

BODY SWAP EROTICA

COUPLES'
Weekend

MILLS

Couples' Weekend

M2F Body Swap

by M. Wills

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Couples' Weekend

“So, this is their little beach shack?” I asked my wife, as the two of us stared out through the dirty windshield of our car and up—and up!—at the two story pink and aqua house.

Heather checked the address on her phone again. “This is the one. Modest, isn't it?” She snarked.

Brooke and Terry's vacation house was bigger than our everyday house. I gazed up at two stories of modern architecture, all square corners and feature walls. A wide, wraparound porch set up a few steps above the road surrounded the ground floor. The house was nestled in the sand dunes and, as I opened my creaking car door, I could hear the waves crashing on the beach just beyond.

The front door swung open and my wife's friend, Brooke, waved to us as she strode out onto the porch. She wore a wispy wrap that only partially obscured the baby blue summer dress clinging to her slender body. Elegant and trendy as always, her simple outfit probably cost more than all the clothes I'd brought for this trip. I loved Heather but I could still appreciate a pretty woman and there was no doubt that Brooke was pretty. She had a joyous, expressive face with wide, bedroom eyes. Her breasts were perky little things and I was always struggling not to openly stare at her perfect ass. Her limber legs seemed to go on forever, ending in dainty feet with precisely manicured toenails. I had no doubt there was an army of nutritionists and personal trainers on call to keep her in shape. Talk about high maintenance.

Brooke hurried down the stairs, her every move fluid and graceful. She absently brushed a strand of strawberry-blonde hair from her cheek before throwing her arms around Heather in a big hug. Lean and tall, Brooke towered over my wife. Heather was below average height and slightly plump, with wide hips and heavy breasts. I always thought of her as girl-next-door cute, with an innocent looking face and an adorable smile that still made me melt. She was self-conscious about her size—both her short stature and her large breasts—and wore clothes that concealed her figure. Today she wore a gray top with a high neckline and casual jeans that hid the curvaceous form I was still so attracted to.

“I'm so glad you guys made it,” Brooke trilled, her voice light and care-free.

“Well, we got a flat just out of town but Charlie fixed it.”

“Oh,” Brooke turned to me, her chocolate colored eyes sparkling, “You should have called us, we would have let you use our AAA account.”

“No big deal,” I shrugged. “I can change a tire.”

“My husband couldn't do that!” she laughed. “Come in, come in,”

Brooke hooked her arm around my wife's arm and ushered her up the front steps.

“I'll just grab the bags,” I called after them, my eyes briefly slipping down to Brooke's ass as it wiggled away.

Brooke's husband, Terry, came out the door. He was dressed in pressed khaki shorts and a blindingly white polo shirt. Brooke directed him to give me a hand with the bags.

“Good to see you,” Terry said, gripping my hand firmly and pumping twice.

“You, too.” I said, extracting my hand from his fierce grip. I hauled one of the bags out of the trunk and handed it to him.

Terry was tall and lean, like his wife. But when he took the bags you could see the muscles beneath his skin tighten in a way that, frankly, made me jealous. I went to the local gym a few times a week, but it was obvious that Terry spent most mornings in his own personal gym in his basement. Probably also with the help of the same nutritionists and personal trainers that worked on his wife.

I followed Terry into the house and up to the guest room, admiring the house as I went through. It was immaculately clean and decorated in kitschy beach house theme. Random collections of sea shells and driftwood were artfully positioned on the walls. The bed sheets were navy blue and precisely turned down. We set the suitcases in one of the bedrooms and joined our wives downstairs in the living room.

Brooke and Heather already had glasses of wine and Brooke was showing off their house. Terry grabbed a beer from the fridge.

“We're slumming it, I'm afraid, so no imports,” he said, handing me a bottle of something limited, and crafty, and probably expensive.

“That's fine with me,” I said.

We clinked beers and drank. Terry started in on the latest in the Tour de France and I listened with half an ear, making 'yes' and 'ah' noises at appropriate moments. I didn't really care about cycling, but Terry was one of those old boys from old money who couldn't imagine that other people wouldn't care about the same things he cared about. Maybe if I let him

get it all out now, we could go the rest of the weekend without talking about it again.

Terry and I weren't close friends, but we were brought together by our wives. Heather had met Brooke shortly after we moved in. Our kids were toddlers of roughly the same age and Heather and Brooke had made fast friends, bonding over their shared taste in fashion and political cynicism. I'd always thought Brooke was interesting but Terry seemed like an empty suit. He was nice enough but his main interests seemed to be sports, stocks and banking, three topics that bored me to tears.

Terry and Brooke were in a totally different financial strata than me and Heather, and it showed. They were always flying here or there, jetting off on exotic vacations or business-expensed trips. I, on the other hand, was just starting out as an architect and my wife was picking up freelance journalism stories wherever she could. We were scrimping and saving, pinching every penny until it screamed. When Terry and Brooke offered us a free vacation with them at their beach house we jumped at the chance. We left our kids with the grandparents and hit the road for our first child-free weekend in years.

Brooke showed us around the house, pointing out the meticulously crafted local furniture and rare 1920's beach kitsch she'd collected. Heather and I made admiring little noises. At the end of the upstairs hallway, a dormer window looked out over the sand dunes to the pristine beach beyond.

"You can get the perfect view right here. The sun sets just between those dunes." Brooke said, placing a hand on my shoulder and guiding me to the perfect spot. Surely it was my imagination that her hand lingered on my shoulder for a beat too long, before tracing lightly down my lower back as she turned? I caught a shared smile between Brooke and my wife, like they were in on a secret.

Brooke cooked dinner for us. She threw some lobsters in a pot and set to work making some salads and fancy cornbread. Everyone else pitched in, cutting and stirring and mixing when told. The kitchen was warm and the beer was flowing and soon enough we were all relaxed. When the food was ready Brooke and Terry set it on the table.

"So..." Brooke began, glancing at my wife. Heather nodded, and Brooke continued, "Before we eat we wanted to let you in on our secret. Please have a seat." She gestured to the chairs.

I raised an eyebrow at my wife. She took my hand reassuringly and we sat

at the table as Terry left the room. He came back a minute later with a glass ball in his hand. It looked like the type of crystal ball you would find in a fortune teller's tent, complete with chintzy wooden base. Strange little flashes of color could be seen darting back and forth inside it. It seemed to hum with energy. Terry placed it in the center of the table and he and Brooke took a seat across from Heather and me.

"We really like to have fun up here. This beach house is a special place where we can break the rules and really just do...anything." Terry began, leaning forward.

Ookay. This was a weird turn of events.

"Now Heather and I have already discussed this," Brooke said, "And she thought you'd be into it, too."

I grinned nervously and glanced at Heather. She avoided my gaze, staring back at Brooke.

"What is *it*?" I asked.

It sounded like they were about to propose swapping wives. I didn't think that was the sort of thing my wife would be into. I didn't know if *I* would be into it. I mean, I wouldn't mind sleeping with Brooke, but the thought of Terry with my wife made me a little queasy.

"This little orb swaps bodies." Brooke said, propping her chin on her hand and cocking her head slightly.

I barked out a laugh but no one else joined in.

Brooke continued. "We've got a little tradition where we invite friends up here and spend the weekend in each other's bodies."

I was speechless. I looked around at the three of them and they looked at me expectantly. Apparently this had already been discussed. As if it could really happen.

"How does it work?" I asked.

"Everyone touches the orb at once and it sort of...spins us all around into each other's bodies." Brooke said.

"It's random. Like roulette," Terry added, "Any of us could end up inside anyone else. At the end of the weekend we switch back."

"And what do we do in the mean time?"

Brooke shared a smile with Heather. "Whatever we want."

Well...if everyone else was in I might as well jump off the cliff, too.

"Okay." I said. I was almost ready to believe it wouldn't work if not for the seriousness with which Brooke and Terry were speaking.

We all placed our hands on the orb. It was warm to the touch and my

fingers left no fingerprints on the glass.

Terry looked up at us. "You'll want to close your eyes, it can be a little jarring otherwise."

I closed my eyes and felt Terry lightly thump the orb in a quick syncopated rhythm. There was a flash of dizziness and suddenly the room felt different. The ambiance changed, the sound of the room altered as though coming from a different direction. The heavy scent of cooked crab was somehow sharper, as if I could more fully appreciate every subtle nuance.

"You can open your eyes now," Heather said. Only now, her voice was coming from across the table.

I opened my eyes and the first thing I saw was my own body, sitting across the table and next to my wife. I gasped and jumped a little. My gasp was feminine and airy and I looked down at myself, only to be staring straight down slight cleavage. Two perky breasts disappearing beneath a gorgeous baby blue dress. A wispy fabric wrap wafted against arms that were slender and hairless. I wiggled my fingers, watching Brooke's body move under my command.

"Whoa," I said, in her bright voice.

I licked my lips with Brooke's tongue, suddenly aware of the different contours of my mouth and my teeth, of the fact that I was basically tasting her. I shifted in my chair and that made me acutely aware of Brooke's perfect ass. A part of me now. I looked back across the table and saw my body and Heather looking at themselves. Heather seemed assured, with a slight smile on her pretty face making her little dimples appear. My own body was much more flabbergasted. Whoever was in there explored my skin, flexing my arms and wiggling my fingers.

"Ok, who's who?" Heather asked, propping her chin on her hands in a gesture familiar to Brooke.

We went around the table introducing ourselves. Terry was in my wife. Brooke was in Terry. Heather was in me. I, obviously, was in Brooke's body. I wasn't sure how I felt about Terry being inside Heather, but I didn't have a choice.

Terry and Brooke got up to set the table and I stood to move around and sit next to Heather. Brooke's body was so graceful and the warm air moving across my sensitive skin felt delicious. I pulled out the seat with fingers that were long and slim, and took a seat next to my wife. She stared at me and I stared back at my face from this new angle as someone else

moved my features.

“How does it feel being me?” I asked.

“This is...so incredible,” Heather replied in my deep voice, made all the stranger for having her light southern accent.

“It's going to feel a little strange until you get used to it,” Terry said, as he set the plates on the table, Heather's heavy breasts bouncing slightly as he moved.

Heather looked over at him and cocked her head, watching as he maneuvered her body around the kitchen.

“Is that really what I look like?” Heather asked. “God, I'm so fat.”

“I think you're gorgeous,” I said, placing a hand on her thigh.

She looked back at me and placed her hand on mine. Her rough palm covered Brooke's tiny hand. “Thanks, baby,” Heather said. “God, this is so weird seeing your mannerisms on my best friend's body.” Her eyes flicked down my body, checking me out. I stroked her leg soothingly and gave her a quick kiss, momentarily forgetting who's body I was in. We were both surprised when her pants began to tent out. I quickly pulled my hand away and we both grinned anxiously. Fortunately, we were interrupted by Terry and Brooke returning to their seats.

The food smelled amazing. We passed the plates around, dishing everything out. Though Brooke's body was ravenous, I didn't heap a lot of food on my plate out of politeness. Even so, I didn't finish it, her small stomach filling up faster than I was used to. The food tasted different on my tongue. The tomatoes were more tart, the buttery bread more rich and filling than in my old body. We ate and talked, slowly getting used to our new forms. Brooke and Terry adjusted quickly but Heather and I took our time. A glass of wine helped. Another was even better.

When I was finished eating I sat back and began to spread my legs. The air rushing beneath my dress reminded me of the clothing I was wearing and I quickly shuffled around, crossing one long, lean leg over the other. One hand remained on my wine glass, fingers sliding up and down the stem as we talked and I adjusted to my new voice and my new mental body image. The other hand sat in my lap and by the time every one had done I found my fingers on my bare thigh, subconsciously caressing Brooke's bare thigh.

I found myself enjoying being in Brooke's body. The sound of her voice was delightful and her skin was so warm and smooth. Now that I had adjusted I was beginning to grow anxious having her body so incredibly

close. I desperately wanted to touch myself. Wanted to throw off my clothes and admire her ass without shame. Wanted to feel her from the inside. It was growing late and I yawned, covering my mouth with my little hand, fingers grazing over my tiny nose and soft cheeks.

"I agree," Terry answered with a yawn of his own, stretching out my wife's arms.

Heather and I said goodnight and went upstairs to our room. The wine had made me wonderfully fuzzy and I sat down heavily on the bed as Heather went into the bathroom. To the left of the bed was a full length mirror and I stared into it at Brooke's limber form. She was gorgeous, her eyes bright, a playful little smile on her lips.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I stood and reached back to unzip my dress. I slipped out of it and let it crumple to the floor at my feet. And then Brooke's nearly naked body was in front of me. A white bra clasped two small breasts, and lacy panties clung tight to my supple ass, just covering my pussy. My slender, hourglass figure was amazing to stare at and I twirled around to get a look at the ass I'd been coveting for so long. Fuck, her butt was amazing. I reached down and gave it a pinch, slid my hands across her little bubble butt and between the curves of her cheeks, fingers just tickling my asshole. A little thrill of desire shot through me, making my new body warm.

I ditched the bra, letting my little breasts free. They were small but perfectly proportioned, the little nipples already perky. I took my time enjoying them. The strawberry-pink nipples spiked out more as I ran my fingers across my boobs, squeezing them and watching them bounce back into place. They were supple and warm, delightful to touch and caress. I could easily palm them in my hand, and watching Brooke play with her tits in the mirror made me even hornier.

I peeled down my panties and was confronted with my pussy for the first time. A perfectly manicured triangle of honey blonde pubic hair pointed directly to my new slit, which looked inviting and warm. Fuck, Brooke's body was amazing, and now it was mine to enjoy.

I lay on the bed and spread my legs, looking down at my new body as my hands slid down over Brooke's mound and found the coarse hair of her bush. My fingers followed the trail down to her waiting pussy lips. I slipped lightly inside myself, caressing the rubbery hood of my clit. The lips of Brooke's pussy were already slightly moist and warm. The feeling of penetrating myself, of my fingers pressing into my warmth, was

delightful. I stared down between my legs, watched as I made Brooke's fingers manipulate herself, rubbing in a circular motion across her little nub of pleasure as her pussy lips unfolded and the rich velvety pink of my cunt appeared in brief flashes.

I was aware of motion in the room and I looked up to find my body staring at me from the doorway of the bathroom. I froze, two fingers inside myself.

"Don't stop on my account," Heather said. Her boxers were tented out, my former erection straining against the fabric.

She sat next to me on the bed as I resumed my ministrations, one hand playing with my little tits, the other stroking my pussy. I was loose and tense at the same time, my pussy opening for myself as my body grew rigid with lust. Heather lay next to me and watched as I masturbated her friend's body. She grabbed her cock and slowly began stroking it, her eyes locked on my body, making me both self-conscious and horny.

I found my wetness and spread it up over the hood of my clit with my fingers. I was burning with desire now and I moaned in a sultry voice as my fingers landed on my sensitive bud. My broad strokes became tighter, concentrating on the little area of pleasure. My legs moved restlessly, knees swaying as little waves of delight crested through me. They pulsed out from my cunt, lapped at my nipples. Heather's very male attention on my body only served to make me hornier. I squeezed Brooke's tits, aching for her body as I stroked myself faster and faster, the squelching sound of my wetness hitting my ears. Fuck, Brooke's pussy was so wet, my fingers shiny with her juices, my pussy wide open, fingers gliding through the velvety walls of her cunt. My voice rose in pitch, tiny cries of delight spilling from my lips, a voice tiny and straining. "Oh, oh, oh!" and suddenly I came. I lifted my pelvis from the bed and shuddered, fingers stroking faster, urging the orgasm through me. My entire body quivered as the wave filled me, my pleasure cresting as I grew rigid, pausing on the crest, frozen in delight, and then I came crashing back down to my body, still so warm and wet.

I turned to my side and saw my own body, a slight grin on its face. Heather was stroking my cock and I bit my plump lower lip as I watched her.

"Here, let me help," I said, turning over and resting my head on my former chest. I wrapped Brooke's wet fingers around Heather's warm dick.

I used Brooke's wetness to lubricate my wife's cock, stroking gently,

running my fingers all around and dipping back inside myself for more until her cock was shiny and slick and Brooke's fingers slid easily up and down. Watching Brooke's fingers caress my dick was intoxicating and Heather and I both stared down at my erection as I stroked. My strange new fingers moved up and down my own familiar dick. It was warm beneath my fingers and the hard-softness felt wonderful. Heather sighed gratefully and a little drop of pre-cum appeared on the tip.

On impulse I leaned forward and licked it off. The slight salty taste of myself landed on my tongue. It was strangely delightful. I didn't know if it was because I was horny as hell in Brooke's body or what, but I wanted more. I shuffled down between Heather's legs, continuing to stroke as I brought Brooke's face within inches of her hard-on. I opened my lips and swallowed the head, still stroking as I lowered my lips down her shaft. Heather's dick glided across my tongue, filling my mouth. My tongue undulated against her shaft and I slid my lips up and down slowly, going deeper each time. Her warmth filled my mouth and she moaned. I tried to go down deeper, forcing myself as low as I could go until her dick hit the back of my throat. I held her there, my lips concave, and then I slid up. Heather moaned beneath me, a deep, masculine sound that thrilled me to my core and made me ever wetter.

I continued licking and teasing, watching in the mirror as I made Brooke suck my dick. It was incredibly hot watching my new body move in the mirror, my little ass in the air, back arched, a picture of perfection as my lips wrapped around a throbbing cock. A drop of my wetness burned its way down my thigh. I reached between my legs and stroked myself, fingers landing in my pussy again, rubbing faster as I sucked my former dick. I grew faster, lips gliding up and down Heather's shaft, voracious for myself, delighting in holding the warm masculinity in my mouth, in giving all this pleasure to both of us. My fingers stroked myself faster and I came, moaning around the dick in my mouth as my body quivered with another orgasm.

And then the cock throbbed and Heather cried, "Oh, fuck," and my mouth was flooded with spurts of her creamy cum. It jetted down my mouth, tangy and warm on my tongue and I swallowed, making Brooke drink it all down. I couldn't hold it all and came up coughing and sputtering, jizz dripping from my lips as Heather's dick throbbed, the semen spilling down her shaft. I buried Brooke's face in my own pubic hair and licked it eagerly, rubbing it on my face and devouring as much as I could,

coming up with my cheeks and nose covered in my cum, just as I'd imagined Brooke doing. I turned to the mirror, saw myself messy with cum, this woman who I'd secretly lusted after was dripping with my seed and I moaned happily as my fingers entwined deep within my cunt. A last, shuddering orgasm blew threw me and I raised my head and ran my fingers along my face, dragging the cum down my tits, making Brooke's body filthy with my lust until the last tremors of my orgasm disappeared. I flopped onto the bed and heather spooned me, masculine arms gripping my slender body tight as her warm, wet cock pressed up against my perfect ass. I fell asleep clasped in my gentle former arms.

I woke up facing the mirror, Brooke's sleepy face reflected back at me. I stretched my long limbs slowly and turned to Heather. She was still asleep and I took the opportunity to look at my face from this new angle. Strange seeing my body asleep. Heather opened her eyes and smiled when she saw me. I grinned back and kissed her on her forehead.

I slipped out of bed, still naked from the night before, and went into the bathroom. My hips swayed with each step, tiny breasts bouncing slightly. Brooke's bedhead greeted me in the mirror. She was beautifully disheveled and still sticky from the night before. I turned on the shower and let the hot water wash over me. I used my wife's orange-peel scrub, letting my fingers wander across my body as I scrubbed myself clean. Brooke felt so good and I let my fingers slide over her body long after the soap was washed off, feeling up my new ass and my tits, tracing my wonderful hourglass figure down over my hips, my hands slipping between my legs and landing briefly on my slit.

When I was done I stepped out, feeling fresh and smelling fruity and feminine. That's when I realized I had no clothes to wear. I wrapped the towel around me and padded down the hall to gently knock on Brooke and Terry's bedroom door.

"Morning guys," I called.

There was some shuffling from inside and then the door opened. My wife's body stood just inside, wrapped in the bed sheets. She was naked beneath, and the swirls of the sheets lead down inexorably to her wonderfully deep cleavage.

"Morning," Terry said in my wife's voice. "Did you two have fun last night?"

"Um, yes," I blushed. "But, uh, I just realized, I don't have anything to wear."

"Oh, right. We should probably trade suitcases. That's always easiest."

So we did.

"Oh," Terry said, as he hauled Brooke's suitcase over to me, "We're planning to go down to the beach this morning. I'm sure you'll find something to wear."

I returned to my room with Brooke's expensive leather suitcase and heaved it onto the bed. I unzipped it and looked in.

"You've got to be kidding me," I mumbled.

Heather came up behind me and we looked through my choices. Every piece was elegant and expensive. But, mostly, every piece was *small*. The only thing that even remotely would have covered my body was the blue dress that was still crumpled on the floor. I picked up a tiny baby doll shirt and small shred of fabric that might have been shorts. Part of me was salivating at the thought of seeing Brooke in these clothes, but the other part wasn't sure I was ready to go out in public like this. I dug through the suitcase until I found her swimsuit. A bikini. Of course.

I slid the bottoms on, adjusting them snugly over my pussy. The tiny waistband was merely a string, and the back barely covered the crack of my ass. Heather had to help me with the top, untangling the string and sliding my arms through it. I adjusted the tiny pads over my nipples and turned to look at myself in the mirror. Holy hell, I was nearly naked. The tiny scraps of fabric barely covered me, showing off my tawny-beige skin and supple ass. I was my own walking wet dream.

"Don't make any sudden movements," Heather smirked.

"For real," I said, turning to admire my ass.

I noticed Heather's boxers were starting to bulge out and I turned to her and grabbed her dick through the fabric.

"You'll have to hold onto this for me," I said.

Heather kissed me. I opened my mouth and welcomed her tongue, sucking on her as she slid over my teeth and across the roof of my mouth, tasting me. She soon pulled back and grinded her cock against me.

"I knew Brooke was pretty but, fuck, your body's so fucking horny for her," Heather whispered through gritted teeth.

I gave her another quick kiss and headed out the door before she could pull me back into bed. It was different in the light of day when Terry and Brooke were just down the hall. Surely, though, they *knew* what we'd done in Brooke's body? And, just as surely, they'd done the same to Heather's body. The thought of Heather being bent over and fucked by Terry sent a quick jolt of warmth through me.

Brooke was making pancakes in the kitchen when I entered. She'd dressed Terry's body in his board shorts and a white t-shirt.

"Smells good," I said.

She turned to me with a rueful smile. "It does, but your breakfast is over there."

She motioned to the table where a small bowl of yogurt and muesli sat.

“One of the prices of my body is you have to stick to my diet.” She said.

“I think I can deal with that.” I laughed.

As I was eating, Terry entered. He was wearing my wife's black one-piece. Her huge breasts bobbed with each step and it clung to her delicious form, cupping her slightly chubby tummy and skirting her squeezable ass. He was clearly having fun being Heather and he bounced into the kitchen, greeting everyone happily.

Heather turned up last, dressed only in my swimming trunks. Her chest was bare and as she sat next to me she whispered, “I'm actually enjoying having my hubby's chest.” She reached over and squeezed my hand beneath the table.

It was hard watching everyone else eat, but I managed. We all chatted happily, as if everything was normal. When everyone had finished we packed up and made our way down to the beach. Terry was at my side when we crested the sand dunes and I first saw the wide expanse of beach dotted with people. I froze, wondering if I was ready to show off my body. I mean, I was practically naked.

“It's always weird at first,” Terry said, “As guys, we're not really used to wearing underwear on the beach. But you'll get used to it. Come on.”

He took my slender hand in his and led me out to the beach behind the “guys”.

“So,” I ventured, “How is it being my wife?”

He grinned, “Nice. I mean, there's always a lot to get used to. She's pretty top heavy, huh?”

“I don't mind.”

“Me neither.” He said, giving my wife's body a quick feel and grinning. I couldn't blame him, though. Hadn't I done even more with his wife's body last night?

It was strange walking down to the beach and passing other people, particularly other men. I felt so naked in Brooke's bikini and I could practically feel the eyes on me. A few of the more brazen men we passed gave me long, lingering eye contact, which was equal parts creepy and flattering. I'd never been so blatantly ogled before and my cheeks flushed red. Suddenly, I was keenly aware of my little ass wiggling behind me, of the string that I desperately wanted to pull out of my butt crack, of the tiny, precariously placed circles of fabric covering my nipples, of the emptiness between my legs and the way my pussy lips slid together at each step. I could see how the male gaze day after day would be

confronting, but for me, in this temporary sexy body, it was exciting.

The group of us walked down the beach a little ways to a secluded cove, hidden from the rest of the beach by a small sandstone outcrop. We were all alone here and we set up our blankets on the beach and walked down to the water's edge. The ocean was warm and inviting and soon I had shed my inhibitions and was laughing and splashing through the waves. Heather swam up to me and I clung Brooke's supple legs around my former body, clasping my arms around my former back, our warm, wet skin pressing together.

"Is it strange for you? Seeing your best friend like this?"

"Totally," she said.

I kissed her on the lips and she opened her mouth for me. My tongue slipped into her warmth and I sighed as she sucked on me, her hands wrapping around my ass. The stirrings of Heather's cock pressed against my belly and I wrapped my legs tighter around her masculine body.

I pulled back, a smile on my lips. "But not strange enough to not kiss me."

"What can I say? You're a horny guy." She smirked.

We kissed again, and then Brooke splashed up and we were off chasing the waves. I soon grew tired and returned to our towels to dry off, little beads of water dripping down my body, over my gentle curves. I lay out on the towel to enjoy the warmth of the sun. A shadow blocked my heat and I opened my eyes to see the two "guys", Heather and Brooke, standing over me. The angle of the sun highlighted the shadows of their muscles, emphasizing Heather's broad chest and well toned arms.

"We're going to go bring back some drinks and snacks, want anything?" Brooke asked.

"I'm good," I said, lying my head back down.

They walked away, but I was joined a moment later by Terry. He spread out his towel close to mine and sat hugging his knees. I opened my eyes to see him staring down at me with Heather's big brown eyes.

"So," he said, shifting my wife's body slightly, "Do you want me to teach you a thing or two about Brooke's body?"

"You mean besides the diet and exercise?"

He leaned close and my wife's breasts hung down, heavy and low, resting on my chest. I stared down into her wonderfully deep cleavage and back up into that adorable face I knew so well. Terry placed Heather's hand between my thighs and stroked once, gently. His touch was both tender and

firm, and it urged a rush of warmth through my body. Now Heather's face was so close to mine, I could see the tiny freckles on her nose, feel her hot breath on my lips.

"What will our wives think when they hear what we've done in their bodies?" I asked. Brooke's body was already restless, the familiar heat burning me, yearning for more of Terry's touch.

"What do you think they're doing in ours?"

Before I could process that thought Heather's lips were on mine and, oh god, she tasted divine, of ocean and sunscreen and pent-up desire. I couldn't help myself, couldn't resist as my body gave in to Brooke's lust. Heather's hand pressed harder between my legs and I wriggled my long, lean legs as little bursts of warmth shot through me. I opened my mouth and sucked on Heather's tongue while I ran my fingers through her hair, stroking gently, dragging the tips of my fingers gently down to her soft cheeks. My wife's familiar body felt intoxicatingly new from within the body of her friend. Every touch was much more present, every whisper of her skin burning delightfully against mine.

Heather's heavy breasts lay on my chest and Terry worked her hand up my stomach, pushing aside my bikini top to land on Brooke's tit. I trembled as her fingers found my nipple, my tongue darting into her mouth as I grew desperate for her. She teased me, circling around my tits, squeezing gently, then harder as the delicious pain echoed through my body. My fingers slipped under the strap of my wife's swimsuit and I pulled it down her shoulder. Terry pulled back slightly and slipped both straps off his shoulders, freeing my wife's breasts. They hung, plump and heavy, from her chest. I brought one to my lips and sucked, tasting her salty skin, letting my tongue play across her nipple. I moved back and forth between her tits, greedy for them, kissing with Brooke's lips, spreading my saliva across her as electric tingles shot through my body and she moaned above me.

Terry crawled down my body and my hands returned to my new tits, fondling them, enjoying the sight of Brooke touching herself as Terry positioned my wife's body between my legs. He pulled down my bikini bottoms, revealing my pussy, lips already swollen with desire. Heather's tongue flicked out, tasting Brooke's cunt and sending another shock of pleasure through me. He teased me, kissing his way back and forth between my thighs, her warm lips sending delight burning through me in cascading waves. And then he landed on my pussy and, fuck, her hot

breath hit my insides and I moaned, still kneading my tits. Heather's tongue flicked inside me, a quick jolt of lust shocked me, ushering a gasp from my lips. There followed a steady pressure against my sensitive nub as Terry pressed Heather's tongue flat against my clit and undulated slowly.

I whimpered as Brooke's body lit like a furnace. I turned my head and thrust my hips up towards my wife's face, needing her to drive deeper inside my lust soaked body. Terry knew just how to treat me, rolling his tongue against my clit, growing a rhythm and stopping just as I was at the peak.

"Oh, you fucking tease," I moaned, Brooke's voice dripping with desire. My wife's face peered up at me from between her friend's legs, her chin shiny with my lust. Just watching my wife eating pussy made me cum. My little toes tensed and I dug my head back in the sand as an orgasm roared through me. At the very height, just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, Terry thrust Heather's tongue back inside me with a renewed vigor, licking and sucking and lapping at my cunt, driving his mouth and his lips with perfect force across my clit and I moaned and cried out. My body shook with thunder and I gripped my own little body tight as I came hard, over and over again. I would open my eyes to look down my long body, see my wife, her eyes closed in ecstasy as she licked her best friend's cunt, and cum again.

I don't know how many times I orgasmed but at last I pushed her away. "No more, no more," I muttered. My body was aching with pleasure. It was almost too painful to move and all I could do was lie on the towel as the shockwaves of my orgasm passed through me, leaving me a weak, dripping mess. Brooke's juices had soaked the towel, leaving a wet spot on my ass when I rolled over and hugged myself.

Terry climbed up my body and wrapped his arms around me. We kissed, the musky taste of my own pussy so delightful. How many times had I dreamed of eating Brooke's pussy? And now there I was, finally tasting it, enjoying it more than I ever thought possible.

Terry pulled my wife's bathing suit back on and I adjusted my bikini before the "guys" returned, bringing drinks and snacks. They both sported nervous grins, making me wonder if what Terry had said about what they were doing was true. I sat up and pretended that nothing had happened, that my thighs weren't still sticky with my own lust, that I wasn't already horny again.

Somehow, on the walk back from the beach, it was decided that we would go out to dinner that night. I was already nervous about going out in Brooke's body, but was made even more so when I saw the dress she picked out for me to wear.

Brooke laid it out on our bed: a gorgeous black number that beautifully set off my skin. It was the dress she had been wearing when I first began fantasizing about her. I'd only met her a couple times and thought she was beautiful, but when she wore this out to the school charity bingo night it took my breath away. I couldn't get her out of my mind for weeks. And now I was the one going to wear it. I was trembling with nerves and excitement.

When Brooke left our room I turned to Heather. "I don't know if I can do this."

"You'll look gorgeous," she said, coming round and wrapping me up from behind.

"That's what I'm worried about," I said, absently stroking her arm.

We were still in our bathing suits, and her naked chest pressed against my back. Her heat was divine and there was something about these strong arms wrapped around my tiny waist that made me weak at the knees.

"How do you control this thing?" Heather's breath was hot on my ear.

As if echoing her question, her manhood pressed against my buttocks, so warm and promising. It throbbed once. I pushed away from her and turned to wag my finger at her. "We have to get ready."

She frowned, her bathing suit tented out. "Fine." She said.

I slipped into the shower, closing the door behind me before stepping out of my bikini. Brooke's body was laid out beneath my eyes and I showered slowly, letting my fingers play over every inch of my divine body. This was my chance to touch the soft skin, the slender breasts, the perfect bubble butt that I'd secretly desired for so long. I examined myself thoroughly, memorizing Brooke's body for later, each little mole, each scar, each tiny contour of my beautifully sculpted legs and arms.

When I stepped out my skin was warm and pink. Wrapping myself in a towel, I returned to our bedroom. Heather slid past me, letting her hand graze my ass and shooting me a half-smile before closing the door behind

her.

When I was alone, I looked at the dress. I didn't see how I was supposed to wear a bra with this, and then it hit me: I wasn't. I stepped into the dress and pulled it up Brooke's body, adjusting it here, shimmying it over there. It fit my body perfectly, because of course Brooke had her dresses tailor made. There was a little breast support that seemed to show off my boobs almost as much as it supported them. The slinky dress clung to my curves before draping to the floor and allowing a small slit up one side so I could walk. The black high heels by the bed could wait for now.

I guessed I was ready. As I was pondering my next move, Brooke knocked on the door and peeked in. She'd dressed her husband's body in a sleek-looking button-down shirt and dark pants. The masculine look was made incongruous by the makeup bag she held.

"Ready for your makeup?"

"Ah, right."

"It's always a little strange for first timers so I'll do this part. Besides, I can't have me going out in public naked."

I stood in front of the mirror as Brooke bustled around me, apparently comfortable and familiar with her husband's body to apply a light touch. It was odd seeing Terry, usually such a macho man, busily applying such a delicate makeup job. She whirred around me, making me close my eyes or pucker my lips at an appropriate time. At some point Heather came out of the shower and made a point of dressing quickly.

"Ta da!" She said, presenting herself to me. "What's taking you so long?" She teased.

Brooke laughed, such a delicate laugh in Terry's body. "That's kind of the best part, isn't it? Terry could spend hours doing this when he's in my body."

"Terry does his own makeup?" I asked.

"Hold still." She said, applying something to my eyelashes. "Of course. He's got to take *some* responsibility when he's me."

Brooke finished by blow drying my hair and combing it out, spritzing it with one of her many bottles of hairspray until my hair hung in gentle golden waves down to my shoulder. I couldn't take my eyes off the woman in the mirror: ruby red lips slightly parted, long, luscious lashes that practically bounced with each blink, cute little button nose. Fuck. Just staring at my reflection made a little tendril of heat curl through my belly. I blushed and looked away, which Brooke took as a compliment.

“Perfect,” Brooke said, “Terry better be ready by now.” She strode out the door.

I turned to Heather, who was ogling me with barely suppressed glee. “You look amazing,” she gushed. “Have you always had the hots for Brooke or is this just what being a guy seeing a woman feels like generally?”

I blushed deeper and slipped into my high heels. “Let's go,” I said, shooting her a sultry look that was only somewhat marred by my first stumbling attempt to walk in heels.

I'd never had the experience of turning heads before until I showed up at the restaurant as Brooke. I was self-conscious of my body, keenly aware that I was making heads turn. It was even more intense than at the beach. I would feel eyes on my body and glance up, to find someone pretending to look away or, occasionally, shooting me a smile. I felt exposed but, at the same time, strangely powerful. All this attention just from my dress, my body.

The waiter pulled the seat out and I eased into it, making sure to cross my long legs. Terry sat across from me. He had done up my wife's body. She wore Heather's favorite stunning red dress, her breasts practically spilling out of them. They wobbled wonderfully whenever he moved and it made me sort of jealous. Brooke's tits were much smaller, and I wondered what it would be like to have my wife's tits. I was surprised at this stray thought. Apparently my mind was adjusting enough to being Brooke that I was desiring more.

We talked and laughed throughout the evening as I explored familiar foods through Brooke's taste buds. I could pick out individual herbs in the food, and the wine seemed fruitier and sharper to my refined palate. It also went straight to my head. My tiny body couldn't drink as much as I was used to and I made myself stop when the world was swimming gently.

I nestled against my former body in the back of the car as Brooke drove us home. Heather's large hands found my thigh, caressing softly as I inhaled the gentle sandalwood scent of her masculine body. I lay my head on her shoulder, the wine flooding me with a carefree warmth.

When we got back to the house Heather guided me upstairs to our room. She closed the door behind me and slipped her arms around me from

behind, pressing her body against me with an undeniable urgency. I leaned my head back, offering her my neck.

"I don't know if I'm ready for this," I murmured as she began kissing her way down the side of my neck. Brooke's body was lighting up, little tremors of heat expanding outward from each kiss. An answering heat began growing between my thighs. My protests died on my lips, my eyes closed, lips parted as Heather took succor from my body.

Gently, she unzipped me and I shrugged out of it, the fabric collapsing to the floor. I was naked, having never bothered to put on a bra or panties, and Heather's greedy hands flowed across my body with a firm tenderness. She explored me by touch as she continued kissing me, gripping my breasts, sliding her calloused hand down my thighs and back up. Her attention was intoxicating and I gave in to the heat flooding through my body. I stretched my arms out, ran Brooke's fingers through Heather's hair, pressing my perfect ass back against her pants and sighing in her soft voice.

I turned and clasped my arms around Heather's neck and kissed her. It was comforting and familiar to see my face, to taste myself on someone else's lips. It allowed me to ease into the reality of what I was doing, as if the tiny resistant part of me could pretend that the man my body was on fire for was just myself. My little nose pressed into Heather's stubble and her hot breath filled my mouth. She tasted of the wine we'd both shared, hints of blackberries and oak.

As her hands slid down to my ass I unbuttoned her shirt and yanked it off, then scrabbled for her pants. We grew faster, our bodies moving together. She helped me shed her clothes, each time her hands returning to my body until I was burning for her, Brooke's pussy wet with pent-up heat. And then her cock was in my hand, jumping to attention as we kissed. I stroked her gently, the familiar contours of my manhood so much bigger against my tinier fingers. The heat was urgent, throbbing every now and again with lust.

I grabbed Heather's cock and lead her over to the bathroom mirror. Leaning on the sink, I arched my back and stuck out my perfect ass. I half-turned, wiggling my ass, a silent invitation. Heather strode forward and slipped her cock between my legs. Not inside me. Not yet. I moaned as she spread my wetness across her shaft, staring into the mirror as I followed the curves of Brooke's taut ass with my eyes, greedy to memorize every detail. Brooke's face was a mask of lust, eyes wide, white teeth just

biting her plump lower lip. Fuck, I wanted myself so bad. Heather was teasing me, sliding in and out gently, pressing up against my pussy lips with her cock but not entering me. I was soaking wet and I couldn't take my eyes off my body, off my tiny breasts bouncing gently, the swell of my ass, the curve of my hips.

"Please, fuck me," I begged, Brooke's voice throaty with lust.

Heather grabbed my ass with one hand and her dick with the other. She guided it against my wet opening. The shaft pressed against me, urgent and huge. I was trembling. Now that her cock was there, about to enter me, I was afraid. It felt so huge. This was what I wanted, what I feared.

She pushed harder and I felt the pressure build. My pussy lips began sliding open, welcoming her inside. She pressed harder, harder, and suddenly she was inside me. I tensed up involuntarily as her cock penetrated me, pressing through the damp walls of my cunt. I gasped, watching Brooke's blue eyes in the mirror go wide with surprise. Heather's cock brought with it an incredible feeling of fullness, rising in intensity as she penetrated me, deeper and deeper, until her cock rested against my core and I was oh so full.

Heather pulled out slowly and then slid gently back in, so tender, controlling the tense desire that I could see written across her face, across the tautness of her arms. I stared in the mirror as I watched my former body fuck Brooke. Hands gripped my little ass, the cock disappearing inside of me, reappearing slick with my lust. Just watching Heather fuck me in the mirror made me cum once, my body shivering as I closed my eyes and a quick heat shot through me. Brooke's tiny moan escaped my lips and just made me hornier.

Heather picked up her rhythm, staring down at me as she fucked my wonderfully sensitive body, dick sliding in and out. The heat inside me unspooled, filling my limbs, rising up through my neck and face until I was on fire, poised on the precipice of another orgasm. Heather quickened, her cock urgent inside me, her balls slapping up against my pussy as she drove deeper, pounding me like an animal, the lust controlling her now.

"Oh, yes, fuck me," I moaned, giving in to my pleasure as I threw back my head and pushed myself back onto Heather's cock, trying to impale my body on the dick, seeking the explosion inside me I knew was imminent.

And now she was hammering me, thrusting hard and deep, my whole

body reverberating, little ass shaking as the slap of her groin on my butt grew louder. And then she drove deep, deep and I felt her cum, felt her throbbing inside me, filling my pussy with her seed and I came with her, shaking and quivering, rising up and opening my eyes to see Brooke cum hard in the mirror, her little tits jiggling, nose wrinkled delightfully as her face twisted in abject pleasure and the volcanic heat pummeled me. "Oh, oh, oh!" I cried my voice rising in pitch as Heather emptied herself into me and I came hard, throwing myself back on her dick, milking her for every last drop of my own seed until she was empty.

I leaned my arms on the sink, Heather still connected to me, her hands still on my ass, though less urgent now. She pulled out and I moaned softly at the sudden emptiness, surprised at how much my body wanted her to stay inside, at how empty I now felt. Her cum ran down my leg as we both returned to bed. I snuggled with Heather's masculine body, Brooke's body quivering every now and then with aftershock as Heather's manly hands stroked me slowly, finally settling on my ass, cupping it gently.

"We should do this again," Heather murmured sleepily.

I kissed her nose, my own hands coming up to Brooke's tits. Tomorrow we'd be trading back and returning home, but tonight Brooke's body was mine. As my fingers wandered back down to my pussy and found our mingled warmth, I could already feel heat blossoming within me once more. Even before the next round of orgasms, I'd already resolved we'd go on vacation with Brooke and Terry again.

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Thank you!

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