

# **Game Changer**

*MtF Body Swap*

by M. Wills

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## Game Changer

Trent stooped beneath the rafters of the attic roof and eyed the remaining dust-covered detritus visible from the pale light of the bare bulb. He'd been slowly carting out all the junk over the last two days and at last it was down to a few moldy cardboard boxes and a crooked chest of drawers. Standing in the hot attic, where the hot air seemed to cling to every pore of his body, was like being smothered in cotton and Trent was glad to be nearly done with his task. He wiped his forehead with the bottom of his shirt and it came away dirty with sweat.

He hefted another cardboard box into his arms and made his way carefully back down the attic stairs. The box threatened to split apart in his hands and he had to keep switching his grip. His shirt was covered in grime and he felt filthy. Trent's curiosity at what the boxes contained had been dulled by a succession of boring finds: old newspapers, waterlogged magazines, decrepit books, and broken appliances. The previous owner of their house had clearly been a hoarder. The rumor around school was that the old man had died in the living room, crushed by a pile of newspapers.

"Just take it straight out to the garbage," Trent's stepmom, Emily, said when he appeared at the foot of the stairs.

She held open the front door for him and he carried the box out onto the lawn, just managing to dump it onto the pile before the box finally split, spilling old magazines everywhere. Trent left them, too dispirited and just plain hot to bother attempting to gather them up in an orderly pile. When he came in through the door his stepmom handed him a glass of ice-cold lemonade, which he quickly drained.

"Thanks, mom," he said, returning the glass.

She made the best lemonade. She made the best lots of foods. It was sort of her job. She and Trent's dad, Will, had agreed when they were younger that he would work and she'd take care of the kid. Trent was well past the age where he needed taking care of, but Emily seemed content at home and in no hurry to go back to the office.

"Thirsty work?" Another female voice spoke up from the couch.

Turning, Trent saw one of the next-door neighbors, Sarah, sitting there. She wore a light peach summer dress, the neck of which hung low to reveal a tantalizing hint of her small but impressively taut breasts. She smiled sweetly, her cute face breaking into an adorable grin. Trent blushed and turned away quickly, hoping she couldn't sense the crush he had on her.

"More?" Emily asked, holding out the glass to Trent.

"Uh, n-no thanks," he stammered, glancing over at Sarah, and then away.

Emily smiled and put the glass on the kitchen counter. She tucked her silky brunette hair back behind an ear and folded her arms beneath her breasts, which made them bounce beneath her rose-patterned dress in a way that made Trent intensely uncomfortable. Leaning her plump butt on the kitchen counter she smiled at her son.

"Still no pirate treasure up there, huh?" She joked, hazel eyes sparkling.

“You never know. There are still a few boxes left.”

“Cleaning the attic has been one of those things on my to-do list since when we moved in but I never managed to get around to it.”

“I mean, technically, *you* haven’t. I’m the one up there.”

Trent was rewarded with the sound of Sarah’s tingly laughter.

“Anything interesting up there?” Sarah asked.

Trent turned to her, giving him an opportunity to check her out. “Only if you think newspapers from 2012 are interesting. There’s not much left. I’m gonna go finish up.”

Trent hurried down the hallway and away from temptation of staring at Sarah. He climbed back up the rickety drop-down steps to the attic and hauled out another few boxes before finally reaching the chest of drawers. He opened each one and emptied them, pulling out some old puzzles and broken kid’s toys. At the bottom of the last drawer a box caught his eye.

It appeared to be a board game, but one he’d never heard of before. The title on the box was *Morpho* and underneath in smaller lettering it said ‘*The game of changes*’. The box was pristine, a distinct contrast to all the other junk up here, and looked like a design from the 1970s with a man and a woman sitting around the board laughing. There was something slightly off about the couple. The woman appeared to have stubble on her face and the man had dainty fingers with painted fingernails.

Trent brought the game downstairs and showed it to his mom, who was packing up some things in boxes of her own. To his disappointment, Sarah was no longer around.

“Ever heard of this?” Trent asked, handing her the game. “Could be worth some money.”

“That would be a first out of all this junk.” She shook her head. “Never heard of it. Oh, before I forget...I kind of told Sarah you’d mow her lawn today.”

“Really?” He moaned.

“She’ll pay you! I thought it would be a nice thing to do for our new neighbors. I mean, they gave us a little gift basket and all.”

“Fine,” Trent sighed, thinking it wouldn’t be *that* bad to have an excuse to talk to Sarah.

“Finish up and take a break first,” Emily suggested.

Trent waved her away as he tramped back up to the attic to finish clearing it out.

The chest of drawers turned out to be made of fake wood and much easier to lift than he’d feared. He tossed it out onto the curb and returned to the house.

“I think that’s it,” Trent said, wiping his grimy hands on his shirt. “Now we can stuff our own crap up there.”

“Great. There’s a few boxes that need to go up.” On Trent’s look she laughed. “Not now. We can leave it.”

Trent noticed *Morpho* set out on the coffee table in the living room. The board had been unfolded and the pieces set out. The board featured a winding path made up of squares, each with numbers on them. Two decks of cards were set up in the middle of the board and two pieces—one black, one white—were set on a square labelled ‘Start’. The whole board was decorated with cartoonish runes and looked brand new.

“So what’s up with that game?” Trent nodded to the board game.

“I don’t know. I was reading the directions but they don’t make much sense.”

Emily sat down on the couch and Trent knelt on the floor across from her, the board game between them. Trent looked over the board while his mom read the directions.

“Looks like the game ends when one player reaches the end, and then the player with the most desired changes wins.”

“What does that mean?”

Emily perused the rest of the instructions, her mouth screwed up in the way she had when concentrating. Finally, she shrugged. “Maybe it will make sense later. Looks like there are different action cards and you need to collect tokens to be able to use them. They’ll say on the bottom how many tokens you need. Some actions are punishments, some are gifts, and some cards can block other actions. Each turn you move, collect your tokens, use an action on anyone if you can, then draw a card to bring your hand back up to four cards. If you can afford an action card you have to play it, and you get to choose who to play it on. If you land on a ‘chance’ square you turn over a Chance card—” She tapped one of the two decks on the board—“and feel the effects. Sounds simple.”

Emily read out a little bit more but there was no real explanation of what everything entailed.

“Let’s just play, I guess,” Trent ventured.

Emily shuffled the deck and dealt out four cards, then shuffled the Chance deck and set both decks on the empty rectangles in the center of the board. Trent arranged his cards in his hands and looked them over. One of his cards bounced back an action back to the player who cast it. Easy enough. The other cards were a little more confusing: ‘Mooooove over and lose a turn’, ‘Rock a new ‘do’, and the last said ‘Dance your cares away’.

When his mom had looked at her cards, Trent picked up the dice and rolled. He moved his piece along the board and collected the number of tokens shown on the square he landed on.

“Let’s see what this does,” Trent said, paying his tokens and playing the ‘Rock a new ‘do’ card.

There was tingling over his head. His mom stared at him, her eyes going wide as his hair transformed. Trent reached up to find it gelled into a stiff wave high above the top of his head. He jumped up and ran to the bathroom. Flicking on the light he saw that his hair was shaped in a perfect pompadour, complete with thick sideburns. He looked like he was wearing an Elvis wig. Emily came up behind him and tugged on it gently but the shape didn’t budge.

“It’s real,” she whispered.

“Holy shit,” was all Trent could manage.

“We should stop. Who knows what could happen if we keep playing?”

“You can’t leave me like this!” Trent cried, “We have to keep playing.”

They returned to the living room and Emily looked through her cards. “I don’t think I have anything that can change you back just yet.”

“Then we have to keep going until we find something. Let’s just try to use cards with as few changes as possible.”

“Right,” Emily agreed.

Trent picked up another card: ‘It all makes (fashion) sense’. Emily rolled the dice and collected her

own tokens.

“Hmm, I have to play one. I guess I’ll play this on you.”

She put a few tokens back in the little bag they’d come from and dropped her card on the table. It read: ‘Where are you from?’.

“So what em I supposed tyoo-“ Trent began, and then stopped his eyes going wide at the ridiculously absurd French accent flowing from his lips.

“Oh my!” His mom laughed.

“Ah em not trying tyo doo an accent,” Trent protested.

“I know, I’m sorry, but it’s funny. I’m sorry.” She said, her hand over her mouth as she tried to stifle her giggles.

Emily handed him the dice and drew another card, frowning as she looked at it. Trent rolled the dice and moved his token. Collecting his points, he found there was only one card he could play, and the rules said he had to play it if he could.

“Tek zis one, zen momma.” Trent gloated, dropping ‘Mooove over and lose a turn’.

“What does it mean?”

Emily’s eyes widened. She dropped her cards to the table as her body expanded suddenly, becoming round and bony, her clothes replaced with a spotted black and white hide. Her fingers fused together and became hooves while her legs grew to match them. Her face elongated, mouth growing larger, ears sticking up above her head as pink udders flopped down below her stomach. In seconds, where his mom had sat was now a small black and white cow. It flicked its tail and mooed in distress.

“Sacre bleu!” Trent shouted.

The cow pranced around, tail swishing, knocking over the lamp and banging into the end table. Its eyes were wide, and Trent understood that his mom’s mind was inside that animal.

“Momma, momma,” he said, stroking her bony flank. “It vill be okay. I sink just one turn.”

Emily mooed again, nodding to show she understood. Trent quickly took another action card —‘Undo one change’—and rolled the dice, gaining a few more points. He used his ‘undo’ card to get rid of his accent, then used the ‘fashion sense’ card because it seemed the least damaging. The main result of that was he found himself critiquing his own choice of sneakers.

When he drew another card his mom quickly transformed back into herself. She was kneeling on all fours on the floor, but back in her regular body. She breathed a sigh of relief, feeling herself to make sure she was back to normal.

“Holy shit,” Emily said, her voice shaking.

“I think we should stop now.”

“Oh no,” his mom said with a little grin. “I was just a cow. You have to be something.”

“Great. *Now* your competitive streak comes out.”

Trent glanced at the two cards he’d picked up: ‘Shorter, rounder, slower’ and ‘Mix your memories’. Hmm, now that was interesting. Emily rolled the dice and collected her tokens. She eyed her cards carefully.

“Shit. I have to play a card and there’s only one I can play.”

“How bad is it?”

Emily bit her lower lip and dropped the card on the table: ‘Swap hands with another player’.

“Ok, give ‘em here.” Trent held out his hand for his mom’s cards.

Instead, there was that strange tingling again. It started in his hands but quickly crept throughout his entire body.

“What’s going—” he began, and then between one blink and the next the world flipped.

--on?” He finished.

Only his voice was different. A higher register. Breathier. And he was looking across the table at... himself? Trent’s own body looked back at him, just as astonished as Trent felt. Trent looked down at himself and found his gaze aimed directly down the top of a rose-patterned dress and into someone’s cleavage. The rounded curves of breasts disappeared beneath the neck line. His mom’s dress. His mom’s tits. He was inside her body.

He jerked up and yipped, watched his mom’s tits bounce on his chest as they followed his movement. His hands came to his cheeks. His face felt too smooth. He dropped his hands, stood suddenly, looked down at his slightly curvy body, the wide hips, the plump butt, the long lean legs. A strangled cry escaped his lips. He could feel every inch of the body he now inhabited. His *mom’s* body!

“Oh my god,” Trent finally managed, surprised once again at his voice. It was feminine and light. His tongue felt different in the new contours of his mouth and he licked his lips nervously. His mom’s lips. Oh god, he didn’t want to touch his body. And even then he could feel the strangeness between his legs.

Emily, too, was examining her body, but in a more measured way. She wiggled her fingers, the look on her face a mix of wonder and fear. “This is insane.” She clutched her throat, astonished at the deepness of her voice.

“We have to stop this game,” Trent said, his voice shaking. “Maybe that will change us back.”

He swiped at the pieces on the board. They went flying across the room, but before they even hit the wall they winked out of existence and reappeared right on the game board where they’d been before.

“I don’t want to play anymore,” Trent yelled, tears coming to his eyes.

His body was moving in strange new ways. He had tits for god’s sake! And a pear-shaped figure with an unwieldy butt. Not at all like his own muscular physique. And why was he ready to start crying?

His mom crossed the table and held him. “Shhh.” She patted him on the back and Trent clutched at her, his emotions so close to the surface.

“I’m scared, son...” He stopped and tried again: “Son. Trent. Why can’t I call you mom?”

Emily took a step back and held him by the shoulders as she tried, without success, to call him by his real name. “Emily. Emily.” She shook her head and gritted her teeth: “Mom...I can’t do it.”

“How much did the spell change?” Trent asked, sniffing and wiping his—too smooth!—cheeks.

A knock on the door made them both jump. Turning, Trent saw through the window that it was Sarah at the door. She met his eyes and waved. Trent glanced back at his mom, and she raised a thick eyebrow.



“Answer it. You’re the mom for now.”

Trent gulped and walked to the door, supremely conscious of the way his new body moved and jiggled as his weight shifted from foot to foot. He could feel his slender breasts bounce, the natural sway of his hips, the tickle of hair down his neck. He opened the door and put on a smile for Sarah.

“Hey, Emily, sorry to be a pest, but I’ve got the lawnmower all ready for Trent.” Sarah beamed at him.

Looking at Sarah still made Trent feel slightly warm as he admired her freckled nose and the delicate shape of her face. At least there was *some* part of him that was unchanged. He needed to get Sarah out of here and get back to the game. He thought his mom felt the same so he was surprised when she spoke up:

“I’ll come right over.”

“Great,” Sarah beamed.

As Emily passed Trent she gave him a guilty grin and whispered to him, “I want to try out your muscles.”

Trent shut the door behind them. He was alone in his house in his mom’s body. Looking down at himself, he was again greeted with his mom’s slight cleavage. Maybe it was the game, or maybe it was just his mind adjusting, but having breasts didn’t seem too terrible just then. Maybe if he could forget they were his mom’s he could enjoy them.

He hurried down the hall to his room, his wide butt swaying behind him. He closed and locked the door, turning to go to the bed but freezing at the sight of himself in the full-length mirror on his closet door. His mom’s reflection gazed back at him, her eyes bright with wonder. She had—or, Trent guessed *he* had now—striking brown eyes set wide beneath delicate arched eyebrows. His nose was graceful, his lips plump, his cheekbones sharp. The more he stared at his new self in the mirror the more his mind wandered to all the *other* changes. Yes, it was his mom, but it *felt* like himself.

Trent slipped out of his silky dress and then fumbled with his bra, stretching and shimmying until he finally managed to unclasp it and shrug it off. His breasts hung free and he stared at them for a second. They were small, delicate curves, sagging only slightly. He tentatively took them in each hand. His palms covered them with room to spare and they were surprisingly firm and pleasantly jiggly. Fun to squeeze. He did so, contorting them into fatter, wider mounds up against his chest. The areolae were broad pink circles, the nipples sensitive little nubs. He tweaked each nipple lightly before squeezing his arms together to make them appear bigger. They felt nice to touch, and even nicer to *watch* his dainty fingers touching. It was kind of funny making his mom touch herself and he giggled, an adorable sound.

There was a growing warmth within him, and he hooked his thumbs beneath the hem of the panties and rolled them down his legs. He stepped out of them and ogled the pear-shaped woman in the mirror, eyes travelling up and down the soft skin, admiring the small tits, the plump butt. He turned and grabbed a handful of his ass. There was so *much* to grab. He squeezed and jiggled it, watching the skin wiggle at his touch. He shifted his weight from leg to leg, ogling the delicious round butt. He always did like a nice bubble butt, and his mom had it in spades. Well, *he* had it now.

He leaned over so he could gaze at his mound. There was a light dusting of auburn hair above it, a trail leading down between his legs, where the two pussy lips were clasped together lightly. The warmth inside him was more insistent, urging him on, and he stroked his new pussy with a finger, following the delicate line of his slit up and down. The rubbery lips gave way to his touch and he sunk lightly inside himself for the first time.

It was strange being penetrated like this, feeling his own warmth from the inside and out. Strange but nice. He was still attracted to women, and watching as he made his new hands touch himself he could almost forget that it was his mom. Maybe it was the magic of the game, but he already felt more comfortable in her body. Looking at his reflection he smiled, thinking that he really was a pretty woman. And he was still *definitely* attracted to women.

He spread his pussy gently with his fingers, revealing the hint of soft pink folds. This was his pussy now and he could do what he wanted. Tentatively, he stroked harder, dipping his fingers deeper into himself. A little sigh escaped his lips as the warmth flooded through him. His fingers landed on his dew and he dragged it up and down his inner lips.

He paused long enough to lie down on the bed, adjusting the pillow so he could look down his mom's body and watch as he made her hands touch her body, stroking her tits and lightly fingering her moistening pussy. His tits fell slightly down each side of his chest. He grabbed one tit and fondled it gently as the fingers of his other hand worked deeper into his wonderful new pussy.

Longing and delight twined through him and his breath came faster. He grew wetter, fingers and pussy becoming slick and shiny with his lust. It was amazing to watch as he made this woman masturbate, but not quite enough. It was only when he rested his palm on his mound and stroked up to the top of his pussy did a rush of electric warmth tingle through him. He experimented, pressing and stroking on that little spot, until the pleasure crescendo, driving a divine tautness through him, a tension that demanded relief. He couldn't stop. His body was trembling for release.

The hand on his tits grew rougher, grabbing greedily for every inch as the fingers in his cunt stroked faster. There was no stopping now, the rising tension in his body was building to a climax and all he could do was encourage it to burn through him. The squelching sounds of his fingers in his pussy hit his ears and he moaned, a throaty sound, full of lust and joy for this delightful body. He sunk his fingers in deep, watching as the woman beneath him fingered herself, her chubby body swaying wonderfully. He came suddenly, his body convulsing enjoyably around his fingers as he bucked and moaned, thrusting his waist up to drive his fingers deeper into himself, watching them disappear into his new body, his new pussy.

"Oh, fuuuck," he sighed thrusting his head back into the pillow as the orgasm burst through him, bright desire filling him so that all he could do was hold on, thrust and circle, squeeze and grab, as pleasure consumed him.

It was so much more powerful, more all-encompassing than any orgasm he'd had as a man. The pleasure lit him from head to toe, leaving him gasping and breathless. When it cooled he pulled his fingers out of himself and lay on the bed recovering as the flame of desire dulled slowly.

Hmmm, maybe it wouldn't be so bad to drag this game out for a little while longer.

Trent had just finished smoothing his dress back over his maternal form when he heard the front door open.

“Hey, back so soon?” Trent asked, coming back out into the hallway to greet his mom.

“I figured work was over so I may as well come home,” came the deadpan reply from a familiar male voice.

Trent froze, too late realizing that it wasn’t Emily but his dad, Will, who’d just come in the door. Trent stopped in the hallway and clasped his fingers together, unsure how to proceed. Should he act like his mom?

His dad crossed to him and slipped an arm around his waist.

“Hey, babe,” he said, before kissing Trent.

The kiss was quick, little more than a peck, but it was on Trent’s lips. The scratchy stubble of his dad’s beard grazed his face, leaving a quick hint of sandalwood cologne, and then his dad pulled back.

“Hey...honey,” Trent managed as his face flushed.

His dad patted him on the butt as he slipped past, making Trent jump. He didn’t realize his dad was so handsy.

“Oh, man, I’ve got this real asshole of a client right now,” Will said over his shoulder as he unbuttoned his shirt.

Trent stood in the doorway while his dad took off his work clothes and complained about his client’s behavior. Trent crossed his arms and fiddled with the neck of his dress, nodding his head at appropriate moments in his dad’s story. But he was hardly listening. He was already thinking of where he’d have to sleep, and who he’d have to sleep with, if he stayed in his mom’s role.

Will finished dressing in casual jeans and a tee shirt. He returned to Trent, slipping his arms around Trent’s waist and pressing him close. Will kissed him again. Trent froze as his dad’s lips landed on his own, his dad’s hard body pressed against his soft one. Will’s hands gripped Trent’s waist and he kissed his way across Trent’s cheek and down the nape of his neck. Trent giggled softly as little shivers of delight flitted through him. Fuck. No way was he doing this with his dad.

“Trent’s away. It’s just the two of us,” Will murmured in Trent’s ear.

Trent put his hand on his dad’s chest and gently pushed him back.

“He’ll be home any minute,” Trent smiled, trying to sound less scared than he felt. His heart was fluttering in his chest, a combination of the erotic longing his dad had set off with his touch, and fear of giving in to the same.

“Fine,” his dad said, giving him a final kiss before pulling back. “I can wait. What’s for dinner?”

“Oh, um, I hadn’t thought of it.” Trent stammered.

He had his mom’s body but not her skills. There was no way he could cook anything half as well as she did.

“Delivery?” Will suggested, and Trent nodded. “What do you want?”

“I don’t know,” Trent replied, “Indian?”

His dad set about ordering the food. Emily returned a few minutes later. Her grubby shirt was soaked with sweat and she guzzled some water in the kitchen as Trent came up behind her. Will was in the living room so they had a whispered conversation.

“Everything go okay?” Trent asked.

Emily turned and leaned against the sink, the glass in her hand. “Fine. Lawn’s cut. This is strange, I’ve got so much...energy I guess.” She flexed her arm and looked at the muscle admiringly.

“Don’t get used to it,” Trent admonished. “We need to change back. Your dad’s ordering food so let’s finish up.” The phrase ‘your dad’ had slipped out, Trent’s original words altered by the spell.

Emily agreed and they both returned to the living room where the game was still set up. Emily drew a card to finish her turn and frowned at it. Trent rolled the dice and landed on a Chance square. He turned over a Chance card and read it:

“If you could change one thing about your current body, what would it be?” Trent set the card down and thought. “Hmmm.” But apparently the game already knew his desire.

There was that funny tingling again, this time localized across his chest. He stared down at his breasts as they slowly inflated, pushing up the fabric of his dress, swelling and firming, until they jutted out from his chest, pushing the neck of his shirt way out. When they stopped growing they were each bigger than his head, huge and unwieldy. He was sure they would have drooped down to his stomach if he hadn’t been wearing a bra that adjusted itself with his chest. Trent was now gazing down into his mom’s deep cleavage, the tits pressed together, the skin striated with slight stretch marks, and all massively magnified. They were so heavy, and they wobbled on his chest as he sat up and gasped.

His mom covered her mouth with her hands and stared. “Oh, mom,” she whispered.

“I didn’t say anything,” Trent protested, staring down at the breasts that rose from his chest like mountains. He didn’t say anything, but he sure as hell had been thinking it.

Trent set his cards down and stood up. His tits trembled and bounced with each motion. “Oh, fuck, what do we do?” He couldn’t stop looking at his new tits. Hell, it was hard not to, they filled his vision whenever he looked downwards.

He had an urge to touch them, to see how heavy they really were, but there was something unseemly about doing that in front of his mom. After all, it was her body he’d be touching. But damned if he wasn’t curious what it would feel like to play with the massive pair of tits he was suddenly gifted with. Guiltily, he wondered what his mom would do if she knew what he was thinking. What would she say if she knew what he’d already done?

Emily shook her head. “We have to keep playing. The only way out is through. It’s got to get better, right?”

“Could it get any worse?” Trent demanded.

Will came in the room at that moment. “What’s going on?”

“Nothing,” Emily murmured, “Just playing a game.”

“Oh, what is this?” Will said, eyeing the game board.

Will didn’t appear to notice anything unusual about his now supremely well-endowed wife. The spell, apparently, was only noticeable to those playing the game. To everyone else reality shifted to accommodate the new changes.

“A game Trent found up in the attic. It’s kind of dumb but addictive.”

“Can I play?”

“No!” Emily and Trent shouted at the same time.

“That is, uh,” Emily said on Will’s look of startled surprise. “We’re still trying to figure it out.”

“Ok. Well, when you do we can have a family game night. Just like we used to when you were little.”

“That would be great,” Emily smiled weakly.

They were interrupted by the delivery driver. Trent didn’t realize how hungry he was until he smelled the chicken tikka and his stomach rumbled. They served it out and sat in the living room watching television as they ate. The food tasted different on Trent’s new taste buds, and when the spice hit him it made his eyes water. Either the food was spicier tonight or his mouth was more attuned to it; he couldn’t tell which. He sat next to his dad eating as Emily sat in the lounge chair beside them.

Neither Emily nor Trent wanted to make much conversation. Trent just wanted the game to be over with. He was so aware of the changes. Every time he moved his tits jiggled and, having no proprioception of his new assets, he was constantly bumping them with an arm. As soon as his dad finished and left the room to shower, Trent and Emily huddled back around the table. Trent drew another card. This one bounced an action back at the other player. Emily rolled and moved her piece, hesitating before finally laying down her card.

“I think it’s the least bad option,” she said.

The card read: ‘Mind meld: All players trade skills’.

Trent’s entire body tingled briefly. When it was over he didn’t feel any different, but he didn’t know what the game would consider to be a skill. As he tried to shift through what he knew to see if there was anything new, he absently picked up one of his mom’s hair ties that was lying on the table. He twisted his silky hair back and slipped the tie over it into a cute ponytail. It was only after he’d finished that he realized how he’d done it without even thinking. So that must be one “skill”.

Emily collected her cards and Trent rolled and landed on ‘Chance’ again. He flipped over the card: ‘Your desires match the body you resemble most’. Shit. There was no doubt whose body he resembled most. That full body tingle happened again.

“This isn’t going well,” Emily said, running her hands over her greased-up Elvis do.

“No kidding.”

Trent’s mind was racing. What kind of desires had he swapped? What did his mom want? Hell, did she now have his lust for their next-door neighbor? That would be awkward. But even more awkward would be her desires in him.

Emily rolled and collected some tokens. She took some time to peruse the cards in her hand.

“I guess I’ll play this one on me,” she sighed, dropping a card.

The card read: 'Get fit fast, ask me how'.

"Wait," Trent said suddenly, paying his tokens and casting his deflection card on the rare welcome change. "I want that one."

His body tingled. He felt the weight on his chest shifting as his breasts tightened up, the stretch marks disappearing. At the same time, his fat butt slimmed down and grew taut, the muscles of his legs gaining strength to match, becoming slimmer and tighter. The flab on his arm firmed to gentle muscle while his face shifted gently, the years of gravity reversed in an instant, leaving his skin beautiful and bouncy firm. When the changes were done he had the body of his mom at twenty years old. Albeit with much larger breasts.

"Why did you do that?" Emily asked.

Trent shrugged, though a little thought nagged at the back of his mind that he did it because he knew his husband would enjoy it. That could only be his mom's desires peeking through. Hell, now sleeping with his dad didn't seem so awful. In fact, he was looking forward to it, feeling their two bodies move in tandem, gasping and sweating and—

"Your turn," Emily said, breaking him from his fantasy.

"Right," Trent muttered.

He rolled the dice and collected his points but couldn't play anything. The card he picked up read: 'Whatever you're worried about make it bigger'.

As Trent looked through his hand he wasn't thinking of himself. He was thinking of his dad. How could he make their lives better?

"I need some tea," Trent said, stalling for time.

He made his way into the kitchen and set the kettle on before bustling around and preparing the chamomile tea his mom typically sipped at night to help her sleep. The routine was soothing, even though it wasn't his. As he moved he felt the two realities of what he was doing. In one he was in the wrong body, aware of every shift and motion of his breasts and butt as he plodded around the kitchen. In the other he was going through his normal nighttime routine. Neither reality seemed to dominate.

He took his tea and returned to the living room, where he sat cross legged on the floor and daintily set his tea down by the game.

"That's so weird," his mom said, watching him.

"What's that, hun?"

"It's all my mannerisms. It's like watching a home video of myself."

She shook her head and rolled the dice, landing on a 'Chance' square. She flipped over the card: 'Take a break from the game to get to know yourself'.

Emily set her cards face down on the table and yawned. "I guess I'm calling it a night," she said, stretching her lean arms above her head. "We'll pick this up first thing in the morning."

"What do you think it means about getting to know your new body?" Trent asked.

He wanted to continue playing but was compelled to put down his cards. Emily stood carefully before gingerly making her way to the hallway. Trent noticed the bulge in her pants and wondered whether it was a result of the last card, or whether she'd had the erection for a while.

"Welcome to being a teenage guy," he whispered under his breath.

Trent flipped through the movies on Netflix as he sipped his tea, soon settling on something romantic and English. It was just the type of movie his mom would like. He'd only gotten about twenty minutes in when he started yawning, and soon he turned off the movie and went to the bathroom to brush his teeth. He made faces at himself in the mirror, twisting his mom's features this way and that, exploring with moving her body.

He'd seen pictures of his mom from college and she'd been gorgeous in them. But seeing her in real life was a whole different thing. She must have had guys beating down her door. She was stunning, with a cute button nose, big doe eyes, perfect plump lips, and a sexy, lost expression on her face. Add to that her heavy chest and he was now one of the cutest women he'd ever seen in real life.

When Trent went into the bedroom he found his dad was already tucked in bed, reading something on his tablet. Trent crossed to his chest of drawers and pulled out his nightie. He had an urge to show off his body to his dad, so he turned and dropped his clothes to the floor. His breasts bumped together and jiggled, and he glanced down at those incredible tits that filled his vision so much they blocked the view of the rest of him. Jesus, seeing them bare for the first time was unreal. They were like porn star tits, except natural. Trent took them in his hands. Jesus, they were heavy, but so fun to fondle and squeeze.

"You need some help with that?" Will asked.

Trent looked up and blushed, his naked body on full display for his dad. He giggled softly and put on his mom's nightie. It draped over his luscious body, whispering across his skin as he slipped into bed beside his dad. A quick hint of his dad's masculine soap teased his nose as he fluffed up the covers. The scent sent a tingle through his body and curled a warm tendril of longing within him. Should he? Shouldn't he? God, how he wanted to.

It was enough to make Trent restless, and he poked futilely through the collection of romance and historical novels his mom kept on her tablet as he tried to distract himself. He soon set the book aside and turned to his dad, resting his cheek on one hand and sweeping his flowing brunette hair back behind him. His nightie fell low, his gorgeous tits on display right in front of his dad's face.

Will looked up at him and grinned. Trent returned the smile and bit his bottom lip, moving his body closer to his dad. Trent's hand slipped beneath the covers and cupped the bulge of Will's boxer shorts. His dad's cock jumped to attention beneath his fingers, the warmth evident even through the cotton fabric. Also evident was how much Trent's body wanted it. One of his mom's biggest desires, it turned out, was sucking his dad's cock. As soon as the thought formed he couldn't shake it. He had to suck on it.

He wiggled down the covers to kneel between his dad's legs. Hooking his fingers beneath the top of his dad's boxers, he inched them down, excitement building as the dark forest of pubic hair appeared, and then the cock sprang out at him, already at half-mast. God, it was so beautiful.

Trent wrapped his fingers around it and stroked, resting his head on his dad's thighs to admire the length of the shaft, the curve of the head, the soft contours that flowed beneath his nimble fingers. It was less than an inch from his nose and he inhaled deeply, savoring his dad's masculine scent. The smell sparked embers within his body. He realized he was salivating at the thought of sucking that glorious dick.

He raised himself up and hovered over his dad's cock to kiss the head, letting his lips linger on the warmth as it pulsed once in excitement. Sticking out his tongue, he took a long slow lick down and up Will's cock, down and up, leaving a trail of saliva across the undershaft. On the third time up he opened his mouth and swallowed Will's cock. His dad sighed as it disappeared between Trent's plump lips. The cock pressed against Trent's tongue and the roof of his mouth, filling him completely with its soft-hard heat.

“Mmm,” Trent moaned, closing his eyes to savor the taste of his dad’s dick.

With his mom’s skill he was able to deep throat his dad, swallowing the length of the cock, gorging himself on dick until his tiny nose sunk into his dad’s pubic hair and the shaft was lodged deep within him, the head nearly tickling the back of his throat. He remained there, undulating his tongue against the underside of the shaft as his dad moaned and wriggled beneath him.

Part of the pleasure was holding Will within him, of being able to create the wild fire of lust with just his lips and tongue. Trent came off the cock with a wet pop and stroked the dick with one hand as he gazed up at his dad with a tiny smile. His dad gazed back and brushed his cheek gently. Trent could feel the tension within his dad’s hips, how they wanted to rise up back into his mouth. So Trent took him again, his hair draping over his shoulder, tits resting on his dad’s leg.

His dad sucked in a mouthful of air and moaned, “God, you’re such a good little cocksucker.”

Trent smiled and was rewarded with a burst of warmth. His pussy was so wet he could feel the lips sliding together as he sucked the cock. He could sense the desire building, the tension growing within Will. Now Will’s hips bucked up and thrust into Trent’s mouth slowly, meeting him on the downstroke. Will’s hands twined through Trent’s hair and Trent let him fuck his little mouth, let himself be guided up and down the shaft, his dad gently leading, moving faster as his dad’s desire grew until he gasped, “Oh fuck, I’m going to cum,” and his dick exploded suddenly between Trent’s ready lips.

Will grunted and pushed Trent’s head down his cock. Trent opened wide, slurping his way down his dad’s shaft as the cock trembled and pulsed between his lips. Hot jizz pumped across Trent’s tongue and he swallowed it in greedy gulps, savoring the salty, tangy taste. Trent kept his lips wrapped around the shaft until the last pulse stopped. Only then did he come off and lick his lips.

Christ, he was dripping wet and horny. Apparently his mom *loved* sucking dick and she was damn good at it. Trent lay back on the pillow, wondering how he was going to get to sleep with his body so wound up. But his dad wiggled his way down between Trent’s legs without a word. Apparently this was something his parents just did. Trent barely had time to realize what was happening before his dad snaked out his tongue and slid into Trent’s wet, warm folds. The pleasure was instant, roiling his already horny body, and he gasped.

His dad slipped his tongue across Trent’s swollen clit and pressed rhythmically, while at the same time slipping two fingers into Trent’s opening. It was so strange being penetrated, so amazingly good to feel the fingers curling through his inner passage to land on the dimpled nub of his deepest pleasure, while Will’s tongue worked its way slowly over Trent’s clit. Trent grabbed his tits, the joy at owning this heavenly body combining with the heat winding through him. Trent’s body was already aching and now he shook, clenching his eyes tight, his breath coming in gasps that rose in pitch until his body crested and he came, thrusting up to his dad’s mouth as pleasure exploded through him.

The orgasm was tremendous and long. For a moment he felt disconnected from his body, at peace from the utter release, and then he was back down, the yearning lessening to a dull ache. But Will wasn’t done. He’d momentarily eased off on Trent’s pussy but the moment Trent came back down Will went back to his rhythm. Trent was instantly horny again, as if his dad had caught him and boosted him back up. The second orgasm was quicker, harder than the first, and he was almost looking at himself from outside his body, hearing his high-pitched gasps, watching his nubile body clench around his dad’s face, even as he felt every incredible sensation from the curl of his toes to his fingers digging into the soft skin of his breasts.

When it was done Trent was left breathless and trembling with aftershock. His dad dragged himself back up the pillow and stroked Trent’s body as he came down, both of them laughing shyly at each other like lovers. Trent didn’t want the night to end.



Trent woke as usual, kissed Will good morning and went to do his business in the bathroom. It wasn't until he was finishing up his makeup, his hands moving in their accustomed way after so many years of practice, that it hit him this wasn't "normal". And yet, everything *felt* normal. It felt normal to slip on a bra over his large breasts and panties over his taut ass, it felt normal to slide into a sundress that hugged his curves, and it felt normal to kiss his dad goodbye on the lips as Will ran out the door to work. Normal but without history. A routine without a past. He needed his mom's memories to fill in the blanks. Trent turned back to find his mom staring at him.

"Let's try to finish this game before I have to go to school," she said, taking up a seat on the floor.

Trent lowered himself onto the couch, crossing his legs as he did so before picking up his cards from in front of where his mom now sat. They'd traded spots easily and without remarking on it.

"It's your turn," Emily said, impatiently as she fiddled with her cards.

Trent took his time rolling and collecting his tokens, then sat and chewed on his plump lower lip as he pretended to mull over his choices. In truth, he wanted to stall and force Emily to go to school so he could spend the day in his delightful feminine form, going through his mom's routines in a body better than she'd ever owned. Trent placed down the card to make the thing his mom worried about bigger. She read it, and her expression went wide. She shifted in her seat, suddenly uncomfortable and pulling at her crotch, and Trent smiled as he guessed *exactly* what had just gotten bigger.

Trent picked up his next card, a defensive one: 'Change which player is affected by the last card'.

Emily grabbed the dice and tossed them, moving her piece and collecting her tokens. She played a card triumphantly: 'The one you want wants you back.'

"I don't want anyone," she said, "So that's a draw."

Emily drew her card. Trent rolled and played his next undo card on Emily's Elvis hair and he watched as it softened and shrank to his own wild haircut. The next card he drew seemed like a sign that the game *wanted* him to stay changed: 'Remember who you are now'.

Emily rolled but couldn't use a card. Trent played the 'Remember' card on his next turn. The effect was instant. Both he and Emily gasped and recoiled as memories of each other unspooled in their minds. Trent could remember his mom's life from her own perspective: being teased in high school, having her first period, losing her virginity in a tent in the woods, meeting Will, giving birth to Trent.

It was over in an instant. Trent's head cleared as if nothing had happened, and she was left looking down at her son. The disconnect she'd felt previously about her body was still there but more distant. There was something off but Trent couldn't quite put her finger on it.

Trent glanced at the clock. "Don't you have to go to school?"

"Oh, shit, yes," Emily said, jumping up and grabbing his backpack.

Trent kissed her son on the cheek affectionately before he took off out the door. Finally alone, Trent paced through the house. She had enough time before her morning yoga class to stop by the salon and pamper herself with a mani-pedi, choosing the cutest pink color to go with her dress.

She changed in the gym locker rooms, slipping into her skintight outfit. Tucking the yoga mat under her toned arm, she made her way down to the exercise rooms. She noticed the glances she got from a few of the guys and returned their looks with a shy smile. She loved her husband but being admired was nice, all the more so since the game had enhanced her breasts and given her the cutest, bounciest ass. She couldn't wait to get back to the game and see what else she would get.

Trent sensed the jealousy of the other women in the room when she entered. They envied her figure, the taut breasts and toned stomach she had even into middle age. When they asked her for her secret Trent just smiled enigmatically and said, "I play a lot of games."

The only thing odd was that whenever she looked in the mirror she had the sense that something wasn't quite right. Periodically there would be a fleeting glimpse of another life as a teenage guy. Her son perhaps. The game *did* say it had swapped their memories, but her memories as a woman and a mother were so complete, so definite, that it just didn't seem possible.

Trent pondered it over her afternoon coffee, sitting quietly in the kitchen and gazing out the window. Her son, Emily, appeared around the corner heading back to the house but before he could get there Sarah poked her head out of the house next door and bounced out to greet him. Trent couldn't hear what they were saying but could tell by Sarah's body language she was clearly flirting with him, touching him on the shoulder and standing too close. Apparently the one Emily wanted was Sarah, and now she wanted him back.

Trent's jaw dropped as she watched Sarah lead Emily back into the house. They were in there for some time before Emily came back outside alone. Trent imagined that he looked a little more relaxed, a little more confident. When he strode in through the door Trent was in the living room. She pretended not to have seen her son go over and have sex with the neighbor. That was his business.

"Want to finish this game before I put it away?" Trent asked.

Emily shrugged. "Sure, mom."

He tossed his backpack down and took his place on the floor. He rolled, moved and collected his tokens. Looking through his cards he smiled and tossed one down.

"I think I'll play this on myself," he blushed.

The card read: 'Your lover fits you perfectly'.

"Not so fast," Trent cried, playing the card to redirect the action to herself.

Trent felt that full body tingle again but noticed no other obvious effects. Though she did wonder how that would affect her sex life. She blushed as she imagined her husband's cock, her body eager to rush to warmth at the simple image in her mind. Mmm, maybe that's what that card did.

Trent was almost at the end of the board, and her last roll took her to the finish line.

"What happens now?" Trent asked.

Emily picked up the instructions and read them. "It says the winner gets to choose whether the changes are permanent or whether everyone reverts back."

Trent knew, deep down, that she had been a man once. That she'd been her own son. But her memories told her a different story. She had a killer body and a husband that fit her perfectly. That

was her life now, and no way was she going to give that up.

“Let’s make the changes permanent.”

“Good choice,” Emily agreed, with a huge grin, and Trent knew he was thinking about Sarah.

The full body tingle filled Trent again, and then it was gone, along with the last vestiges of Trent’s previous life. They cleaned up the board and Trent set about making dinner for her husband.

That evening, after dinner, Trent had showered and undressed, eager to try out her new desires with Will. She slipped into bed next to him and took his cheek in her hands.

“Hey, honey,” Will said, wiggling up into a sitting position.

“H-hi,” Trent said breathlessly, desire burning bright at just that simple touch.

She guided their lips together. Will tasted of spice and desire, and Trent allowed his warm tongue inside. She melted beneath her husband’s touch as their tongues met and tasted each other. Will’s hand slid across Trent’s cheek, tucking her brunette locks behind an ear before following the line of her neck down to her chest. The hand came to a rest on one of Trent’s taut young breasts. Still kissing, her husband caressed Trent’s tit, fingers groping the flesh lightly, wobbling it beneath his hand. Trent could feel her body responding, a warmth making itself felt between her legs and a rush of blood to her cheeks. This new youthfulness apparently also brought with it an eagerness to grow horny.

She came away from her husband with a little gasp, plump lips parted, hazel eyes staring deeply into Will’s, captivated by the desire she saw within. A desire for this body Trent inhabited. A deep lust Trent had never experienced before looked out from behind Will’s eyes, and the yearning echoed within Trent’s soft form. She wanted what he wanted. They fit together perfectly. Trent splayed her delicate fingers against Will’s broad chest as their tongues entwined again.

Her husband lay her back on the bed, her massive new tits flopping down onto her arms. Will lay half over her, suspending himself on one arm while he continued kissing, the weight of the rest of him pressing Trent delightfully down against the soft bed. It was the power within her husband’s body that Trent responded to, the solidity that was the opposite of Trent’s soft give. Will’s hand plucked carefully at Trent’s tit, fingers spread around her breast, squeezing and stroking around the circumference before lightly pinching the tiny pink nipple.

Trent sighed into her husband’s mouth, the pleasant feeling buzzing through her causing her to undulate her body, telegraphing her desire. The lust filled her, urged her on, made her yearn to fulfill her husband’s every need, to give herself to him. She wanted what he wanted, and he wanted to fuck her.

Will kissed his way across Trent’s cheek and down the nape of her neck. His hot breath sent chills across Trent’s body. Trent’s own hand came up to her breast to explore her transformed body. Her tits were so much bigger, perkier than they had been yesterday, and she took as much as she could in a hand and squeezed. Her husband’s lips landed on her other nipple and sucked gently, taking the nipple between his teeth and flicking it with his tongue. Each nip caused a shock of lust to cascade through Trent, building the warmth within her until the lust spilled from her lips in little moans. She couldn’t stay still. Her body wriggled and burned with desire, desperate for her husband’s touch.

Will moved from breast to breast, suckling, teasing Trent’s body into burning arousal. Trent slipped her hand between her legs, fingers landing on her moistness. She stroked up and down, enjoying the warm slickness of her pussy. *Her* pussy, such a delightful thought, such a delightful feeling. She teased herself while Will feasted on her bouncy tits, juggling them up and down, enjoying them as much as Trent herself had back when she was first a woman. With both hands Will squeezed them together and buried his head between her massive cleavage. Trent laughed to see her husband enjoy

her new body, a laugh that quickly became a gasp as Will dropped one breast to slide his fingers just inside Trent's wet opening. She was dripping wet and he penetrated her quickly, sliding in to her slippery opening and landing on her rubbery folds, thrusting gently once, twice, before pulling back out, leaving her breathless and aching for more.

Will's hands were all over her, exploring each curve, slipping beneath the tight buttocks to give a quick squeeze before kissing across Trent's plump little stomach and over her mound. Trent dragged a hand over her face, breathing deeply as her husband landed on her pussy, mouth open, hot breath pouring against Trent's sensitive opening, followed quickly by Will's tongue. Will slid up against Trent's clit and Trent moaned as a blast of heat exploded through her. Her husband's eyes were closed in delight as he tasted Trent's body, slick tongue pressing against Trent's most sensitive points, winding her body tighter with an incredible tension.

Trent exploded suddenly, gasping and clutching at the sheets as she bucked her hips towards her husband's mouth, the orgasm whiting out the world. The pleasure filled every inch of her body, a delightful rushing ecstasy that made her tremble.

It released her slowly but not entirely. Her body was so wound up and she whimpered as her husband climbed up her again. She could feel the hard cock dragging up her leg, aiming across her entrance. Will's weight was on her, pressing her down, his cockhead pressing harder against her welcoming slit. Trent parted for him, gasping and clutching at Will's back as Will drove inside. Each wonderful inch filled her, pressing against her canal, leaving her breathless.

In an instant Will was lodged deep inside and Trent kissed him madly, tasting her own pussy on her husband's lips as she wrapped her legs and arms around her husband, willing him deeper, *needing* him inside her lust filled body. Their bodies fit together perfectly, like two puzzle pieces slotting into place. The cock fit her like a glove, sliding up to gently tease her g-spot and send convulsions of ecstasy through her.

She was his, utterly and completely. She moaned as her husband thrust in long and slow, taking his time, filling his wife before pulling out. He made several short thrusts, teasing Trent, before driving in deep, repeating this motion until Trent couldn't stand it and she crushed her husband tight, begging him to fuck her harder, deeper.

Will obeyed, thrust faster, pounding Trent's glorious cunt as her cries rose in pitch, matched by Will's grunting until they came together in a thunderous world-pounding orgasm. Trent threw her head back into the pillow as her husband's hot heat filled her in bursts, the cock throbbing deep within her, jetting spurts of hot seed into her as she cried out, begging for more, her body exploding with pleasure. Will's hot breath gasped in her ear as he buried himself to the hilt inside her. Trent held her close until the last throb came and she was utterly full.

Will grew soft inside her for an instant and then, because Trent was still horny and Will now fit her desire, he grew hard. He resumed pumping and the pleasure escalated quickly. She gazed up at him, rapturous as he took long, slow strokes inside her. They held each other's gaze, lovers yearning for each other, perfect for each other. Will followed the rhythm of her body up, up, pumping deep and slow until Trent came in a crying, shuddering final orgasm. Will's cock plunged inside, so perfect, her canal gripping him tight as he fulfilled Trent's every physical desire.

When it was done, Trent released him with a sigh and he pulled out, dripping down Trent's thighs and leaving an aching emptiness between her legs. God, Trent loved how her husband could do this to her every night. Sometimes twice a night. Trent got up only to use the bathroom before returning to bed. Her husband spooned her from behind, his warmth pressing against Trent's backside, hand clutching one of Trent's breasts as they both fell asleep on the first night of the rest of their lives.

###

**Thank you!**

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