



MtF
BODY SWAP

EASY A
PART TWO

IMWILLS

Easy A (Part 2)

M Wills

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EASY A (PART 2)

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How weird to be eating around a dinner table with a family. Martin couldn't remember the last time she'd even talked to her actual mom, let alone shared a meal with her. She'd felt like an awkward stranger at first, until she remembered that he'd dialed down Nevaeh's memories to enjoy sex with Juliana. Reaching around, she dialed her memories back up to mid-range and familiarity clicked into place. Suddenly she didn't feel like so much of an imposter.

Martin sat next to Juliana and across from Nevaeh's parents. Nevaeh's dad was a jovial guy. Heavy set and still carrying the weight from his college football days. He swore liberally as he told a funny story about one of his subordinates fucking up at work. He also called Martin 'his little girl' in front of Juliana, which embarrassed the Nevaeh part of Martin to no end. He seemed to know it, which was why he kept doing it and Martin understood from Nevaeh's memories that calling him out would only make it worse. So Martin held her tongue.

Nevaeh's mom, Sally, was an older version of Nevaeh. Petite with a gorgeous face. She kept a slight smile on her face and barely suppressed an eye roll at her husband's stories. Martin found herself bursting to talk and was soon gossiping with Juliana and Sally about school. Sally's eyes sparkled. She clearly lived through her daughter. Martin had Nevaeh's memories of finding her mom's old cheerleading tapes. Sally had been a professional for a while, going around the country with the state football team. She was also, Martin discovered, ruthless. It hinted at where Nevaeh got her big bitch energy.

"Well if she's still can't get the routine by now she should be cut," Sally said.

"I know," Martin agreed, allowing Nevaeh's memories to chart the conversational path. "That's what I tried to tell the coach."

"When I was a cheerleader we had the same thing. There was this one teammate who just couldn't cut it but the coach refused to fire her. He was probably fucking her." They all giggled at this. "Anyway, since the coach didn't do it I just began harshly critiquing her. The other girls followed my lead and eventually she left on her own."

Martin picked at her food as they talked. She'd noticed that she'd received a smaller portion than everyone else and realized through Nevaeh's memories that was how it always was. Her mom was constantly trying to keep her skinny. The chicken breast was topped with some sort of

mustard sauce that tasted funny, though whether that was because she was experiencing it through new taste buds or whether Nevaeh's mom was just a bad cook Martin couldn't tell. She found that she wasn't hungry after finishing her small offering, which was another pleasant surprise. In her old male body she could easily eat three burgers in one sitting. But now she could only just about finish the half a chicken breast and broccoli on the plate.

Martin was glad she had Terry with her for this first family dinner. He was in Juliana's body, happily chatting away with Sally, occasionally giggling out a catty comment about whichever other cheerleader they were talking about. There was a lot of gossip around the table, mostly revolving around Nevaeh's squad.

Halfway through the dinner, Martin felt a hand on her thigh and looked down to find Juliana fondling her. Her fingers dipped beneath Martin's skirt and she batted her away. Not in front of the family. Juliana giggled, playing it off as related to the conversation while her eyes sparkled with mischief.

After dinner, the girls did the dishes and gossiped some more while Nevaeh's dad settled himself on the couch. It was all weirdly traditional, but nice. Martin was enjoying being surrounded by conversation. Nevaeh's thoughts and memories tugged at Martin's mind, not so bright that they overwhelmed who she was but enough so that she easily understood everything they were talking about.

Afterwards, Martin saw Juliana to the door. Juliana glanced down the hallway and saw the coast was clear. She leaned forward and kissed Martin on the lips again, deep and slow, their tongues meeting gently. Then she pulled away.

"I'll see you tomorrow. Enjoy yourself." She winked.

Martin went up to her room and found Nevaeh's phone in her bag. A ton of missed text messages from Evan, her boyfriend. Martin flicked open her pictures and scrolled through picture after picture of the two of them. He was dark haired and handsome with a cocky smile. Martin felt Nevaeh's physical longing for him, together with a faint warmth as she stared at the pictures. Martin had never been attracted to men. He still wasn't. But Nevaeh was. And it was her memories warming her body.

Martin bounced into her bed, legs crossed, and began typing back, fingers flying across the screen as she checked in with Evan. They flirted and bitched and joked together. He wasn't the brightest guy in school, but

he was definitely the hottest. He was a catch befitting Nevaeh's status. They'd yet to have sex, but his fingers had been inside her, and her mouth had been on his dick. Fumbling, furtive, teenage first tries. The memories echoed through Martin as she typed. Nevaeh was saving herself. She sure as hell didn't want to be known as the school slut. That was an insult she saved for others.

[Missing you so much] Evan typed, adding a smiley face emoji.

Martin replied with a love heart. [You saw me this afternoon!]

[That was sooo long ago]

Martin smiled to herself. She didn't know what Nevaeh enjoyed more: having Evan, or having him under her thumb. It was a vicious warmth that was spreading through Nevaeh's body now and she wiggled on the bed, suddenly restless.

[You'll just have to think about me tonight] Martin replied.

[I already am. That's what's driving me crazy]

[Then you'll just have to take care of yourself. Like I'm doing] Martin replied, before transferring the phone to one of Nevaeh's hands so her other hand could pull up her skirt and skate across her panties.

They'd sexted like this many times, usually Nevaeh leading Evan on. Martin saw no reason to break that pattern now. Especially when Nevaeh's body was already flush with warmth. Martin drew her fingers up and down the cotton panties, teasing herself, feeling the faint echoes of her sex through the skimpy fabric.

[I wish that was my hand between your legs]

[Me too]

Martin's fingers trailed up and down her hidden slit, pressing harder, the fabric dipping into her slickening entrance. She felt the moisture on her fingertips and pressed harder, felt herself opening for her touch, her sensitive pussy lips welcoming her inside.

[Take out your cock] Martin managed to type.

[I'm stroking myself for you]

Martin pulled her fingers out of herself and yanked down her top with one hand, showing off Nevaeh's bra. She snapped a picture of herself, breasts nearly bursting from her bra, face a mask of divine pleasure. She sent it to Evan, then her fingers returned to her pussy. She pushed aside the panties and ran her fingers up and down the coarse trail of pubic hair, teasing herself, fingers darting in gently, pressing here, stroking there.

Her phone dinged. A picture of Evan. Topless. Flexing. His muscles standing out so brilliantly. Nevaeh's longing was instant and she shuddered. She dipped her fingers inside herself, found her moisture and spread it up to her clit. For all her confidence, Nevaeh was not very knowledgeable about her body but Martin relied on the older male experience to find her clit. Her fingers stroked the nub as warmth teased her.

She dropped her phone so she could touch her tits, squeezing herself with delight, Martin's desire for her body combining with Nevaeh's desire for her boyfriend. She imagined him there, his hands between her legs, rough fingers circling her little clit. Her legs moved back and forth, clapping together as she kept two fingers firmly on either side of her clit, stroking in swift, firm motions. Her toes curled and a little groan escaped her lips.

Her entire body was filled with restless energy. The same as when Juliana had been between her legs, only now Nevaeh had control. Her mouth dropped open as she fingered herself, the slick sounds of her cunt so deliciously loud in her ears. She matched the vibration of her body, stroking harder, faster, until with a tiny squeak she came. Her hips thrust up involuntarily to meet her fingers, toes curling, fingers clenching her breasts as she shut her eyes tight. It was a sweeping orgasm, less incredible than with Juliana's tongue but with a heat that burned deep and slow. Three orgasms in one day was a record for Martin. And Nevaeh felt like she could go again.

She said goodnight to Evan and hurried to the shower where, naked and wet, she stroked her pussy again. She came hard as the hot shower spray sluiced down her body, warming her belly, her tits, her legs. God, she was insatiable. Nevaeh's desires combined with Martin's appetite for her body was a sexy combination.

Martin used Nevaeh's fruity shampoo and body wash, dragging her fingers up and down her soft body, coating herself in such girly scents. She stepped out smelling like a tropical fruit basket and just as delicious to eat. She dried off naked in front of the huge bathroom mirror, admiring everything about her new body. She was so light. So pretty. So goddamn hot. It was a thousand miles from her old heavy, ugly body.

Martin slipped into a flimsy nightgown and went to bed, dreaming Nevaeh's dreams, the two of them so intimately entwined.

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Martin was disoriented when she woke up to a strange alarm clock and in someone else's bed. But when she rubbed her eyes and felt the smoothness of her cheeks and the silky hair tumbling across her forehead, the events of yesterday snapped back into focus. Also, she'd slept all the way through the night without waking! Her back didn't hurt! She felt actually well rested, if a little groggy. Like she could have done with more sleep. Martin hadn't felt like this since...well, since she was a teenager.

Martin slapped off her alarm clock and rose, stretching. Her arm went back and back. Curious, Martin continued stretching, seeing how limber Nevaeh's body was. She could easily reach all the way behind her back. She stretched out each arm, then tried sinking into a slow split, seeing how far she could go. Martin's old muscle memory expected pain and she was astounded when her legs were at ninety degrees and her groin practically on the floor. She briefly wondered how Nevaeh was handling *her* new body, and then pushed the thought out of her mind. Who cared?

Martin stood back up and practically skipped to the bathroom. Nevaeh's face greeted her in the mirror, eyes slightly puffy with sleep, face creased from the pillow, but gorgeous nonetheless. She did her business and then brushed her hair. Martin had to dial up her memories once again for her makeup, until she didn't even have to reach for the knowledge. It was more akin to muscle memory as she plucked and brushed and glossed and powdered her face. There was so much work put in to get the natural look! She eyed herself critically, making sure not a hair was out of place. Wouldn't want that bitch, Kimberly, making fun of her.

She paused at the unexpected thought. Martin didn't know who Kimberly was, but Nevaeh knew her well. The incongruent thoughts sat in Martin's mind. Reaching up to twist the dial on the back of her neck once more made Nevaeh's thoughts stronger. *Of course*, she knew who Kimberly was. They used to be besties until Kimberly kissed Nevaeh's now-ex-boyfriend. Then Kimberly got fat, which Nevaeh considered to be karma. Though 'fat' in this instance was relative. Kimberly had chunky thighs and a thicker bootie but she could still shove them into a tight skirt. And some of the guys seemed to like that even more. Gross.

Throwing open Nevaeh's closets, Martin found a huge variety of clothes and a massive shoe rack full of shoes. No surprise that since Nevaeh was the girliest of girls the clothes were in various shades of pastel, with pink the overwhelming color. Martin sifted through pairs of jeans, all of them brand names, many of them artfully pre-stressed and pre-ripped. Tops in all shapes and sizes filled the hangers, along with a variety of dresses. A dresser held her shorts and skirts, many of them scandalously tiny, all of them delectably tight. Another drawer was stuffed full of panties and bras and socks. Martin sifted through them until she found a cute lacy pair of panties and a pink bra to match.

She tossed her nightie off and pushed the silky blonde hair out of her eyes. After taking another moment to admire her tits – fantastic, as usual! – she stepped into the lacy panties, pulling them up her perfect legs and adjusting around her groin. Then it was time to choose the perfect outfit.

Martin found herself laying a few things out on the bed. Rearranging them. Eyeing them critically. Nevaeh had a good eye for fashion but she was picky. She was also going to be very late if she didn't pick something soon. Martin finally chose a pair of tight jean shorts that clung to her figure to make her ass look absolutely incredible. They were suitably ripped to reveal enticing glimpses of her perfect, smooth thighs. A dark leather belt with black tiger stripes paired with the shorts. The shorts were matched with a white cotton tube top that contoured to her trim belly and just covered her breasts, leaving her shoulders bare. Some thin jingly golden bracelets completed the look. Martin turned this way and that in the mirror, admiring her ass, her face, her chest, her arms as she tugged the outfit and her silky golden hair into perfect position. Nevaeh liked looking at herself and Martin did nothing to discourage that narcissistic tendency, enjoying herself immensely as she posed, her Martin thoughts of desire melding with her Nevaeh thoughts of looking better than everyone else.

Martin flitted downstairs and grabbed a small carton of vanilla energy shake for breakfast. God, it was wonderful to feel this light, this energetic in the morning. Martin had been long used to lugging her bulk out of bed and plodding to the kitchen, her first thought of filling her belly. This morning she practically skipped around the kitchen.

Her phone was already going crazy. The other cheerleaders messaging her for confirmation that their outfits were cute enough to wear to school. Another example of Nevaeh's dictatorial style? Or just teenage insecurity?

Martin didn't know, but she gladly fired back responses, making snap judgements to her crew:

[Different shirt]

[The shorts make you look so slutty! Love it!]

[Hell no!]

And then Juliana's picture appeared. She was topless and smiling, holding a perfect breast in one hand as she snapped a photo with the other. Martin paused. Like'd the photo. Saved it to her phone.

Martin drove to school in Nevaeh's shiny convertible—a gift from daddy—with the windows down and the music blasting some sort of girly pop song that Martin sang along to. God, this was so much fun. Driving fast. Being ogled by guys. It was only when she pulled into the school parking lot that the nervousness set in. Martin would have to try to be Nevaeh in front of everyone. It was one thing to have her memories, quite another to act them out so publicly.

Martin got out of her car and walked up to the school entrance, where Evan was waiting with some of his soccer buddies. Nervous now, Martin dialed up Nevaeh's memories one more notch. Her confidence grew. She wasn't an imposter. She ruled this fucking school! Now as she walked her hips swayed effortlessly. Her breasts bounced lightly with each step but the slight weight on her chest no longer drew her attention. It was just...normal.

Evan peeled off and came bounding up to Martin, a cute grin on his face. Evan crushed Martin against his chest and Martin inhaled the thick, spicy scent of his body wash. A smell that was so Evan it made Martin blush. Before Martin could react, Evan bent and kissed her.

The kiss took the new Nevaeh by surprise. Martin's soft lips met Evan's rough ones, her nose scraped slightly by the stubble, the scent of Evan's hot breath filling her. Martin again felt the sense of her memories clashing, not wanting to kiss this guy but at the same time finding Nevaeh's body responding, her pleasant memories warming her body. As they kissed Martin reached up to the back of her neck and clicked the dial up again. Her male feelings receded as her new feelings jumped to the fore. Reckless teenage need flooded her. The tension in her shoulders eased as she dropped her guard around her boyfriend and pressed herself against him. She was no longer kissing someone she barely knew. This was the one she wanted. The one she planned would be her first whenever she was ready. He tasted like *man*. Hot and spicy and rough and ready to take her. It so perfectly

complemented her sweet, soft body and Martin wanted to stay in this bliss forever.

They kissed for a long time, heedless of the people around them. Let them watch. Let them be jealous. It was hot as hell and starting to make Martin's panties damp.

Martin knew all the guys around wished they were Evan right now. This power of being wanted was something Martin had never felt before. There had been nothing attractive about her old body. It could have disappeared into a crowd effortlessly. As Nevaeh, it was like Martin was in a constant spotlight.

They pulled away but Evan kept hold of her hand as he flirted with her. Nevaeh's gang of cheerleaders arrived, forming a semi-circle around her but separate from the guys. All except Juliana, who had yet to show up.

The party after Friday night's upcoming game was the talk of the school. It would be at one of the football players' houses. His parents were away for the weekend and it was going to get wild. Martin listened to the others with some trepidation. She'd heard about teenage parties from movies and such, but she'd never been popular enough to go to any in her old life. Having a party without adults wasn't quite the allure for Martin as it was for some others. After all, she'd *been* an adult and knew it wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Still, a chance to be the center of attention. To be with Evan. *That* was what the new Nevaeh was looking forward to.

Juliana was the last of their group to arrive at school. She showed up in a frilly white short-sleeve top and a black mini-skirt. All her nails were painted a glittery blue, and the cutest pair of sandals adorned her feet. She let her brunette hair cascade down her face, occasionally wiping it out of her eyes with a practiced motion. She'd put on a dark blue eye shadow and matching lipstick, looking more like a badass hottie than the cute, innocent girl she always was. Terry seemed to be enjoying dressing up his new body, making himself up to be the woman he wanted to be. Martin wished she had that confidence on her own. So far, she was only that confident when sinking in her Nevaeh personality, and that still took some getting used to.

"Hey, girl, did you enjoy last night?" Juliana asked knowingly, wrapping Martin up from behind in a hug, her bracelets jangling. Her sweet perfume hit Martin's nose and she savored it.

Martin blushed red and bit his lower lip. "I did."

"What happened last night?" Evan asked.

“Oh, Nevaeh just needed a hand with something.”

They giggled as Evan looked on, confused.

“Hey, Juliana,” A deep voice said. “We okay?”

Juliana pulled away and Martin turned to see who it was. Curtis, Juliana’s sort-of boyfriend and the one Martin had watched fuck her in the bushes, stood there looking at Juliana expectantly.

“No. We are not *okay*.” Juliana hissed. “I can’t believe you’re even standing here talking to me. Are you, like, demented or something?”

“Girl, chill. It wasn’t nothing but a thang.”

It was the wrong thing to say and Evan’s attempts to act cool just riled up Juliana even more. Martin had never seen her like this. In class she’d always been so calm and collected.

“You don’t tell me to chill. I know what I saw. You can’t be all like ‘Oh, Juliana, I love you so much’ and then turn around and kiss Kimberly.”

There was a collective gasp from the group. Martin’s eyes blazed. Why the hell hadn’t she heard about this before Juliana? Oh, also, how could Curtis do this?!

Juliana stormed away and Martin hurried after her. She caught up at the school entrance. Juliana sniffed and angrily swiped at her eyes. When she turned to Martin her eyes were red-rimmed and watery with tears. Martin wanted to kiss her all better but, being so embedded into Nevaeh’s mind, felt herself blanch at the thought of doing so.

“Oh my god, sometimes being a teenage girl is so hard,” Juliana confided quietly in Martin. “I’ve got all these strong feelings. You’ll feel it, too. The longer you stay inside the more connected you become.”

“Maybe you should turn down your dial,” Martin suggested.

“Down?” Juliana blinked, reaching up self-consciously to rest a hand on the back of her neck. She smiled nervously. “I mean. No. I...I kind of like it. It’s so different than when I was Terry.”

By now Nevaeh’s gaggle of girls had caught up with them so they stopped talking. Juliana wiped her eyes again, once more under control.

The bell rang and Martin walked down to her first class, flanked by two girls from the squad.

“Oh my god, I love your hair,” one of them—Meredith—gushed.

“That top is sooo cute,” the other one—Lana—added.

They laughed at Martin’s jokes and hung on her every word. It was a huge boost to Martin’s self-esteem. Nevaeh’s thoughts flowed through

Martin and she found herself tempted to vocalize the snarky comments that kept jumping to mind. They seemed rude and like a power play but also, like, something she should totally say. They kept creeping up to the edge of her lips but she stopped herself until, near the end of class, when the teacher asked yet another question that was met with total silence, Martin couldn't contain herself.

"Maybe the real question is: who cares?" Martin rolled her eyes.

The class tittered and Martin smiled from the attention. More eyes on her. She *knew* how goddamn frustrating it was to have Nevaeh interrupt class and mock people, but she couldn't help it. It was who she was now. The teacher was about to say something but then the bell rang and suddenly the class was jumping up and heading to the door.

Martin met up with Evan for lunch. They lounged on the bleachers, surrounded by a small group of their friends. Martin tore small chunks off her pizza and nibbled on them, just as Nevaeh would do, as she laughed and gossiped with her friends. Her Martin memories had receded – still there for her to call on – and her Nevaeh memories were now at the forefront of her mind. She was getting better at balancing the two. With each passing minute that no one called her out as a fake, she grew more comfortable in her new life.

She spent a lot of lunch comforting Juliana, who sat beside her, doing a good job of faking being happy. But Martin kept seeing her eyes glance over to the far end of the basketball court where Curtis hung with some of his friends. Martin put her hand on Juliana's knee.

"You can do better," Martin said, encouraging her friend.

Juliana smiled wanly. "I'm fine."

But Martin knew better. Seeing proud, masculine Terry brought to tears by a teenage guy was odd. But Martin could understand it. Terry had sunk deep into Juliana's life. Maybe he couldn't separate himself. Maybe he *didn't want* to separate himself. The thought made Martin feel odd in a way that she couldn't quite name.

When the bell rang signaling the end of lunch, Martin kissed Evan and bounced on to her next class. It was Nevaeh's first test. History of the cold war. The multiple choice questions were simple. The long answer questions a breeze. Martin wrote in Nevaeh's loopy, girlish cursive. So much more legible than her former chicken scrawl. She stopped short of dotting each 'i' with a heart. Too much. She finished early and sat quietly, waiting for the

bell, her hands in her lap, fingers stroking her bare legs, just enjoying the physical touch of her youthful body. The whisper of her fingers across her skin. She was just starting to make herself excited when the bell rang.

By the end of school, the real Nevaeh hadn't shown up. Martin texted her to check in. Make sure she'd called in absent through the proper channels so as not to ruin his life when he returned.

[Everything okay?] Martin texted.

Nevaeh shot back a few minutes later: [As okay as I can be when I'm old and fat. How did the test go?]

Terry was right. She *was* a cunt. [Easiest A you ever got]

[Better be. Last test isn't until next week. Let's trade back until then.]

Martin was struck by how much she absolutely did not want to trade back. So she lied. [I need some more time to adjust. There's a presentation next week and you don't want me in front of the class acting awkward.]

[OMG you better not ruin my life]

[You better not ruin mine. You can't call out sick every day]

She left him on read. Just as well. Martin was at her locker putting her books away as Juliana came bounding up.

"Ready for cheerleading practice?"

Right. Martin had forgotten about that. Dancing. Being thrown around. Cheering. Was she ready for this?

"Um..."

Juliana grabbed both Martin's hands. "You're gonna love it. If in doubt just click your dial up."

She kept hold of one hand and led Martin down the hallway towards the locker rooms. Other cheerleaders were filing in. Some were already at their lockers, casually changing into their skirts and tops as they chatted excitedly. Martin glanced around at some of the other eighteen-year-olds as they changed, feeling the pull of his leeringly erotic thoughts and Nevaeh's critical ones.

Over there was Charlotte, a cute redhead hiding her tiny tits in a padded bra. Here was Sam, rolling shorts up her gorgeous ebony legs and ass, not distracted by her phone for once. The twins, Allison and Alysa – did their parents hate them? – were bent over tying their shoes at such an angle that Martin saw right down their tops to their heavy cleavage. And Kimberly, of course, that fat skank who wasn't really that fat.

"Don't stare too much," Juliana whispered with a grin.

Martin blushed. She cracked open her locker and began undressing. She unbuttoned her shorts and dropped them down her legs, then pulled her tube top off over her head and tossed her blonde hair out of her face. After dropping the clothes into her backpack she pulled out the tiny black athletic shorts and the white top. The shorts were tight and so small Martin wondered if people would see her panties if he did a split. They hugged her ass, coming down just below her ass cheek and barely to mid-thigh. The top was basically a sports bra. A thin piece of fabric that covered her tits and nothing else. She struggled into it, adjusting her breasts so they wouldn't escape. Finally, she took a handful of her hair and pulled it back into a tight ponytail she held together with a black scrunchie.

She stood in front of the mirror adjusting her outfit. Martin felt so naked. She'd never gone out with such revealing clothes before. Never had something to reveal. But now, showing off her tight little body, she felt a pride she'd never felt before. She tucked her hair back, until each strand was perfect. Just because it was practice was no reason to let herself go.

Their coach, a petite angry woman named Mrs. Cranford, came in, clapping her hands for attention. "Okay, girls, we've got a lot to do today for tomorrow night's game. Let's focus."

They followed Mrs. Cranford out to the field, joining the two male cheerleaders already there. As the head cheerleader, Martin got to run warmups. She stood in front of the group leading them in jumping jacks and stretches.

"Come on, Kimberly, bend. Try to reach your toes this time."

She got a little thrill teasing Kimberly in front of the whole group, especially when Mrs. Cranston didn't call her out. It was kind of fun being a bitch. Not having to be nice all the time.

She walked around the cheerleaders as they bent and stretched, admiring the way the skirts shimmied up their legs and over their asses as they bent, the way their legs flashed as they jumped, the way their chest bounced with each motion. She could ogle to her heart's content without fear of being called a lecherous perv.

When she finished the warmups, Mrs. Cranston took over again, blowing her whistle and ordering them into formation. Martin moved to her position without hesitation. She had the feeling of complete confidence that came from having done this a million times before. They launched into the routines, raising their pom-poms, kicking their legs high, jumping into a

split. Once again, Martin enjoyed her new athleticism, the way her body flew through the air, the power and flexibility of each motion. She did a series of cartwheels across the line of cheerleaders, body bending over backwards, legs flashing, earth spinning beneath her. She ended with a jump and a cheer, barely even winded. If Martin had tried that in her old body she would have broken her back.

Mrs. Cranston called out reminders here and there, going up the line and nodding with great satisfaction. They stopped and started and reset, perfecting their routines, going over them again and again until they were second nature. Near the end, as the sun was beginning to set, Evan appeared in the bleachers. He dropped his bag at his feet and lounged near the top, shooting Martin a wide grin.

They finished with the pyramid, the girls climbing up each other, Martin on top, waving her arms and flashing her pompoms. Kimberly was beneath her. Literally and figuratively. It was Martin's crowning achievement. They disassembled the pyramid, Martin plunging down through the air, her skirt rising, to be caught by two cheerleaders near the ground.

When it was over, Martin was sweating and tired. She grabbed her backpack from the locker room and met up with Evan outside.

"Hey, cute stuff," Evan said, going in for a kiss.

Martin wrinkled her nose. "You don't want to kiss me. I'm gross."

"I always want to kiss you."

Martin's heart fluttered as they kissed. It wasn't as deep or as long as before, but it still warmed her core.

"What are you doing here?" Martin asked.

"My brother took my car. Can I get a ride home with you?"

"Well, I suppose," Martin said, feigning reluctance.

Martin drove him home. He smelled like *boy*, a distinct spicy, masculine smell that brought delicious thoughts to mind. They weren't exactly the feelings Nevaeh would have had. Hers would have been more chaste. This was as though Martin's erotic temptations were combining with Nevaeh's wants. The thought of reaching over and grabbing Evan's cock both shocked and thrilled her.

When they reached Evans house they parked on the street.

"God, you look so sexy in that uniform," Evan said, sleepy eyes roaming up and down Martin's body.

They made out for a while, Martin stroking Evan's stubbled cheeks, fingers curling through his short dark hair. The smell of him filled her nose and her mouth, driving deep inside and feeding the heat in her core. Her tongue played against his as they tasted each other, eighteen-year-old bodies thrumming with longing. Evan's hands began roaming down her body and she reluctantly pulled away.

"Not in front of your house," she said with a smile. "What if your parents see us?"

"So what?" Evan said with a cocky grin. "Come on, I need you to touch me again."

Memories of the two of them at a park in the dark. Picnic blanket spread out on the grass. Nevaeh on her back staring up at the stars while Evan leaned on his arm beside her, fingers stroking her to her first orgasm with a guy. She'd cried out softly, body quivering as her lover touched her so wonderfully. And then she did the same to him, awkwardly stroking his cock as he muttered and groaned until he, too, was satisfied.

"You'll just have to wait," Martin said with a sly grin. Though she wanted it, too. Desperately. But she knew her power came from keeping him wanting. Plus, what if Nevaeh came back and discovered she'd lost her virginity?

In the end she kicked him out of the car with a laugh and drove home. She ignored her mom and went right up to her room and shut the door, dropping her backpack on the floor. Her body was humming. She could still taste Evan on her lips, smell him on her clothes.

Martin dipped a hand between Nevaeh's legs, her fingers landing on her raw heat. She took a deep breath as she pressed gently, fanning the first shoots of desire. Turning to the full length mirror on her closet door, she gazed at herself, Martin's desire for Nevaeh and Nevaeh's desire for Evan melding and building on each other. Her reflection greeted her in the mirror, the petite blonde in her cheerleader outfit, one hand beneath her skirt, pressed flat against her spandex and her panties.

She kicked off her shoes and wiggled out of the spandex outfit before rolled the leggings down her legs, revealing her glorious skin inch by inch, letting her fingers brush across her thighs and calves and toes, her touch sensual and arousing as she thought of Evan. Next she wiggled out of her panties, let them drop to the floor and kicked them away.

Martin slid a hand between her legs, watching as she made the nubile young woman in the mirror fondle herself, feeling her fingers sliding up and down her hot slit. Still touching herself she turned to the side, admiring her figure in profile, the gentle slope of her breasts, the taut curve of her ass. With her other hand she grabbed her butt, fingers digging in to the plump, warm flesh. She rubbed her pussy up and down as the heat coiled within her. Up and down she stroked, the first hint of wetness felt on the tips of her fingers.

She had a sudden urge to see herself naked, almost dizzying in its urgency. She'd tossed off her bra, standing naked in front of the mirror. She dragged her hands up and down her tits, squeezing them and releasing them to bounce softly together. She moved closer to the mirror, one sensual step at a time, eyes locked on her body. Martin enjoyed the control she had over this body, the ability to make it do anything she wanted.

Her eyes grazed up and down her form, following the soft contours as she continued stroking her perfect tits, fingers massaging restlessly. She imagined it was Evan playing with her tits, his calloused hand squeezing them sharply in his greed for her body. She ran her hands up to her face, exploring the contours of her lips and chin and cheeks and nose and forehead by touch, marveling at the warm smoothness, the elasticity of her teenage skin, free of wrinkles and spots.

She ran her pink tongue around her lips sensually, flirting with her reflection in the way Martin had always dreamed of Juliana flirting with old him. Nevaeh would be the next best thing. She opened her mouth slightly as her hands came back to her tits, fingers moving faster now as she plucked gently at each nipple and then hefted each breast. Her breath came faster, desire rising within her. The Nevaeh part of her was surprised at this infatuation with herself, but the Martin side drove her on.

Her hand dipped back between her legs and now she was wet. The coarse pubic hair gave way to the slick opening and she ran two fingers up her pussy, shivering as she spread for herself, as she touched her silky warm insides. She stroked herself again and again, dragging her wetness up across her slit. She kept her eyes locked on her reflection, the heat inside growing stronger at each stroke. Her breasts heaved, mouth opened wide, body rocking back and forth as she touched herself and watched her touch herself. Spreading her legs, she slid two fingers deeper inside. She moaned

as she gently spread herself apart, the aching emptiness inside calling out to her.

Martin bent forward and rested a hand on the closet door beside the mirror. Her tits swung below her, ass gently swaying back and forth as she fingered herself. She was so warm, so wet, driving into her delicious heat again and again. She stared deep into her baby blue eyes, a look of desire on her face that made her ever hornier.

“You want to fuck this little pussy?” She whispered to herself, goosebumps cascading across her arms at the sound of her voice, husky with need.

She slid her fingers deeper inside herself, her palm pressed against her clit as she fingered in and out. Now her entire body warmed and restlessness made her sway. She bit her plump lower lip and thrust her hips against her fingers, driving them deeper into herself. She stroked faster, her cunt slick, the juicy sounds hitting her ears and making her even hornier. She wanted Evan. She wanted *herself*. She imagined it was him inside her.

“Oh fuuuck,” she hissed, “Fuck, Nevaeh, your pussy is so tight.”

She shivered again at the sound of her voice. Now her fingers slid deep into her canal, in and out, in and out, accompanied by the lewd sounds of her sex. She dipped her head, raised it again, closed her eyes, mouth dropping open. Her body needed to move, needed to expel this restless energy. She spread her legs wider so she could drive her fingers in deeper, following her slick canal, up, up until she came suddenly.

Her pussy clenched around her fingers and she leaned against the wall even more, breasts swinging as her body jiggled with need. Sparkles filled her vision as the heat exploded through her, the orgasm rushing from her pussy to the tips of her toes, to her head, the pleasure making her gasp and then moan in a long drawn-out noise.

When she finished she leaned against the mirror, breathing hard. Her thighs were wet and sticky. Her body warm and sated. Her thoughts filled with visions of herself and Evan, bodies entwined, Nevaeh’s body fucking and getting fucked. It was almost enough to make her go again.

6

Martin had a busy night texting all her friends. Apparently, Kimberly and Curtis were now officially together. They had cheap matching rings and everything. Part of Martin's job was to consul her best friend, Juliana, assuring her that Curtis was a piece of shit and she was better off away from him. Her other job was spreading the gossip to the rest of the cheerleaders.

[Can you believe what Kimberly did?] Martin texted enthusiastically to Alysa, going into all the grisly details that Juliana had just shared with her.

In high school there was power in information. Martin understood she could keep her group in line through selective gossip. A warning and a threat that if they crossed her she'd spill all the juicy details of their lives. A guarantee of total destruction.

Martin lounged on her bed, math book opened beside her as she finished her homework. On her other side she had her laptop open, a playlist of music videos rolling on. Nevaeh was so far behind that Martin needed every single grade to be sure she could pass. Even then, she might need some additional extra credit. It meant she spent more time on homework than she ever had before which, frankly, wasn't too difficult to do. Nevaeh had a habit of cribbing off her friend's homework answers in the five minutes between classes. Or just not bothering at all.

Her mom poked her head in and seemed to astonished to find her daughter studying. She sat down on the bed beside Martin and prodded her about her day. Martin was only too happy to share the gossip of Juliana and Curtis, and her mom was equally as happy to receive it. She still lived her life through her daughter, both of them mean queen bees. Martin found herself slightly less judgmental about it now that he was the one doing the gossip. Yes, it was cruel, but it was necessary. Survival of the fittest and all that. Both Nevaeh's parents had been top of their respective athletic careers, and Nevaeh's mom had shared with her the secret that it wasn't all about being the best. There was necessary social maneuvering to get to the top.

Nevaeh texted later in the night as Martin was getting ready for bed. She seemed a little more contrite.

[How is everything?]

[Fine. Homework is done. You need to go in to school tomorrow. I can't afford to keep calling in sick]

[I don't want to show up looking like this. What will people think?]

[No one will know] Martin assured her. [You and I are the only two people who know what's really going on]

[But I'm so gross]

Martin gritted his teeth and typed an angry response. [I can blow up your life if you don't. It wouldn't take much to humiliate you]

She tried to call him then but he denied it, instead typing out another text [A male teacher really shouldn't be calling his female student so late at night. Looks bad. People might think we're having an affair]

She left him on read. Martin waited a few minutes but there was no response. With a slight chuckle she pulled the covers up and went to sleep.

The best part of the morning was definitely choosing an outfit. Since there was a football game that night, Martin got to wear her cheerleader skirt all day. She slipped into the tights, rolling them up her long, perfect legs. The pleated skirt snapped across her trim belly and dangled enticingly over her ass. The top was sleeveless and tight, the school's initials spelled out proudly across her breasts. She did her makeup and painted blue and white hearts on her cheeks to match the school colors. Once again, she spent so much time getting dressed and putting on makeup she had to rush out the door so she could spend time with Evan before the bell rang.

The real Nevaeh was sitting at Martin's desk when Martin filed into class with the rest of the students. She gazed at him with sad eyes as Martin shot her a smug grin and sat with her friends, chatting and laughing. She was having such a good time but soon became aware of an annoying whine. It was Nevaeh, trying to get the class's attention. God, Martin could barely stand the sight of her old body, fat and splotchy. And that voice. So whiny. Martin definitely got the better end of this bargain.

"Ok, class, let's quiet down," Nevaeh said, gamely trying to get everyone's attention.

"Let's quiet down, class," Martin repeated, affecting a nasally voice to mimic Nevaeh. Her friends chuckled and Martin shot Nevaeh another shit eating grin.

Nevaeh gritted his teeth and spoke up a little louder. "That's it. Surprise pop quiz today."

The class groaned and settled. Nevaeh passed out the quiz sheets and took up a seat behind his desk. Martin quickly scribbled down the answers with barely an effort. Hell, she'd *written* the damn thing. As Martin waited

for the others, she gazed nonchalantly around the room. Nevaeh sat back in his chair, twiddling his thumbs. He wasn't looking at Martin. He was looking at Juliana. She had her head down, little tongue stuck out in concentration.

Martin stared at Nevaeh and tutted just loud enough to get his attention. Nevaeh's eyes jumped away from Juliana and his splotchy face blushed red. Nevaeh must have been feeling Martin's attraction for Juliana. Was it always so obvious? Or was Nevaeh just having trouble adjusting? Either way, it was creepy and embarrassing.

Throughout the rest of class, Nevaeh's eyes kept snapping to Juliana. But Juliana wasn't playing along. All the teasing and touching herself had apparently just been for Martin's benefit. Today she seemed preoccupied, and she wouldn't stop bouncing her leg.

As soon as the bell rang, Juliana took off, her backpack over one shoulder. Intrigued, Martin followed her, winding through the school hallways. Juliana stopped by someone's locker and a few seconds later Kimberly showed up. She opened the locker as Juliana leaned against the wall and chatted with her, her fingers running nervously through her hair every now and then. Martin was at the far end of the hall and couldn't hear what they were saying but then Juliana reached out and tucked a strand of Kimberly's hair back behind one ear. Kimberly smiled bashfully at her. Wait...was Juliana *flirting* with Kimberly? That fat cow?

Martin dialed down Nevaeh's thoughts to a low background hum and looked at Kimberly again. Without Nevaeh's thoughts coloring her own, she could really take her in. She actually wasn't that fat. Yes, her thighs were a bit thicker than Nevaeh's. She carried a little more weight, but she carried it well. It wasn't like rolls of fat were falling out from beneath her tight top. It was just squeezed a little tighter, crushing her breasts into eye-watering cleavage. Holding onto that thought, Martin dialed up Nevaeh's thoughts again. Nevaeh's feelings flooded in and this time Martin sensed the jealousy behind them. Nevaeh was jealous of the attention Kimberly got with her breasts, and any attention given to Kimberly was less attention that could be given to Nevaeh. But it still felt like a stab of betrayal to see Juliana flirting with her. And what was Terry even doing using Juliana's body to flirt with Kimberly anyway? That wasn't what the real Juliana would have done.

Martin kept an eye on them the rest of the day. Juliana was distant, preoccupied. She didn't hang out at the bleachers during lunch. The feelings

of betrayal made Martin cattier than usual and she made rude comments about other students that passed by, much to the delight of the group of cheerleaders around her:

“God, that dress screams ‘trying too hard’.”

“Look at the braces on him. Too bad you can’t correct ‘ugly’.”

The only thing that soothed her was making out with Evan, which they did with gusto, heedless of the others. Martin dialed up Nevaeh’s memories and sank into his warm embrace. She was so in love even the scent of his cheap body wash was intoxicating.

Martin managed to corner Terry outside the locker room as everyone was getting ready for the game.

“What are you doing with Kimberly?” She hissed, the Nevaeh part of her aghast that her friend would want to hang out with such a skank.

Juliana blushed red and looked down. “You saw that, huh?”

“The whole school could see it. You look like a...well...a schoolgirl with a crush.”

Juliana sighed and twisted a lock of hair nervously around one finger. “I...she’s...I like her. You have to admit she’s cute. It’s like...Juliana’s disgust of her is combining with my male desires and making this whole new feeling. I kind of, like, want to maybe spite fuck her or something, I don’t know. The whole disgust has just circled all the way around to lust. And it also helps me to not think of Curtis.”

“Ok, but what happens when Juliana comes back to her body and you’ve completely changed her life? I mean, you can’t start *dating* Kimberly.”

“Martin...” she began, and trailed off. “I—”

“Come on, girls,” Mrs. Cranford interrupted them, “Pep talk. Let’s go.”

She ushered them into the locker room, where Martin gave them the pep talk, strutting back in forth in front of the group of hot cheerleaders and extolling them to do their best. Right before going out onto the field, Martin dialed Nevaeh’s memories up to maximum. She didn’t want to risk anything going wrong. The anguish dulled instantly, replaced with Nevaeh’s natural sense of entitlement. She was going to *own* this crowd. She stood straighter, all doubts eaten by Nevaeh’s overwhelming confidence, honed by years of people being deferential just because of her beauty. She could have anything she wanted. All she had to do was shake her ass a little. Show some leg. God, Martin wanted to show off her body in front of the crowd.

The thought made her shiver, warmth flooding her insides. Fuck, she was getting wet just thinking about it.

“Let’s kick it off!” She cried, leading them out onto the field, their pompoms rustling.

They lined up in front of the stands in formation. Martin started it off, raising her pompoms high and shaking them as she lead the team in their first cheer. She clapped, danced, sang, kicked. Their moves cracked in quick precision. Martin was utterly confident in her body as she cartwheeled across the line of cheering girls. Those moments when the ground flew past her head were magical. Everything seemed to be suspended upside down. Her body was so light and so strong. She could do *anything*. Not even gravity could keep her down.

Martin shook her ass and sang her heart out. After the stands had filled, the squad lined up in front of the locker room entrances. Juliana and Martin held a paper banner stretched tight and as the band started up the fight song the football players burst through the banner and onto the field. The rest of the game was an exciting blur of cheering and dancing and twirling. Martin was flipped up to stand in the air, balanced on one leg, one of the male cheerleaders holding her easily overhead on one hand. It was a position that would have been unthinkable just a few days ago. Martin kept the smile on her face as she gazed out over the packed stadium. Their eyes were on her, and as she jumped up and plunged into the other cheerleader’s arms, her skirt whipped up. The idea that a stadium full of guys was staring at her, trying to get the merest glimpse beneath her skirt, made her warm with pleasure. By the end of the game her body was slick with sweat and her panties were slick with desire.

Martin hardly cared that they won the game, though she cheered the loudest of the team. She was just happy to be there. Happy to be young. To be pretty. It was a shame there were only a few days left to enjoy it before it would be back to being fat, schlubby old Martin.

She pushed it out of her mind as they swarmed the field and reveled in their victory. As Evan came up she jumped into his arms, kissing him passionately on the cheek as his solid hands gripped her trim body close. She grabbed his cheeks and held their lips together, her hands stroking Evan’s hair. He smelled like *boy*, which was something Nevaeh found delightful and, fully hooked into her feelings, Martin did, too. Everything was perfect in that moment. Even the sight of Juliana and Kimberley

holding hands couldn't dislodge the funny feeling in her belly as she kissed her boyfriend. Her *boyfriend!* A few days ago that thought would have been ridiculous but now it was all Martin could think about.

Martin's parents came up to greet him. They came to most of Nevaeh's games. Evan and Nevaeh's dad shook hands. Her mom gave them both a hug.

"I'm going to a party tonight, daddy," Martin said, twining his arms through Evan's. "I'll be home late."

"Okay, honey," Nevaeh's dad said. She knew he wouldn't put up a fight. The strong women in his life had cowed him.

Her mom gave her "the look" and Martin rolled her eyes. *Of course,* she'd been taking her birth control pills. Not that she'd actually had sex yet. Her mom seemed to think she was much sluttier than she actually was. Maybe it hinted at how Sally had been at Nevaeh's age. She also continually hammered home the message of not getting pregnant too early and ruining her cheerleading career. Martin had a feeling Sally had regrets. But this was Martin's life and she would do what she wanted.

She was buckling the seatbelt in Evan's car when it occurred to her how wrong that last thought was. This was *not* Martin's life. It was just borrowed from Nevaeh for a while. Next week everything would be back to normal. Terrible, miserable, normal, where Martin would pine for Juliana as the loseriest loser to ever loser. She reached up to dial down the Nevaeh thoughts and then stopped. No. For tonight, she would enjoy a full immersion. The hints of Martin would guide her but not hold her back.

The party house was a large, two-story house in the middle of the suburbs. The downstairs living room and kitchen were already half filled with other students when Martin and Evan arrived with their entourage. Drinks were passed around and Martin positioned herself on the couch in the center of the living room, next to Evan, holding court with their hangers on. The cheerleaders mingled with the soccer players, teasing and flirting. Evan's hand rested on one of Martin's perfect legs.

Martin's body warmed and the room took on a gossamer glow as the night wore on and she drank one beer, then another. The music grew louder. The room filled up. Soon they were dancing, eighteen-year-old bodies thrusting together, laughing, singing. Martin wasn't too drunk to notice Juliana and Kimberly sneaking out to the porch together. Ooh, that dirty skank! Martin was about to throw down her beer and go after Juliana, really

have it out with her, but then Evan kissed her and all thoughts dissipated. All she wanted was this. Her thoughts beat with the steady drumbeat: *Want! Want! Want!* Martin decided that tonight was the night to give in.

When she pulled away she stood on tiptoe and leaned up to Evan's ear: "Do you want to go upstairs?"

Upstairs. Everyone knew what that meant. The bedrooms. Nevaeh had remained pure so far and a part of her fought giving in to her lust. But Martin was only here for a few more days and she was drunk and in love so...fuck it.

They snuck upstairs, giggling and whispering, peeking in doors until they found the master bedroom. There was something deliciously naughty about making out on someone else's parents' bed. They stood at the foot of the bed, mere inches from each other.

The noise of the party downstairs raged on, dulled by the distance and the closed doors between them. Evan gently caressed Martin's cheeks. He kissed her forehead. Her eyes. Her nose. Her lips. The scent of him lingered in Martin's nose.

"You're so beautiful," Evan said, tucking Martin's blonde hair out of her eyes.

Martin gazed up at him, completely enraptured. Her heart thudded madly. The beer haze made everything soft and fuzzy and so, so right. Everything in Martin's body urged her to give in to her instincts. So she did.

She reached for Evan and pulled him close, her tongue flicking out, begging him to open his mouth until he did and she could taste him. They made out madly, desperately, Martin's teenage hormones wanting her to throw all caution to the wind. Her hands gripped Evan's body even as Evan gripped hers, sliding up and down her curves. She was panting now, her body turned on just by touch, by desperation, by want, by their closeness.

She pulled her shirt off over her head and brushed her silky blonde hair out of her eyes. Evan held her by the waist, his gaze dropping to her chest, where her bra held her twin breasts fast. Men. So predictable. Martin looked down at herself, allowing the Martin part to enjoy the view, those perfect tits hanging from her chest.

Evan caressed them, running his fingers back and forth across the silky material of the bra as they made out again. His hands trailed around her back, found the clasp of the bra and fumbled with it until, with a smile, Martin reached around to help him. She let the bra fall to the ground and

Evan ducked to eagerly kiss her breasts. She held his face to her chest as his warm breath hit her sensitive nipples, cooing as he took first one and then the other into his hot mouth, teasing them with his tongue. He was voracious for her, kissing back and forth, wanting everything about her *right now*.

Martin tugged at Evan's shirt and Evan lifted it off over his head. Now it was Martin's turn to gaze at Evan's slid pecks, his lean form with the hint of abs. And then they were pressed together again, Martin's tits to Evan's solid chest, mouth to mouth, arms wrapped around each other, hands gripping and squeezing. Martin's nipples rose to attention and scraped gently across Evan's broad chest. Evan reached between them and grabbed Martin's tits, squeezing and kneading with a fumbling awkward eighteen-year-old desperation.

Martin dipped her hands to Evan's waist and unbuttoned his pants. Evan grabbed her hands gently and pulled away, looking into her eyes. She stared back at his handsome face, his eyes wide with want for her. She'd caused this desperation. He would do anything for her.

"Are you sure?" Evan whispered. She heard his need even in those three words. A need echoed in her own body.

"I'm sure," she said.

He released her hands and she unbuttoned him and slid his pants down. She dragged her hands back up his thigh, over the bulge of his white underpants. He was stiff and warm beneath the cotton fabric and his body trembled as she stroked him.

Evan dropped to his knees and gently tugged down Martin's skirt until it dropped to the floor. Then he rolled the leggings down slowly, like unwrapping a present, his desire growing with each inch of Nevaeh's body revealed until she wore only her lacy panties. Evan dragged his hands back up her calves, her inner thigh, skating over her hidden entrance. He let out a shaky breath and she watched his cock throb once in his underwear. Her body was so powerful just by *being*.

Martin hooked her thumbs into her panties and slowly tugged them off, dragging them down her hips until they fell to the floor and she stepped out of them. She sat on the bed and scooted back until she could lie her head on the pillow. Her lips tugged into a smile and she pointed a dainty finger at Evan, tapping her finger in the air a few times in a silent demand he remove his underwear. He did so almost bashfully, and Martin was aware it must be

his first time, too, though Evan had never admitted that to Nevaeh. Probably not to anyone.

Martin's eyes dropped to Evan's cock. It stood proudly rigid for her. Martin had never been a fan of cocks, least of all her own. And Nevaeh was inexperienced, a fact Martin would have to rectify, however inexpertly, with the fumbling male memories of awkward prostitutes and online videos. But it would be easier as Nevaeh. All she had to do was act exactly how Martin had wished her old fantasies had acted. And it was easy to be seductive in Nevaeh's little body.

Martin crooked her finger, beckoning Evan closer. Evan bent and crawled onto the bed, lowering his lips to kiss the top of her foot, then her calf, then her thigh. She shivered with each warm kiss and her gaze traveled up her own body as Evan kissed his way up. She saw it through both sets of eyes – Martin's and Nevaeh's – a body that held no surprises and was, at the same time, a fantasy made real. The thoughts made her warm, joining the tingles from Evan's soft kisses as he made his way up her body.

Now he kissed over her pussy, his hot breath on her most sensitive of areas making her moan. He paused there, pressing his lips against her coarse pubic hair, against her hidden clit. Her breath hitched in her throat and she sighed softly, hands rising to pluck at her breasts as the Martin and Nevaeh desires collided and grew into something new and different and wonderful. Evan had licked her pussy before. Together they'd explored her by tongue and fingers and Evan began doing the same thing now.

He licked her pussy from bottom to top, again and again, applying slightly more pressure each time until Martin's body ached and she parted for him, pussy lips spreading for his tongue, begging him to lick her inner folds. His tongue traveled up her slit inside her now, his warmth making her thighs tingle. Her hands continued caressing her tits, dainty fingers grabbing the soft skin and digging in, owning this tight little body.

Evan's tongue was wonderful inside her pussy, the pressure and speed warming her body until she began undulating. She could feel herself opening further, the hood of her clit retracting to reveal its hidden treasure. And when Evan placed his tongue firmly on her button – oooh! – she shuddered and sighed again. Now she couldn't keep herself still, toes wiggling, hips thrusting slowly up as Evan feasted on her, driving his tongue harder against her clit as she dripped down his chin.

She opened her eyes to look down at herself, willing herself to memorize the sight of this perfect body, those perfect tits, that perfect cunt, Evan's eyes closed in ecstasy as he licked her again and again. The heat and anticipation grew. Martin bit her lip, another moan escaping her lips as her body built with each lick of Evan's tongue, until her entire body tensed and she came. Her toes flexed, head pressing down into the pillow as she flushed with heat, the tension releasing her, replaced with a pleasure so deep she thought she would never hit the bottom. She moaned long and low, fingers gripping herself as she came around Evan's face.

When she recovered she opened her eyes and found Evan looking up at her, a grin on his face.

"I want you inside me," Martin whispered, fulfilling her own fantasy in Nevaeh's body.

Evan crawled up her. Evan grasped his cheeks and brought their lips together again. Nevaeh almost wanted to gag at the taste of her cunt on her tongue, the musky scent of herself in her nose, but Martin reveled in it. The tension made her desperate with horniness, setting her body to vibrate with need.

She felt Evan's cockhead press against her entrance. He was fumbling and unsure so Martin reached down and grabbed his cock. Her tiny fingers encircled it, felt the immense heat and promise of it. She guided it towards her, felt him spread her apart, the head just ducking into her warmth. She released him and stroked his hair. He gazed into her eyes and slowly, slowly entered her for the first time.

His face was her world as she parted for him. They gazed into each other's eyes as Evan sunk deeper, sliding slowly into Martin's wet cunt. She was so tight. She felt herself pressed apart as Evan's girth split her, driving in deeper, deeper, bringing with it a steady pain as they took each other's' virginity. And then their groins connected and she held him complete inside of her. She released a breath she didn't know she'd been holding. He stroked her cheek and held himself there, still, as she adjusted to a man inside her for the first time.

Martin had never felt this close to someone before. Her body felt so right. So full of cock. Full of Evan. So deliciously full. The pain was dissipating, replaced with a feeling of relief and need.

Evan pulled out and slowly thrust in again, leaning over Martin, still staring into her eyes. Martin held his gaze and they fucked slowly, in and

out, Martin's tight body tingling and warm as she stared deep into Evan's warm brown eyes. Evan filled her deeply again and she gasped, releasing a shuddering breath as he slid out. They gradually gained a rhythm, in and out, moving in tandem, Martin's hands sliding around Evan's back, digging her fingernails gently into his skin and urging him lower.

Evan fell onto her, his weight holding her down in a way she didn't know she needed. She wrapped her legs around him, crossed at the ankles, and pulled him towards her, urging him deeper, faster.

"Yes, oh yes, baby," Martin moaned, Nevaeh's lust-soaked voice driving Evan's ardor.

He sped up, gritting his teeth now as Martin's moans rose. She clutched at her lover as he filled her again and again, cock perfect inside her, stretching her out as heat pulsed through her body. They moved faster. The bed squeaked. The slick sounds of their lovemaking grew louder. Now Evan was pounding her and she was begging for it "More! Harder! Oh god, fuck me harder!". The sound of Nevaeh's own voice sent her over the edge and she came.

Evan came with her, growling into her ear as he sank deep, deep and released himself. She felt him pumping inside her, felt the fullness increase tenfold as each spurt of hot cum filled her cunt. She wriggled and cried out, clutching him tight, wanting the moment to last forever as their bodies climaxed together. She took him all, each hot spurt just what she wanted, what she *needed*. She howled beneath him as her body shook and the orgasm burned away all hesitation.

When she came down she was trembling. Evan stroked her cheek. Kissed her nose. Pulled out and left her strangely empty. He lay beside her and cupped his body around hers, his cock pressing against her ass, their mingled juices dripping down the side of her perfect butt cheek. Martin had taken Nevaeh's virginity and didn't regret it for a second.

7

“You’re such a slut!” Juliana teased Martin as they lay on Nevaeh’s bed together.

Martin had just told her what she’d done with Evan. They were still naked, the scent of Juliana’s pussy still strong on Martin’s fingers. Nevaeh’s parents would never have let a boy come into Nevaeh’s room and close the door. But they’d known Juliana forever and didn’t suspect in the slightest what the two eighteen-year-olds were doing in the bedroom as long as they were quiet. Martin and Terry had taken full advantage of that fact. They’d also, after some experimentation, both dialed down their female memories to zero. Much easier than overcoming Nevaeh’s revulsion of eating pussy which was, admittedly, lessening each time. This way they could fully enjoy their female forms together.

Martin pushed herself up onto one arm and swept her blonde hair out of her face. “You’re one to talk,” she said, tracing Juliana’s gentle breast with a finger. “What have you and Kimberly been up to?”

Juliana blushed red and grinned sheepishly. “I never said I *wasn’t* a slut.”

After the party, Evan had taken Martin home. That weekend they texted constantly. Evan was busy with family stuff and couldn’t get away, though he desperately wanted to meet up and have sex again. He never said it explicitly but Martin got the subtext. Hell, Martin was feeling it, too. So Martin had turned to Terry to try to satisfy her burning lust. She just needed *something* to relieve the aching horniness. To try to fill the spot in her heart that Evan’s temporary absence left. She was sating both desires, falling in love with Evan and burying herself between Juliana’s thighs.

The two women giggled together. Martin stretched her body out languidly, enjoying the sight of her breasts, her hips, her pussy, her legs splayed out beneath her. But this would all be over with soon. Martin found herself wishing more and more she could crank the dial past maximum and forget about going back to being a man. Just enjoy living in the moment. Enjoy this delightful, youthful sexy body as if it would never end. She lay back and sighed deeply.

“What’s wrong, cuddle bug?” Juliana asked.

“I can’t believe we have to go back. I like being Nevaeh more than I ever liked being Martin.”

“I don’t want to go back, either,” Juliana agreed.

“Really? I thought you liked being Terry.”

“Yeah. Sort of. I mean, I do miss my strength sometimes. But being Juliana...it’s a different kind of strength. With my brains and this body, I feel like the possibilities are endless. But as Terry my life is set. There’s nothing new there. I like this adventure.”

“Me, too,” Martin agreed. “I feel so delicate now. But, like, in a good way. I’m not lugging around all that extra weight. People go out of their way to be nice to me. I’m hot as hell. It’s a vacation from myself.”

Juliana worried her lower lip and was silent for a few seconds. “Well...” she began slowly. “What if we didn’t *have* to go back?”

Martin sat up. “What do you mean?”

Juliana sat up and turned her big blue eyes on him. “I’ve been going through my uncle’s notes on the body suits. It wasn’t just the sheer possibility of looking like anyone in the world that spooked him. There are ways to lock someone in a suit so even if they wanted to get out they couldn’t.”

“How?”

“It’s basically a computer virus. We inject it into their suits and it seals the unlocking mechanism.”

“And we can stay like this?” Martin’s heart fluttered at the thought of all of Nevaeh’s life being his forever. At being young and hot and popular.

“We would have to. We would activate it in our suits first and then spread it to theirs. Oh my god, Nevaeh, I’m so excited. I wanted to do this earlier but I needed your help. We have to do it together.”

“Why?”

“Um...” Juliana searched Martin’s face. “The interface is...inside the suit.”

Martin shook her head, not understanding. Juliana tried again:

“You have to put one part of the suit inside the other long enough to transfer the data.”

“How?”

“Well...the easiest way is to...have sex.” Juliana mumbled and turned away.

“Have sex...with our old bodies?”

“Yeah.”

Martin tried to imagine the thought of herself riding her old blubbery body and found herself getting physically ill. “Ewww.”

“You’ve got it easier,” Juliana insisted. “If I try to come onto my old body, Juliana will reject me. But neither of the girls know that we’ve swapped bodies with the other one. So you seduce Terry and I seduce Martin.”

Martin had some qualms about that until she remembered she’d dialed her suit down to zero. Turning it back up, Nevaeh’s memories slotted into place. Martin’s body was gross but Terry...well...Terry was different. He was the hot teacher. Even Neveah had a slight crush on him. His confidence. His body. And fucking a teacher...wasn’t that the ultimate display of dominance?

Still, Martin hesitated. “What if I change my mind and want to go back sometime?”

“You think you will?” Juliana asked, arching a perfect eyebrow.

“No. Probably not. But...it’s nice to know the option’s there.”

“I mean, sure,” Juliana shrugged. “There’s a backdoor that can kill the virus if you really want.”

Martin visibly relaxed. It felt better, somehow, that the change wasn’t exactly permanent, even though she *knew* she would never go back.

On Sunday they met up at Juliana’s house. Her parents were out with friends, giving them complete privacy.

Juliana propped the laptop-thing on her bed. It was attached by cables to a small rectangular rod with blinking diodes. Martin brought up the aspect of the plan that was bothering him.

“Why do we have to lock them in our bodies? Isn’t it enough to just lock us like this?”

“We have to show them that there’s no hope of getting their bodies back. Desperate people are dangerous. It’s even possible they could get the suits off and then we’d have doubles running around.”

Juliana was right. Nevaeh and Juliana had to leave them alone if they wanted to enjoy every aspect of their new lives. The only way to do that was to make them see that there was no possibility of going back.

Juliana handed Martin the small black rod. “This goes in your mouth,” Juliana explained. “The data is transferred by light.”

“Oookay,” Martin said, taking the rod.

Juliana punched in some more commands as Martin grew nervous. There would be no turning back from this. She would be Nevaeh forever. She thought about what she would be missing: Her shitty old apartment. Her ugly body. Her lack of friends. It was a no-brainer, but it was still scary to stand on the edge of a life-changing decision.

As if sensing her hesitance, Juliana paused in her typing and looked up at Martin. “Last chance to back out.”

“Do it,” Martin said, sticking the small rod into her mouth.

It was cold and tasted like plastic.

“Hold there until it finishes. Here we go.”

Juliana hit some buttons. In a matter of seconds the rod grew warmer in her mouth. She held it there against her tongue, watching Juliana, who was watching the monitor intently, eyes flickering across the readouts. Martin kept her lips clamped around the rod for about three minutes. She was beginning to think it wasn't working when it suddenly buzzed in her mouth, startling her.

“Done,” Juliana said. “I think.”

The new Nevaeh grinned but her stomach dropped with instant buyer's remorse and regret. Had she done the right thing? Of course not. But she had done what was best for *her*. And what was more Nevaeh than that?

“How will we know if it worked?”

“Well...the key I gave them won't do anything.”

“So we have sex with them and wait to see if it worked.”

“Trust me. It worked. Probably.”

Juliana took her turn. A few minutes later the rod buzzed and she took it out of her mouth. They looked at each other. Nothing was different but everything had changed.

“Now we've got until after the science test on Wednesday to lock the girls in or else things are going to get difficult,” Juliana said.

In many ways, Terry had the easier job. Martin was already smitten with Juliana. All Terry had to do was come up with a plausible reason to get him alone, do a little flirting, and Martin's obsession would do the rest.

The real Juliana was different. She'd always been popular but being in Terry's body was a different kind of popular. Martin watched Juliana in the hallway between classes. His eyes swung from student to student, Terry's mind constantly on the prowl. Though Juliana didn't seem as confident as

the real Terry. Almost as though she was terrified of the adult power and responsibility she now held.

Martin was on her best behavior in Terry's art class. They were working on portraits, each student paired up with another to draw their picture. Martin was doing an abysmal job of Juliana's face but she hardly cared. They whispered to each other as the new Terry walked around the room, observing each portrait.

"You've got to start flirting with him," Juliana whispered.

Martin glanced up at Terry. "I know. I just feel bad about cheating on Evan."

"Don't think of it as cheating. Terry sure as hell won't tell anyone. He'll get fired. *I* won't tell anyone. So unless you have a dying need to confess, Evan will never know."

Martin glanced back up at Terry. Juliana did a good impression of Terry. Joking with the students. Making suggestions. It was only when she was with her old body that Martin sensed a nervousness about her.

"Good job on the eyes," New Terry said to Juliana, before walking around to peek at Martin's drawing. There was a distinct pause before he halfheartedly said, "Nicely done."

Juliana gave Martin a look that said 'go for it'.

"You can be honest, Mr. Garland, it's terrible," Martin said.

"No, it's...definitely a person," he laughed.

"Maybe she's just not good with women," Juliana suggested. "Ooh! Let her do you!"

"Oh, please!" Martin jumped in.

"Well, uh..."

Martin batted her eyes. "Please. I just want a chance to do well."

New Terry glanced from Martin to her old body. "Sure. Why not?"

Martin turned her paper over and new Terry sat down. "Now look at me," Martin said.

"Right into her eyes," Juliana said, gently turning new Terry's head.

Martin was startled to find how stunning Terry's crisp, pale blue eyes were. They stared at each other, Martin slowly drawing on the easel but mostly just enjoying Terry's face. He was handsome in a devilish kind of way. Little laugh lines around the eyes. Sharp jawline. Martin imagined kissing his cheek and she flushed but didn't break eye contact. It was

intensely intimate to just stare into each other's eyes, absorbing each other's faces.

When the bell rang signaling the end of class, Terry and Juliana came around to look at Martin's picture.

"It's better," Juliana said, "But I think that's mostly the subject."

"I don't think it's possible to make an ugly picture of Mr. Garland," Martin said.

Juliana-in-Terry coughed awkwardly. Martin and Terry-in-Juliana fled, giggling, from the class.

All that day and the next Martin sought out Juliana-in-Terry wherever he was. Making excuses to brush by him in the hall, or pop in to his classroom to ask a question. Martin made sure to wear her cutest outfits. The little skirts that left her legs exposed. The loose top that hung open whenever she bent forward, the neckline pulling down to allow a glimpse of her breasts. Her blonde hair back in a cute ponytail.

But new Terry always seemed a little held back. Not quite fully giving in to old Terry's impulses. Martin need to figure out how to break through that barrier.

In between these flirting sessions, Martin hung out with Evan and the other cheerleaders, studied for the big final on Wednesday, and tried her best to avoid Nevaeh. The last was hard because she was getting more and more obnoxious as the supposed end of their swap drew near. She'd resumed texting Martin, and even asked her to stay after class to berate her one last time.

"If you fail my test I will kill you," Nevaeh seethed.

The only thing that helped was Juliana swooping back into class. Martin watched Nevaeh change instantly, her pudgy hands rubbing together nervously, eyes going wide. Martin's desire for Juliana was still very much a part of her and Martin wondered what her dial had been set at. Old Terry hadn't told the girls about the dial, and suddenly it struck Martin how she could push new Terry over the edge.

Martin hardly needed to excuse herself, because new Martin only had eyes for Juliana. She hurried to her next class and blew through the final exam. It was easy but she was so flush with excitement she made a few careless mistakes and soon forced herself to slow down. It wouldn't do to start off her new life by losing the cheerleading scholarship. When she

finished, she read and re-read the answers she'd given. The only thing left to do was bounce her knee nervously and watch the seconds tick down.

As soon as the bell rang for the end of school she was out the door and down to Terry's art room. She waited outside the door until all the students had filed out before ducking her head in. Juliana-in-Terry was at the opposite end of the classroom, putting away the clay.

"Mr. Garland?" Martin said softly. "Can I speak to you?"

"Sure, come in, Nevaeh," Juliana replied jovially.

Martin slipped in, closing and locking the door quietly behind her. Martin knew Terry's schedule. There was nothing else on for today. They would be alone. It was Martin's best and last chance to seal him in. She swallowed her guilt and pressed on. Juliana didn't seem to mind his new life. Would it really be that bad?

"Let me help you with that," Martin said, dumping her backpack by Terry's desk

She stood next to him, picking up loose bits of wet brick-red clay and putting it back in the airtight packaging. They were soon finished and Martin's fingers were stained with clay.

"What did you need to speak with me about?" Juliana asked, turning Terry's smiling eyes to Martin.

"Oh, you've got some clay on your face, right there," Martin said, touching Terry's nose and laughing. "Do I have any on me?"

"You're clean."

"Really? Because I feel like there's some right here," Martin said, gently stroking his cheek and leaving a smear of red.

"Well, now you have some," Juliana laughed, though the laughter seemed strained.

They were standing so close together Martin could practically feel the heat radiating off Juliana's masculine body. He towered over her, deliciously solid.

"Here," Martin said, taking Juliana's hand and raising it to her face. "Wipe it off for me."

Juliana gulped and hesitated.

"What's wrong?" Martin pouted. "Or do you just like dirty girls?"

"Nevaeh," Juliana began, the responsible and hesitant Juliana part of her mind reasserting itself. She began to push Martin away.

Martin reached up and ran her fingers through his hair. Before Juliana could snatch his head away Martin slid her fingers behind his neck and found the dial, twisting it to maximum. It had been near the lowest setting, and the sudden influx of Terry's memories and thoughts and feelings made Juliana's eyes go wide.

"I want you so badly," Martin whispered, standing on tiptoes to kiss Juliana's rough lips. She didn't pull back but remained still, Martin continuing to hold his hand as they kissed. "Take me right here. Over the desk," Martin purred.

Juliana grabbed her suddenly, one hand on her cheek, the other on her waist, and yanked her close, bringing their lips together. Juliana's hot breath filled Martin's mouth and she melted into the older teacher, pressing her lithe, young body against his hard one.

She felt Juliana's cock jump to attention even beneath her pants. The sudden jolt of memories and the instant realization of Terry's fantasy was too much for Juliana to control. They kissed madly, Juliana gripping Martin harder, crushing her up against his chest as they made out. Martin ran her hands across Juliana's stubbled cheeks, dragging brick-red clay color down his neck as her hands followed the sharp curves of his body, yanking up his shirt to splay her fingers across his broad chest.

"We...shouldn't...be...doing...this," Juliana said between kisses, his body betraying his words as he refused to release Martin.

"I'm just...a...naughty...girl," Martin said breathlessly, whenever she pulled her mouth away from Juliana's delicious tongue. "And...you'll have to...punish me."

They were near Terry's desk now and Martin flung all the papers off and onto the floor. She bent over the desk and half-turned to look over her shoulder at Juliana.

"I need a spanking," Martin said, wiggling her perfect ass. The skirt stretched taut over the curve of her butt, falling down to mid-thigh, hugging her legs.

Juliana was caught up in Terry's fantasy. He advanced on the little cheerleader and raised his hand, bringing it down on Martin's ass with a swift crack.

"Oh!" Martin cried, desire dripping from her lips. She wasn't faking. She really *was* attracted to Terry. And seeing him like this – Manly. In control. Taking what he wanted. – made heat spark to life in Martin's core.

His smack had left a brick-red handprint on her skirt. He smacked her again and Martin hissed through her teeth, wiggling her ass more, tempting him. Juliana reached down and raised up Martin's skirt, pulling it slowly up to reveal her naked ass. He smacked Martin again and Martin moaned, bending over the table as Juliana left a red handprint on her ass.

Martin reached between her legs and found her panties, already dotted with moisture. She touched herself, stroking her hidden pussy while Juliana caressed her ass with a calloused hand.

"More," Martin begged in a throaty voice.

Another smack, this one hard enough to sting, the pain searing deep inside Martin to join the heat already burning within her. So Nevaeh, dominant little bitch, seemed to have a thing for being submissive.

"Oh, Mr. Garland," Martin moaned, affecting Nevaeh's most innocent schoolgirl voice. "I've been so bad, I don't think a spanking is going to cover it. What *else* are you going to give me?"

There was the jingle of a belt. Martin spread her legs further, her hand stroking, stroking, fingers tickling her clit as warmth flashed through her. She ran her hands down her slit, practically up to her ass so that there was no way Juliana *couldn't* see what she was doing.

"You have been a naughty girl, Nevaeh," Juliana growled.

Rough hands grabbed Martin's panties and yanked them down so that the cool air brushed against Martin's slick cunt. Something thick and meaty pressed against Martin's entrance and then the head of Juliana's cock slid in deep with a quick thrust. Martin moaned, her cheek pressed against the desk, still stroking herself as Juliana filled her. Martin felt her cunt spreading, the beautiful pressure filling her, stoking the warmth into a blazing inferno. Her cunt lit with heat as the virus began uploading to Juliana's suit. Juliana groaned as the heat enveloped her cock, thinking it was just Nevaeh's tight wet cunt.

He gripped Martin's hips and pulled out, then thrust in again slowly. Martin gripped the desk, arching her back, ass in the air as she pressed back to impale herself on Terry's thick cock.

"Oh, Mr. Garland," Martin breathed. Her slick cunt was so full of him as he slid in again, deep, until their groins connected and his balls bounced against her thighs. "Give it to me."

Juliana pulled out, gripped a fistful of Martin's hair and yanked her head up as he slowly sank back in. Martin was forced to raise herself up, bent

over, the back of her head nearly resting against Terry's chest as Juliana fucked her slowly, growling in her ear. To be taken like this, helpless and needy, made Martin ache. She began to whimper as Juliana plunged deep inside, pulling out before plunging in again.

"Keep going, don't stop," Martin begged, body on fire, wanting this moment to last forever as much to upload the program as to feel the blissful pleasure of her body on fire.

Juliana moved faster, his other hand reaching up to cup Martin's breasts. Now Martin was held aloft, helpless in Juliana's solid arms as he fucked her hard and fast. Martin could do nothing but cry out in pleasure as her body was rammed, over and over again, with Juliana's huge member, his length filling Martin, curving up through her tight wet canal.

Juliana was slamming into her now, wild, desperate, grunting with each thrust, using her body for his own pleasure. And then the virus finished uploading and Martin's cunt vibrated. Juliana uttered a strangled cry and gripped Martin tight, fingers grasping Martin's tit painfully as he emptied himself inside her, thrust after thrust, Martin's body soaking up the heat, taking each pump of hot seed and sending her over the edge. She orgasmed around Juliana's cock, her cries muffled as Juliana slapped a hand over her mouth, filling her nose with the scent of clay and man. She closed her eyes and shook around the girth inside her, each beautiful pump searing her insides with pleasure, making tears fall from her eyes as she came hard.

It was animalistic and painful and wonderful all at once as she was taken by her teacher. Just as she'd planned. Juliana-in-Terry thought this was his idea but it had been Martin's all along. And with the last thrust, the last of Juliana's load, Martin realized that the Martin she had been, the temporary Martin destined to return to her sad sack body, was gone. She was Nevaeh now. And Juliana, though she didn't yet know it, would forever be Terry.

Terry pulled away, still breathing hard. He looked astonished at what he'd done. Nevaeh turned to him and stood on tiptoe to kiss his lips.

"Don't worry, I won't tell."

She pulled her panties back up, still feeling Terry leaking out of her. She grabbed her backpack and sashayed out the door, confident in the feminine sway of her hips, the bounce of her tits, the softness of her hair tickling her cheeks, the floral scent of her perfume. She looked back over her shoulder once and gave him a little wave. Hopefully, this was goodbye.

8

Juliana didn't want to talk about having sex with Martin and the new Nevaeh didn't blame her. The idea of having sex with that repulsive slob made her want to gag. But somehow Juliana had held Martin inside her long enough to upload the virus.

The new Nevaeh played her part, dutifully coming over to Martin's apartment after school, pretending she was ready to change back. They quickly ran out of things to talk about and sat in silence, flipping through their phones and waiting for Juliana.

When Juliana finally knocked, Martin sighed and heaved his fat body up out of the chair to answer the door. "Thank god. Get me out of this fat mess." She set the key on the counter.

"Nice to see you again," Juliana said, skipping inside and setting out her laptop.

Martin blushed and stammered as he followed her around. God, it was pathetic. Nevaeh was glad she would never have to do that again. As long as the virus worked.

Martin handed Juliana the key and Juliana plugged it into the laptop and typed away. She unplugged it a few minutes later.

"Here you go," she said, holding it up.

Martin snatched it out of her hand. Nevaeh held her breath as she watched him raise his flabby arm and feel around the back of his neck. His eyes lit up when he found the spot. He pressed. Pressed again. Wiggled around, worry lines appearing around his eyes.

"I can't get it," he finally said. "You try."

He handed the key to Juliana, who felt around the back of Martin's neck with it. Martin's whole body suddenly shuddered, as if he had a sudden chill. He raised his hand to the top of his head and felt around, slowly at first but growing more frantic.

"Where is it? Where's the zipper?"

"I don't know. Hold still," Juliana said.

Nevaeh stifled her smile. It worked! They were locked in. Now to play her part.

"What's going on?" She asked, rising from the couch and stepping lightly towards them.

“I can’t get it off. It’s not coming off!” Martin said, frantic now, scrabbling at his hair, his neck, trying desperately to find the zipper that would free him from his nightmare.

“What do you mean?” Nevaeh said, hoping she sounded suitably horrified when what she really wanted to do was dance and sing and shout for joy.

“I don’t know. It’s not working,” Juliana said.

Nevaeh was sure Martin missed the brief smile on Juliana’s lips, so busy was he with trying to get out of his fat suit. But there was no getting out now.

Martin cried a lot. He raged. He threatened. During a lull, Juliana and Nevaeh grabbed the laptop and hurried out of the apartment. Martin stormed downstairs after them but was too fat. Too slow. He was bent over double, wheezing when he reached the lobby. Now that there were a few other people around, Nevaeh felt safer approaching him. She put his hand on her shoulder.

“I’m sorry. But there’s nothing we can do and you’re just hurting yourself.”

“You bitch!”

Gasps from the people around. Two older men approached as Martin grabbed Nevaeh and she shrieked.

“What the hell are you doing?” One of the men said.

“She stole my life!” Martin raged.

The men pried Martin off her and Nevaeh ran, sniffing, into Juliana’s arms. They watched as Martin was taken down by the two men, who sat on him while someone called the police. The police arrived and took statements. Juliana held her. Nevaeh trembled as she talked to the police, her old body handcuffed and marched out to the police car. But she wasn’t scared. Not anymore. She was excited to embark on her new life.

Juliana excused herself so she could race over to Terry’s and repeat the charade. Terry took it much better. It made sense. His life was better. But it still hurt him. Juliana texted Nevaeh constant updates:

[Listening to this bitch crying about her life be like] accompanied by an eye roll emoji.

While Juliana took care of Terry, Nevaeh went to see Evan. They’d seen each other at lunch but to an eighteen-year-old in love that might as well have been years ago. She jumped into his arms and kissed him before he

took her up to his room and they made love, slowly and tenderly, Nevaeh's first orgasm in her permanent life roaring through her, whiting out the world as she clutched Evan, wrapped around him, holding him inside her, moaning her love for him.

Nevaeh had gotten everything she deserved.

#

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What Happens in Vegas

Deeper Undercover

How I Became a Hopper

Role of a Lifetime

Whole New World

The Watch

The Sub

Body Switch Collection: Volume 10

Trading Places

Cosplayed

Imposter Syndrome

Day of the Switch

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Better Than Ever

Just Relaxing

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First World Problems

Culture Shock

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Remote Chance

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Watch for more at [M Wills's site](#).

About the Author

There's something alluring about body swaps, sexual and freeing at the same time. I love to explore all sides of the phenomenon: the kinky, the dirty, the loving, the degrading, the amazing. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do.

I also do commissions! For more stories and my commission rates and contact info visit my website bodyswapstories.com.

Read more at [M Wills's site](#).