Kimberley sighed.

Always work. Mike wondered how often Kimberley ever shut it off to spend time with her daughter.

Soon Kimberley gathered her things, kissed Mike on the forehead and left the house. Mike spent the morning poking through each room, getting the hang of where everything was and how her body moved. She dug through both Kimberley’s closet and her own, trying on some different leotards and admiring herself in the mirror, her fingers running up and down her lithe form and in between her legs across her smooth crotch.

Daniella’s diary was in the bedside table and Mike read through it, learning all about her new life and trying to memorize Daniella’s secret thoughts and feelings:

The list of friends she had and the current boy she liked. Her anger about her mother being at work all the time. Her dreams of the future. Her love—bordering on obsession—of the movies.

Daniella’s life lay open to Mike and she soaked it in. As she read a passage about Daniella’s fight with one of her friends, a ghost of the embarrassment and anger flashed through Mike’s mind. It was an echo of Daniella’s own and so real it was as if Mike was remembering it firsthand. Were Daniella’s memories locked inside her waiting to be unlocked with the right stimulus? She read some more but no further phantom emotions came to her.

Mike then poked through Daniella’s phone (locked with a fingerprint, thank goodness), reading the emails and messages and all her social media to get a hang of who she was now. There was a challenge going around Daniella’s friend group to see how many leotards one could put on in sixty seconds. Seeing a way to start integrating into her new life, Mike joined in. She threw a pile of leotards on the bed then set up her phone on the dresser to capture herself.

“Hi everyone,” she chirped when the video started recording. “Right. I’m gonna try this 60 second leotard challenge. You all ready to watch? Let’s set the timer and here we go.”

Mike stepped into each leotard and pulled it up his body as quick as she could. The motion wasn’t natural. Certainly not like someone who’d been wearing leotards their whole life. Still, the first few were fairly easy but they got tighter and tighter.

“Whoo, this is uncomfortable,” Mike laughed, slipping into the fourth one.

Even with a body as small as his she felt squeezed and had a hard time breathing when the timer rang.

“Only six. Oh, wow, I need to get these off so I can breathe.”

She turned off the video and pulled all the leotards off. Sitting naked on the bed, her legs crossed daintily, she uploaded the video and watched the ‘likes’ come in. Her ears went red at the thought of

strangers and friends seeing her in this body, thinking it was Daniella, and liking it. The warmth spread through her body and her heart thumped faster. Maybe it wasn't just the likes but was also this beautiful naked body she now owned?

Mike lay back on the bed and looked down her lean form. Her body stretched out beneath her and she wiggled her tiny toes. She grabbed her breasts again, enjoying the light bounce of them. She could easily cover them in each hand and they were delightful to touch and squeeze and jiggle. The nipples were so sensitive and she took her time with them, plucking them gently, each touch sending a little flare of warmth down between her legs.

She let her hands slide down her stomach, examining each perfect imperfection, the little moles here and there, the tiny blemishes that only made her body that much more authentic. One hand slid over her mound, her fingers resting on her coarse brown pubic hair. She traced a finger up and down her slit while the other hand moved up to her face, examining the new contours from her soft nose across her smooth cheeks, before finally settling back on a breast.

Now the warmth between her legs was calling her, and Mike stroked a little harder, watching her fingers dip into her opening, revealing little flashes of pink. She could feel her warmth surrounding her as she sank inside, her fingertips landing on her growing dew. She spread it up to her clit and circled her fingers over the little pleasure button. A sigh escaped her lips and she sank back into the bed, hands still clutching her breasts, fingers still pressing her clit.

The warmth brought with it a hot anticipation, sizzling through her body. The more she played with her clit the more the feeling intensified, willing her to keep going. She stared down at herself, watched her hands play across her body, squeezing and stroking, growing warmer and wetter, her pussy lips now loose for her, the wet sounds of her fingers inside herself growing louder. She was as aroused by the sight of Daniella fingering herself as she was by the feeling.

The anticipation built and she squeezed her toes, wiggled her ass back and forth, needing to push herself over the edge. Her fingers were slick with her wetness, her hands grasping desperately for her breasts, and then she came, a moan escaping her lips as the tension exploded within her, releasing her and flooding her with ecstasy.

She cried out, riding the orgasm up, fingers circling inside herself while her body burst with excitement. She was gloriously wet and slick, and continued stroking deep into her tight, wet canal as the humming orgasm burned through her.

She came down slowly, lying on the bed, eyes wide with excitement, breathing hard and savoring the deep enjoyment she now had access to. So much better than when Mike was a man. Longer lasting and filling her body.

Still. If only she had Daniella's memories this would be perfect. As she lay on the bed recovering she cast her eye about the room. A few large hardcover books on the bookshelf caught her eye. School yearbooks. Perhaps they could unlock her memories.

She pulled the latest one off the shelf—Daniella's senior year—and flipped through it. There was Daniella in her school uniform, smiling brightly at the camera. Mike felt a faint familiarity at the blue plaid skirt with navy dress collar and white blouse. If a picture could induce that feeling maybe the actual dress could do more.

Searching through the closet Mike found the uniform hung up neatly. She slipped into the blouse and buttoned it, then stepped into the dress and adjusted the straps across each shoulder. The skirt ended several inches above the knee. The motions of dressing in this uniform were so familiar, as though she'd done them a hundred times before. She completed the outfit with navy tights—no gusset, so they lay smooth across her crotch—before stepping in front of the mirror.

At the sight of her reflection in the adorable school girl uniform a dizzying burst of emotion filled

her: longing, familiarity, happiness. Little flashes of Daniella's school life flitted through her mind, none she could hold on to specifically. The memories were tantalizingly incomplete and just out of reach, evaporating soon after they appeared. She was left with a feeling of nostalgia for Daniella's life.

She pouted and stamped her foot. It wasn't fair. She felt cheated out of a life. No matter how well she acted, without those memories of growing up as a girl she was an impostor.

She pushed her hair out of her eyes and stared at herself in the mirror. God, at least she was beautiful. She inched up her skirt, revealing the pantyhose sitting snug to her crotch, smooth and wonderful to behold. The whites of her panties were visible beneath and she stroked herself. She was so sensitive even through the layers of clothing, maybe *because* of the layers of clothing. Watching in the mirror as she touched herself was enough to bring up that lovely warmth, but before she could explore any further the doorbell rang.

Thinking it was a delivery of some sort, Mike readjusted her dress back down and skipped to the front door. Opening it, she froze, her eyes going wide at the sight of her former body on the porch.

Mike wasn't sure what had happened to her male body when she'd left it but it seemed to have carried on just fine without her. He now stood on the porch, hands behind his back, looking warily around. He paused when he saw Daniella, his mouth opening and closing as he searched for something to say.

"Uh, Daniella?"

"Yes?" Daniella-Mike replied, uncertain who was in her former body.

"I don't...that is..." Male Mike said, running a hand through his hair nervously. "Did anything strange happen yesterday afternoon?"

Daniella-Mike shook her head. Mike dropped his other hand from behind his back, revealing the small statue. Daniella-Mike would never have come over to Kimberley's house for no reason, certainly not when she knew Kimberley wouldn't be at home. But if the Mike standing on the steps really was her former self, maybe he would know everything she did up until the switch.

"Who are you?" She asked.

"I'm Mike. I work with your mom."

"No." She shook her head. "I'm Mike. I was, anyway. The statue worked."

Male Mike released a breath and a relieved smile spread across his face. "Oh thank god, I thought I was going crazy. I had this vivid image of standing in a ballet studio. No, not just an image, I *was* there, and then suddenly, bam, I'm back behind my desk at the office."

"Come inside before someone sees you," Daniella-Mike said, ushering her former self through the door.

"How is it in there?" Mike asked, looking Daniella-Mike up and down.

"Nice," she said, turning and showing off for him.

She was aware of Mike's longing for her. She'd had the same longing. Still did, in fact, even inside. The way he watched her made her pleased, and she knew what he was thinking, knew that her school girl uniform was driving him wild with lust. He would dearly love to touch her, kiss and stroke her delicate body before tangling together in bed and riding her slowly and sweetly. But even better if he could end up *inside* her. She considered giving him a taste of her body because *she* wanted it as well, but she held back. For now.

Instead, she confessed the spell's mistake. "I don't have her memories."

"The spell was supposed to give us everything."

"I know that. But it didn't. I have flashes every now and then. Maybe there wasn't enough of Daniella's life surrounding us when we cast the spell."

"And it was supposed to put *me* in her body."

"It did."

"But...but a copy of me is still *me*. And I still want to be Daniella. You remember how much. Let's try the spell again. Here. Maybe it will give you Daniella's memories, too."

Daniella-Mike agreed and led Mike to her bedroom. They both held onto the statue while Mike read the words to the spell. When he finished...nothing happened.

"Maybe you can't cast it more than once on the same person?" Daniella-Mike suggested.

Mike flopped back onto the bed. "Goddammit. I had one chance and the spell fucked up."

"Well," Daniella-Mike said, remembering how it felt to have her mom so close. "There's another chance."

Mike sat up. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I thought I wanted Kimberley's unconditional love. But now having it and being with her...I think maybe I...*you* would like to be Kimberley."

A grin spread slowly across Mike's face as he considered the idea. He clapped his hands. "Yes! Let's do it now."

"Wait. What if you don't end up with her memories? I think instead of trying with a picture of Kimberley, we try with the real woman."

"How do we do that?"

* * *

Late in the afternoon, long after male Mike had left, Kimberley called Daniella-Mike to let her know she'd be late.

"I'm sorry, sweetie," Kimberley said, "I've got to finish this report. There are leftovers in the fridge or you can order something. Just use the emergency card in my desk."

Mike sighed. "Mom, you always do this."

"Honey, I can't have this conversation right now. I promise I'll make it up to you. I have to go. Love you."

"Love you, too," Mike dutifully replied.

The long wait for Kimberley gave Mike plenty of time to think. She texted her old body and they commiserated over Kimberley's absence, male Mike promising when he took over Kimberley that Daniella would come first. On impulse, Daniella decided to reward her former body. She unbuttoned her blouse and slipped the strap of her dress off one shoulder, baring a breast. She wrapped a hand around her bare tit and held the camera up, smiling sweetly as she took a shot. She

sent it to mike and a second later he texted: *wow!!*

Mike smiled to herself and prepared for bed. It was close to nine and she was in the living room watching television when Kimberley finally came home. Kimberley looked tired, and she dropped her purse onto the living room chair before sinking onto the couch next to Mike. Mike gave her the silent treatment, crossing her arms and answering all of Kimberley's questions with little more than a grunt. After a while Kimberley gave up and went to undress.

It seemed forever before Kimberley went to bed, and even longer before Mike felt it was safe enough to tell her old body to come over with the statuette. When he arrived, Mike let her male self into the house and they both snuck into Kimberley's room. It took a few seconds for Mike's eyes to adjust enough to make out Kimberley's sleeping form, laid out on her side facing them. Her face was slack and so lovely, and Mike gazed at her soft little slip of nose, her high cheekbones and her plump lips, almost jealous that she wouldn't get to experience being inside.

Kimberley's arm was above the covers, and male Mike gently placed the statue against her fingers. He spoke the words of the memorized spell. As soon as he finished there was a brief spark from the statue, and then male Mike's body slumped to the floor with a soft thump. Daniella-Mike remained by the bed for a few seconds, wondering if it had worked, before taking a deep breath and attempting to rouse Kimberley to find out.

Kimberley

Someone was gently shaking him awake and he cracked his eyes open to see Daniella staring at him in the darkened bedroom.

“Mike?” Daniella whispered.

“Yes?” Mike mumbled, and even in his sleepy state he heard the difference in his voice, the lighter tones.

He was Kimberley now!

Mike pushed herself up in bed and felt her heavy breasts sway down beneath her. She looked down at herself, saw Kimberley’s wavy brown hair clinging to the ghostly pale nightie she wore, her two breasts pressing out against the fabric.

“It worked! Danni, it worked!” She cried, grabbing her breasts experimentally. They were full and plump and eminently gropeable. “I know everything Kimberley does. It’s magical.”

The hands holding her tits were slender, the nails rounded and manicured. She swept silky hair back from out of her eyes and turned on the bedside light, knowing exactly where it was, the motion coming to her automatically.

It took a few seconds for her eyes to adjust and when she did she saw her old body passed out on the floor and a worried Daniella looking at her. Her stepdaughter. Mike had dual memories of her male self being disappointed that the transfer into Daniella hadn’t worked and of coming home from work as Kimberley and being given the cold shoulder by her daughter. She was both Mike and Kimberley, the memories and emotions of both so close to the surface. She loved Daniella maternally and, through the vestiges of her former male self, found her delightfully attractive in the slinky nightie as she stared innocently up at Kimberley with wide eyes.

“What do we do with him?” Daniella motioned to male Mike on the floor.

“Hmmm. We have to assume there’s a copy of us inside Mike. One who’s twice tried and failed to transfer his mind into one of us. But I think that no matter how many times he tries there will always be a copy stuck inside his body and he’ll want to try again.” Kimberley was thinking out loud.

“Let’s tell him it didn’t work,” Daniella suggested. “I’ll tell him the magic broke the statue. You have Kimberley’s memories so he’ll never suspect a thing.”

On the floor, male Mike made a noise and Kimberley-Mike hastily agreed with Daniella. Kimberley-Mike stashed the statue in the bedside drawer and helped Daniella drag the body out to the living room. Then she returned to her own room. Despite the nervousness she was thrilled at the feel of her new body, the way her breasts bounced at each step, the sway of her hips, the soft spill of hair down her neck.

She climbed into bed and turned out the light. Her hands were no match for the siren song of her body, and she followed her curves in the darkness, fingers gliding over the smooth skin, the little

pouch of tummy. Her breasts were bigger than Daniella's, full and feminine and so fun to squeeze, to pull gently to each side and release to bob back together. Her fingers followed the little line of her pussy. She spread herself gently and dipped in, just the fingertip, just to feel what it was like to penetrate this incredible body.

She heard muffled voices from the living room, then what sounded like a choked sob. Probably from Mike. The front door opened and closed, then Daniella returned to Kimberley's bedroom and perched on the edge of the bed.

"He's gone. I think he bought it."

"And why not? Why would you lie?" Mike smiled.

She cupped Daniella's sweet face and leaned forward to kiss her on the lips. The kiss was soft and sensual, and Daniella's little tongue swept out to tease Kimberley's lips. Mike caught the faint wonderfully musky smell of her pussy on her finger. She pulled away, stroking her daughter's cheek. The memories of being Daniella's mother clashed with the desire Mike had for her, and the wonderful silky warmth at the smell of her pussy on Daniella's cheeks. They kissed again, breathing each other in as Mike welcomed Daniella's tongue into her mouth. She tasted of cherries and Kimberley could feel her daughter's desire, just held back.

"Why don't we explore that sexy body of yours? Mom." Daniella smirked.

She brought her hand slowly down towards Mike's lap, stroking her panties up and down. Kimberley's body began responding, a faint pulse of warmth beginning between her thighs, a strange new sensation of her pussy lips loosening and beginning to glide together. Daniella gazed up at her, the hint of longing evident. Mike raised her daughter's chin and gently brought their lips together. They kissed long and slow. Mike's tongue darted out, teasing Daniella's lips until she opened her mouth and welcomed her mom inside.

Mike savored her, stroking her cheek as they kissed like lovers, hardly coming up for air. Their bodies twined together. One of Daniella's hands began groping Mike's chest while the other continued stroking up and down her pussy, pushing the pantyhose into Mike's rapidly moistening entrance.

Mike stroked Daniella's body, hands following the slight curves around her chest and down between her legs. Her fingers slipped beneath the hem of her daughter's nightie and landed on her heat. The coarse pubic hair felt wonderful beneath Mike's fingertips and she followed Daniella's slit up and down as the pussy lips loosened and parted for her at her touch. Mike dipped inside her, landing on her moisture, feeling her body surrounding her mom's fingers.

"Oh," Daniella sighed, "You feel incredible."

"You like that, baby girl?" Mike whispered in her ear, inhaling the fruity scent of Daniella's shampoo.

Daniella's hands came up to Mike's chest. She scrabbled for the gauzy nightie, dipping her hand down the neck and taking one of Mike's heavy tits in her hands.

"Oh, I wish my tits were as big as yours," she moaned, leaning forward and wrapping her lips around the fat pink nipple.

Mike bit her plump lower lip as a wonderful deep heat flowed through her, rising and rising, driving her desire on. Each touch made her hornier, *needier* for the young woman beside her.

She whispered in Daniella's ear, "I want to taste your pussy."

Daniella shuddered and nodded. Mike lay her back on the bed and she spread her legs. Mike knelt

between them and gently raised Daniella's long shirt, slipping it up inch by inch, savoring the reveal of Daniella's dark brown triangle of hair. Daniella's pussy lip were already full and swollen, beautiful to look, wonderful to touch. Mike lowered herself so her ample tits were resting on the bed and her nose was inches from Daniella's pussy. Daniella's wonderfully musky scent filled Mike's nostrils, her wavy folds inches from her tongue. She opened her mouth and lowered her face to lick her daughter for the first time.

Daniella tasted divine. Salty and rich and warm. She parted for Kimberley's tongue and Mike ran it up and down her velvety folds, teasing at first but growing harder, deeper, until the flat part of her tongue pressed against Daniella's swelling clit. Daniella drew a deep breath and clasped Mike's head between her legs. Mike felt the little convulsions passing through her daughter and she continued licking, stroking, tasting, pressing her face deeper into Daniella's pussy. Now she was surrounded by Daniella, her cheeks and chin and lips shining with Daniella's juices. She flicked her tongue against the clit and was rewarded with satisfied moans from Daniella. Mike was dripping wet and so hungry for her.

She slipped two fingers into her daughter's waiting pussy. Danielle was soaking wet and Mike entered her easily, curving her fingers around and up to slide against the dimpled nub of her inner pleasure. She worked Daniella slowly, following the rhythm of Daniella's daughter up, up, tongue on her clit, fingers stroking inside. Daniella's cries rose in pitch and she gripped the bed sheets, body flexing around Mike's tongue and fingers.

"Oh god! Yes!" She cried, cumming hard, thrusting her waist up to meet Mike's tongue.

Daniella rocked beneath Mike, moaning and squeezing her own little tits as the orgasm blew through her, long and deep. When at last Mike felt Daniella go limp beneath her, she raised her head and smiled down at her daughter.

"Do you want to taste your own pussy?" Mike asked.

Daniella nodded, and Mike crawled up her and kissed her on the lips once again, this time letting Daniella's tongue wander inside to taste her delicious tangy aftertaste.

"Mmm, yummy," Daniella smiled, caressing Mike's cheek.

It was late and they both collapsed into bed, Mike holding Daniella until sleep took them both.

* * *

Mike-Kimberley woke up before Daniella. She brushed her silky blonde hair out of her eyes and stretched her long limbs, luxuriating in waking up in the body she loved. Mike took her time, letting Kimberley's memories come to her. She knew she should be hurrying to get dressed and get Daniella out the door so she could get to work. But really, fuck all that.

She looked over at her daughter, who was curled up on the bed beside her. Daniella's face was slack with sleep and wonderful in its youth. Mike let her eyes play over Daniella's gorgeous face, luxuriating in her ability to stare uninterrupted at the beautiful young woman in her bed.

Soon Mike rose, careful not to wake Daniella, and padded to the bathroom. The toilet seat was slightly cold beneath her plump bottom and as she peed for the first time in Kimberley's body she was surprised at the force and urgency with which the urine splashed into the bowl. She wiped herself daintily and went through her routine: brushing teeth, rolling on deodorant, doing her makeup and combing her hair. The movements were natural, with the feel of longtime habit thanks to Mike's easy access to Kimberley's memories.

When she finished she admired herself in the mirror some more, turning her body this way and that to get a good look at Kimberley. It was a dream come true to be able to stare at her, to be able to make her move and to touch her whenever she wanted. She touched herself all over, exploring from the soft contours of her face, down to her ripe breasts and then across her wide mom butt, with its pleasant plumpness and exquisite bounciness.

Daniella was still asleep when Mike returned to her bedroom. She quietly searched through the closet for the outfit she knew was there and would drive them both wild. She found the light blue leotard and the grey tights in one of the bottom drawers and pulled them onto her body. The fabric clung to her hips and her breasts, slimming her body while amplifying her curves. With the addition of a matching grey headband she had the look of an aerobics instructor from the 1980s. Retro-hot.

Daniella was starting to stir when Mike came out of the closet, but she left her to wake up on her own and went downstairs to make French toast, which was her daughter's favorite breakfast. Maybe that would jog some of Daniella's memories.

Mike was just stirring the custard mixture together when Daniella appeared, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. She was naked and she took a seat at one of the stools around the kitchen island. She still sat like a man, legs spread, feet hooked around two legs of the stool. Not that Mike minded, of course, because it gave her a wonderful view of Daniella's gorgeous pussy, the lips spread wide, a little flash of pink visible. Mike could definitely get used to Daniella parading around the house like this on a daily basis.

"Morning, Danni," Mike smiled.

"Morning, Kimberley."

"You're going to have to get used to calling me mom."

"Yeah, right, I know. It's just...weird without Daniella's memories."

"Hmmm," Mike paused, pursing her lips. "You think maybe we try something different with the statuette? Maybe we spend the day trying to jog your memories, go to the places Daniella loves, and give it another try."

"I don't even know where those places are!" Daniella moaned.

"I think I do," Mike winked.

She resumed making the breakfast, pulling out the bread and the pan and turning on the stove. All the while she was aware of Daniella's hungry eyes on her, drinking in her tits and her ass and her crotch. Mike grew aroused as Daniella eye-fucked her. She took her time, strutting around and letting her breasts bounce for her daughter as the smell of French toast filled the kitchen.

When the first pieces were ready, Mike slid them onto a plate and placed them in front of her daughter. She watched Daniella's eyes light up as she tasted her favorite food for the first time.

"Oh my god," Daniella said between mouthfuls, "This is so good."

"It's your favorite."

Daniella paused and closed her eyes as a smile flickered across her face. After a moment she pouted and opened her eyes.

"It's like Daniella's memories are just on the cusp. I've got this faint whisper of something, like déjà vu, but that's it. It's not fair. I just want to *really* know what it feels like to be a girl. To have grown up with those memories."

Mike put her hand on Kimberley's. "It's okay baby girl. We'll have a mother-daughter day and try

to get you those memories.”

“And if not?”

“Well...” Mike said, moving closer and sliding her hand down to rest against Daniella’s pussy.

“We’ll still have each other. And I can be the perfect mother.”

Mike kissed Daniella on the lips, savoring her taste for a moment, before pulling away and finishing breakfast. Afterwards, they cleaned up and Mike called in sick to work before they both returned to Kimberley’s room. Mike stripped out of her aerobics wear and put on panties and a bra while again Daniella gazed at her.

“Now, which outfit should your mom wear?” Mike asked, her hands on her wide hips.

The two hunted through Kimberley’s closet, pulling out different combinations of styles and colors and laying them on the bed. They soon settled on a navy-blue executive suit with a simple white top beneath. It was an outfit Mike had often admired on Kimberley in the office. It was finished off with tan pantyhose, high heels, and some of Kimberley’s more expensive jewelry, including some diamond earrings and a gold necklace. When Mike was done she looked sexy and professional, her light, wavy hair draping down one shoulder.

Then it was Daniella’s turn to get dressed. Mike gave her a little slap on the bare ass as she turned to leave. Daniella jumped and grinned at her mom, her ears blushing red. Then they held hands and sauntered to Daniella’s room.

They chose a simple skirt and blouse combo. The skirt rode up to mid-thigh and the blouse was a pale cream. It clung lightly to her body, her breasts dimpling out the fabric. Kimberley combed and styled Daniella’s hair, curling her bangs lightly over her forehead and letting the rest fall down behind her ears.

“Oh my god, you’re so cute,” Mike gushed as they admired her in the mirror.

“Stop it,” Daniella said. “I’m not a little girl.”

“Of course you’re not, my little baby Danni.”

From Daniella’s defensiveness—and Kimberley’s memories—Mike could tell that Daniella hated being made to feel so small. But Mike couldn’t resist teasing her and watching her blush red. She knew, too, that Daniella’s humiliation at being treated like that would make the Mike inside her wet and aroused.

Mike slipped the statuette into her purse, a plan already forming in her mind. She didn’t know if it would work but it was worth a shot.

“Ready, baby?” Mike asked.

“Yep!” Daniella chirped.

Mike wrapped himself around her daughter one last time, grabbing her tiny butt and kissing her on the lips, long and slow. Mike pulled away reluctantly, knowing that she couldn’t be so handsy with her daughter out in public. She opened the door and stepped out into the world for the first time as Kimberley.

* * *

At the mall, Mike and Daniella greatly enjoyed fooling everyone by acting like a typical mother and

daughter. They stopped in at Lulu Lemon, one of Kimberley's favorite stores, and browsed the sections. Mike doted over Daniella, babying her, picking out her clothes and suggesting outfits. Daniella protested that she was old enough to do it herself but Mike knew the humiliation was secretly turning her on. It was turning on both of them.

They tried on outfits together, taking armfuls of clothes back into the changing rooms. They both shared a single change room and took the opportunity of privacy and undressing to fondle each other, stroking and petting and kissing until Mike's body burned with lust. They modelled outfits for each other, enjoying the feel of the women's clothing and the wide variety of styles. So much more interesting and varied than men's clothes.

They left with bags over their arms and moistened panties, stopping in at Daniella's favorite restaurant for lunch. After they ordered, Mike placed her chin in her hands and gazed at Daniella. "Any memories yet?"

"Little flickers here and there. I think this is working. But nothing concrete. It's so frustrating!"

Before Mike could respond her phone dinged with a text. She pulled it out and frowned. "It's a text from, well, us."

Mike showed Daniella the text their former male body had just sent Kimberley:

Hey just checking to make sure everything's okay.

"Sounds like he's fishing to see if you heard about him ending up passed out on the floor of our house last night," Daniella snickered.

Mike texted her old self back:

All good. Just needed a break from work.

"What do we do with him?" Daniella asked.

"Whatever we want. We know how he feels about us. Maybe we can let him have a little taste?"

Mother and daughter shared gleeful grins.

When they finished eating they returned to the car and tossed the bags in the back.

"Where to now?" Daniella asked.

"Let's go see a movie."

The multiplex was quiet when they arrived. It was mid-afternoon on a weekday so they didn't have much choice of movie but Mike hoped it wouldn't matter. The smell of the popcorn, the sight of Isabella's favorite place, the comforting seats and welcoming darkness would all hopefully build on her sense memory and help activate the full potential of the statue.

"Oh god, I remember coming here before. I get a large popcorn and some candy." She danced back and forth with joy.

They bought their food and found a seat in the middle. The theater was empty. Daniella looked around, wide-eyed with wonder as her memories tickled her mind.

"We used to come here every week and sit right in the middle of the theatre."

"Yes! I remember!"

Daniella shared her memories and Mike was surprised to find that they weren't even about the movies. They were about all aspects of Daniella's life, though each one was ephemeral, gone almost

as soon as she articulated it.

“I remember baking cookies with you a few weeks ago on a rainy Sunday. You came to my recital and...and...” She closed her eyes and shook her head. “It’s gone. It was so close.”

Mike patted her hand. “We’ll keep trying. Maybe the reason it worked so well on Kimberley is because she was open and unguarded. I think I can do the same to you.”

With the statuette in hand, Mike slipped her hand onto Daniella’s lap and stroked her inner thigh with the statue, pressing it up and over the white panties. Leaning close, Mike whispered into Daniella’s ear, sharing the memories Mike possessed and Daniella desired, memories of mother and daughter together.

As the familiar concession stand commercial began, Mike pressed the statue harder against Daniella’s panties, gently stroking the head up and down Daniella’s entrance. Daniella wiggled and bit her lip, lying back and closing her eyes as she listened to Mike and the movies. She gripped the armrests, her thumb twiddling up and down in the way she did when she was nervous.

“Let go,” Mike whispered, as the previews began.

Mike’s hands never stopped circling Daniella’s clit. Now Daniella closed her eyes as memories surfaced.

“I remember,” she said.

“Say the spell, my sweet.”

Daniella began reciting the spell, Mike continuing to move the statue up and down, the head nearly slightly parting her pussy lips. Grazing the panties with her finger, Mike could feel Daniella’s moistness. Daniella’s hands went slack, eyes closed as she mumbled the spell. Mike moved closer, surrounding her, still whispering the memories to push into Daniella’s head, still breaking down her guard by stroking her pussy. Daniella pausing every now and then in the spell to draw a breath. The pleasure racking her body was taking over, leaving her open to the spell.

On the last word of the spell Mike felt the statue flash warm beneath her touch and Daniella’s eyes opened wide. She thrust her waist up to the statue, driving it against her clit while she moaned. The sound was almost hidden beneath the dialogue onscreen, and fortunately there was no one to hear it anyway as Daniella came hard, hands clutching her breasts, her face, her body as she orgasmed joyfully beneath the full weight of Daniella’s memories, feeling herself up, welcoming her new past into her present form. It was an identity orgasm better than any physical pleasure. Her mouth dropped open and she gasped, turning to look at Mike.

“Mom,” she said, tears forming in her eyes, “It worked. I remember. I’m a woman.”

“You are,” Mike smiled, kissing her again softly on the lips.

When they pulled away Daniella had a funny look on her face. “Strange kissing my stepmom like that. But nice.”

Daniella’s brow furrowed and she wiped her eyes. Her lips began quivering and she stood and hurried out of the theatre. Mike followed her, calling out for her to wait. Daniella disappeared into a nearby restroom and Mike came in after, finding Daniella staring at herself in the mirror as tears streamed down her face. Mike held her, pressing her daughter’s face against her bosom as she cried.

“Oh, mom. Mike. Kimberley. Who are you? Who am I?”

“You’re all of us. You’re a woman, just like you’ve always wanted. And you’re still yourself. We can be new people. This is a new life.”

Daniella sniffed and nodded. Mike held her until her sobs stopped. They clung to each other for a few moments, Mike stroking her daughter's back, nose pressed into her hair so she could inhale the fruity scent of Daniella's shampoo. When Daniella collected herself Mike released her.

"Do you want to stay for the movie?"

"I don't think so," Daniella sniffed, wiping her eyes but smiling. "I got what I came here for."

The two left the theatre and returned to the car, but where stopped at the sight of the swimsuit store further along the mall. They glanced at each other, smiled, and went in without a word. They bought was an adult one-piece black swimsuit for Mike and a green swimsuit for Daniella. As they drove home, Daniella snuggled against Mike in the car while she stroked her soft skin and admired her body, the memories still flitting through her mind.

As soon as they arrived home they slipped into their new swimsuits. Mike went to make mimosas in celebration of their new lives, more than once catching Daniella staring lustily at her flat crotch and bouncy breasts.

"Do you like being a girl, honey?"

"More than anything," Daniella said, taking the mimosa from Mike. "But what I like most of all is being with you."

Daniella stood on tiptoes and kissed Mike, her soft lips opening, welcoming in her mom's tongue. Mike's body responded, a pulse of warmth throbbing through her. Mike soon pulled away, the taste of Daniella still on her lips. She took her daughter's hand and led her out the back door to the hot tub that stood on the deck.

Their yard was secluded, with a fence and high bushes preventing anyone from seeing them. Mike switched on the hot tub jets and slid in slowly, adjusting to the temperature of the water until she was sitting on the bench, only the top of her chest out of the water. Her breasts bobbed on the surface, jiggly and wonderful, held in place by the black swimsuit.

Daniella placed the statuette and her cell phone on the outdoor table before dipping a dainty toe in the water. When she finally got all the way in she moved around until she was sitting on Mike's lap. Mike set her drink down and wrapped her arms around Daniella, letting her hands roam up and down her sweet, young body.

Daniella's curves were small but taut, and wonderfully bouncy beneath Mike's wandering hands. She squeezed her daughter gently, enjoying the soft skin, enjoying being able to do anything she wanted to this body, knowing exactly what Daniella wanted because they shared the same mind.

Daniella sighed and leaned her head back to rest on her mom's shoulder. Mike kissed her graceful neck, lightly nipping her, before whispering in her ear:

"I will always love you."

Daniella turned and they kissed again, Daniella opening her lips to welcome Mike's tongue in so she could suck on it. Mike slipped inside, following the contours of her warm, welcome mouth, tasting her lover, her daughter. She felt hands on her tits as Daniella stroked a heavy breast, fingers slipping over the nipple and sending an erotic charge straight to Mike's pussy.

"Oh, god," Daniella moaned, clutching her eyes tight. "Please, touch my pussy."

Mike obliged, hands trailing down Daniella's tiny, trembling body beneath the water. She found her daughter's thighs and pushed aside the suit so she could slip her fingers against Daniella's bare pussy. Her pussy lips parted easily for Mike and she stroked, feeling Daniella's wetness, wetter than water.

Daniella fumbled with Mike's top, finally pulling it aside and freeing one of Mike's tits. The fat breast tumbled down and Daniella caught it in her hand and sucked on the nipple. Mike's tits were so much bigger than her daughter's. Firm, fleshy and oh-so-squeezable. Daniella's tongue flicked around Mike's sensitive skin as her teeth grazed Mike's nipple. She squeezed Mike's tit as she suckled, making little moans of delight which served to drive Mike's lust higher.

Mike's fingers drove in deeper now, following Daniella's pretty pink folds up into her heat. She stroked in and out, the top of her fingers settling on Daniella's clit. Daniella wiggled and moaned as Mike fingered her, moving faster, in and out, while the two women grew hornier. Daniella sucked on Mike's tit and Mike thrust her fingers up into her daughter's tight cunt, fingering her to the rhythm of her young body until Daniella gasped and shook, clutching Mike's breast almost painfully hard. The younger woman orgasmed in her lap and Mike held her, kissing her once again as her own body quivered with ecstasy.

Mike's pulse raced in her ears as the orgasm hit, spreading throughout her body. She clutched Daniella closer and threw her head back, releasing a long, low moan as the pressure exploded through her.

The two women floated together as the jets from the hot tub massaged their bodies. Finally, Daniella stirred and turned to reach for her phone and the statue on the table. She had to stretch out of the water, giving Mike an incredible view of her backside down to her perfect little ass.

"I guess we won't be needing this anymore," she said, holding up the little statue, "And we don't want old Mike coming around here to bother us."

With that, she threw the statue onto the floor with a satisfying crack. The head broke off and the body lay in pieces. Daniella snapped a picture on her phone, then handed the phone to Mike.

"I'll give him that and a little consolation prize," Daniella said.

She pulled down the top of her swimsuit, freeing her tits. She pressed her arms together, making her breasts swell up, the little nipples beautiful pink tips of each. Mike snapped the picture and they sent it to their old body, along with the picture of the broken statue.

Then they snuggled together in the tub, clutching each other, Mike's restless hands again roaming up and down her Daniella's gorgeous young body. They had the lives they wanted, and they could enjoy each other whenever they desired.

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