

FIANCEE IN *Law*

**MtF BODY
SWAP**

M M W W I I T T S

Fiancee in Law

MtF Body Theft

by M. Wills

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Prologue

It was after seven at night when Ron finally shut down his computer and walked out of the office. Another late one. His wife would be upset, especially after their long fight over the weekend. The yellow sodium glow of the parking lot lights cast sharp shadows ahead of Ron as he trudged past the empty parking spots, the argument with Chloe cycling through his mind.

She'd accused him of being selfish, of preferring long nights at work over coming home on time to see her and his son. Zach was his wife's son from her first marriage, the only good thing to come out of those young, foolish days of her reckless youth. Ron loved Zach like a son, which is why it hurt so much when Chloe guilted him with reminders of how Zach was growing fast and wouldn't be a kid for much longer and shouldn't he have a father figure that at least makes an appearance every now and then? That one hurt and sparked the resentment seething just under Ron's surface.

In the heat of the moment he couldn't find the fucking words to explain to her that this was the culture at his workplace and he was doing this for *them*. Hadn't he provided everything they needed? Zach had food and new clothes and a bedroom full of expensive goddamn furniture. Chloe didn't even need to have a full time job for fuck's sake. The argument had only gone downhill after that.

Chloe, sobbing, accused him of hitting on other women. He denied it vehemently, even as he couldn't shake the memories of the new receptionist's legs, or the way the client last night had touched his shoulder when she laughed so gaily. Maybe marriage wasn't supposed to be forever. After all, his parent's marriage had barely lasted a decade. Maybe this was just how it went for everyone.

Chloe must have sensed his doubts about their marriage because she busied herself with Zach for the rest of the evening. Not that Zach needed much attention anymore. At six, he'd just reached the age where he was happy to be left alone in his room with a computer for hours. Ron had heard Chloe sobbing through the bathroom door and had left her, unsure of what he could say that would assuage her doubts when he had the very same ones.

He felt bad. He really did. They'd had good times together. Wonderful, warm memories. Maybe if he held onto those he could salvage his marriage. Would it get better?

Ron fell heavily into the driver's seat of his car, setting the briefcase onto the back seat. He'd planned to leave work early so he could pick up an anniversary present for Chloe but he'd been held back by the need to finish yet another last minute project. He drove as fast as he could to the mall, reaching it about twenty minutes before it was to close.

Hurrying inside, Ron found the jewelry store. But the little bald man behind the counter had already cleared out the displays and was bringing the gate down. He shook his head sadly at Ron, refusing to help.

"Fuck," Ron swore, jogging through the mall, looking for a store that might have something Chloe would like. Something that screamed 'not bought at the last minute'.

Halfway through the mall he came across a strange little antiques shop looking very much like it

had been shoved haphazardly into the narrow space between the sporting goods store on the one side and the greeting card store on the other. The small sign above the weathered wood and glass facade read simply: "Antiques". A shallow window display held a red silk cushion atop an ornate wooden pedestal. Nestled in the center of the silk cushion were two rings, gleaming a mellow gold even in the harsh fluorescent lights of the mall's atrium.

The rings shimmered, drawing Ron closer. He pressed his face to the window display, mesmerized by the subtle shifting of the intricate loops and swirls engraved on the outside of each ring. The patterns shifted whenever he moved his head, each pattern moving in the opposite direction as the other ring like yin and yang. Pulling open the squeaky door, Ron ducked inside. The door closed behind him, muting the sounds of the rest of the mall entirely.

The store consisted of a shallow counter along one side of the room, and a band of shelves running down the other, packed with small lamps and bronze decorative ashtrays and other bric-a-brac. The room was narrow enough to give Ron a sense of claustrophobia, the overstuffed shelves looming over him like they could collapse at any moment. The air smelled of old books and exotic spices. The whole place, including the wizened old man next to the counter smiling at Ron, exuded an air of ancient history, though Ron couldn't imagine that any store in this mall could possibly be any older than about five years.

"How much for those rings?" Ron asked the old man, getting right to the point before this store closed up as quickly as the jewelry store.

The old man looked over at the window display and smiled, his wrinkled face cracking like dried mud. "Oh, the rings," he laughed, as if he'd never seen them before. "The store knows what you need. Yes, yes."

He pushed himself off his stool and retrieved the rings from the cushion, dropping them in Ron's hand. They were pleasantly warm, the shifting designs so mesmerizing.

"These will help you, yes? Good marital aid." The old man laughed again. He spoke in an unplaceable accent that seemed to shift from middle eastern to Chinese to something else entirely.

"Marital aid?" Ron asked, hoping he wasn't touching some antique sex toy.

"Yes, yes," the old man assured him, "They will help you and your wife understand each other better. You put them on and gain understanding. See through her eyes. Yes, yes."

Ron had no idea what the man was talking about. All he knew was that he had to have these rings. Somehow just having them in his hands radiated a sense of calm. He did love Chloe, yes, yes. It was just that, with all the minutiae of life, one sometimes forgot what was important. He would make this marriage work. He would be the husband she deserved.

Ron bargained the man down to a reasonable price, refusing the offer of gift wrapping. He'd do it himself at home. Chloe would appreciate that more.

Ron was in the parking lot, having just slipped the bigger of the two rings onto his finger when his cell phone rang. Pulling it out, he saw Chloe's name on the screen. He swiped it open.

"Hi, honey," he said, his heart already swelling with love.

Instead of his wife's voice, a strange woman answered. "Mr. Carter?"

Ron's palms grew sweaty, an ominous premonition building from the sound of the stranger's voice. "Yes?"

"Mr. Carter, I'm calling from your wife's phone. I'm a nurse at Saint Francis General Hospital. I'm afraid Chloe has been in an accident."

Ron didn't hear the rest of what she said. He dropped his phone and raced to the hospital.

Zach is on the cracked leather couch, Ron on the creaky easy chair. They watch football in what Ron feels is companionable silence. Zach sips on a beer, occasionally pulling out his phone and texting someone. Probably making arrangements for his wedding this weekend, or maybe complaining to his fiancée about how boring this all is. Ron doesn't really know his stepson's mind even after all these years with just the two of them.

During a commercial Ron pushes himself into a standing position. It takes some effort, and everything hurts as he does it, but he soon gets to his feet.

“Another beer?”

Zach shakes his head. “No, I need to drive.”

Ron grunts his assent and hobbles to the kitchen. All that conversation has taken it out of him. As Ron pulls another beer off the ring with fat, clumsy fingers, he marvels that the human body can deteriorate so quickly. Even his voice has grown gravelly. He really is just an old man now. Hobbling back to the living room, he falls into his worn easy chair with a groan. Zach looks up at him, worry etched across his face.

“How you doing dad?”

Zach's eyebrows are furrowed beneath the black rimmed glasses he wears as he looks over at Ron's mesmerizing gray eyes. *Chloe's eyes*, Ron thinks with a hint of sadness.

Ron shrugs off his son's question. “Fine. Fine. The doctor says I need more activity but I think he's in the pocket of big exercise. The wedding still on?” He deadpans.

Zach half-smiles. “So much prep for such a small event.”

“Yeah,” Ron agrees, twirling the thick golden ring on his finger. The gold etchings feel comforting beneath his touch, growing alternatively warm then cold with each spin, something that's happened so often he doesn't think of it as odd anymore. He hasn't taken this ring off since Chloe died. “I would really like to help any way I can.”

“It's fine, dad.” Zach says.

Many things have made Ron feel like a failure since Chloe's death, and this inability to help his son with the wedding is just the latest and greatest. So many things Ron wishes he could do over, so many cuts he wishes never happened. As he twirls the golden ring on his finger—warm, cold, warm—a thought comes to him.

“Actually, I do have something I would like you to have.”

Ron rises again with some effort and slowly limps to his room. His left foot's bothering him again. Digging through his dresser drawer he comes up with the velvet box that's been tucked in the back for years. Opening it he finds the golden ring he was going to give to Chloe, the twin of the one on his finger. It's still pristine and just as mesmerizing. He returns to the living room and drops into his

chair.

“This means a lot to me. It reminds me of your mom and what...” Ron pauses, a lump in his throat. “Anyway, it would mean a lot if you would use this. Give it to your wife. Consider it a family heirloom.”

He hands the box to Zach, who reluctantly takes it.

“You sure?” Zach says, spellbound by the shifting patterns on the ring.

Ron nods. “It would mean a lot to me for you to have it. We're the only family we've got. I mean, besides my sister and her family but they're--” Ron waves away the rest of his thought.

Zach nods again and they resume their comfortable silence as they watch the rest of the game. When it's over Zach leaves, assuring Ron that he'll be back next week. With his stepson gone the house feels strangely empty. Not for the first time Ron has a sense of guilt. Maybe he should talk to Zach more, find out more about his life. But that seems like prying. No, this is the way they've always done it since Ron had to raise Zach alone. Quiet stoicism is the only option Ron knows.

Ron dumps the dishes in the sink. He'll deal with them tomorrow. He trudges down the hallway, following the same path worn through the carpet that he's traveled a thousand times before. His back aches. His legs hurt. The pain's always bad at night. And when it rains. Also during the day and when it's not raining.

He brushes his teeth and changes out of his clothes, carefully stepping into his pajamas before slipping beneath the cool sheets. He reaches out to grab the spy novel he's in the middle of from his bedside table. His fingers find the glossy cover and then suddenly he's in a completely different room. It's someone else's living room and he's staring right at...Zach?

Zach is looking down at something and Ron follows his gaze, finds that Zach is fiddling with a ring—one of the rings Ron gave him earlier that night—on a woman's hand. Ron jumps slightly, watches the woman's hand jump slightly with him. He can feel his son's warm hand touching those slender fingers, can feel the coolness of the ring as it slips on to this woman's hand. Hard as it is to believe, this woman's hand with the polished nails and smooth skin belongs to Ron.

Ron gasps. His voice sounds lighter and without any of the gravel. Has he had a stroke? Zach looks up into his eyes in slight alarm.

“Did the ring just feel like it suddenly got colder?” Zach asks.

Ron can't answer. There are too many strange sensations assaulting his mind. Long hair tickles his cheeks and the back of his neck. His eyes trace the hand that is apparently his own, follow the smooth arm up, glancing over and gaping down into ripe round cleavage, held in place by a thin spaghetti strap top. His large, buoyant breasts are nestled together, the curves perfect in every way, the kind of breasts he would enjoy if they weren't *on his body*. His mouth drops open.

“Natalie? Are you okay?” Zach arches an eyebrow.

Natalie? Natalie is Zach's fiancée. A woman Ron's met a dozen times. And now he's wearing her body, looking out at the world through her eyes, breathing through her nose. Zach is looking at him, growing more alarmed by the second.

“Y-yes,” Ron says in that sweet voice, because what else can he say? The truth sounds insane.

This must be a dream, or a near death experience, or something. But it all *feels* so real. He needs to collect himself. It's so hard to think when his son is staring at him like this, when his body feels entirely the wrong shape.

“It would mean a lot to my dad. It's like a family heirloom.” Zach says, and Ron is dimly aware he's talking about the ring, perhaps taking Ron's reaction for distaste.

“It's good. Yes. Yes. I like it.” Natalie's voice again so sweet and light on his lips. It's too much. Ron stands on unsteady feet and looks down at himself, the view making him dizzy again.

Natalie's body is so tall and lean. And, god, her chest, straining impressively against the white cotton top, breasts jiggling as he stands. What's more, his bottoms consist of a pair of tiny shorts. Or at least they seem tiny to someone used to wearing shorts down to his knees. But Ron's not looking at her clothes. He's looking at the long legs that stretch out below him, the golden calves, the hairless, toned legs of a goddess, and the petite toes.

“I'll be right back,” he mutters, brushing past Zach and heading out the doorway.

He's been to this house before and remembers where the bathroom is. As he walks his body jiggles and sways in ways it's never done before. It's both interesting and unnerving. Slipping into the bathroom, he turns on the light and gapes at the mirror. Natalie's pretty face gapes back. Her chocolate brown hair, set through with blonde highlights, is tied up in a loose bun on top of her head, one lock arcing down over the side of her face. Her thin eyebrows arch in surprise over emerald green eyes. She's cute in a girl-next-door kind of way, like Ron's wife used to be. He can see what Zach's attracted to. It's the same delicate facial shape and little slip of a nose that Ron is attracted to. And, Jesus, what a body. Ron covers his mouth in surprise as he stares at himself. His fingers land on too-soft skin, he can smell her floral hand lotion as his hot breath moves across this stranger's hand.

The ring glints in the bathroom light, the pattern appearing to shift. The ring! Ron pulls the ring off his finger, hoping it's as easy as that. But he remains in Natalie's body, the ring now cold in his palm. He's in his son's fiancée's body. And he's...Christ, he's so adorable. The woman staring back at him would fulfill a thousand fantasies. But this isn't right. He's got to get back to his own body.

Now alone, Ron closes his eyes and forces deep breaths to calm himself down. He's in Natalie's body, but is she in his? He has to tell Zach. No, the first thing he should do is contact his old body. Find out what's going on. He's a little surprised Natalie hasn't tried to do just that. That's worrying. Once they're together maybe then they can explain to Zach what happened without seeming completely insane.

Ron slips the ring into his pocket and opens the bathroom door. Zach is waiting in the hallway.

“You okay?” He asks. “We don't have to use the ring if you don't want.”

“No, no, it's not that,” Ron replies, “I just had a...a weird premonition about your dad. Maybe we should call him?”

Zach grins crookedly, unsure. “I just saw him. He's fine. A little creaky maybe but...” he trails off on Ron's look. “Okay. Sure.”

Zach pulls his phone out and hits the button. He holds it to his ear. After a few seconds he hangs up.

“Hmmm. Went to voice mail.”

Zach tries again. Same thing. Ron puts a hand on his arm. “Can we go over and check on him?”

“Now?”

“Please, Zach. I just feel something's really wrong.”

There must be something in his voice, because Zach agrees. Zach grabs his keys and Ron follows him out to the car. Ron's a little lightheaded from attempting to sort through the strangeness of all

the sensations from his new body. He's too damn small, too thin, his entire sense of self is off. His hips have a natural sway, as do the bobble of his breasts as he drops lightly into the driver's side seat. Were Natalie's breasts always this big or do they just look bigger from his perspective? They're certainly heavy.

The living room lights are on in Ron's house when they pull up to his place. He's sure he turned them off before going to bed. He's out the door before Zach, hurrying up the three steps of the front porch and fighting uselessly with the knob. Zach peaks in the window and swears.

"I need a rock," Zach says.

Ron peaks in the window to see what's so urgent. His old body is sprawled on the floor in the middle of the living room. Zach pulls a large rock out of the garden and smashes the small window set in the middle of the door. Pulling his shirt off, he wraps it around his fist to knock out the remaining shards of glass before reaching in to unlatch the door. Ron gets a look at his son's bare chest, the muscles rippling as he works, his face set in grim determination. Has he ever been handsomer? A strange thought to have right now.

Then they're both kneeling next to his body, checking for a pulse. It's there but erratic.

"Call the ambulance," Zach orders. He's shaken but remains calm and in control.

Ron does as he asks and they both kneel on the floor, feeling useless until the ambulance arrives. Zach stands aside, clutching Ron for support as the medics examine the old man lying on the floor, hooking it up to wires, lugging him onto a stretcher and carrying him away. Zach and Ron follow the ambulance to the hospital. There's a tense couple of hours, during which Zach paces back and forth in a nearly empty hallway until Ron settles him in a seat. Zach grabs Ron's hand, thumb stroking the back of his hand for comfort.

Zach, who always seemed so strong and stoic in Ron's presence, seems vulnerable and emotionally drained now. He pours out his heart to Ron, worrying about his dad, sharing his fears. In a strange way it's nice for Ron to hear how much Zach loves him. They've never had these kind of talks as men, there's always been an expectation that they don't share feelings. But Zach has no secrets with Natalie. He opens up to her, oblivious to the fact that the very person he admits to missing is sitting right next to him in his fiancée's body. Zach strokes Ron and Ron lets him, as uncomfortable as it may be to have his son touch him so intimately, he understands that Zach needs this right now. And, if it means Ron doesn't have to talk, all the better.

Ron doesn't trust himself to speak. What would Natalie say? How would she act? He doesn't know. All he can do is make soothing noises and sympathize. And even that is more than he's ever done.

The doctor comes out a few hours later. It was a stroke and a fall. Ron's old body is stabilized but comatose. They don't know if he'll wake up.

When they're finally allowed into the hospital room Ron is astonished at the sight of his old body. It looks more ancient than he remembered, wrinkled and dried out. Zach sits by the bed and watches his father for a little while. Ron stands behind him, hands on his son's shoulders, trying to comfort him through touch. Trying to comfort himself as well, to not stare at the slender fingers, the colorful nails, the hairless knuckles of Natalie's hand that he now controls.

Somewhere in that wrinkled husk of a body in the hospital bed Natalie may be trapped, while he has her youth. He feels guilty for that, even as he knows he got the better end of the deal. He consoles himself by telling himself it was an accident. He didn't know the ring's power. He's not to blame.

But if that's all true, why doesn't he try to swap back? Why not fiddle with the rings now?

Maybe he'll work on it tomorrow. Yes. Tomorrow. Just one night as Natalie. One night to enjoy the

sweetness of youth.

“Come on, Zach,” Ron says eventually, patting his shoulder “There's nothing we can do here. They'll let us know if he wakes up.”

Zach nods and they return home together. It's late and Ron tries to avert his eyes from Natalie's body as he undresses and slips into the nightie she's thankfully left at the foot of the bed. Still, the glimpse he catches of her breasts are enough to create a funny warmth within him. He slides under the cool covers and, for the first time in a long time, Zach throws his arm around her and hugs her close. Ron falls asleep on his side, his son's warm breath on his back, a muscular arm curled protectively over this delicate body.

Ron knows the events of yesterday weren't a dream the instant consciousness returns. The room sounds and smells different, and there's someone curled up behind him, with something hard and eager pressed up against Ron's butt. Zach stirs, kissing Ron on the neck.

"Morning, baby," he mumbles, nuzzling into Ron's hair.

His hands roam up and down Ron's side, following Natalie's sexy curves, down to the swell of Ron's new butt then up to his midsection. Ron freezes. The hands on him do feel good, and there's something just right about his son's hard body pressed against Ron's soft form. The gentle strokes of Zach's fingers feel so nice. A gentle bloom of warmth buds between his legs, spreading slowly through him. Before Ron makes a decision about what to do, Zach groans and rolls out of bed. Ron looks over his shoulder, watches Zach pad out of the room. A few seconds later he hears the shower turn on.

Ron tosses the covers aside and stares down at Natalie's body. The sheer nightie drapes against his form, leaving his legs bare. He can feel the heavy breasts pooling at his arms. Yanking the bottom of the nightie up, he's greeted with the sight of Natalie's perfect body. He traces it with his eyes, from her big, beautiful breasts, down her trim tummy, over her mound obscuring the dark tuft of pubic hair, across his smooth thighs, and down to his tiny toes. Jesus, she's beautiful. And Ron's been so alone for so long. He's missed the touch of a woman, the scent of a female body. He can't help himself.

His hands come up to his breasts and he squeezes, enjoying the soft weight of them, the sight of Natalie's hands touching herself. His breasts are divine. Taking as much as he can in each hand he digs into his delicate skin, trying to squeeze them in their entirety. They're firm but with some give. His fingers dimple the skin as he gathers his tits together, taking a handful of each breast in beautiful exploration. His own touch makes the ember between his legs burn brighter, spreading through his body accompanied by a low urgency.

One hand still fondling his breast, the other slides down his stomach, over his mound. His fingers land on the scratchy pubic hair between his legs. One finger traces his supple entrance, teasing himself, exploring the new absence between his legs. His head propped on the pillow, he watches as he explores his new pussy. Ron knows he shouldn't be doing this. It's someone else's body. He should be trying to swap back. But, God, he's making himself feel better than he's felt in a long time just watching Natalie's hands crawl across her supple body.

"Fuck, that pussy's beautiful," he whispers in Natalie's light voice.

Hearing her say this makes him even hornier. He wiggles his ass, legs stretching and flexing as the heat pours through him. Beneath his fingers the lips of his pussy stretch and loosen, and then his fingers slip inside. He's surrounded by his new warmth, fingertips landing on silken folds, discovering a wonderful dampness. He strokes lightly up and down the length of his pussy lips, still watching his body, making this gorgeous woman masturbate for him.

"Oh, fuck, yes," He sighs. And Natalie's voice is honey, making him slick with desire.

His fingers land on his dew and he spreads it up the length of his slit, dipping inside deeper as he grows wetter. The tension winds through him, pushing him towards the inevitable climax. He can't stop now. His body is so horny, so needy. He grips his tit, fingers exploring over and under, hefting and bobbling as the fingers of his other hand press up against his swollen clit in a tight circle.

Ron keeps talking dirty to himself, just to hear Natalie's voice from his own lips. He urges himself on, stroking and gripping and squeezing.

“You like that don't you?” he breathes, “You like fingering that little cunt.”

Christ, he's never heard Natalie speak like this and it's so hot. His fingers glide faster through his wet folds. The sound of his slickness reaches his ears. He finds the rhythm of his body, thrusting faster, harder, until with a moan the tension breaks. His hips rise up to meet his hand, finger fucking himself fast and hard as he cries out. Squeezing his tit, he stares down in wide wonder to watch Natalie's body cum hard, to watch his finger slide in and out of his slick opening. The pull of his pussy lips wrapped around his fingers is like nothing he's ever known. The orgasm roars through him, bringing with it an explosive heat that burns brighter and more wonderful than any he's ever had. The pleasure is intense and diffuse, filling his body and he cries out in Natalie's lust soaked voice, enjoying the physical ecstasy of her body.

When his moans stop he lies there, wonderfully warm, just admiring this spectacular body stretched out beneath him, naked and obeying his every command. He feels better than he has in years, and not just because he's horny for himself. He'd forgotten the energy of youth, but here it is in all its glory. He stretches his body, long arms out, wiggling around on the bed.

As Natalie's body cools down a memory pops into Ron's mind as though shaken loose by the orgasm. It's of a boyfriend from college, a tall, kind of geeky guy who helped explore his sexuality. The first one to give Ron a little glimpse of what an orgasm could be. Except...Ron has never had a boyfriend. The memory is Natalie's and he remembers it from her perspective, the way the boyfriend slipped his head lovingly between his golden thighs, the way she touched her own breasts that first time, gathering them together and squeezing, feeling comfortable and loved in her own skin.

Even though Ron *knows* it's the first time he's ever been privy to this event, the memory doesn't seem completely out of place. It's more as though he'd forgotten and it's just now come back to him.

What is going on?

Before Ron can ponder any further, Zach returns to the room, a towel wrapped around his waist, a drop of water clinging to his skin, making its way down his solid pecs.

“You ready for this?” Zach asks, leaning over and kissing Ron's head.

“Ready for what?”

“The wedding,” Zach says, cocking his head, “And all the everything leading up to it.”

“Right,” Ron laughs.

This is where Ron should tell him what happened. Admit to being Natalie. Reveal it had something to do with the rings and then swap back. The right thing to do is to return to his old, comatose body and leave behind this stolen life, even if it means never seeing his son again, of possibly dying without ever waking.

Instead, Ron sits up and hugs his knees to his chest. “Let's get some breakfast before shit goes down, as the kids say.”

Zach shoots him another funny smile. “You sound like my dad 'as the kids say'.”

His smile falls and he sits on the edge of the bed. Ron crawls up to him and hugs him from behind. His breasts press into Zach's back. Zach lightly strokes one of Natalie's arms as Ron clings to his son from behind. This close Zach smells clean and sharply masculine. His body is all hard edges and rough bulk, wonderfully contrasting with Ron's soft body.

Zach turns, taking Ron's face in his hands to kiss him. Zach is warm and wonderful and it's so soon after Ron's orgasm that the lust echoes through his body, urging him to give himself to Zach.

“Let's go out to breakfast,” Zach says suddenly when he finally pulls away, and the ache in Ron's body for him is disorienting. “Who knows when we'll eat alone again?”

Ron pulls himself away with an effort and makes his way to the bathroom while Zach gets dressed. Ron glances at Natalie's face in the mirror and it's lovely. Hair sleep-tousled, cheeks red, green eyes bright and sparkling. He does his business and brushes his teeth. That's the easy part. The makeup is bewildering. No idea where to start. He makes a brief attempt but ends up looking like a ten year old who got into her mom's makeup cabinet. He wipes his face clean with one of Natalie's makeup wipes and decides to go au natural.

It's simple enough to comb his silky brunette hair out until it falls in waves down to his shoulders, framing his cute face. He tucks it back behind his ears, no idea how Natalie usually styles it. In the end, he leaves it.

Zach is in the kitchen by the time Ron returns to the bedroom and slips out of his nightie, briefly admiring Natalie's naked body in the full length mirror across from the bed. He lets his hand slide down his waist and cup his ass, turns to the side and admires the perky breasts of his profile. His little nipples ache in want. He's enjoying being a woman much more than he ever thought he would.

Digging through Natalie's closet, he ignores the dresses and the skirts, opting for something more familiar. A simple pair of jeans and a forest green tee shirt with white trim. The pants cling to his ass, emphasizing the gorgeous swell of his hips. The only struggle is the bra. He's taken a fair few of them off in his lifetime but he's never attempted to put on one. In the end he clasps it in front then rotates it around his chest and slips his arms through the straps before adjusting his breasts into each cup.

By the time Ron enters the kitchen, Zach already has a cup of coffee waiting for him. Ron takes it and they both lean on the kitchen counter. Zach looks distracted, worrying his lower lip.

“Visiting hours at the hospital are nine to seven,” Zach says. “I was going to at least stop by, see if he's awake.”

Ron puts his hand on Zach's leg. “I'm sure they'll call if he wakes up. We've got a lot to do today. Let's just take it one step at a time.”

“Yeah, okay.”

Ron's little hand slips easily in between Zach's fingers as they stroll down the sidewalk. Walking side by side makes Ron aware of how much shorter he is, how much broader his son is. Zach's thick fingers swallow Ron's hand. Ron's also well aware that he doesn't walk like Natalie. He can't quite get the sway of the hips right. Everything about his new body seems off balance. Things jiggle that aren't supposed to. He has to concentrate on each step much more but even then his body moves ploddingly, not at all with Natalie's graceful ease.

Even stranger than Ron's new body, somehow, is Ron's son. Free from the apparent imposing presence of Ron, Zach is more talkative, wryer and more confident even in his worry than Ron has known him. As they pore over the menu at the nearby cafe, Ron second-guessing himself about what Natalie would order, Zach pokes gentle fun at the food.

"I love this place, but man, these names," he shakes his head. "Stick'n Kick'n Chick'n? Dry rub a dub dub? Sounds like a five year old wrote everything."

"Yeah," Ron agrees, "It feels like they're trying too hard."

The waiter arrives and they order, Ron settling on a simple egg and toast. When the waiter leaves Zach reaches across the table. Ron takes his hand hesitantly, slim fingers settling into place within his son's warm palm as though that's where they belong.

"My dad and I were never that close," Zach says with a sigh. "I think after mom died it really took a lot out of him."

"Oh?" Ron says, because he can't think of anything else to say to this unexpected confession. Then: "You must have some happy memories in there."

"Yeah, I mean, it wasn't a *bad* childhood. He took me to a few football games. Showed up to some of my school band concerts. Late, but still..."

Zach trails off. It's in those little silences, the pauses between the words that Ron understands his relationship with his stepson. He never really knew him, having devoted his life to work, throwing himself into it so soon after Claire died, not wanting to face his responsibilities or his past. He has few memories of himself and Zach together. But maybe this is a chance to do that over.

"Look," Ron says, squeezing Zach's hand. "You have me. Let's enjoy being in this moment."

Zach smiles that bright, gorgeous smile. "Shit. We're getting married tomorrow, huh?"

Ron's heart thumps wildly in his chest. Nerves and excitement at the thought of the two of them together. But shit. Natalie's friends and family will be there. He'll have to dress and wear make up. And then, come the wedding night...better not to think about that. Ron will just have to switch back sometime between now and then.

Zach's face falls suddenly. "Should we even do it? I mean, what about my dad? Maybe we postpone it."

"Your dad would want you to go through with it."

"You sure?"

"Positive. Besides, the flowers are non-refundable." Ron deadpans.

Zach laughs. "You sound like my dad."

Fortunately, the food arrives and serves as a distraction to Ron's look of alarm. When the waiter leaves the conversation turns to the details of the impending wedding.

"Any emergencies I should know about?" Zach asks between mouthfuls.

"I like to let my emergencies come as a surprise."

"The flowers turn out all right?"

"Yeah. All sorted."

Ron has no idea what Zach is talking about, but he assumes if he hasn't heard anything by now then Natalie must have taken care of it. He hopes so at least, and makes a mental note to comb through her emails at some point. It's then that he realizes he wants to stay as Natalie. After all, there's not much of his old life to go back to. Who knows if he'll ever wake from the coma? Of course, it will be tricky without her memories. But looking at Zach, so handsome in the golden light filtering through the vines that cling to the window pane, Ron realizes he has a big reason to stay.

It seems like he'll have all day to spend with Ron, until Natalie's phone dings with a reminder. He picks it up and glances at the screen. There's a time one hour from now and an arrival gate at the airport, along with the title: *Pick up sister*

As if on cue, Zach adds: "Oh, I can't forget to pick up my tux before the rehearsal dinner tonight. And Jez and Sam said they'd be here a little early."

And that's when Ron realizes that these next few hours are going to be harder than he ever thought.

Thankfully, identifying Natalie's sister at the airport is easy. Ron just stands outside the arrival area and waits for someone to recognize him. It isn't long before a spunky young brunette in black yoga pants and a loose pink top runs up and hugs him.

“Natalie!” The woman squeals. “I can't believe you're getting married! Argh!”

Ron blushes as strangers turn to look at the two women. Natalie's sister—Rebecca, he discovers after surreptitiously reading the name tag affixed to her luggage—is younger than Natalie and carries with her an enthusiastic unselfconsciousness. Her face is a little chubbier than Natalie's, features a little less sharply defined, but unmistakably her sister. Rebecca doesn't care that strangers turn to gawk when she enthuses loudly over the engagement ring, talking a mile a minute and hardly letting Ron get a word in edgewise. That's fine with Ron.

He's already flipped through Natalie's emails while waiting at the arrival gate and now has a better understanding of what Rebecca knows about the wedding and, well, everything. Rebecca loves to share.

She shares all the way through the airport terminal and out to the car, every little detail of her trip, analyzing and overthinking. Ron wants to tell her to stop and take a breath but he's sure Natalie wouldn't do that. Driving to the hotel—that Ron knows about through Natalie's emails—Ron fends off Rebecca's probing questions and blames his muted responses on pre-wedding jitters.

After checking her into the hotel and spending a good hour in the room Ron finally escapes, only to be accosted in the lobby by some old friends of Natalie's who've just arrived. They shout his name and hug him. He can't determine whether they're friends or family even as he spends an awkward several minutes making small talk. After what seems a decent amount of time, he excuses himself to go prepare for the night's rehearsal dinner.

When he gets home, he locks himself away in the bathroom with a computer, trying to quickly learn how to do at least an average job on his makeup using tutorials on the internet. He starts basic and stays there, wiping Natalie's face and starting over several times before finally achieving a look that doesn't make him look like an insane clown. He highlights his jagged black eyebrows, running eyeliner around his striking green eyes to make them pop, adding to Natalie's already darkly exotic looks.

How he'd love to stay in the bathroom—hell, just stay in the apartment—by himself and explore Natalie's body some more. Instead, Zach hurries him out of the bathroom, pointing him to a dry-cleaning bag laid out on the bed.

“Looks like they got that little stain out,” Zach says, sliding his slacks on.

Ron stares at the bag. It contains a slinky cream dress, all shoulder straps and empty space. There's too little of it. Surely, it can't fit him. But it does. Perfectly. It's elegant and sexy, like something a movie star would wear to a premier. Ron's never worn a backless dress before, and it feels both modest and revealing. The straps crisscross his trim tummy, cupping his breasts and hiding his cleavage but somehow accentuating his perfect tits. Braless now, they bounce even more with each

step than they did before, and he has to remind himself to make small steps, try to walk slowly and elegantly. Slinky, even. Otherwise his eyes—and, presumably, everyone else's—will be drawn to his glorious bouncing breasts.

* * *

It's hard being the center of attention in someone else's life. That night sees Ron attempting to fake his way through more than a few old stories between Natalie and her friends and family. He tries to take his cues from those around him. At one point he gets caught up by Natalie's parents, her dad proud of “his little girl”, a comment that causes Ron to blush and squirm awkwardly. He pats the older man on the hand affectionately.

“I'm not a little girl anymore, daddy,” he says. The words are so familiar he's almost sure he's said them before. But they're Natalie's words, not his. He understand this.

“You'll always be my little girl,” Natalie's dad replies, with a fond paternal look.

The easiest part is the wedding rehearsal itself. Ron lets Rebecca and the priest run the show, organizing everything, looking at Ron for confirmation of which bridesmaid will go with which groomsman, where they'll line up and when they'll sit. It's like a carnival ride, Ron just clinging on for life, giving his opinion when asked but otherwise sitting back.

Afterwards, Zach takes him aside as the others leave to head for the restaurant.

“You okay?” Zach asks. “You're awfully quiet tonight.”

His brown eyes are so deep and clear, Ron could get lost in them. It's fatherly affection, yes, but there's something more there. Some physical attraction. How much of Natalie's memories did that orgasm give him?

“Just overwhelmed I guess,” Ron smiles demurely.

Zach kisses him on the lips before taking his hand and leading him out of the church. It's another reminder that Ron is an impostor. If Zach can tell something's wrong surely Natalie's family feels the same way? Ron wonders if he shouldn't just get out and try to switch them back now.

At dinner, Ron loosens up with some wine. After only two glasses the night is wreathed in sparkling gauze. His laughs are more genuine and he enjoys listening to the stories that aren't his. He learns more about Natalie by being her, listening to her friends and family talk about her, than he ever knew before.

After dinner, after the toasts and the singing—possibly led by Ron himself, who can remember?—Ron finds himself back at the apartment with Zach. Both of their cheeks are flushed from the alcohol. Zach's eyes are so sparkling bright.

“You were gorgeous tonight,” Zach says just inside the door to the apartment.

He slides his hand across Ron's bare back and pulls him in for a kiss. Zach tastes warm and wonderful, of blackberries and ice cream from dinner. His body is all jagged edges that fit perfectly against Natalie's small, delicate form. Ron finds himself bending to Zach's body in all the right places, teasing Zach's lips with his tongue, wrapping his fingers through Zach's hair. Natalie's body is burning bright with desire, her memories urging Ron on.

The kiss lingers, grows more urgent. And now Ron is gripping Zach tighter. And now Ron is welcoming Zach's tongue into his mouth.

And now...

And now...

And now...

They're both naked on the bed. Ron doesn't even remember coming in to the room, doesn't remember how their clothes ended up spilled in a trail down the hallway. All he knows is that he's kneeling between Zach's legs, his son's chiseled body spread out beneath him. Ron's breasts jut out beneath his line of sight. God, those breasts are his! He squeezes them, caressing each tit until the nipple spikes out in anticipation. They're perfect and firm and they feel so good, inside and out. Christ, he could touch himself all night. A trickle of juice makes its way down his inner thigh. Something hard and warm presses between his legs. Holding his breasts to his chest he looks down, sees Zach's cock risen towards him, thumping gently with each beat of his heart.

Ron drops his tits and takes Zach's cock in his tiny hands. His son's dick is so wonderfully warm, fitting perfectly beneath his fingers, poking out and looking enormous beneath Natalie's fingers. Ron kneels between Zach's legs, until his tiny nose is inches from Zach's cock, and strokes him. Ron watches, mesmerized as his hand rises up the shaft, falling back down, stroking in a slow rhythm. He can feel the power in that cock, so intoxicating to hold. He can control Zach with a mere touch of his fingers.

With a mere lick of his tongue.

On some level it's instinctive to open his mouth and wrap it around his son's cock, to let Natalie's lips encircle the head. Zach's dick is warm in Ron's mouth. Ron opens wide and swallows him slowly, letting the cock fill his mouth, pressing against his tongue. He drives his lips down, down the shaft, as far as he can go before rising, releasing the dick with a light pop and stroking it again, spreading his saliva up and down the shaft. It's gorgeous. Perfect. Promising Ron's delight.

To the right of the bed is the full length mirror, and Ron angles around, still between Zach's legs, but staring at himself in the mirror as he makes Natalie suck Zach's dick. Seeing the gorgeous woman in the mirror sucking dick, watching her back arched in perfection, feeling the welcome warmth between his lips and on his tongue makes Ron even wetter. His pussy is calling to him, begging for touch.

He rises again, releasing Zach's dick to stroke it some more. "You like me being a little cocksucker for you?"

"Yeah, baby," Zach grins, euphoric.

"Good. Because I *need* to suck your dick."

And, Christ, hearing Natalie say that makes Ron so goddamn horny. His pussy lips glide together even as he sinks his mouth down the shaft once again. Zach's dick tastes divine between his lips, the tangy scent of him filling Ron's nostrils. Ron slips his free hand between his legs, finds his pussy already dripping wet, and strokes it, fingers gliding into his slick warmth. Again he watches in the mirror as sweet sweet Natalie voraciously sucks a cock while fingering herself. He urges himself on in his own mind, talking dirty to himself, calling himself a dirty little slut, a cocksucking whore, and—oh God!—it feels good to call Natalie those things, to *be* those things.

He sucks Zach's dick faster, using his hand to help jerk off the delicious cock. His lips rise and fall, burying his nose into Zach's coarse pubic hair as the dick hits the back of his throat. Ron sucks harder, going as deep as he can, his cheeks concave with effort, tongue working the shaft. He needs Zach to cum and, with a loud grunt, Zach does. The cock thrusts up towards Ron's lips as he sinks his mouth down. The dick throbs on Ron's tongue a moment before the rush of creamy hot seed fills his mouth. He gulps it down, latching his lips around the shaft to drink all the salty cum. Even so, some spills down the shaft, spreading across his fingers.

Ron cums as well, the fingers in his pussy thrusting hard up against his clit and he moans around the dick, loving every inch of Natalie's body as he forces her to suck cock until Zach's dick slows

and stops. Ron keeps his lips wrapped around Zach's shaft, tongue gliding gently against the underside, lapping up the last delicious drops. Mmm, it's so tasty. When Ron is sure there's no more he raises his head and climbs up Zach's body to snuggle naked against him.

He throws one leg over his son, wet pussy pressed against Zach's hips. It's the most comfortable position post-sex, and the best time, when he can just enjoy the smell and the touch of the big, strong man beside him. How many times has he done this before? The memories come thicker and faster, again as if knocked free by the orgasm.

There's Zach bringing him flowers after a miserable day at work. There's Zach running across the soccer pitch, muscles glistening while Ron's girl friends look on with envy. There's Zach proposing to him. They're all equally Natalie's memories and Ron's, entangling and making it harder to tell where she stops and he begins. And maybe it's better that way.

It's certainly easier.

The day of the wedding is surprisingly nerve wracking. Ron arrives at the church to find it decked out with white and purple flowers, the colors of his wedding. It's all just as he's envisaged or rather, just as Natalie envisaged, but the memory feels so right, slotting in perfectly with his identity.

It's the same with Natalie's family. He finds it easier to talk to Rebecca today, the recent flood of memories having now unlocked the sisters' little in-jokes and arguments.

"You seem much happier today," Rebecca remarks, guiding Ron back to one of the back rooms where the dress and his makeup attendant are waiting.

"That's because my fiancée's actually going to go through with this one." Ron replies without a thought.

Ron has vague memories of being stood up by another man. It was back when Natalie was young and foolish and it was probably for the best. They never would have lasted.

Ron's glad Natalie's hired someone to do the wedding party's makeup. He's still not confident with Natalie's beauty routine, though that will come. Possibly later after the wedding night nuptials. The thought of being naked and alone with Zach makes Ron's mouth dry. Can he really go through with it? Maybe he'll just enjoy the wedding and then swap back to let Natalie live with her husband. But even as he thinks that he knows he won't. There's too much of Natalie he hasn't yet enjoyed.

The makeup ladies do his hair as well, styling his brunette waves up into a series of glamorous twists and a meticulous bun, hairsprayed and pinned to within an inch of its life. The makeup turns him from cute to ravishing, emphasizing his wide green eyes and ruby red lips.

"Gorgeous," Rebecca agrees, standing behind him and admiring his face.

Ron beams at her and Rebecca smiles back, happy for her sister. She would be horrified to know it was an old man inhabiting Natalie's body, and even more horrified to know that for a second Ron imagines taking Rebecca's body. What would it feel like to be that young and free and vivacious, with a whole future ahead of him again? But now Ron has his youth *and* his son. That's not a bargain he's prepared to give up.

He slips into the dress, Rebecca helping to pin it here, push it up there. Ron turns to the full length mirror, staring in awe at the gorgeous vixen revealed there. The wedding dress is classy and elegant, draping his body in a thin layer of silk and gauze. He's the picture perfect bride and he feels wonderful. There was a time when he wouldn't have been caught dead in a dress, and the thought of doing anything the least bit non-traditionally masculine would have sent him into fits. But that was the old Ron. The new Ron is quite happy being Natalie, quite happy to look radiant and gorgeous. He knows how he must look to Zach, what emotions he stirs in his son's heart.

Before too long Ron is stationed at the back of the church with his bridesmaids. The music starts and the procession begins. Natalie's dad gives him a peck on the cheek before guiding him proudly down the aisle. All eyes are on him and he smiles at family and friends, their names appearing in his head as if by magic. And then he's facing Zach. His son. His lover. His fiancée. The confusion of

emotions puts a worried crease in his brow, soon forgotten as the priest launches into the ceremony.

They trade rings—Zach slipping the magic ring back onto Ron's finger—and vows, Ron reciting Natalie's vows by memory, his voice cracking as he wipes a tear from his cheek. He doesn't know how he knows all this but he does. The memories come with an effort but have still fallen into place faster since their time in bed together, the way they're sure to fall faster after tonight when the two newlyweds will be alone. When Ron finally gets to kiss his new husband it's pure joy. He clings to Zach's neck and presses their lips together to applause from the people watching.

Then there are the wedding photos. Ron, the center of attention, the blushing bride, allows the photographer to move them around. He's still unsure of his new role in Natalie's mind. Will this familiarity with her life disappear as easily as it came?

Then it's back to the hotel for dinner and dancing, twirling around the room with his new husband as guests congratulate them. Ron is so blissfully happy, as is Zach. They steal kisses at every opportunity, staying in the ballroom until the last group of guests leave. Then, champagne happy and giggling, they pull each other up to the honeymoon suite.

Closing the door behind them, Zach takes Ron in his arms, stroking his cheek gently.

“My wife,” he whispers, staring down at Ron as if he can hardly believe it.

Ron stands on his tiptoes and kisses Zach. It's a hungry kiss, his body already needy for his new husband. Zach helps him out of the wedding dress while Ron unbuttons Zach's tux, the coat already gone, the tie askew. When the last knot is undone the dress crumples to a heap at Ron's feet, as if it was only ever held up by starlight. His body is a wonderful thing and they both gaze down at it. Ron is inordinately proud of his new physical perfection, from his delectably tight breasts down to his perfect toes. He did nothing to earn this body but he'll do everything to keep it. Already he can feel his new pussy growing moist and just the thought excites him, the idea of owning this glorious pussy, this wet pleasure between his legs.

Zach shrugs off his shirt and tosses his pants and underwear aside. The two cling together again, taking turns kissing each other's body, exploring each other as though for the first time. Ron's hands glide down Zach's chest, followed by his lips, kissing his way down Zach's dark skin. There are hands on his breasts now, fondling greedily, right before Zach burns a trail of kisses down the nape of Ron's neck. His lips latch around one of Ron's nipples and he suckles gently. Zach's breath is so hot on Ron's sensitive nipples and a desperate heat winds its way through Ron, twisting him full of a pleasant tension waiting to snap.

Solid hands glide down Ron's waist as his husband explores him by touch, still kissing his breasts, suckling back and forth, leaving each of Ron's nipples sharp as a diamond. A heavy hand follows his curves down around his ass, swooping in between his legs to land on the line of his center. The fingers graze Ron's entrance, slipping in slightly to touch his growing wet heat. Zach moans around the nipple in his mouth as he explores Ron's pussy some more, tracing up and down Ron's entrance, teasing him without entering, until Ron is so fucking horny. He *needs* to be filled, *needs* this man in front of him to throw him down, to take him, to release the tension winding him tight.

Zach lays Ron down on the huge hotel bed and stands above him, gazing down at Natalie's naked body. The lust in his eyes is so intoxicating. Ron blushes and crooks a finger, beckoning his husband closer as he spreads his legs to welcome him. Zach climbs on top of him, his weight pressing Ron into the bed, heavy but comforting. A solid warmth rests on Ron's mound, twitching every now and then with anticipation. They kiss again, Ron exploring Zach's mouth with his tongue before Zach pulls away and kisses a trail down Ron's body. And, oh god, he's on fire, legs twisting as the tension rides through him. He's so wet he can practically smell himself. Zach senses his desire and positions his cock at Ron's entrance.

The cockhead presses against him. It feels like he's splitting open, the nether lips gently shoved aside as the head enters him. Christ, it feels bigger than it looked and for a few brief seconds as the pressure builds against his slippery entrance Ron is afraid he might not be able to handle it, that it will split him in two. But then—sweet relief—the cock slips into him with a silent pop, Zach moaning in delight as he glides through Ron's slick canal. Ron can feel every inch filling him so wonderfully full in a way nothing ever has before. He closes his eyes, enjoying his son and lover's cock pushing through him, filling him ever more until Zach's groin rests on Ron's mound.

And, oh god, Ron is so wonderfully full. He sighs, a shaky, lustful sound that makes him hornier just hearing himself. His hands come up to clutch his own breasts, taking this magnificent body in his own hands as Zach glides out and in. Tweaking his nipples, Ron moans again, hips thrusting up against Zach as he burrows deep inside. Ron wraps his legs around Zach, pulling him closer.

Zach moves faster, his slow desire morphing into a thrusting, pounding, wild delight. He slams his cock inside Ron's cunt, becoming animalistic, grunting, shoving himself deep and hard into Ron's pussy. And, oh, how Ron loves to be fucked, loves to watch this delightfully feminine body from his new perspective as Zach's cock disappears inside him, reappearing an instant later covered in his sticky juices. The tension winds tighter with each thrust, snapping suddenly and forcing Ron to clutch Zach as the orgasm bursts through him. "Oh, yes, oh, fuck," he moans in Natalie's voice and is rewarded by a burst of liquid heat as Ron cums.

The cock inside him pumps fast, spurting hot cum into Ron's pussy, filling his desperate body as he cries out, needing only this, this, this. He's somehow even more full, clutching his lover as the pleasure pulses through him from head to toe, a massive orgasm that whites out the world, leaving him breathless and sated and still needy for Zach's hot dick inside. He wants the dick inside him more than anything he's ever wanted. It's like a perfect puzzle piece slotting into place.

Zach pulls out and lies beside him, stroking his breasts. Memories flood through Ron, like they were there all along just forgotten. Detailed memories both mundane and special, of Natalie's parents, her first period, the secrets she shared with her sister, the annoying guy at her office. With each orgasm it seems Ron is becoming more and more Natalie. It's like a double reward.

After the guests have gone home, after the presents are carted back to the house, but a day before they leave for the honeymoon, Ron goes to run an errand, leaving Zach behind at the house.

Standing alone in the hospital room, Ron gazes down at his old body. It's still comatose. Hooked up to wires and tubes, looking gaunt and sickly. He can't go back. Not when there's so much to lose.

“Sorry, Natalie,” he whispers, sliding the ring off his old finger, “It's better this way.”

His body doesn't even stir as he pockets his prize. If the rings really are magic then some day he may need them again. Some day far in the future after he's done everything in this new life as Natalie. He turns and walks out the door without looking back, hips swaying, a smile curving his lips, already thinking of what he wants to do with his new husband when he gets home.

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Thank you!

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

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M

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Give it Up

Let Me Stay

Shane is Will's best friend. Shane's wife, Alicia, is Will's worst enemy, an entitled brat who doesn't realize how lucky she has it. After chancing upon a magical being who grants Will a body swapping spell, he takes over Alicia's life, vowing to be a better wife and lover -- and just all around person -- than Alicia ever was.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 6

Six more previously published body swapping stories.

In the Game (Part 3)

In the conclusion to In the Game, Ethan and his team of gamer girls are on top of the world. But the integrity commission begins to suspect them of cheating, and Julia, a snoop reporter, won't stop investigating them. They have to do something to save their team from scandal and if Ethan can copy his mind into two new women to add to his team and enjoy their pleasure, well, that's just a bonus.

Taking Stock

Tom is able to possess people's bodies. While out shopping one day he sees someone that he must have. As he enjoys her body he finds himself falling in love with her, and decides to help change her life for the better. And for his benefit.

Busted

Jason's a bully who takes great pride in ruling the school, but things change when he makes fun of the new goth girl's big chest and she casts a spell on him and his friends, turning them into their own big busted fantasies. She gives them one chance to change back, but they'll have to fight their new burning desires.

Foreign Exchange

Chun isn't happy about being volunteered to swap bodies with an American teen in the name of diplomacy. But when she lands in the body of Ashley, a cute high school senior, she discovers that life in another country -- and as a sexy high school hottie -- is much more pleasurable than she ever imagined.

Got It Going On

My girlfriend, Stacy, is an amateur witch. She can do magic, just not very well, which is why I'm hesitant when she comes to me with a spell that will swap our bodies for a day. Turns out I should have said no, because an accident causes me to swap bodies with her elegant, curvy mom. I know it might be wrong, but there's so much fun to be had being inside Stacy's mom.

Body Switch Collection: Volume 5

Six previously published body switching stories by M. Wills.

Best Friend's Wedding

Drew and Jake used to be best friends, until Missy came along. She was rich and entitled and was responsible for taking Jake away. So Drew hatched a plan to steal her body and take over her life.

Compact Mirrors

Ellie, an average looking and poor college student, accidentally swaps bodies with Summer, a mean, hot high school cheerleader. Now they both have to navigate their new lives while trying to back to their old. Until one of them decides they don't want to go back.

Switched On

Luke discovers a magic remote control that will turn him into whoever is onscreen when he pushes the button. But when he shares this discovery with his friends it results in a mad scramble that sees the remote smashing, leaving the four guys transformed and stuck as sexy celebrities.

In the Game (Part 2)

Ethan's copied himself into the minds of Tessa and Ava using the mysterious app on his phone and is enjoying being in their bodies, slowly turning them into objects of lust to please his male self, all the while searching for more women to add to his eSports team.

Cheers

Kyle's sister, Lauren, is such a brat. A gorgeous brat, but still. So when an accident with one of their father's machines causes them to switch bodies, he's not at all happy to be stuck in Lauren's busty body. But he surprises himself by finding his adjustment extremely pleasurable, especially with the help of one of his sister's hot friends.

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