

Family Affair

by M. Wills

Copyright 2018 M. Wills

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be resold or given away to other people.

Disclaimer: These fictional stories contain graphic descriptions of sex and are intended for a mature audience. By proceeding past this disclaimer you agree that you are legally allowed to read adult materials in the country where you reside. All characters depicted in these stories are aged 18 or over.

Cover image © Can Stock Photo / Whiteboxmedia

[Other books by M. Wills](#) or follow bodyswapfiction.com

Table of Contents

[Preview of Family Affair](#)

[Family Affair](#)

[Preview of Mystery Man](#)

[Other Books by M. Wills](#)

Preview of Family Affair

My hand came up and slid gently across my mom's cheek and guided her face towards mine. I had no time to think before my mouth opened and my lips met my mom's. I wanted to gag but instead I was forced to open my mouth and suck in her tongue as her hot breath filled me. My nose was pressed against her cheek and I could smell her light, floral scent.

And that's when I understood that whatever had happened to me, whatever entity had possessed my body, the same thing was happening to my mom. We were forced to carry along as two strangers controlled us, as I was forced to suck on my mom's tongue while she pressed her body against me. I felt myself growing hard as my mom's breasts pressed against me. My mom must have felt it, too, because she reached down and slid her hands gently across the bulge in my pants before breaking off the kiss and smiling up at me. As I stared into her familiar face, at her dark eyes so wide, my face so close I could see every slight wrinkle, every gentle curve, I dreaded to think what the body thieves were planning.

We headed to the movie theater near the other end of the mall, still holding hands, our fingers entwined like lovers. It may have been my imagination but I thought I caught looks from other people that we passed, as if they were wondering what a college aged guy was doing with such an older woman. I tried to exert some control over myself, tried to force my feet to stop, to untangle my hands from my mom's warm fingers, but I couldn't send even a flicker of a motion through my limbs. I was well and truly trapped inside my own body.

We bought two tickets to the next show, the body thieves controlling us little caring what it was. My mom paid while my body fidgeted, picking at my fingernails, someone else's habits expressed through my body. I followed my mom inside, my eyes flicking down to her rotund ass, followed the shape of the dress over her rounded curves. We found a seat in the back. There were only a few other people scattered around and no one near us.

As the movie started and the room went dark, my body pushed up the arm rest between us and my lips returned to my mom's mouth, tasting her once again. This time my hand came up and found her breast, heavy and firm beneath her dress and bra. I squeezed her tit as she sighed into my mouth. I wanted to scream, to run away, but the stranger inside me forced me to continue making out with my mom, caressing her breast, even as I grew hard.

There was a fumbling at my pants, my zipper was opened and then my mom's hand wrapped around my rock hard cock. She began stroking me. Long, firm strokes up and down my shaft as her tongue circled the inside of my mouth. Fuck, she was making me so horny, the stranger overriding my horror with his lust.

My body pulled down the neckline of her dress and fumbled with the bra, using both hands to free her heavy tit from the cup of the bra. Her breast filled my hand, weighty and warm, and my lips came down to meet her soft skin. And then I was sucking on

my mom's tit as she sighed above me, her nipple pebbling out in my mouth as I teased it with my tongue. I suckled and kissed her breast, my body clearly enjoying her warmth, as she moaned softly.

One of my hands slid down her body and then along her leg, under her dress, brushing against her warm thighs. She spread her legs for me, inviting me in, her hand still stroking my cock.

No! No! No! I screamed inside, as my fingers found the rough trail of her pubic hair, followed it beneath her damp panties, and landed on the moistened lips of her pussy.

Read on for the full story

Family Affair

Michael

It was mildly embarrassing to have my mom accompany me through the mall. On the one hand, I was twenty years old, a little old to have her clothes shopping with me. But on the other hand, she was paying for my clothes so I couldn't really complain.

“Oh, what about these, Michael?” She asked, holding up a pair of conservative khaki pants that were neither stylish nor matched my general wardrobe of concert shirts and old jeans.

“Yeah, maybe,” I said noncommittally, not wanting to hurt her feelings.

My mom was enthusiastic about having me home from college for the Thanksgiving holiday and I didn't have the heart to tell her that she had nearly no idea of men's fashion. She still tried to dress me like a preppy child, in collared shirts and straight pants. I normally avoided these types of big stores attached to our local mall, but my mom had offered to pay and this was where she brought me. Still, from the huge men's section of the department store I had an armful of clothes I thought were passable.

“Good choice, that's what I'd wear,” a male voice said from behind my mom.

I looked up from perusing a nearby shirt rack to see a dapper, gray haired guy talking to my mom. He wore—of course—a collared shirt and straight legged khakis. He was probably somewhere in his late forties and from the way he was acting he had an eye for my mom. And she, merciless single flirt that she was, enjoyed all the attention.

I knew academically that my mom was attractive but I didn't really want to dwell on that fact. A lot of guys liked her wavy brunette hair and her dark, smoky eyes, as well as her pleasingly plump body. Today she was wearing her favorite navy blue dress that hugged her body and had a deep cut neck that showed off her breasts. Even *I* noticed how much her breasts jiggled when she walked so I know other people saw it. The gray haired guy was staring at her in a slightly predatory look, seemingly admiring her wide hips and her ample cleavage that she was only too happy to use to flirt with strangers. Dad had been gone awhile and mom saw nothing wrong with garnering a little attention for herself.

“Well maybe there's a size for you in here.” She looked him up and down and held out the pants to him. “You look like you're the same size as Michael here, maybe these will fit you.”

“Oh, I wouldn't want to take them if you're claiming them.”

“No, my son doesn't share my taste.”

“Your son? Surely not. I thought you two were siblings!”

My mom laughed at this obvious pickup line but I was getting a weird vibe from the guy. Every now and then his eyes would drift up, then snap back to my mom. It was

clear he just wanted her body.

I interjected myself into their conversation, eager to get us both away from him.

“Hey, mom, ready to go?”

She turned to me. “Oh, yes, you ready?”

She put the pants back and headed to the register. I took a quick glance back and saw another guy step up next to the gray haired guy. He had a similar gaunt appearance and a sort of vacant look on his face. They both stared after us, and even as we wound through the maze of racks to the register it was like I could feel their gazes on my back.

I dumped the clothes on the counter and leaned against it, looking around the store as the sales lady rang everything up. The two creepy guys walked slowly past us with barely a glance. Perhaps I was just being paranoid.

I grabbed the shopping bag and my mom and I made our way out into the mall. I thought I saw the two guys out of the corner of my eye but they were gone when I turned to look at them. At that moment, my mom stumbled and I put my hand out to grab her elbow.

“You okay?” I asked.

“Fine. Fine,” she said, smoothing her hair back behind her ear.

I released her and my hand trailed down her back and grazed her plump ass beneath the dress of its own accord. Gross, I didn't want to touch my mom's ass. I pulled my hand back. Or I tried anyway. My hand stayed and, against my will, squeezed her butt cheek lightly.

Embarrassed, I mumbled *sorry, mom*. But my lips refused to move and, even more shocking, my mom looked up at me and smiled as my hand stayed firmly on her ass, before she flirtatiously bumped her hip against my own. Again I tried to pull my hand away but it didn't respond. I tried to stop walking, to jump back, to talk, anything...but my body was no longer my own. It felt like someone else was in control and I could do nothing even as I experienced every physical sensation. Panic began rising in me, but my body did nothing to reflect my inner turmoil.

My mom slipped her fingers in between mine and we held hands as we strolled through the mall.

I found my lips moving, felt and heard my voice say, “Why don't we take these bodies somewhere a little more private?”

The world tilted as my head pointed towards my mom and my eyes flicked down to her deep cleavage. God help me, my body was starting to get excited looking at my mom's breasts. My cock thrummed once.

Help! I wanted to scream, *Mom! This isn't me!*

But she looked up at me and smiled. “Sounds like a plan.”

My hand came up and slid gently across my mom's cheek and guided her face towards mine. I had no time to think before my mouth opened and my lips met my mom's. I wanted to gag but instead I was forced to open my mouth and suck in her tongue as her hot breath filled me. My nose was pressed against her cheek and I could smell her light, floral scent.

And that's when I understood that whatever had happened to me, whatever entity had possessed my body, the same thing was happening to my mom. We were forced to carry along as two strangers controlled us, as I was forced to suck on my mom's tongue while she pressed her body against me. I felt myself growing hard as my mom's breasts pressed against me. My mom must have felt it, too, because she reached down and slid her hands gently across the bulge in my pants before breaking off the kiss and smiling up at me. As I stared into her familiar face, at her dark eyes so wide, my face so close I could see every slight wrinkle, every gentle curve, I dreaded to think what the body thieves were planning.

We headed to the movie theater near the other end of the mall, still holding hands, our fingers entwined like lovers. It may have been my imagination but I thought I caught looks from other people that we passed, as if they were wondering what a college aged guy was doing with such an older woman. I tried to exert some control over myself, tried to force my feet to stop, to untangle my hands from my mom's warm fingers, but I couldn't send even a flicker of a motion through my limbs. I was well and truly trapped inside my own body.

We bought two tickets to the next show, the body thieves controlling us little caring what it was. My mom paid while my body fidgeted, picking at my fingernails, someone else's habits expressed through my body. I followed my mom inside, my eyes flicking down to her rotund ass, followed the shape of the dress over her rounded curves. We found a seat in the back. There were only a few other people scattered around and no one near us.

As the movie started and the room went dark, my body pushed up the arm rest between us and my lips returned to my mom's mouth, tasting her once again. This time my hand came up and found her breast, heavy and firm beneath her dress and bra. I squeezed her tit as she sighed into my mouth. I wanted to scream, to run away, but the stranger inside me forced me to continue making out with my mom, caressing her breast, even as I grew hard.

There was a fumbling at my pants, my zipper was opened and then my mom's hand wrapped around my rock hard cock. She began stroking me. Long, firm strokes up and down my shaft as her tongue circled the inside of my mouth. Fuck, she was making me so horny, the stranger overriding my horror with his lust.

My body pulled down the neckline of her dress and fumbled with the bra, using both hands to free her heavy tit from the cup of the bra. Her breast filled my hand, weighty and warm, and my lips came down to meet her soft skin. And then I was sucking on my mom's tit as she sighed above me, her nipple pebbling out in my mouth as I teased it with my tongue. I suckled and kissed her breast, my body clearly enjoying her warmth, as she moaned softly.

One of my hands slid down her body and then along her leg, under her dress, brushing against her warm thighs. She spread her legs for me, inviting me in, her hand still stroking my cock.

No! No! No! I screamed inside, as my fingers found the rough trail of her pubic hair, followed it beneath her damp panties, and landed on the moistened lips of her pussy.

I felt my fingers sinking gently inside my mom's warmth, prodding at her slick folds. She soon grew wet at my touch and I dipped my finger down and spread her dew against her clit. My fingers slipped inside her, pressed against her clit and circled swiftly and firmly, matching the rhythm of her breath as she moaned into my mouth. I was forced to continue fingering my mom as my fingers grew slick with her desire.

Suddenly my body pulled away, and I had brief moment of relief, of believing that maybe this was over. But my hopes were dashed when my body slipped out of the seat and knelt in front of my mom. Her hand came up to her own tit, squeezing her nipple as my hands grasped the hem of her dress and I ducked my head beneath it. I could smell her desire, her fragrance thick in my nose as I was forced closer and closer to her pussy. And then I pulled her panties aside, my tongue stuck out and I tasted my mom's cunt for the first time.

My tongue pressed flat against her clit as she dripped into my mouth. I undulated my tongue as she writhed and moaned above me. Her salty juices collected on my tongue and I swallowed them. Her acrid scent surrounded me and I burrowed my face inside her, bringing my fingers up to help, plunging inside her pussy with long, slow flicks of my tongue. Her legs went taut and she let out a long breathy moan as I brought her to climax. My mom orgasmed around me as I licked her cunt, curved my fingers up against the dimpled nub of her inner pleasure, kept my tongue against her clit until her body stopped quivering in ecstasy.

My body finally pulled out from beneath my mom's dress and I resumed my seat. My chin was still wet with her lust, her scent still pungent in my nose as I felt my hand reaching out for hers and we sat back to watch the movie, hand in hand. Though my body laughed at the appropriate parts, my mind—my *real* mind—was frantic. I was in disbelief at what the person controlling my body had made me do, at how he'd made me *feel* licking and sucking my own mom's pussy. I'd been rock hard the whole time, despite my real feelings. Whoever, or whatever, had stolen my body had complete control over my actions and my emotions. I could only guess that my mom felt the same way, trapped in her own body as she let her son have her way with her.

Amber

My mind was in shock even as my son brought my body to orgasm in the movie theater. The idea of him between my legs disgusted me to my core, but my body's response was quite the opposite. I was ashamed at the way I'd felt, at the pleasure coursing through my body as my son undulated his tongue up against my clit and brought me to orgasm, my treacherous hand squeezing my breast and moans escaping my lips despite me trying to wrench back control of my body with every fiber of my being. I couldn't even begin to imagine what my son felt. And to think my hand had stroked his cock...I shuddered inwardly, which was the only shudder I could now make.

It had been bad enough making out with my son, and having his tongue inside me, but somehow I feared it would get even worse. Fortunately, the rest of the movie passed in silence, except for my body laughing at the appropriate parts. My eyes were forced on the screen and when whoever was controlling my body shifted in their seat every now and then I could feel my damp panties clinging to my thighs and shame filled me anew.

Annoyingly, I kept biting my fingernails, a nervous habit that the stranger inside me possessed. Of everything that had happened I kept dwelling on this tiny detail, as though I could blot out everything else by focusing on a tiny moment of relative insignificance of the body thief ruining my nails.

When the movie finished and the lights came back up we made our way out of the theater, squinting in the bright lights of the mall. I prayed the body thieves were done with us, but I was wrong. My body turned to my son and placed my hand on his chest, looking up into his big, brown eyes.

“We've got clothes for *you*, why don't we go dress *me* up?” I heard my voice say.

“Good idea, mom,” Michael said, leaning down to kiss me.

I could taste myself faintly on his lips, the acrid scent of my own pussy still on my son. God help me, my body started warming at the scent of it, at the touch of him.

The body thieves were teasing us now, deliberately doing things to feed on our disgust. My hand slipped into my son's and I leaned against him as we walked through the mall, gazing around at the stores. My eyes stopped on one.

No. God no. I thought, but my voice spoke without my control, “Let's go in there.”

My finger pointed to Victoria's Secret and we strolled in, hand in hand. A slender blonde approached us, looking young and eager.

“Hi,” she said, “Is there anything I can help you find?”

“Something sexy I can show off for my boyfriend, here,” my voice said as my body stood on tiptoes and I kissed my son on the lips.

She smiled, not at all put off by the obvious age difference between myself and my

son. She was either more experienced than she looked or a good actress. “Well, we've got some new lingerie right over here.” She led us over to a rack containing a variety of skimpy outfits. “And if you need any sort of sleepwear: pj's, babydoll nighties, they're all on sale, so just have a look.”

“Thanks,” my voice said, “We'll just browse.”

“Great. Changing rooms are in the back if you want to try on anything.”

The blonde left and my son followed her with his eyes..

“Maybe we should take her,” he said.

Please, I thought, Please go. I knew it was wrong to wish on that girl the hell I was experiencing losing control of my body, but right then I didn't care. I just wanted to be free before I could be made to do anything else.

“I'm not done here, yet,” my voice said as I turned to the clothes racks and started flipping through them.

Orange and red and blue satin nightdresses flashed past my vision. I picked several of them out, skimpy and wispy, things I would never wear, that no 48 year old would ever wear. Could my breasts even fit under that? The body thief was trying to dress me like a twenty year old girl.

I took the clothes and proceeded to the back of the store and into the change room. I locked the door, hung the clothes on the hanger on the wall, and turned to face the mirror. My eyes ran down my body approvingly before I stripped off my dress, revealing my black panties and bra, the only thing covering my ample curves. The body thief ran my own hands over my slight paunch of a stomach and jiggled.

“You need to take care of that,” I grinned at myself in the mirror. “Good thing you've got nice tits.”

My hands reached up and squeezed my breasts as I leered at myself. My hand reached back and smacked my tits, sending a sharp crack of pain through me and sending them bouncing. I wanted to cry but no noise escaped my lips. The thief gripped my tit and squeezed so hard it made my eyes water. He forced me to gaze menacingly at myself in the mirror as he made me torture myself, a wicked leer across my own face. Finally, he released my breast.

“Having fun yet?” My voice asked.

My body turned and slipped on a black babydoll nightie. My breasts strained against the silken fabric and the skirt barely covered my thighs. My bra and panties were clearly visible beneath the light fabric. My body unlocked the door and stepped out, heedless of my own shame and embarrassment at walking around like this.

My son was waiting just outside. I put my hand on my hip and turned around for him, showing off my body as he leered at me.

“I like it,” he said.

My vision whirled as my eyes flicked around the store. My hand reached out and grabbed his shirt and I quickly pulled him back into the dressing room before any of the sales ladies noticed. I locked the door behind me and turned to face him. My son's hands came up to caress my breasts, brushed down over my body, lingering on my hips before sliding underneath the hem of my nightie and up against my panties.

Please no, I thought, *Please don't let him finger me again*. Little did I know I would have my wish granted in the worst possible way.

I looked up at him and he brought his lips to mine and we kissed gently, like two lovers exploring their bodies for the first time. One hand brushed across my face and he entwined his fingers through my hair, holding me close as he tasted me. I welcomed my son's tongue inside, felt him exploring my mouth sensuously. His other hand slipped across my back, slid down and landed on the cheek of one ass. My traitorous body was growing excited and a fire began licking between my legs.

As we kissed, my hands slid down his pants and my fingers wrapped around his manhood. I could feel his desire through the heat of his cock, hard and growing harder as I gently caressed it. I pulled away from his kiss, still stroking his cock, and looked up at him. I bit my lip, the heat of my desire coursing through me.

Then my body got to my knees, kneeling in front of my son as I screamed in my head. My fingers unbuttoned his pants, slid them down slowly, caressed the bulge beneath his boxers. I placed my mouth over his still-hidden manhood, breathed slowly out, letting my hot breath sink into the fabric, his bare cock so close to my lips. Then my hands pulled down his boxer shorts and his erection leaped up in front of me. I brushed each of my cheeks against it, purring softly, then kissed my way down his shaft, worshiping his cock as he sighed above me. The round head pointed right at my lips, and then I was powerless to stop the body thief from opening my mouth and taking my son's cock inside with one quick gulp.

I tasted him as his dick slid in between my lips, his hardness filling me as I was forced to take each inch of his shaft inside until my nose pressed into his pubic hair and the head hit the back of my throat. I withdrew slightly before plunging back down. The body thief expertly controlled my body, forcing me to deep throat my son over and over. I came up, swirling my tongue around his shaft, sucking hard, the wet popping sounds hitting my ears as I came up to the top then devoured him once more.

My son sighed above me and ran his hands through my hair. He gripped me tightly and began forcing me slowly up and down, guiding me to the rhythm he liked. I was his toy as he face-fucked me, burrowing his cock deep into my mouth, causing me to sputter and choke, but still my body was forced to keep sucking him off. "Oh, fuck yes, mom," he moaned.

He grew faster and my lips flew up and down his shaft as he used me for his own pleasure. I could feel the tension building through his body, knew what was coming but was powerless to pull away. And then suddenly he throbbed in my mouth and shoved my face all the way down as he exploded into me. I was forced to swallow every salty spurt of my son's cum as it jetted down my throat, the body thief eager to

have it all. I swallowed greedily, tasting him, filling my belly with his desire.

I held him in my mouth until he was done and grew still, his cock remaining hard and—God help me—delicious in my mouth. Finally, I withdrew, licked the last of the cum off the tip of his dick and stared up at him, grinning.

“You taste delicious, son,” I heard the words fall from my lips.

I wanted to sob, but instead I got to my feet and wiped my lips with a finger. I gathered up my clothes and we walked out, back to the counter. Oh God, I was still wearing just the nightie, my panties and bra clearly visible beneath the sheer fabric. I was mortified but the body thief enjoyed the attention, smiled at the look on the sales lady's face as I said, “I'll wear this out.”

She didn't know what to do but dutifully rang me up. I dug through my heap of clothes to my purse and paid, then I walked back out into the mall, arm in arm with my son.

We went next door to look at shoes, and naturally the body thief gravitated to the red, six-inch fuck-me heels. As the salesman knelt to help me with the shoes I felt my body adjusting and spreading my legs to give him a good glimpse at my panties.

I tried them on. They were uncomfortable, forced my breasts out and my ass up to balance. But I purchased them right there, looking ridiculous in my outfit as I balanced on my new heels back out into the mall, holding hands with my son.

If I thought people were staring before it was nothing compared to what happened then. Everyone turned to look at the middle aged woman wearing a sheer nightie and high heels walking through the mall. People elbowed each other and pointed towards me, staring and giggling. I couldn't hide my shame, couldn't do anything but walk through the mall, my heels clicking on the hard floor as I waved and nodded to people we passed, as if the body thief was deliberately calling attention to my appearance. My thighs poked out beneath the hem of my nightie, I felt the cool air conditioning of the mall bask my nearly naked body and send goose bumps across my skin.

I hated every second of it, and yet my body remained warm, as though the body thief was getting horny at the thought of showing my body off. I once again silently pleaded to be freed from this horror, and once again my pleas went unanswered.

Michael

I knew my mom must have been embarrassed walking through the mall dressed in her skimpy lingerie and I wanted to help her, but there was nothing I could do. In fact, the body thief made it worse by slipping my hand over my mom's ass and squeezing her soft skin, nearly knocking her off the ridiculous high heels.

My thoughts were still replaying the amazing blowjob my mom had given me, and I kept reminding myself that she wasn't her and I wasn't me. But, God, it had felt so good watching her kneel before me and suck on me expertly.

My body took the bundle of my mom's old clothes from under her arm. I rifled through her purse, pulling out her phone, some cash and credit cards before dumping the whole lot into a trash can as we passed.

Sorry, mom.

I felt a presence intrude into my mind, almost a metaphysical slithering through my thoughts that made me want to shudder and I dredged up the memory of my mom's phone password. The body thief punched in the code, and it was then that I realized that the slithering sensation had been him searching through my memories. I'd felt more violated by that than anything else.

“Hold on a sec, let's get some pics of you,” I heard my voice say.

“All right.”

I held up the phone. “Look sexy,” I said.

As my mom posed—hands on hips, running her hands through her hair like a supermodel, thrusting her breasts out—my fingers snapped away. When I finished I scrolled through the pictures, chose the sexiest one, and posted it to all of my mom's social media accounts.

“Oh, one more,” I said.

My body held up the camera for a selfie and I found my lips pressed against my mom's once more as we kissed passionately, our tongues entwined. I snapped the picture of me making out with my mom, glanced at it, and posted that one everywhere, too.

“Let's get some food, I'm starving,” my mom said.

“Ok. What do you want to eat?”

“This body's on a diet, so...everything.”

We made our way to the food court in the middle of the mall. Starting at one end, we went around to each store, piling food onto our plates. When one plate was full we set it down on a table we claimed and grabbed another. I was forced to grab cookies, ice cream, Chinese food, pizza, tacos...just about everything.

When we were done we both sat at the table, a mountain of food in front of us. My hands reached out and grabbed the slice of pizza, cramming it into my mouth and chewing. I wiped the grease on my shirt and went back for more, the body thief hardly caring whether it made it into my mouth, taking a bite and tossing the rest back on the table. I grabbed a handful of Chinese food and crammed it into my mouth, crunching on the shrimp tails and swallowing them down.

When I caught my mom out of the corner of my eye, I could see she was going through the same thing. The body thief was forcing her to eat a steak, probably after slithering through her mind and finding she hated red meat. The juices dripped down her chin and she grinned at me.

My body paused as she got up and came over to sit on my lap. One of my hands roamed down and caressed her legs. I could feel my body's excitement as my dick started to harden from being so close to my mom's ass.

She dripped her ice cream down her chest and I leaned forward, sticking out my tongue and licking it off her breasts. My lips continue kissing up her neck and I met her mouth as we kissed again. I grabbed one of her tits, leaving a big, red spaghetti sauce hand print as I squeezed and she laughed. Then she fed me chocolate, one piece at a time. I sucked on her fingers, licking them clean each time.

It was vile and disgusting and it made me rock hard. I hated myself for liking this, for wanting so badly to fuck my mom. I tried to keep reminding myself that it wasn't me, it had nothing to do with me. But still, I felt everything the body thief did, every inclination, every surge of lust, everything. His feelings and mine were becoming so close it was getting difficult to tell where he stopped and I began.

Everyone at the food court was staring at us. And why not? One scantily clad older woman with a young guy, both of them eating everything like pigs? People pointed and took surreptitious pictures, giggling as our bodies were forced to continue putting on this show.

When my body was finally stuffed I looked around at the mess we'd made, at the state of my mom's body with food dripping down her chin. She wiped her face on my shirt, cleaning herself off as best she could and leaving me the messy one.

We finally stood and left, leaving the mess on the table behind us.

“Come on,” my body said, taking my mom's hand, “I've got a great idea.” My other hand reached down and scratched my erection. I was itching with horniness, desperately craving relief, and I had a bad idea about where all this was going.

I led my mom through the mall to the large department store at one end. We went upstairs to the furniture department, kissing and groping each other on the escalator. We tumbled off and I pulled my mom into the bed section. My body led her to a wall near the back, in front of the pillow top mattresses. We were still highly visible but away from where anyone would stop us instantly. Then I took my mom in my arms and kissed her.

My erection pressed against her belly. I know she felt it because she jumped and laughed into my mouth, then grabbed my dick. Our kisses grew more urgent and soon we were devouring each other. No tender loving this time, this was raw, animalistic. Our tongues skated across each other as my hands roamed down my mom's back, squeezing and exploring her plump form. Her hand slipped across my cheek and held my mouth to hers as her nimble fingers slid up and down my shaft.

I grabbed the neck of her flimsy lingerie in both hands and ripped it in half, then pressed up against her and slipped my hands around to take off her bra. She shrugged out of it and I pulled back to admire her. The body thief made my eyes gaze at her breasts, huge and ripe, hanging low from her chest. Her areolae were giant, silver dollar sized circles of pink, the tiny nipples already rising to attention. My hands reached out, grabbed one and jiggled it, watching the sway of my mom's flesh.

Unwelcome desire filled me as I stared at her tits wobbling in front of my face. Then I was pulling her panties off and pushing her naked onto the nearby display mattress as she laughed. Her body bounced on the soft bed, tits and ass and tummy rippling in a wonderful sexy way. She spread her legs and I gaped down into my own mom's pussy, seeing it for the first time in the light. Her folds were gaping and pink, already spread and glistening for me.

I pulled down my pants and knelt between my mom's legs.

I screamed in my mind as my hand wrapped around my dick. *No! Noo!*

I stared down at myself as I pressed the head of my swollen cock against my mom's pussy, felt the pressure building, building, and then suddenly I was inside her. It felt so terribly good as I sank deeper, feeling every hot inch of her as her cunt wrapped around me until I was lodged deep inside her, pressing hard against her center, mother and son so intimately together.

I held her legs wide and pulled out lightly, then sank in again, watching myself disappear into my mother and reappear wet with her lust. She fit me like a glove, so wet there was little resistance as I fucked her.

She moaned beneath me, her hands flying to her tits. As much as I didn't want to see my mom naked, didn't want to see what I was doing to her, I couldn't stop myself.

And it felt so goddamn good I don't know if I would have if I could.

I placed her legs on my shoulders, grabbed her hips, and began pounding. Her body wobbled back and forth wonderfully beneath me as I slammed into her, fast and hard. I was vaguely aware of people yelling things out but I couldn't stop, wouldn't stop. And the tension rose through me, starting in my cock and driving through my body until I couldn't contain it and I exploded, sinking deep inside her, emptying myself into my mom as we both moaned in utter joy. I hated myself for liking it so much.

When I finally finished I thought we were done. There was a crowd gathered a little ways off, pointing at us. Two security guards were running towards us. There was just time for me to flip around on my mom and thrust my face into her cunt as I stuck my

dick in her face. I licked our mingled wetness from her pussy, slurping it down. I could taste my own salty desire as my tongue penetrated her velvety folds. I felt her own warmth around my cock as she licked me clean, both of us slurping and sucking our mess. My nose pressed deep into my mom and her acrid fragrance filled my mouth.

It was only when I felt a rough hand on my shoulder that I found myself freed, able to move again of my own volition.

The hand pulled me up and I came with it, grateful to be free of the body thief, free of my mom, even if I did still have her juices dripping down my face.

We were wrapped in blankets and arrested for indecent exposure. But I didn't care. I was so glad to have my body back. I sobbed thinking of everything I had done, everything I had felt. I would never forget licking my mom's pussy, the ecstasy across her face as I made her cum, the smell of her, the feel of her as I sank inside.

And I would never forget how much I had liked it.

Amber

My body had never felt so electric, so alive as when my son had taken me on that bed in the department store. We paid bail and drove home, neither of us saying a word to the other. He must have been so disgusted with me, as I was with myself.

My thoughts were going round and round in circles. What had happened? Was it all real? Was it a psychotic episode like the police suggested? And why had it felt so good? Why were the echoes of my pleasure still reverberating through my body?

My thoughts and emotions were still entangled from the hopper's actions. He'd overridden my own impulses; had he also given me new ones?

The tension in the car on the way home was unbearable, but neither of us spoke a word. Michael sat in the passenger seat in silence, staring ahead. His slow, rhythmic breathing, his presence, was comforting. I wanted to take his hand and tell him it would be all right but would it? And—Jesus, I was so ashamed—a part of me wanted to take his hand and place it between my legs, allow him to pleasure me so thoroughly once more.

When we got home we went our separate ways. I went into my room and heard him moving around the house as I undressed. I turned out the light and my hand found its way down between my legs. I was warm and grew wet as my fingers circled myself. The squelching sounds of my fingers in my pussy hit my ears, loud in the darkened room. I thought about my son, thought about his beautiful dick inside me, pounding me as I cried out for him.

A moan escaped my lips, maybe too loud, as there was a knock at the door.

I quickly hid under the covers and froze.

“Mom?” Michael called out. “Can I come in?”

“Uh, yes?”

He opened the door, his broad, masculine form silhouetted against the hallway light. There was a bulge in his pants as he turned, and I licked my lips just thinking about it.

“Come in, Michael. I think mommy knows exactly what you need.”

I held my arms out and he embraced me. And we came together once more.

###

[*Read on for a preview of *Mystery Man**](#)

[*Or see other books by M. Wills*](#)

Preview of Mystery Man

I sat back in my chair and eyed her. She believed every word she'd said. "So, let's say I believe you were Harvey for a year. Did you get into any trouble? Make anyone upset enough to kill?"

She shook her head, loosing a strand of curly black hair over one delicate ear.

I continued. "Then I can only think that you coming back to your body and Harvey being killed are somehow connected."

"Do you believe me?" she looked at me with her beautiful blue eyes.

"I don't believe that two people would make up the same lie."

"What do you mean?"

I reached into my jacket and pulled out the folded manila envelope. I handed it to Holly and sat back to watch the expression on her face as she opened it. I'd been the first person to see what was inside, of course, so it held no surprises for me.

"This was in Harvey's apartment." I told her as she opened up the envelope with trembling fingers.

She tipped the contents of the envelope into her hands. It consisted of a couple glossy photos and a USB stick. She looked at the photos, one by one. The first was of her body on a beach, posing in a tiny bikini that barely held her breasts in place. They were her real breasts when these were taken: small and supple. Her cute face was laughing at the camera. In the next one she'd taken her top off and was holding her breasts, offering them up to the camera. I have to admit her tits were gorgeous, even as small as they'd been: round and smooth and perfect. In the next one she was turned around, offering her round ass to the viewer, her head lightly turned with a come-hither smile playing across her red lips. In the last picture her body was lying on a towel on the sand, naked, a hand draped over her head, beads of sweat forming across her stomach, her thighs. The dark trail of her pubic hair disappeared between her crossed legs.

I watched Holly as she looked at the pictures of herself, taken by a stranger. Her brow furrowed in disgust, her lips narrowed. God, she was gorgeous, even when she wasn't trying to be.

"What's—" she started, sopped, licked her lips. "What's on this?" She held out the USB.

I stood and plugged it into the back of her television, then turned it on and switched to the right input. I sat back and lit another cigarette as I watched the emotions play out on her face while she stared at the video. This is what she saw:

An extreme close-up of Holly's breasts as she bent over the camera. Still pre-surgery

and even lovelier this close up. She backed up and her face came into view as she made sure the camera was on. Her long, dark hair flowed around her shoulders. Her face was beautifully made up, her skin smooth, her eyes subtly outlined. Two large hoop earrings dangled from her ears. From this angle the camera looked right down the small valley of her breasts.

“Ok, good, it's on,” Holly said. She turned and walked unsteadily to the couch in the background and now we could see the rest of her outfit: a black top that clung to her body, a tiny white skirt that was practically painted onto her legs, high heels that highlighted her firm calves.

She collapsed onto her butt on the couch, laughing.

“Oh man, I haven't walked in heels in a long time,” said the mystery man in Holly's body. He tossed her hair back and let it drop down his shoulders, then he smoothed out his skirt and looked at the camera.

“Hi, Holly,” he said in her own husky voice, “If you're watching this it means I've gotten tired of your body and moved on. Although...” he paused and looked down at his body, running one hand along his breasts, “I don't know how I could ever get tired of this.” He giggled, letting Holly's breasts jiggle up and down...

For the rest, purchase Mystery Man on Smashwords or Amazon today!

Also by M. Wills

The story in this book comes from a commission from a reader like you with names and details changed to protect the innocent...and the not so innocent! Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions.

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available on [Smashwords](#) and [Amazon](#):

Mystery Man

(MtF Body Theft)

Taboo Swaps

(Mother/Son, Grandfather/Granddaughter, Cousins, Brother/Sister)

The New Mom

(Mother/Daughter Body Swap)

Watch Me

(MtF, MILF Body Theft and Mind Control)

Potions

(MtF Classmate Possessions)

Boldly Going

(MtF Sci-Fi Instant Transformation)

Young Again

(Father/Daughter Swap)

Pleasureville

(MtF Pornstar Instant Transformation)

Demon Seed

(Family Body Possession and Mind Control)

Ghosted

(MtF Body Possession from the woman's POV)

Mind Games

(FtF Body Theft, Swap Class)

Someone Else

(MtF Teacher Possession, MtF Celebrity Body Theft)

I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)

(MtF Sibling/MILF Possession)

In the Doghouse

(Animal Body Swap)

Enchanted

(Body Part Swap, Grandfather/Granddaughter Swap)

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

(MtF Body Theft and Possession, MILF, Stranger)

Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection

(FtF Body Theft, MtF Daughter/Creep Body Swap, MtF Neighbor Body Theft)

Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

(MtF Stranger Body Possession, MtF Cousin Body Theft)

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

(FtF Body Theft, Mind Control, Body Possession)

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

(MtF Possession, Passenger)

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

(MtF Body Possession, MtF Instant Transformation)

Changing Minds

(Boyfriend/Girlfriend Body Swap, Body Possession and Mind Control, Body Theft)

Taking

(FtF Body Possession and Transformation, Ex-Girlfriend Possession and Mind Control)

Possessive

(MtM/MtF Body Theft and Revenge)

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

(Father/Daughter Body Swap, Body Theft and Sibling Sex, Cheerleader Body Theft)

Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

(FtF Body Theft and Cuckolding, Ex-Girlfriend Revenge Body Theft, Teacher/Student Swap)

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

(MtF Friend Possession, MtF Stranger Possession, Body Swap)

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

(Body Hopper Revenge, MtF Possession, Accidental Boyfriend Sharing Girlfriend's Body)

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories

(MtF Magical Body Swaps, Transformation, Sibling Sex, Body Possession)

Thought Experiment [**Too taboo for Amazon! Smashwords.com exclusive**]

(MtF Body Theft, Sibling Sex)

Alternate You

(MtF Sweet Transformation)

The Price of Wishing [**Too taboo for Amazon! Smashwords.com exclusive**]

(Revenge Transformations, Swaps, Thefts, Mind Control, Body Part Changes...Everything!)

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

(MtF/FtF/MtM Body Swaps, Teacher/Student Body Swap, Blackmail and Revenge)

Into Her Body

(MtF Accidental MILF Body Swap, Sci-Fi)

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

(MtF/FtM/MtM, Accidental MILF Body Swap)