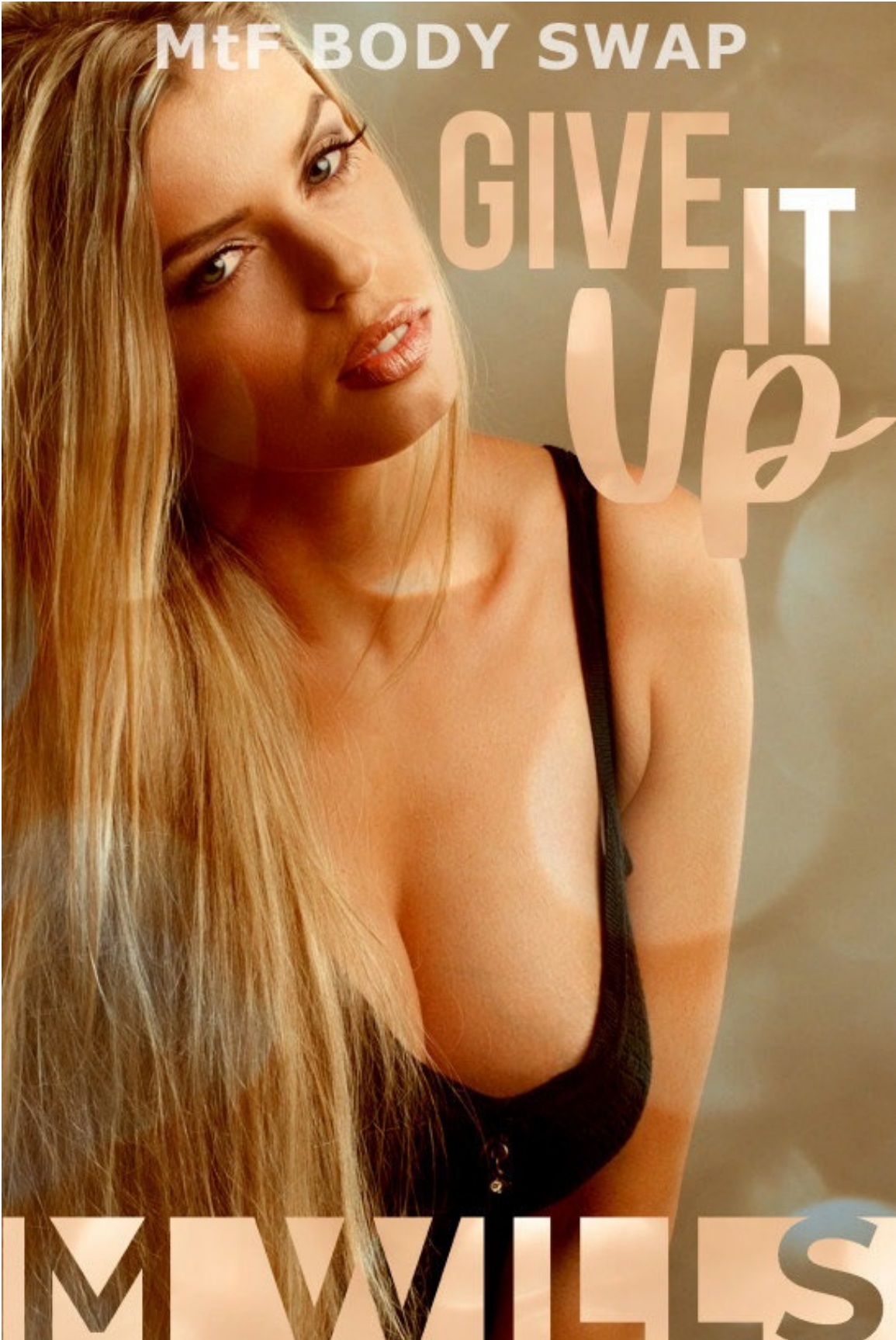


MtF BODY SWAP

GIVE IT
Up

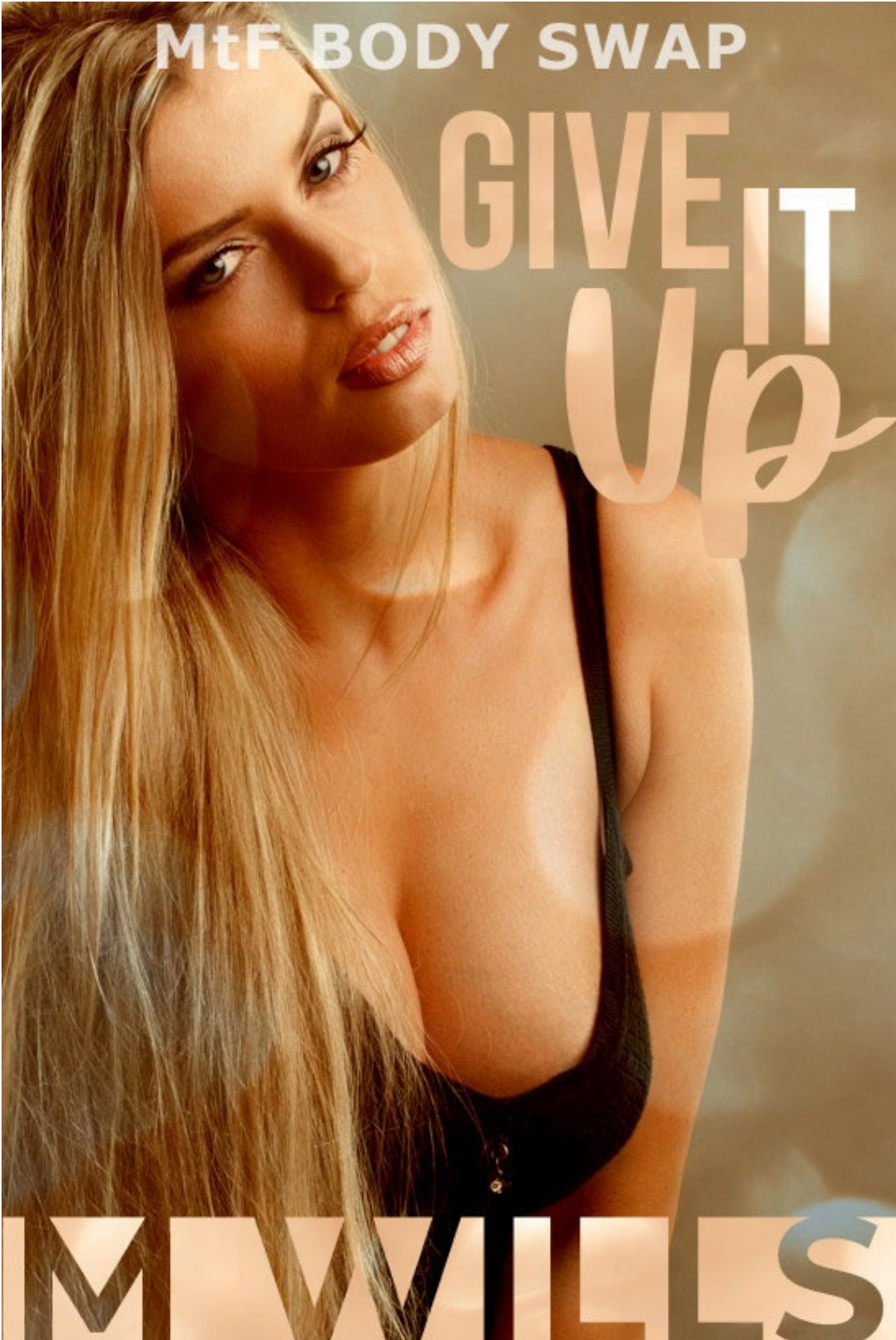
MILLS



MtF BODY SWAP

GIVE IT
Up

MWILLS



Give It Up

MtF Body Swap

by M. Wills

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Give It Up

Dan leaned his lanky frame against the white picket fence that lined his front yard and ran a hand along the bristly gray stubble rimming his cheeks. He had on his old jogging shorts and a worn t-shirt, but even at eight in the morning he was already starting to sweat. It was going to be another hot one. His neighbor, Ruby, stood on the other side of the fence, recounting the vacation she'd just been on with her boyfriend, Isaiah. As she spoke she twirled her house keys around one slim finger.

“Isaiah found this secluded little resort on the beach. It was incredible. The water was so clear.” She smiled, revealing a flash of brilliant white teeth. “We basically just ate some nice food, went down to the beach, slept in. Pretty much everything we don't do here!” She finished with an adorable giggle.

“Sounds nice,” Dan remarked. “I can't remember the last time I had a vacation. Probably back when I was still together with Mary.”

“You should go,” Ruby enthused, putting a hand lightly on Dan's shoulder. “They say not taking a vacation every year takes two years off your life.”

At her touch Dan's heartbeat raced, but it was more a reflex at being touched by a pretty woman than any intention on Dan's part.

Easy there, Dan chided himself, At 50 you're a little old to go after college girls,

especially ones you've known for years.

“Is that right?” Dan said, arching a bushy gray eyebrow.

“No, I just made it up. But it sounds good.” Ruby laughed again.

Ruby had a wonderful voice, warm and friendly. She also had a wonderful body. Her hair framed her face with gentle coffee colored waves. Her features were perfectly proportioned with slightly rounded cheeks and a delicate slope of a nose. Striking, jagged eyebrows arched over breathtakingly blue eyes. Today she wore a form fitting white tee shirt that clung to her bust and her trim stomach. Her breasts were front and center and, while they weren't huge, they appeared firm and perky. Cutoff jean shorts clasped an incredible ass, the shorts ending just above her smooth, golden thighs.

Dan couldn't help himself and his eyes flicked down her body as they talked. He felt like an old lech but he must have been surreptitious because Ruby didn't react. Was it his imagination or were Ruby's breasts noticeably larger than before?

“Anyway,” Ruby continued, “Thanks for looking after Barnaby while we were away.”

Barnaby was Ruby's cat and she pretty much looked after herself. Dan told her so and was rewarded with another one of Ruby's delightful laughs.

“Hey, how's the thesis going?” Dan asked.

Ruby puffed air out of her cheeks. “It's going. Believe it or not it's hard to get some of these more fundamentalist preachers to sit down for an interview with a woman, much less take me seriously when I do. They have this annoying habit of talking down to me as though I haven't been studying this for three fucking years.”

“Sounds rough,” Dan sympathized.

“Yeah, well...Isaiah said he could hook me up with a friend of a friend from his mosque. Of course, that means Isaiah has to stick around for the interview to 'ensure my purity is maintained'.” This last part was put in finger quotes.

“Do they think you're some sort of, I don't know, harlot who couldn't resist tempting them?”

“They think all women are like that, and they think it's their role to dominate while women are to stay home and make babies. There's this weird combination of fear and lust running through all their teachings.”

Ruby stretched her arms and arched her back. Watching her, Dan could appreciate the feelings of fear and lust that the holy men were so scared of.

“Honestly,” Ruby continued, “I'm surprised Isaiah still associates with those types of people. Though I guess...”

She trailed off, one finger to her lips in thought. Then she shook her head and snapped out of it. She opened her mouth to say something else but was interrupted by the creak of her front door opening behind her. Isaiah stepped out onto the porch. Isaiah's gray shirt stretched tight over his bulky chest. Dan had heard he'd used to be a linebacker and, seeing the thick muscular frame, he could believe it. Isaiah sported an immaculate goatee and his skin was a rich shade of caramel.

“Ruby, there you are,” his deep bass voice boomed pleasantly. “Come on in here.”

“Gotta go,” Ruby whispered to Dan, before turning and running up the steps, giddy and energetic as a schoolgirl.

Dan admired her energy and, to be honest, her ass, as she skipped away. Isaiah turned his penetrating brown eyes to Dan and Dan looked up guiltily, afraid he'd been caught staring at Ruby's perfect heart shaped rear.

But Isaiah just gave a slight wave and called out, “Thank you for watching her cat, my friend.”

“Any time,” Dan waved back.

Isaiah shut the door and Dan retreated back into his own house.

The next week was pretty typical for Dan: wake up, drive into the office, work all day at the paper company pushing papers, try to fit some time in the gym somewhere, then home and eventually to bed. He didn't see Ruby at all, which was slightly odd. Usually they at least waved to each other in passing when she headed out for her anthropology classes and he headed out for work. The next weekend Ruby's mail ended up in Dan's mailbox by mistake and Dan took the opportunity to go over for a visit.

After ringing the bell he heard heavy footsteps approaching the door. Isaiah opened the door and peered down at Dan. His bulky six foot five frame would have been intimidating if he hadn't had a huge grin on his face.

“Dan, my friend, how can I help you?”

Until this moment Dan was unaware that Isaiah had apparently moved in. Dan had been under the impression that Ruby was taking the relationship slow, but evidently she'd decided to speed things up.

“Some mail for Ruby ended up in my mailbox. Is she around?”

Isaiah hesitate for a fraction of a second. “No, but I will see that she gets it.”

He held out his huge hand and Dan handed him Ruby's letters. As he did so, Dan glanced behind Isaiah and into the house. At the far end of the hallway he saw Ruby, wearing long sleeve baggy clothes and a headscarf, despite the heat. It was

Ruby. Her dark eyes caught his and she silently shook her head before disappearing around the corner and out of sight.

“Have a good day,” Isaiah said, already closing the door.

Dan returned to his house with a sense of unease. Why would Isaiah lie about Ruby being home? Why did Ruby look so demure and, frankly, submissive? Curious now, Dan did an internet search for Domin8, the company on the return address of Ruby's letter. It turned out to be a company that specialized in dominatrix gear. Dan closed the website guiltily. What was he doing poking around in the life of a twenty year old? But still, something in Ruby and Isaiah's manners didn't sit right with him.

The next week, Dan kept his eye on Ruby's house whenever he was home, watching for Isaiah to leave the house. The opportunity came up on Wednesday when Dan's car wouldn't start. He was inside on the phone to his mechanic when he saw Isaiah heading out the door. Dan finished his call while peering out through the blinds, watching Isaiah settle his bulk into his car before driving away. After hanging up, Dan hurried over to Ruby's house.

He rang the bell but there was no answer so he rang again before knocking and calling out, “Ruby?”

There were lights on in the back of the house and he thought he could see movement at the far end of the hallway. Something strange was going on. He banged on the door, louder this time, calling her name again. Finally the door cracked opened and Dan took a step back. Ruby peered up at him looking meeker and more subdued than he'd ever seen her.

Her body was wrapped in billowy black clothes that obscured her figure. Her face was as beautiful as ever, the crystal blue eyes so clear and keen, and her hair was piled up in a tight bun. It was a far cry from the freewheeling college woman he was used to.

“Hi, Ruby, I just...” Dan faltered. He'd just what? Been worried her boyfriend had killed her? Facing her now, it was hard to articulate his concerns. “Just thought I'd check on you.”

She smiled. “I'm fine, Dan. Thank you. But I really shouldn't be talking to you.”

Her eyes were downcast and she made to close the door but Dan stopped her. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, I am. But Isaiah...” she faltered for a moment, “...doesn't want me talking to men alone.”

“What do you want?”

“I want to please him.”

It was such an odd thing to hear from this usually bubbly, independent woman. Dan was momentarily speechless. Ruby shifted slightly in the doorway, and the lecherous part of Dan saw her breasts swaying beneath the billowy fabric of her top. They were huge now, surely much bigger than before for him to see them so clearly beneath those baggy clothes. It was another strange mystery but one he

had no time for right now, worried as he was about her.

After a brief pause, Ruby continued on, but now her voice was quivering slightly:

“I don't know if I've made the right decision. What Isaiah says makes sense, and it makes me feel good. I've done so much for him and I don't want to hurt him, but...” She trailed off, then suddenly looked up at Dan, mesmerizing him with her sky blue eyes. “You can help me.”

She pushed open the door and took his hand in hers. Her skin was so warm, her fingers so soft and supple. “Will you help me, Dan?”

“Of course, Ruby.”

She smiled then. “Wonderful. I just need you.”

Dan was confused, but agreed. “Anything you need.”

A weight seemed to lift from her and she stood up straighter, tucking a strand of silky brunette hair beneath her headscarf. And now Dan could see that her breasts really were much bigger, tenting out the blouse and pushing it well away from her body, each breast nearly the size of her head.

“Thank you, Dan. Thank you. You'll enjoy this. We both will.”

She drew back and shut the door with an enigmatic smile, leaving Dan on the stoop, bewildered. He puzzled over the interaction for the rest of the day, but couldn't figure out what her strange words meant.

2

Dan awoke the next morning groggier than usual. He was curled up on his side on the bed, and as he blinked his eyes open he realized that he was in an unfamiliar bedroom. Directly in front of him was a cheap white bedside table with an equally cheap and cheerful lamp on top of it. A door across from him was closed, but from the crack beneath a ray of light shone out, and he heard the sound of a shower running.

Dan blinked and sat up on one elbow and for the first time noticed a heaviness on his chest. He pulled the covers down and his eyes nearly shot out of his head as he discovered he had breasts. They were huge and breathtakingly perfect, semi-hidden beneath a long pink nightie. The skin was smooth, each one a perfectly rounded slope nearly as big as his head. The strap of his nightie was askew, letting one heavy breast fall almost free, allowing him a glimpse of a strawberry pink areola, impossibly tiny against the vast breast. Flicking his eyes over to his hand that had pulled the cover aside he saw slender fingers, the nails polished a dark ruby red, the fingers petite and completely hairless.

Dan struggled to a full sitting position, his breasts wobbling heavily as he did so, knocking against each other. Brunette waves caressed his cheek and spilled down one shoulder. He took a lock in his transformed hand and held it up to his eyes. The hair was silky and smooth and smelled slightly fruity.

“What the fuck?” He murmured.

The voice that spilled from his lips wasn't his. It was higher pitched, a nice alto,

with a girlish charm. He knew that voice.

A mirror. He needed a mirror.

Dan glanced around the bedroom, taking in the matching white dressers and the open closet door, through which he could see hanging some men's shirts. There was a mirror in the corner, one of those full length antique ones that swiveled up and down. Dan slipped out of bed and hurried to the mirror. His body jiggled in strange new ways, tits swinging ponderously with each step. His whole center of gravity was off, and he was distracted by how divine his legs looked peeking out beneath the nightie.

He reached the mirror and angled it towards him, gasping as he saw himself for the first time. Ruby's reflection stared back at him from within the mirror, little mouth agape. The pink nightie fell down across her body, the two thin straps of the material caressing her shoulders and broadening out to—barely—cover her breasts. The sheer material clung lightly to the outlines of her tits, draping down them as a waterfall and ending mid-thigh. Ruby's sparkling blue eyes were wide with the shock that Dan felt. He brought his hands up to his face and watched Ruby in the mirror do the same. He pinched his cheeks, ran his fingers over his soft nose and over his chin, everywhere feeling Ruby's delicate features.

This can't be real. This can't be real. He repeated to himself, even as he continued to feel Ruby's unbelievably warm smooth skin beneath his fingertips. His arms were resting on his breasts and he dropped them in shock. It was Ruby all right, but the breasts were immense. Much bigger than Dan had ever seen on her or, frankly anyone outside of a porno. And they were real somehow. No silicone enhancement here. They were soft and jiggly and heavy, and looked almost out of proportion on the rest of her lean body.

As much as he was disturbed to suddenly find himself in her body, he was also curious and a little excited. Hadn't he wanted to see Ruby naked? And here was his chance. Enchanted, Dan turned to the side to admire his busty profile. Pinching the nightie between two fingers, he slowly lifted it up his ass, revealing perfect creamy thighs and Ruby's rounded butt cheeks. Fuck, her ass was as breathtaking as her tits. He held up the nightie with the one hand and ran his other across his butt, cupping himself, hardly able to believe that that beautiful bubble butt was his. That these breasts were his. That this gorgeous face – his.

The sudden silence from the shower turning off hit Dan like a sonic boom. He panicked, running back into bed and diving under the covers. He pulled them up to his chin and tried to think, but there was so much strangeness it was hard to form a coherent thought. This was impossible but it had happened. What should he do now?

Ruby, Dan thought, Maybe Ruby's in my body and is just as freaked out as I am.

There was a phone on the nightstand. Dan grabbed it and held it up, breathing a quick sigh of relief as it unlocked with his face. He started dialing his own number, but he was so nervous he couldn't remember it. All he could think was that the fingers dialing were not his own. The lungs he was using to breathe, the tongue in his mouth, the slip of a nose he could see in his peripheral vision, they all belonged to someone else.

The door to the bathroom opened up and, glancing over, Dan saw Isaiah standing naked in the doorway. His massive black body still sparkled with drops of water. His muscles were more pronounced than Dan had realized, his broad pecs and square shoulders nearly filling the doorway. Between his legs hung a thick cock, the base hidden beneath coarse black hair, the head bouncing jauntily against his thigh as he approached Dan.

“Morning, beautiful,” his bass voice rumbled through Dan's body.

Dan was frozen with indecision and fear as Isaiah gently took the phone from his hands and laid it back down on the bedside table. This close, Isaiah's cock swung over Dan's breasts. Dan didn't know whether it was objective reality or just viewing the world from his new tinier perspective, but Isaiah's cock looked huge.

Isaiah reached down and gently plucked the nightie strap, pulling it aside until Dan's breast tumbled out and lay across his arm. Isaiah looked at it greedily.

“Let's see if we can't bump those up one more size,” Isaiah grinned.

Dan didn't know what that meant but before he could react Isaiah leaned down and rested one meaty hand on the bed on the opposite side of Dan for balance as he leaned down for a kiss. Dan froze as Isaiah's lips met his. Isaiah smelled fresh and clean. His tongue probed Dan's lips. Quite without realizing what he was doing Dan opened his mouth and Isaiah's tongue slipped in. To his surprise, Dan didn't feel as unpleasant kissing a stranger so intimately as he expected. And a man, no less. There was something...normal about this.

Isiah pulled away only long enough to straddle Dan, settling a knee on each side of his body and suspending his bulk above Dan's body. His cock rested on Dan's stomach, warm and twitching every now and then as Isaiah gently grabbed Dan's breasts in each hand. His hands were huge, but even then Dan's breasts were slightly bigger than a handful. Isaiah stroked and squeezed them gently, staring down at Dan's tits from above him.

Dan had no idea how to react as this gentle giant fondled his breasts. The

physical sensation was delightful, as was the desire in Isaiah's eyes as he enjoyed his girlfriend's tits. Dan watched his new body as Isaiah gently grabbed big handfuls of tit and squeezed before running his fingers over and under and around Dan's breasts. Dan felt pleasantly tingly, his nipples rising to twin spikes that Isaiah gently tweaked between his thumb and forefinger, sending little electric shocks through Dan's body. A sigh escaped Dan's lips and his legs grew fidgety, his thighs warm. Without thinking, Dan slid a hand down his body and between his legs—Isaiah lifting up to allow him access—and his fingers landed on the soft fuzz of Ruby's pussy.

Isaiah's cock rested on Dan's hand as Dan's fingers explored his new opening by touch. The little pussy lips felt strangely loose and, dipping a finger in, Dan discovered he was already moist. Fuck, he was touching Ruby's pussy, slipping inside those gentle warm lips and stroking her rubbery folds. But her pussy was his now. He could feel every motion of his finger against his sensitive folds, each slight touch magnified a hundred times into a delightful warming sensation. Isaiah continued to stroke Dan's tits, growing rougher now, pinching the nipple and pulling it up slightly only to let it go and watch it snap back into place, sending little waves across Dan's massive breast.

Dan dipped two fingers inside himself now, stroking up and down the little slit he now possessed, pressing harder into himself, up and down, up and down, until he found the little swell of his bud and pleasure called to him. Oh Christ he was wet, his new pussy already slippery with desire. Dan stroked his clit in tiny circular motions, each time growing the beautiful anticipation within him.

Isaiah's cock rose, growing harder, longer, appearing in Dan's line of sight even beneath his massive breasts. The cockhead was huge and glistening with precum. Dan was pinned beneath Isaiah. He couldn't move if he wanted to and, strangely, a part of him didn't want to. It wasn't just the anticipation of release filling him, nor just the delightful tension rising, ready to explode through him. There was, tucked away, an alien feeling that he needed to please this man.

Isaiah separated Dan's breasts with his hands and slid his cock in between them before bringing them together again and thrusting up slowly through his pillowy cleavage, fucking Dan's tits slowly. The cock was hot between Dan's breasts, tunneling up, the tip appearing at the very top. Isaiah slid in and out carefully, spreading wet, sticky pre-cum across Dan's chest. Dan's fingers continued to work his little bud, circling faster, harder as his body cried out for more. Isaiah grunted happily, fucking Dan's tits as Dan fingered himself. Christ, he was so wet, so ready to explode, and then he did, an invisible force blinding him with pleasure. The orgasm was sudden and intense, filling his entire body with sharp delight. He wiggled and cried out beneath Isaiah. And hearing Ruby's little "Oh!" of desire escape his lips made him even hornier.

For the first time in his life, after an orgasm Dan needed to cum again. And quick. His fingers slid deeper inside, gliding into the slick wetness, needing to fuck this tight body. His clit was on fire and he stroked harder, more urgently. Above him, Isaiah moved faster, gritting his teeth and grunting as he plunged his cock between Dan's tits. Dan put his free hand on his tit, helping Isaiah push them together, begging him on with Ruby's soft pleas. Watching Ruby get tit fucked was turning him on as much as anything. The tension crested through Dan, quicker this time, and just as he was about to cum Isaiah pulled back and gripped his dick, stroking himself above Dan's chest.

Dan came hard just as Isaiah did, the cock throbbing between his fingers and exploding onto Dan's chest. Hot cum splashed onto Dan's tits and his face as Isaiah aimed his cock up and down his busty girlfriend. Dan gasped as he was drenched with cum, but couldn't stop the orgasm as it exploded through him. He opened his mouth to cry out and tasted Isaiah's hot seed jet onto his tongue, salty and creamy. Dan swallowed it without thinking, his body caught in the throes of ecstasy. Dan's hand fingered his pussy, driving the orgasm through him, as his other gripped his own fat tit, fingers now wet and sticky with Isaiah's seed.

He was breathless and warm when the orgasm finally left him. Isaiah was staring down at him, a crooked grin on his broad face. Dan followed his gaze, one hand still on his tit, and his jaw dropped open as he actually saw his breasts grow. They pushed out slightly and he could feel them against his hand, gaining another cup size, becoming broader, the skin still so warm and creamy smooth, now smothered in Isaiah's cum.

“These are the perfect size, no?” Isaiah grinned.

He kissed Dan's little nose and pushed off him. Dan sat up in bed, staring at the breasts hanging from his chest which were, amazingly, even bigger than before, now bigger than his head, like two basketballs, and spattered with drips of cum. What the fuck was going on?

3

Isaiah sauntered to the closet, pausing briefly to look back at Dan. “I would like two eggs, fried, with some toast this morning.” On Dan's look of incomprehension Isaiah added: “Oh, right, your outfit.”

Isaiah walked into the closet and Dan could hear him flicking through the clothes hangers. He returned a minute later and lay a pale blue dress on the bed. It was long sleeve and simple with no design, just some patterned stitching around the seams.

“There you are, my love. For when you are clean and presentable.”

Isaiah clearly expected something of Dan, so he nodded and stood, walking to the bathroom door with a quick look back to see Isaiah admiring his ass. Dan shut the bathroom door behind him and turned to the mirror. Rose's beautiful body greeted him, her hair disheveled, her cheeks flushed from the orgasms. Dan stared down at his breasts, which were glistening with streaks of Isaiah's cum, and undoubtedly larger than they'd been mere minutes ago. He hefted them in his hands. Fuck, they were heavy.

Dan turned on the shower and stepped in, scrubbing his body vigorously, trying to focus on the task of getting his body clean and not get distracted by Rose's delightful jiggling form beneath his fingers as he lathered himself down, stroking his body from head to toe. When he was done he stepped out and dried himself before trying to tie a towel around his top. But he was too busty. In the end he gave up and tied the towel around his midsection, covering Ruby's enticing

triangle of silken hair.

He'd picked up a jar and was dabbing the makeup base over his face when he realized what he was doing. He'd gone on autopilot, his body knowing exactly what to do and how to make himself pretty. If he concentrated, the knowledge evaporated and he was once again looking at a bathroom cupboard filled with makeup bottles and jars and brushes that did God knew what. So Dan thought about what he'd discovered about Ruby's life so far as his hands reached for bottles and he dabbed and powdered and curled himself to perfection.

Ruby and Isaiah evidently had some sort of domination thing going on, relatively new based on what Isaiah had said and what Dan knew about Ruby. She'd been an ebullient, outgoing college woman unashamed at flaunting her body, and had transformed into a meeker, more conservative woman who, apparently, dressed pretty for her boyfriend and made him breakfast.

Oh, and the whole magical growing breasts thing.

It was odd that Ruby hadn't tried to contact him yet. His alarm usually went off early so she should be up. Maybe she was done freaking out and waiting for Isaiah to leave? Or maybe she wasn't freaking out at all.

Dan capped the last brush and set it down, with no more impulse to reach for any more. And no wonder. The face looking back at him from the mirror was radiant and perfect. The kind of woman Dan would ache to touch. Only now that he could, he rather thought he'd re-word that desire.

Returning to the bedroom, Dan passed Isaiah who was finishing up his tie. Isaiah

gave Dan's rear a little pat as he passed. Dan jumped and blushed, hurrying on to what he assumed was Ruby's dresser. Opening up the top drawer he found an array of panties and bras. Searching through Ruby's delicates felt oddly intrusive, but he discovered something peculiar. She had a handful of bras with the cup size gradually increasing. He pulled out the biggest one he could find and slid his arms through the straps before reaching around and connecting the snaps. The move felt instinctual, much like his experience with the makeup. Evidently he'd gained Ruby's habits. The bra was followed by the panties, before he slipped into the blue dress.

It was modest and loose fitting, covering his entire body down to the ankles, but cut to his bust. But his breasts were definitely front and center, billowing out in front of him. Or maybe Dan only felt that way because he'd never had breasts before. He didn't have time to consider that before he thought he'd better head downstairs to the kitchen.

He found the pans and the ingredients through trial and error, concentrating too much on the strange sensations of his body to let the instincts come to him. By the time Dan had finished making the eggs and toast, Isiah was sitting at the table, his tablet in his hand, flipping through the news. Isaiah's button down shirt stretched across his broad chest, and the tablet look small in his huge hand. Dan meekly set the eggs in front of Isaiah, who looked up at him and smiled in a way that made Dan melt.

“Thank you, gorgeous.”

Dan turned away, scared that Isaiah might see him blushing. What the fuck was happening here? It wasn't enough that he was in Ruby's body, now he had her instincts and her feelings as well? Dan busied himself cleaning in the kitchen as Isaiah ate. When Isaiah was done he pushed his plate away and stood.

“Are you going to class today?” Isaiah asked.

It sounded casual enough but there was a dangerous undertone Dan couldn't identify. He nodded, meekly, taking a guess at what Ruby would do. Isaiah sighed.

“Very well. But I expect you home to make dinner,” he admonished Dan, before giving him a kiss on the cheek and heading out the door.

Dan followed him to the porch and watched him get in the car and drive away before rushing over to his old house. He had to hold his dress up to stop it swishing annoyingly against the ground. He rang the doorbell repeatedly until at last he heard footsteps. The door soon opened and Dan was left looking up at his old body. It was shaved and combed and dressed in a clean pressed shirt and slacks.

“Hi, Dan,” his body said before Dan could say anything, “You're probably wondering what's going on. Has Isaiah left?”

Christ, it was weird hearing his voice and seeing his body move quite outside of his control. Like some sort of fucked up video recording he never remembered making.

“What's happening, Ruby?” Dan said, his voice quivering. God, he hated how his emotions were so obvious.

“Come on in,” she said, standing aside.

Dan entered, aware of how much taller Ruby was in his body, aware of how the subtle differences from his smaller stature changed his perception of everything. She closed the door behind him and gestured down the hallway, but Dan stopped and looked up at her.

“Did you do this?” He demanded.

Ruby bit her lip, then nodded. “Things with Isaiah were just moving so fast and you offered to help and I...” She stopped and collected herself. “I guess I’ll start at the beginning. Come on, let’s go have seat.”

Ruby made some coffee in the kitchen, Dan watching as she smoothly made her way around, as if she had full knowledge of where everything was. They sat on Dan’s couch in the living room and Ruby explained how she’d met Isaiah through her anthropology studies when a professor had put her in contact with someone with connections to one of the more conservative mosques. As she’d delved deeper into her studies, and fallen deeper in love with Isaiah, she didn’t think it too much of a leap to become the subservient woman he believed she should be.

“Only, it was going so far, so fast. Isaiah believes women are supposed to stay home and make babies and serve their husbands and I...I don’t know, I’ve been reading up on religion and biology, and the arguments and maybe they’re right? Anyway, I just needed a break to clear my head. But I didn’t want to hurt Isaiah so I thought, maybe someone else could be me for a little while. Plus, I thought it would be interesting having the perspective of a white man.” She paused to take a sip of her coffee.

“Okay, but how did you actually do it? The magic, or whatever.”

Dan peered over his cup, critiquing his old body from a new perspective. He looked a little older, the wrinkles more pronounced, the thinning hair more obvious. He didn't miss the lack of energy, the perpetual feeling of tiredness.

“Yeah, magic,” Ruby said, not meeting his eyes. “I found this spell book a while ago and Isaiah and I have been dabbling in magic.”

“But magic isn't real.” He insisted.

She cocked her head at him and he looked down at the busty body he now inhabited, which was proof that magic very much was real. “Okay,” he conceded the unspoken point. “Wait. Isaiah knows about you using magic?”

“Not about the swap but he knows about...some of it.” Her eyes flicked down to his chest and she reddened.

“What? What's this? You know about...this,” Dan gestured to the huge breasts, which even now bounced at every slight motion.

“I thought it would please him. And it did.”

“They grew bigger this morning,” Dan said.

“Oh. Uh.” Ruby cleared her throat. Dan had never seen his former self look so embarrassed. “You see...the magic makes them...grow a cup size when...Isaiah cums on your chest.”

“How big will they grow?”

“Theoretically, I guess there's no upper limit as long as he keeps activating the spell.” She drank another sip of coffee, avoiding his eyes once more.

They sat in uncomfortable silence as Dan realized Ruby knew what he and Isaiah had been up to that morning. Dan finally broke the silence, waving everything away. “Okay. Look. Fine. Whatever. Just swap us back.”

Dan expected some excuse and was preparing to overcome any argument, so he was startled when Ruby said simply: “Not yet.”

“Not yet?”

She shrugged. “No. I've always been interested in how others view the world. This is a unique chance. You go live my life, earn my Masters degree, and then we'll talk.”

“Earn your Masters?” Dan spluttered, “That could take months.”

“It could,” Ruby agreed, “Especially if you keep missing your tutorials.”

Dan put down his coffee cup with a start as a sudden realization hit him: He had to get to class. This mingling of their memories had to be part of the spell but Dan didn't have time to dwell on it. He hurried down the hallway.

Ruby chased after him with a final warning. “I expect you to act like me. No telling Isaiah about the swap. You're the dutiful wife and I have ways of checking up on you.”

Dan paused at the door, glancing back at her. She was smirking, confident. Dan wanted to rage against her but she had all the power. All he could do was try to push through this time as fast as he could. Grabbing the car keys from his house, he ran out to his car and drove to campus.

He operated on instinct, finding the parking lot and hiking across campus to the classroom where his tutorial group was meeting. He ducked inside and grabbed a seat at a nearby table with three other women just as the teaching assistant put up the first slide with the topic for the class: gender roles in traditional religious societies. After a brief introduction on the day's text, the assistant let them loose to discuss around their individual tables.

One of the women at Dan's table—a blonde with dangling hoop earrings—started off with a broadside. “Clearly, the religious interpreters on this passage are either terrified of women or just plain angry. A woman is supposed to just stay home and make babies? Come on.”

The other two women at the table nodded in agreement, but Dan found himself on the opposite end of the argument. “It's just saying that there are two basic roles in any union: husband and wife, boss and employee, captain and crew. And society relies on those inherent roles for balance.”

“So all women everywhere are to stay home and make babies or else society breaks down?” The blonde challenged him.

“Not necessarily But if a woman is going out into the workplace she's competing with men who are necessarily better. So to expect a woman--”

“Better?” One of the others interrupted, aghast. “I've worked for a lot of men who wouldn't know their ass from their elbow.”

“Well...” Dan shifted uncomfortably. How had he taken this side of the argument? And more importantly, why did he find himself believing it? Was this body swap spell doing more to Dan than Ruby had let on?

“If that's what you think then what are you even doing here?” The blonde asked. “Isn't it a contradiction to say the woman's place is at home while you're going to college to earn a degree?”

Dan had no answer to that. None that he could share, anyway. As he sat at the table, doubting his own thoughts, he tried to retreat to a place of calm and was surprised to find himself thinking of Isaiah. Isaiah would protect him. Isaiah needed him as much as he needed Isaiah, surely. How could anyone be expected

to have both their work life conquered and their home life organized on their own? If only he could explain that to these women, but he was too busy holding back sudden tears.

He stayed relatively silent for the rest of the lecture and took off as soon as he could, hurrying back across campus his little butt swaying, massive breasts bobbing. He ignored the occasional catcall or the leer of an approaching student as he sought the safety of his car.

4

Dan felt some relief in cooking dinner for Isaiah. As he moved about the kitchen pulling out ingredients, readying the stove, flipping through the cookbook, the tension of going to class melted out of him. It wasn't that he was being mind controlled by the magic and forced to make dinner, it was that making dinner seemed calming and familiar. It was the difference between fighting his natural instincts and going with his body. The stress of the day left him, replaced with an almost giddy anticipation. This was where he was supposed to be and what he was supposed to be doing. Making dinner for his husband, serving the master of the house. He knew it intrinsically and theoretically. The teachings he'd been studying seemed more and more correct and it was only right and proper that he should be subservient to Isaiah.

As he flitted happily about the kitchen, Dan reminded himself this was temporary. Just through this semester. If he worked hard he could have Ruby's thesis done in a matter of weeks. Her notes were spread across the desk in the spare room, it was just a matter of putting them together and doing another interview or two. He could live as her for a few weeks. Between classes and writing he'd certainly have plenty of opportunities to explore her exquisite body and, really, didn't he deserve that pleasure as compensation for this forced switch? He took comfort in the fact that his desires were still his own enough to become aroused at the sight of Ruby's body moving beneath him, and as he made dinner he reached up every now and then to stroke his gigantic breasts, humming softly to himself in his girlish voice.

Dan was just pulling the chicken and mushroom pie out of the oven when Isaiah came home. Dan set the tray on the oven to cool and, before he could do anything else, Isaiah wrapped him up from behind, his oak tree arms holding Dan tight as he pulled Dan's soft body back against his hard one. Isaiah kissed him on the cheek and nuzzled Dan's hair. Dan froze, shocked and slightly

aroused at the heavy hands gripping his tits.

“Hey, baby,” Isaiah whispered in Dan's ear.

His hot breath on Dan's cheek sent a little thrill through Ruby's body. One massive paw still on Dan's chest, the other hand slid down his waist and cupped Dan's ass.

“Why don't we let dinner cool down a little bit so I can heat you up?”

Dan trembled, unsure. He didn't want to do anything with Isaiah but Ruby could be watching him. Would she think he wasn't acting like her if he refused Isaiah's advances? And if she had the power to swap their bodies, what other powers could she have? And, at the back of his mind...did he really not want to do anything with Isaiah?

In the end, Dan's decision was made for him. Isaiah evidently took his silence for assent because he scooped up Dan in both arms. Dan squealed, clinging to Isaiah's neck, feeling helpless and tiny as the huge man carried him upstairs before laying him gently on the bed. Isaiah leaned over him, holding his vast bulk up over Dan on two solid arms as they kissed. Isaiah's breath was hot on Dan's lips, the kisses light at first, growing heavier as he grew aroused. He leaned on one arm so that the other could reach up and squeeze one of Dan's tits, slowly but firmly. They were so big now that Isaiah couldn't get his hand over the whole thing. And, God, they were sensitive to Isaiah's touch. Isaiah squeezed until Dan's body was just verging on the edge of pain and as he opened his mouth to moan Isaiah's tongue snaked inside.

Dan felt small and helpless as Isaiah's tongue explored his mouth while his hand explored Dan's tits. Despite his trepidation, Dan felt his traitorous body responding to Isaiah's touch. A warmth spread up from between his legs and he relaxed into it, sucking on Isaiah's tongue almost subconsciously as the little waves of pain joined with the ember of pleasure.

Isaiah pulled away suddenly and stood.

“Get naked,” he ordered, crossing to the closet and rummaging through one of the dresser drawers.

Dan didn't feel he had a choice. He stripped the dress off over his head, sweeping his long, coffee brown hair out of his eyes before unclasping his bra. The sweet relief of his breasts being freed to bounce down his stomach was short lived as Isaiah turned around, handcuffs, ropes, a ball gag and what looked like tiny clamps in his hand. His eyes lingered on Dan's tremendous breasts and Dan looked down, hands clasped together, avoiding Isaiah's eyes, feeling somehow even more naked beneath his gaze. What the fuck was Isaiah planning?

Isaiah tossed his items onto the bed and returned to Dan, slipping one hand across his lower back and pressing his hard body against Dan's soft one once more. He kissed the tip of Dan's nose, then his lips, as his other hand slipped through Dan's long hair and pressed their faces together. Dan felt fingers on his tits again, gripping lightly. Isaiah lifted a breast and lowered his mouth to kiss it, lips and tongue exploring Dan's sensitive breast. Dan's breath hitched in his throat as Isaiah gently bit one nipple. Fuck, that felt nice.

Isaiah moved back and forth between Dan's breasts and Dan watched him, watched his own tremendous breasts jiggle back and forth, the nipples spiking out to sharp points. It was incredibly arousing watching this strong black man

stroke and kiss Ruby's huge breasts, even more so knowing the breasts were his, feeling the physical pleasure pouring through his body.

Isaiah gently lay Dan down on the bed and peeled off his panties. Then he walked around to the headboard. Dan watched him, his entire body exposed and vulnerable and, despite himself, growing moist. He could feel the little lips of his pussy sliding together as he wiggled his ass. A strange anticipation was growing in his body, a desperation for more.

Isaiah grabbed a set of handcuffs and took one of Dan's hands.

“No,” Dan whimpered.

“Yes,” Isaiah responded, apparently thinking Dan's hesitance was part of their role play.

He cuffed one of Dan's hands to the post of the headboard, then did the same to the other one before moving down to Dan's feet. With the length of silky rope he quickly and expertly tied Dan's legs to the foot board. He was so strong that he easily overcame Dan's meek resistance. Now Dan was naked, spread eagle on the bed. His body was stretched out beneath him, huge breasts pooling beneath his arms, the nipples still aflame with desire. He could see his pussy now, the lips slightly unfurled.

Isaiah picked up the ball gag and came for Dan's face. Dan tried to dodge but Isaiah grabbed his head and held him still, forcing the red rubber gag into his mouth before tying it around Dan's head. Then Isaiah picked up one of the small clamps and knelt over Dan. He grabbed one of Dan's tits in his hand, squeezing

it up into a soft mound. He pinched Dan's nipple between thumb and forefinger. Dan whimpered as a beautiful spike of pain burst through him. Then Isaiah clamped the metal clamp around Dan's nipple. This time the pain was more intense and didn't let up. Dan wriggled against the ropes, gasping in Ruby's tiny voice around the gag. Fuck, his little nipple was so sensitive and the pain was exquisite. His body wanted this even as his mind rebelled.

Isaiah crossed the bed and grabbed Dan's other tit. Again the pinch of the nipple, again the clamp. Dan buckled and groaned, straining against the straps, eyes clenched shut. The constant, sharp pain of the clamps sent an electric charge through him. He twisted, his body sweating even as he felt himself growing wetter. This little body enjoyed pain, and Dan was stuck in it, his cries muffled by the gag. His breathing was fast and heavy. He opened his eyes to see Isaiah grinning down at him, undressing slowly while Dan writhed in beautiful pain.

Isaiah dropped his clothes to the floor, his beautiful black cock already erect, the swollen cockhead glistening with pre-cum. He advanced on Dan, throwing a leg over his midsection and straddling his body, pinching and squeezing, fingers digging into Dan's soft flesh as his warm cock rested on Dan's stomach. He grabbed Dan's huge breasts, jiggling them while staring down, entranced.

“You like these big titties?” Isaiah groaned. “I sure do.”

He squeezed them together and let them bounce down. Each jiggle was blessed agony for Dan, the sharp pain mingling with the wetness between his legs. The anticipation stretched his body taut like a guitar string, each pluck of his breasts another musical melody of pain and pleasure singing through him. Dan groaned again behind the gag, clenching his eyes tight.

Fingers found their way between his legs, landing on his slick wetness, releasing

a little of the tension in a slight orgasm. Christ, he was so wet, he could feel Isaiah's fingers sliding easily into his tight little pussy, stroking up and down, rubbing him with one hand while the other played with Dan's tits. Isaiah's fingers slid in and out of Dan's wet canal, steady and deep, growing in a rhythm to match Dan's body until he suddenly came. The pleasure ripped through him and he lifted his waist, straining against the bonds as he groaned long and low, caught in the throes of ecstasy. The pain lifted him ever higher, his entire body alight with orgasm and he felt so perfect, so blissfully beautiful, delighting as much from physical pleasure as at the thought of owning these tits, this pussy, and enjoying their pleasure.

He came down, still breathing hard, soaking in sweat. His pussy was dripping, the wet spot pooling on the bed beneath his perfect ass. Isaiah slid his fingers out of Dan's pussy, leaving an aching emptiness.

“My turn,” Isaiah smiled. “Should I cum on these juicy tits? Make them bigger?”

Dan shook his head furiously, sending his entire body jiggling. No, he couldn't handle them any bigger. They were already too much.

Isaiah chuckled knowingly. “It's either that or you suck my dick.”

Dan closed his eyes and nodded reluctantly. Isaiah untied the gag and tossed it aside before lovingly stroking the hair from Dan's sweaty face. He changed positions, climbing up so his cock was right in Dan's face. Dan opened his mouth and Isaiah pressed forward, the head of the cock sliding in between Dan's soft lips. The thick black cock felt even bigger in Dan's mouth and he struggled to open his jaw as wide as possible, leaning up on the pillows so he could swallow Isaiah's dick. The salty taste of pre-cum hit Dan's tongue as Isaiah's cock filled him, pressing up against the roof of his mouth to the back of his throat.

Dan gagged and Isaiah pulled back slightly. When Dan had himself under control Isaiah thrust gently back in. Dan's tongue undulated against the bottom of Isaiah's shaft, somehow knowing exactly how to suck this dick. All the time his aching nipples burned with bright pleasurable pain.

Isaiah grabbed a handful of Dan's hair tight and began thrusting in, fucking Dan's face. Dan was helpless, struggling to suck on the cock in his mouth as he strained against the ropes. Maybe it was the residual pleasure, but it felt so good to be used, the tangy taste of dick so delicious between his plump lips. He sucked ferociously, lips concave with effort. Isaiah grunted above him, sliding in deeper, forcing Dan to take more of the shaft into his mouth.

“Yeah, suck my dick, you little bitch,” Isaiah moaned.

Dan grunted around the cock in his mouth, his body filled with a pleasure he didn't understand but desperately yearned to continue. Isaiah thrust faster, deeper, and then Dan felt the dick throb in his mouth as Isaiah grunted and exploded into him. Hot, warm cum filled Dan's mouth and he swallowed in greedy gulps so he wouldn't choke, forced to drink down every drop of cum as Isaiah emptied himself into Ruby's lips. Dan hated that it tasted so good, hated his body for cumming again as he swallowed his boyfriend's cum, hated the jiggle feeling of his tits, the pain that made everything so much more intense and pleasurable even as he enjoyed another of Ruby's orgasms.

When Isaiah was done he pulled out. Little dribbles of cum fell down Dan's chin and he gazed up at Isaiah, his body suddenly calm and sated. Isaiah stroked his cheek and then set about freeing him.

5

Dinner was a subdued affair. Dan listened to Isaiah talk about his day, a pleasant smile on his lips. He nodded and replied as appropriate, keeping his head down, subservient to Isaiah, fully understanding the power of pain and pleasure Isaiah had over his new body. He served Isaiah drinks and cleaned up, eager to jump to Isaiah's every command.

Even so, Dan was relieved when he woke up the next morning and Isaiah didn't demand another blowjob. Dan got up and showered, putting on his makeup again. Ruby's face in the mirror didn't seem so unusual today. He was getting used to seeing her enigmatic smile, moving in her exquisite body. As Dan was strapping his breasts into a bra, Isaiah handed him a box.

“Put this on and leave it on,” he commanded, slapping Dan's ass gently.

In the box was a slim vibrator, designed to be worn beneath panties. It was broad and flat with a slight nub that rested up against the hood of Dan's clit when he adjusted it in his panties, putting it on without questioning. When he was fully dressed—today in a flowing, high cut white dress that strained against his breasts—he turned to Isaiah.

“How does it—oh!” He jumped lightly at a sudden vibration and looked up to find Isaiah fiddling with his phone.

“I can control it with this.” He gestured with the phone, before moving forward, wrapping Dan up in his arms.

The vibration was still going on lightly in Dan's panties, a pleasant sensation but not orgasmic. Not yet, anyway. Isaiah reached down between Dan's legs and patted his pussy.

“This pussy is mine,” he said, “You're not to touch it until I get home.”

Easy enough, thought Dan. But how would he even know?

Dan nodded and Isaiah flicked off the vibrator.

That morning continued just as the one before. Dan made breakfast and saw Isaiah off to work. This time, instead of going over to his old house, he went into the study and began sifting through Ruby's notes. As he wrote up an outline he was surprised to see that his own handwriting now mimicked the girly, flowing script of Ruby, and the notes he read were not entirely unfamiliar. He could do this. Just get it down as fast as possible so he could get his body back.

There were two things slowing him down. The first were his tits. They were huge and unwieldy, even with the bra, and he constantly had to shift and hold his notes up so he could read them. The second thing were the creeping doubts. Should he even be doing this? Wasn't studying for the men? Surely, there was housework he could be doing.

Dan struggled to push these thoughts off. They were Ruby's. Not his. Dan should be studying. He should be a white male executive.

An hour into the session the soft vibrations started up between his thighs. They were comfortable but not distracting at first, like a gentle massage, relaxing him. But then the intensity increased, the vibrator bumping up to a higher setting. Dan wiggled in his seat, his body growing beyond relaxed. His cheeks were flushed and he sat up, fanning his face with his hand. He was definitely growing aroused now, little thoughts beginning to creep into his mind about touching this body, just burning off the pleasure so he could concentrate. He slowly started to pull up his dress, but then Isaiah's command echoed in his head. Dan wasn't to touch himself. Would Isaiah know if he disobeyed? Would Ruby know?

As suddenly as the vibrations started, they stopped. Dan released his breath and let his dress fall back to the floor. He settled back into study mode as his body cooled down. He'd begun forming an outline when the vibrations started again, on a higher level from the start this time. Dan tried to ignore it, but gradually his typing slowed as the call from the vibrator became more insistent. A pleasant warmth was working its way up through him and he sat back in his chair, hands coming up to fondle his wonderful tits. Christ, they were fun to wobble, and he pulled the neck of his dress up to peek down into the valley of his cleavage, admiring the swell of his breasts.

The vibrations weren't stopping and Dan wiggled his ass back and forth, one hand sliding down between his legs, stroking once before pulling away. It felt so nice, but he had his orders. He gripped the edge of the desk and stared at the screen but he couldn't concentrate, couldn't even finish a sentence, distracted by the pulse between his legs. He could feel his little pussy growing moist, could imagine the lips sliding open, parted by a finger or a cock, thrusting inside until...he bit his lower lip and sighed.

It took all the strength he had to push himself away from the desk and stand. No.

He couldn't give in to these feelings. He'd just take the vibrator out and...a sudden pulse sent Dan staggering against the door on weak legs, his tits swaying heavily as he clutched the wall for support. Oh, goddamn his body was on fire with need. Then the vibrations suddenly stopped. Dan pushed his silky hair back out of his face. He needed some air. Maybe he could find Ruby, convince her this was all wrong. Dammit, he couldn't just sit here and pretend everything was normal.

Hurrying over to his old house, he knocked on the door, unsure whether Ruby would even be at home. He would normally be at work. To his surprise and relief, the door opened and his former body looked out at him, a wry smile on its face.

“Please, Ruby,” he said, in a voice that suddenly seemed too meek, “You need to swap us back.”

“Tougher being a woman than you thought, huh?” Ruby said, sympathetically.

Dan nodded.

“It's funny, though,” Ruby continued, “Because I'm finding it easier to be a white man than I thought. I can't remember the last time I went out for a walk without someone whistling at me. And, hell, your work called a couple times today and they just did whatever I suggested. I guess, this body swap spell also gave each of us some memories.”

Dan, who'd already figured that out, looked up, shocked. “How could you not know that?”

She rolled her eyes. “Honey, I didn't know everything about the spell.” She covered her mouth with her hand, as if shocked. “I'm sorry. That was condescending.” She mused to herself: “There's an anthropology question for you: am I acting more superior because I've become a man, or because I've become you?”

Dan opened his mouth to speak when the vibrations in his panties started up again. No. Fuck. No not now. He clapped his legs together as surreptitiously as he could.

“I'm worried the spell is changing us too much and we'll never be able to change back,” Dan managed to say.

“It's okay, don't even worry. If I ever want to change back I just say the spell backwards.”

“If?” Dan asked, the vibrations creeping through him again, creating the welcome itch deep inside.

“When, I mean. When you've done my work and I've had a little more time as you. This opens whole new doors for my gender and religion studies. Can you imagine what I'd be able to see being able to swap into anyone?”

“Now, Ruby...” Dan swallowed, his mouth suddenly watering as his body burned so unbearably bright with pleasure, a desperate itch that needed to be scratched. He leaned against the railing of the porch to steady himself as the vibrations

bumped up another notch. Surely Ruby could hear that buzzing by now? As he moved he could feel his panties. They were soaking wet. Dan glanced down, pretending to smooth his dress but really checking to make sure there was no visible wet spot. It was like every sensation was multiplied, the feel of his hands on his thighs, the sway of his breasts, the pressure of the railing on his taut ass as he shifted.

“Fine.” Dan gave up, not trusting himself to keep the erotic quaver out of his voice if he said anything else.

He turned and walked slowly and awkwardly back home. Only when he got inside and closed the door did he finally release the sigh that had been building up inside him. He heard his phone ding in the study. Picking it up he saw it was a reminder that he was to meet with his tutor. No way. Not like this. He emailed to cancel and sat back down at his desk, hoping he could throw himself into the thesis and block out the urgent desire in his body, the yearning to touch himself, to free the tension threatening to explode within him. But his husband had given him orders, and he needed to please him. That was Dan's job in life.

The vibrator stayed on for the rest of the day, leaving Dan dripping down his thighs. His panties were soaking wet. He paused many times as he prepped Isaiah's dinner to get his body under control. A small orgasm hit him as he was peeling potatoes and he leaned on the counter, pressing his pussy up against the counter until it passed, crying out in a strangled moan.

He heard the front door opening and hurried down the hallway. He launched himself into Isaiah's arms the moment he came through the door. Isaiah laughed and dropped his briefcase, wrapping his arms around Dan as Dan wrapped his legs around Isaiah, kissing him forcefully, undulating his body against Isaiah.

“Fuck me,” Dan begged between kisses, “Fuck me now.” He was desperate for release and he didn't care how he got it.

Isaiah laughed a rumbling laugh and set Dan down, then yanked up his dress and spun him around. Dan fell off balance and landed on the stairs, his little rear up in the air, his tits hanging swaying beneath him, so round and heavy and full. Isaiah flipped Dan's dress up and dropped his own pants. Dan turned to see Isaiah's big, black cock, already erect and aiming towards his rear.

Isaiah pulled aside Dan's soaking wet panties and aimed his cockhead at Dan's slick opening. The head pressed against Dan's pussy and he felt his lips parting. There was a brief pressure, and then Isaiah slipped inside him. Dan gasped and quivered as Isaiah's cock filled his tiny cunt, the huge shaft squeezing against the walls of Dan's pussy. Christ, he was so wet there was little resistance, but still Isaiah's thick cock swelled Dan's slick canal. He arched his back, bent over on the staircase as Isaiah thrust deep inside, until his thick cock lodged up against Dan's center and his groin rested against Dan's ass. Dan was so full, but his body wasn't yet satisfied.

Dan scrabbled with his bra with one hand, yanking it down until his tit popped out. He took it in his hands and pushed it up to his lips, suckling his own warm skin while Isaiah began thrusting long and slow. The thick cock picked up a rhythm, filling and releasing as Dan gently nipped at his nipple, enjoying the touch the feel, the taste of Ruby's body, his to enjoy as his husband fucked him from behind. He continued suckling his sensitive tit as the cock slipped easily through his wet folds.

Isaiah picked up the rhythm, his two thick hands gripping Dan's ass as he plunged into Dan's wet canal, grunting on each thrust. Now he was pounding Dan's ass, Dan's free tit bouncing back and forth as his entire body jiggled with the force of Isaiah's thrusts. A hand twisted through Dan's wavy hair and yanked his head back. Dan rose into the air, the cock still gliding in and out of his pussy.

It was so beautifully, wonderfully painful as his husband took him hard and fast, using his little body for his own pleasure. Dan gasped as the tension snapped within him, cumming hard, the pent up orgasm blasting through him and he cried out in a high pitched voice “Oh, yes, oh, god!”

Isaiah fucked him hard, holding him aloft as Dan gripped his own tits, squeezing painfully, aiding Isaiah in the wonderful torture of this exquisite body. Isaiah slammed in deep and Dan felt the cock spasm in his pussy. Suddenly he was being filled with spurts of hot cum. He could feel his cunt filling, could feel the jizz throbbing inside him, making him more full than he'd ever felt before. He ached with desire and came again as his boyfriend emptied himself into Dan's tight little pussy. Dan moaned and clutching at his breasts, squeezing himself beneath delicate fingers, driving the desire through him as they came together.

When they were finished, Dan reached back and clutched Isaiah to him, never wanting the perfect cock inside him to leave, wanting only to be desired and filled as a reward for obeying. The thoughts of leaving were dimmed, almost gone. It felt right to have this body, to be subservient to this man. It was as if finally having sex with Isaiah had unleashed the full cascade of Ruby's emotions and memories, overwhelming his own. He was a woman entirely and forever. He was Ruby, like he was always meant to be.

Epilogue

The memories of Dan's old life lingered like a dream as he moved through his new life. He would see Ruby through the window as she went to his job, confident and successful in her body. Dan spent his days cleaning the house and doting on Isaiah. He'd withdrawn from Ruby's classes, believing it unbecoming of a married woman to seek an education. Especially one in his position.

Dan rubbed his belly, round and swelling with child. All his service to Isaiah hadn't been in vain because now he was pregnant, already dreaming up names. But still, every day he rushed to be home when Isaiah came in the door, offering up his new body for both of their pleasure, Dan willing to let Isaiah make his breasts as big as they needed to be. Anything to be rewarded with his husband's big, black cock.

#

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.

Yes, I do commissions! You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for more info and pricing, plus weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

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M

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If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

[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 snooty 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.

Leading Her On

Through a freak accident, Zach somehow finds himself stuck in the body of Charlotte, his adorable upstairs neighbor. He learns to control her and finds that his desires are becoming hers, and he can make her do everything he's always wanted.

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