

# **Got It Going On**

*M2F Body Swap*

by M. Wills

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I let myself into my girlfriend's house using the spare key her family kept under a fake rock in the backyard. The back door through to their dining room usually stuck and I jiggled the handle a little until the door swung open with a sudden thunk. My girlfriend, Stacy, was standing in the middle of the room, her phone to her ear. She hurried toward me when she saw me in the doorway. I smiled and was about to greet her when she clamped a hand over my mouth. Her tiny fingers were warm, and from the smell of clovers and sage on her skin I could tell she'd been practicing her magic while her parents were out.

“Yes, *mom*,” Stacy said into the phone as she stared at me, emphasizing the second word for my benefit. “No, that was me letting the cat out.”

I nodded and she removed her hand. She hurried away from me into the living room while I quietly took a seat at the dining room table and listened to Stacy's end of the conversation as she spoke to her stepmom.

“Casserole's in the fridge...yep, yep...forty minutes, three fifty degrees. It'll be fine mom.” Long pause wherein I could hear Stacy sigh dramatically. “Of course I don't have any boys over. Geez...okay...okay...love you, too.”

Stacy returned to the dining room.

“No boys over, huh?” I grinned, standing and slipping my hand around her svelte waist.

She stood on tiptoe and draped her arms over my shoulders. “You're not a boy, Anthony. You're a man.”

I stroked her soft cheek with a thumb as she gazed up at me adoringly. Her black pixie haircut was slightly mussed and I stared into her incredible huge, light blue eyes, which were spaced a little wide apart. Her broad nose had a slight crook, and her fair-skinned face was adorably heart shaped, narrowing to a pointy chin. She was pretty in an unusual sort of way, not stunning but she was mine. Hell, I wasn't really a looker myself. Tall and gangly with a weak chin. But none of that mattered to us.

She kissed me and I breathed her in, letting my tongue play across her thin lips as my hands skated across her back.

She pulled away and patted my chest. “Want some food?”

“Always.”

She skipped to the kitchen and I followed behind her, watching her little butt. That was my favorite part of her. Stacy was otherwise thin and with no figure to speak of. I knew it was a source of embarrassment—and often a target of her magic. Her stepmom, Celeste, was a French woman with buoyant breasts and wide hips who carried herself with exquisite grace. She had the sharp cheekbones, and soft nose and lips of a perfume model. Stacy's dad, Jim, was a muscular Texan, bald and heavyset, who was extremely informal and laid back. Stacy was like neither of them. A thin, almost shapeless woman, which fit her tomboy personality.

Stacy opened the fridge and pulled out a few containers of leftovers, dumping them on the counter for me to look through. I chose the coq au vin—her mom made killer coq au vin—and she spooned some onto a plate before heating it in the microwave.

“Drink?” Stacy asked, leaning on the counter and smiling.

She was being strangely subservient today. Usually she just led me to the kitchen and told me to help myself. “Uh, sure,” I said, “Ginger ale?”

“Coming right up,” she pirouetted and pulled out a chilled can from the fridge.

She handed it to me as the microwave went off. She took the plate out and ushered me back into the dining room. We sat together at the dining table and I ate as we chatted about nothing in particular. She had an air of expectation about her, as if she was working up to something. When I finished, she took my plate and cleaned it, dried it and put it away so her mom wouldn't be suspicious of the dirty dishes. Then she took me by the hand and led me to her room up on the second floor and through the hall of her family's split level ranch house.

On the face of it, Stacy's room appeared to be that of a typical, if eclectic, high school senior: clothes strewn about the floor, walls covered with posters of boy bands and the periodic table and ironic motivational posters, bed sheets in a green and pink floral pattern, a bookcase with a hodgepodge of books and a framed picture of Stacy feeding the lions at the zoo with her mom (Stacy's mom wearing a low cut dress that drew my eye to her huge, perfect bosom), a crooked dresser with a pink bra strap poking out of the top drawer, a collection of pretty rocks, dried mushrooms sitting next to a microscope. But hidden within it all was evidence of Stacy's experiments with magic. The pretty rocks included some crystals with magical properties, the mushrooms were rare specimens collected at a specific time and place as specified in the spell book, which itself was haphazardly tossed onto her desk along with some books from class. And, my personal favorite and one of the few successful spells, the chintzy looking brass amulet hanging by a frayed green ribbon on one of the posts on her headboard.

Stacy's parents knew she'd been practicing magic, they just weren't aware how experienced she'd become. Both Jim and Celeste had dabbled in wizardry but had forbidden Stacy from doing the same until she could apprentice beneath an experienced magic user. Those were getting harder and harder to find these days, so her parents had locked up the spell book. Stacy had picked the lock on the hidden cabinet in her parents' closet within a few days (after studying up on lock picking techniques on the internet). My girlfriend was nothing if not persistent! Leafing through the unimaginably powerful spells, it was hard to believe that her mom had given up magic in order to be a secretary at a dental clinic. Though maybe the problem lay in the difficulty in mastering magic and the unintended side effects of getting it wrong.

Together Stacy and I had tried out many spells, starting with the easy ones and gradually moving up to the more advanced levels. The spells she'd cast were all temporary, usually only lasting for hours or a day at the most. Permanent spells were more difficult and, at any rate, she wasn't sure enough in her practice to commit to something that could never be undone. Most of the spells we were interested in revolved around changes to a person's physical appearance. We both knew that we weren't conventionally attractive, and had used the spells to change our appearance, intending to acquire bigger arms, skinnier tummies, prettier faces. Thankfully, all the changes were temporary because none were quite what we'd intended.

The spell for bigger arms, for instance, had left me with freakishly long arms that dragged on the ground as I walked. That spell only lasted a few minutes, unlike the spell intended to tighten Stacy's stomach which, for a few hours, had left her with a glaring vacuum where her stomach should have been, sucking in stray bits of paper or clothing or her pet bird or anything that got too close until it suddenly closed just as quickly as we'd summoned it. In fact, the only bit of magic that had

worked as intended was the brass amulet.

I made a beeline for the amulet but Stacy caught my hand. “Hold on a second. I found a new spell.” She smiled charmingly, a sure sign she was about to make a big request.

“Oh no,” I shook my head.

“Come on, you don't even know what it is. We can do the amulet after. Promise.”

I looked over at the amulet, remembering the delights it held in store. Whenever one of us touched it, the other would be filled with an intense and all-consuming physical attraction. Any flaws would be wiped away, and the subject of the amulet would see only perfection in the person touching it. The subject would be filled with an overpowering intimate desire for amulet bearer, a willingness to do anything for that person just to be near them, to touch them, to kiss them. Physical pleasure with the amulet wearer would be magnified one hundred fold.

Stacy and I usually took turns having the most incredible, awe-inspiring orgasms of our lives, as the amulet would make each of us into the perfect lover for the other. It was the most powerful magic Stacy had yet created, and we'd been careful to use it wisely. As a safeguard, the spell infused into the amulet was linked only to the two of us. It wouldn't work if anyone else touched it. It was our hidden secret.

“What's this new spell?” I asked wearily.

Stacy sat on the bed and motioned for me to sit beside her. “It's a body swap spell. You and me.”

“What? No. What?”

“Come on,” she grabbed my hand before I could get up. “Look at me.” She spread her arms and gestured down to her nearly flat chest and slim figure. “You'll hardly notice.”

“Well then what's the point?”

She rolled her eyes. “Because *I'm* curious. Look--”

She scooted across the bed and reached out to grab the spell book off the desk, her black top slipping up her midsection as she did so and flashing me a glimpse of her trim pink skin. From this angle, with her back arched and her two tiny breasts clasped by her black top, she looked incredible. I loved the way she moved, so gracefully and catlike, but I didn't want to *be* her.

She grabbed the book and pulled it into her lap, flipping through a few pages to find the spell. “It seems pretty simple.”

“So did the spell that was supposed to change my hair color and I ended up having the head of a tabby cat for two hours.”

She giggled. “I figured out what I did wrong there, though. This will be really cool. It will only last for a day and--”

“A day? I'd go out in public? To school as a *girl*? No way.”

“It'll be fun. You'll get to see what it's like to be me and I'll get to see what it's like for you.” She twined her fingers through mine. “We'd be so close. We'd understand each other more than anyone else on earth. We'd be as close as two people could ever hope to be. I can't imagine anything more intimate than being in your body.”

I brought her fingers to my lips and kissed them. I did love Stacy, but could I be a woman for a day? I glanced down at her body. She seemed to understand what I was thinking because she sat back and let me look. She was very tomboyish so I shouldn't have too much trouble dealing with her body. I

wouldn't have to worry about big breasts or big hips. It would be practically the same as my body now, just a little shorter. And with a little less between the legs. She wanted it so much I hated to disappoint her.

"Fine," I mumbled.

"Hooray!" She launched herself into my arms and kissed me all over as I laughed and swatted her away playfully.

She ran around the room collecting the ingredients, then swept the brick a brace off her rug and flipped it aside. With a permanent marker she copied a complicated diagram from the spell book onto the hardwood floor. Then she set out candles and incense at specific points around the symbol before tossing together various ingredients into a small cauldron. The ingredients boiled and bubbled despite the absence of any apparent heat source until the room smelled of middle eastern spices. Finally she had us sit down cross legged across from each other, with me on the end of the symbol facing her bookshelf.

"Drink this and clear your mind," Stacy instructed, sipping from the cauldron and then passing it to me.

The mixture smelled exotic and made my tongue tingle as I sipped.

"Now we have to focus our energies together and concentrate. Look into my eyes. Think about being me."

I did as I was told, staring into her wide brown eyes and trying to keep out the unwanted thoughts. My body felt strangely light, my head oddly heavy. There was some sort of shifting, more sensed than actually felt. I thought about being Stacy. Thought about becoming her. My body grew ever lighter, like I was sloughing off my skin, and I guess at that point my eyes flicked to the photo behind Stacy, the one with her and her mom at the zoo. At that moment my entire body lurched and the room flipped.

In one blink I went from sitting in Stacy's bedroom to sitting in front of a computer in a small office that smelled of antiseptic sterility. I was looking at a computer screen displaying some sort of patient record, my hands resting on the keyboard. Only they weren't my hands. The knuckles were hairless, the skin a warm ivory color, the fingers slender and dainty, the nails gentle round curves. But that was nothing compared to what greeted me when my gaze shifted to my chest. I'd swapped bodies all right. This body was wearing a conservative black top with two mountainous breasts straining against the fabric. The neckline was cut high but from my new vantage point behind this woman's eyes I could look right down the top into the pillowy cleavage held firmly in place by a simple bra. I couldn't even see the rest of my body my breasts were so big.

I gasped and drew back from the computer, my hands coming to my lips at the sound of my new voice. My lips were soft and felt waxy, running my tongue along them nervously I tasted beeswax. My lips were soft and pillowy, the skin so silky smooth.

There was another woman—a sallow faced brunette—sitting at the desk opposite me. She paused and looked up at me from behind a mountain of manila envelopes.

“Are you okay, Celeste?” She asked.

I opened and closed my mouth a few times. Fuck. Celeste. Stacy's mom. That's who I was. I figured as much, but there's figuring and then there's knowing. I'd reluctantly planned to be a tomboyish girl for a day but instead had become a hell of a woman. I think I'd even masturbated to thoughts of Celeste once or twice. My cheeks flushed at the memory. I was inhabiting the body of this sexy French bombshell now.

“I need to...go to ze toilet.” I said, my airy, lilting voice retaining Celeste's slight French accent.

I pushed myself to my feet, wobbling as I adjusted to my new weight distribution. My hips felt massive, my ass so much plumper than I was used to. And everything jiggled at each step. I started moving towards the only door out of reception, my wide thighs swishing against each other, my tits driving me to distraction with their hypnotic bouncing. As I walked down the hall I was assaulted by a hundred new sensations from my fatter wiggling butt, to the hair tickling my neck, to the way my tongue seemed to sit in an unfamiliar mouth, to the taste of Celeste's honey lip gloss.

I followed the signs down to the toilet and threw open the door, turning to stare into the mirror. The face of Celeste gazed back at me. I was no longer a gangly teen. I'd become a hot French mom with an innocent face, wide baby blue eyes, and a body to die for. All the best parts of Stacy plus some. Celeste was thick in the hips, and with huge swaying tits that hung from my chest, drawing my eye. I was a picture of motherly beauty.

I had to touch myself, both to see if this was real and because I'd always wanted to touch Celeste. I grabbed a breast in each hand and squeezed. They were more than handful. Firm and bouncy and oh god this was real. I dropped them suddenly and they bounced back into position, held tight by what I could only imagine was a massive bra.

I brought my hand to my lips in confusion and backed away from the mirror until my fatter butt hit

the wall behind me. In the mirror Celeste looked terrified, little mouth in an 'o' of surprise, eyes wide with fright. I was breathing fast, my immense chest rising and falling. I had to get hold of myself.

I forced myself to close my eyes and take deep breaths, in through my nose—Celeste's nose, oh god I was breathing through her nose—out through my mouth—my girlfriend's mom's mouth, her tongue and teeth. After about thirty seconds I'd gotten myself back under control. I opened my eyes. Celeste's cute face blinked back at me from the mirror.

This was real. This was happening.

Okay. I was Celeste. Now what? Well, I sure as hell wasn't going to stay here in the office for the rest of the day. I had to get back to Stacy's house so she could swap us back. Jesus, she was probably freaking out right now. Her *mom* was probably freaking out right now. Not only did Stacy lie about having a boy over, her mom was now in that boy's body thanks to some unauthorized magic!

I washed my hands and splashed some water onto my face, trying to cool down the sudden rush of heat at the realization that I now owned this female body for the time being. I tried to focus but it was hard to ignore the different contours of my features beneath my fingers. When I finished I patted my face dry and returned to reception. If Celeste was anything like my mom, she carried a huge purse with all her keys in it. It wasn't on the floor beneath her computer so I leaned down and began going through her drawers. Celeste's pendulous tits swung beneath my nose and I moved into a squat. Her purse was in the bottom drawer Hauling it up I turned to the other woman in the reception area.

“I em so sor-ry. I have a family emergency. Can you cover for me, sil vous plait?” Where had that French vocabulary even come from? No time for that now.

The other woman nodded and I ambled out the door and down the two flights of stairs to the ground, my body jiggling and moving in delightfully strange ways the entire time. I clicked Celeste's key fob over and over, wandering the parking lot until the sound of her car alarm alerted me to the location of her car. I threw the purse inside and sat heavily in the driver's seat. Jesus, everything I did in this body was heavy. Using Celeste's map on her phone I drove back to her house, making sure to go exactly the speed limit. The last thing I wanted to do was get pulled over or arrested in this body.

I pulled into Stacy's driveway and hauled my curvy body out of the car. Stacy opened the front door before I could get there, her hand over her mouth.

“Oh my god, Anthony, I am so sorry,” she said, moving forward to hug me after a brief pause.

It was nice having my girlfriend hug me, but my tremendous breasts were being squashed against her and it just made me completely self-conscious. I pulled away and wiped my eyes.

“My mom is totally pissed,” she continued, “As you can imagine. Come on in.”

My former body was standing in the hallway, hands on hips. Celeste turned my own glare on me. I guess she'd already gone through the stage of disbelief and was on anger heading towards acceptance.

“Hi misses Arturo. Sorry about zis,” I indicated down to her body.

“Oh we've already discussed it,” Celeste growled as Stacy sighed. “And Stacy is going to be thoroughly punished. But first we need to get through the next twenty four hours as each other.”

Man it was weird seeing my body with someone else's mannerisms and hearing my voice from outside my own head. Was I always that skinny and did I always sound so nasally?

“Dad is going to be pissed,” Stacy muttered.

Celeste turned to her. “Your dad is not to know. You know how he feels about underage magic.”

“So, what?” Stacy retorted, “We're just going to pretend Anthony is you?”

“Exactly. Do you have a better solution?”

“We could try to magic you back?”

Celeste glared at her. “Two black magics don't make a white. Safer to let the spell wear off on its own. You don't want to make it permanent.”

“Wait,” I said, “So that means I have to stay here? As...you?”

My former body nodded. “Stacy will help you pretend to be me. Obviously you're calling in sick tomorrow. Now you have to tell me about your classes.”

We sat at the dining room table and I tried not to fidget with Celeste's body while she was watching but it was hard. I was intensely interested in all these new physical sensations. How do women not play with their tits all the time? I guess they don't have the minds of horny guys. I managed to give Celeste the rundown of my life without embarrassing myself, and then she told me what to do about dinner and work tomorrow.

“The spell will automatically revert you both back tomorrow night,” Stacy concluded, “You just have to fake it 'til then.”

After talking a little bit longer I told Celeste she had to get home so my parents wouldn't be suspicious. She kissed Stacy goodbye and then headed out the door to my car, which I'd parked a little further down the street.

When Celeste had left us alone I asked Stacy if we could go up to her room to talk. It was more comfortable there, and also I had a lingering fear that her mom would return or her dad would show up unexpectedly.

“How does it feel to have boobs?” Stacy asked once we were seated next to each other on her bed.

“Weird. Heavy. And I also have zis French accent.” What other attributes of Celeste had I retained?

“Can I touch them?”

I looked at her, aghast. “They are your mama's.”

She shrugged. “Yeah, but I'm curious and you're here and so...”

She let the sentence hang in the air. Finally I nodded, because I was curious, too. “Ok.”

She poked my chest tentatively, sending my breasts jiggling. She tried to heft them but apparently couldn't get a good gauge through my bra and my top.

“Take your top off,” she suggested.

“What?”

“Look, we're just two girls here having girl talk. I'll show you mine if it will make you more comfortable.”

“...okay.”

Stacy stripped off her top and her bra, revealing her tiny titties, not much more than mosquito bites. I wished I had them. They'd be a lot easier to adjust to than the massive mountains hanging from my

chest.

“Your turn,” she said.

I peeled off my top and then struggled with my bra until Stacy had me turn around. I held Celeste's silky blonde hair up while Stacy unclasped the bra, then I shrugged out of it and my breasts tumbled free. God, it felt good to get them out of that bra. I looked down at my new tits, my eyes tracing the round curves, the tiny hints of stretch marks. My little pouch of a tummy hung down beneath. God, if Celeste had done this to me when I was in my own body I would have exploded with excitement. As it was I was just overwhelmed.

Stacy grabbed my tits suddenly and hefted them, feeling the weight as they spilled from her fingers. “Whoa.”

“Oui, no kidding,” I agreed.

Her delicate warm hands felt nice on my tits. My apple red nipples were so sensitive as Stacy stroked them, gazing at them with a look of curiosity. She wasn't trying to turn me on but it was happening anyway. Seeing Stacy stroke another woman's tits—her *mom's* tits—feeling my new naked skin, seeing this chesty woman topless from behind her own eyes, was making me warm between my thighs.

Stacy laughed. “Oh my god, no wonder she gets back ache.”

“Stop,” I said, pushing her hands away, suddenly sensitive to her remarks about this body I was stuck in. Like it or not it was mine for the next day, and I already felt a sense of ownership about it.

“I was just saying,” she said.

“Well don't.” I covered my tits with an arm and scooted back from her to lean against the headboard of her bed. Something cold and metallic pressed against my shoulder and an immediate change came over Stacy.

Her laughter and curiosity were gone, replaced with a heavy lidded look of lust. Stacy crawled towards me suddenly, her warm body pressing against mine inch by inch until she was draped fully on top of me, our bodies touching head to toe. She kissed my lips as her hand wandered down to stroke the top of my breasts. Her kiss was urgent and needy, pressing against my lips until I opened up and she slipped her tongue inside. I tasted her, sucking on her warm tongue as she explored the contours of her mom's mouth, our bodies pressed together, breath mingling.

I pulled away. “Stacy, what--?”

“I don't know, but I need you so much right now.”

I had a sudden thought and looked behind me, saw the ribbon of the amulet of desire hanging from the bedpost, disappearing behind my back. That was the cold metal on my shoulder. And our linked desires were evidently tied to our minds, not our bodies. Which meant Stacy desperately wanted to satisfy me even while I was in her mom's body.

Stacy kissed me again, the urgency of her body palpable. Her hands roamed across my form, pinching and squeezing my skin. It was delightful and I let her caress me, the warmth deep inside me growing more urgent as her tongue filled my mouth. I raised my hand to Stacy's tiny tits, stroking them with my gentle fingers and she sighed into my mouth as she returned the favor, gently grabbing a breast, teasing the nipple with tongue and forefinger.

She pulled away and leaned down to suck my plump nipple into her mouth. I hissed air from between my teeth as she nipped my nipple, the slight pain doubling the pleasure roiling my body. Her other hand never stopped squeezing my other breast. She fondled and suckled, moving from tit

to tit, leaving each one warm and shining with her saliva as she pleased her own mom's body. I knew it was wrong, knew I should pull away, but it felt so good. Watching her pleasure her mom, feeling her lips on those tits, seeing this stacked body bounce and move as I felt myself growing moist. I needed more.

And then she was tugging at my pants. I wiggled out of them as she dragged them down my legs. Each time I shifted my weight I could feel my fat butt cheeks squishing beneath me. And then I was staring down at Celeste's gorgeous bare legs. The thighs were slightly meaty but smooth, the calves shapely. I wiggled my toes, watching these perfect dainty things move under my command, enjoying the feel of fully inhabiting this sexy body.

Then Stacy slipped her fingers beneath my pale pink panties and rolled them down my legs. I looked down at Celeste's pussy—*my* pussy—for the first time, admiring the neatly trimmed bush, the little triangle of curly blonde hair pointing to my entrance. Stacy kissed her way up one calf, up my thigh and across my opening. I shuddered as her hot breath landed on my slit. She passed over, kissing her way down the other leg. Up and down she went, moving slowly, teasing me into a burning state of arousal. When at last she placed her mouth over my pussy and slid her tongue inside to taste my clit I moaned with relief. She lapped slowly, licking her mom's pussy, eyes closed in ecstasy like it was the most delicious thing she'd ever tasted. I brought both hands to Celeste's tits and squeezed them hard, making them expand out beneath my touch. They were plump but firm and so fun to bounce and play with. I watched down my new body, watched as I made Celeste's hands stroke her tits, watched Stacy between my legs, tongue thrusting into my rapidly wetting cunt, her eyes closed with desire.

Stacy slid her tongue deeper inside her mom's pussy, taking long, luxurious licks of her slick folds. God, I could feel every slick inch of her tongue. There was this strange combination of an inner tension even as my pussy lips grew looser, opening for Stacy's probing tongue until she pressed hard against my clit and I came, crying out in Celeste's strangled voice, hands clasping both my tits as my body shook. “Mon dieu!” I cried in my airy French accent. My entire body convulsed with delight, a long, slow pleasure that whited out all other thoughts. The orgasm careened through me, seeming to last forever as my body grew intermittently taut and loose, Stacy never stopping her gentle licks. The pleasure filled my body from head to toe, letting me come back down slowly.

When I was done I looked down at Stacy. She was looking up at me, her chin resting on her mom's pussy, her cheeks shiny with my juices. She crawled up me once again and kissed me. I tasted Celeste's deliciously musky cunt, sliding my tongue into Stacy's mouth to gather the taste of myself and drink it down. At last Stacy stood. I leaned forward to get dressed again and Stacy's eyes went wide. This time it was shock as I ceased contact with the amulet, accidentally breaking the lust spell.

“Oh, god,” she gasped, her hands coming up to her face in disgust. “What did you make me to do? That was my mom's body.”

“I did not...eet was an accident,” I cried. But was it? I could have stopped it at any time but I let her go, enjoying my own pleasure too much.

“Oh, Jesus, I just...” she stuck out her tongue, and I knew the taste of her mom's pussy was still in her mouth. “Get the fuck out.”

“Where do I--?”

“I don't care!” She screamed, picking up Celeste's clothes and tossing them at me.

I grabbed my clothes and heaved myself to my feet, hurrying out the door. My body jiggled, my ass wiggled back and forth as I hurried downstairs. I got dressed in the living room, back in Celeste's work clothes—blouse, black pants—but without the bra because my hands were shaking too much.

Stacy had followed me downstairs and was berating me. I tried to argue with her but she wasn't having it.

“When you get out of my mom's body we're through!” She yelled, ushering me out of the house and slamming the door behind me.

“Stacy. Please. I didn't mean to. It was ze amulet.” I knocked on the door, but not too harshly, conscious of not attracting the neighbors' attention.

Stacy didn't answer. I had Celeste's purse so I unlocked her car and dropped into it. Celeste's body was pleasantly unwieldy. Big tits. Big ass. All woman. Fuck, I was still horny. My pussy was still wet. Was Celeste always like this? Or was this just me realizing how incredible this body was? I didn't know. The only thing I did know was that it was too hot to sit in the car. I'd give Stacy some time to cool down. Maybe come back after her dad came home and she'd be forced to be cordial and pretend that I was really her mom.

I wasn't going to go back to my real home. I didn't want to get into it with the real Celeste and I certainly didn't want to tell my parents. In the end, I drove over to my best friend's house. Leo didn't live too far away. I couldn't warn him I was coming over because I didn't have my phone but Leo knew Stacy had been practicing magic. He'd seen some of her spells, though none of them had ever approached the intricacies of this body swap one. I was sure I could convince Leo of who I was. I was also almost certain his parents wouldn't be home; they tended to work late. At least we could hang out and play video games or something to take my mind off of being in this body.

I drove by Leo's place once just to scout it out. There weren't any cars in the driveway, which was a good sign. I circled back around and parked a few houses down, then gathered my purse and walked quickly up to Leo's front door. I rang the doorbell and then combed Celeste's blonde tresses back out of her face, using the reflection from Leo's glass front door. A few seconds later I heard the sound of the lock, and then the door opened. Leo poked his head out, blinking in the afternoon sun.

"Hello?" He asked.

Leo had a surfer's build, sleepy blue eyes, and long, tangled blonde hair.

"Hi, Leo," I smiled, "Zis is going to sound strange but pleece hear me out." It didn't help that I couldn't shake Celeste's light French accent but I pressed on. "I em your friend, Antony. You know Stacy has been experimenting with magic. She accidentally swapped me into ze body of her mama."

"Um," Leo murmured, eyes glancing down my figure then back to my face.

"I can prove eet. Last week we had zat pepper eating contest and you won when you ate an entire ghost pepper but zen spent ze rest of ze day guzzling water. Two weeks ago you wanted to ask Maria to ze dance but you were nervous so you asked me to do eet. Your brother always makes fun of us for being role playing nerds even zough we've never played any role playing games but he say we look like people who should. Last Halloween we toilet paper Ronnie Verris's house and his dad came out wiz a shotgun and I almost pissed my pants."

Leo's eyes went wide. "Holy shit." He paused. "What's with the accent?"

I shrugged. "Eet comes wiz ze body. I am stuck as Celeste until tomorrow. Can I come in?"

Leo narrowed his eyes. "Wait a second. Anthony could have told you all those things."

"Why ze hell would I do zat?"

"I don't know. Do something Celeste wouldn't do."

"Like what?"

"I don't know." He repeated, then grinned. "Show me your tits."

I sighed and glanced back to the street to make sure no one else was around, then grabbed the bottom of my shirt and pulled it up over my jiggling breasts. I still wasn't wearing a bra and Leo

stared eagerly at the swell of my breasts. I looked down at them as well, admiring them once again. I had a strange sense of pride about these tits, like they were mine. Maybe the spell was helping me adjust to Celeste's body. After a few seconds I pulled my shirt back down.

“Happy?”

“Very. Come in.”

I slipped inside and closed the door behind me. “Merci.”

“So why'd you come over here? Why not stay at Stacy's house?” Leo said, leading the way down to the basement where he had a huge television set up with a couple game systems.

“She kicked me out. I'm afraid to go back zere until her fahzer gets home.”

Leo handed me a game controller and I sank down next to him on the cushy couch. We played in silence for a little while, but I could tell Leo was working up to asking me something. He kept glancing over at me in between rounds. Finally, I set the controller down on the arm of the couch.

“What?” I sighed.

Leo shrugged, the little smile never leaving his lips. “What's it like?”

“Being woman?”

“Being a sexy mom.”

I blushed. “It ees like being a guy, I guess, except with teats.”

“And a pussy.”

I blushed. “Oui.”

“Fuck, man, I can't get over that accent.” He laughed. There was a pause as he chewed on his lower lip. “Since it's not your body and all...can I see it?”

“You have already seen my teats.”

“Yeah, but...not for very long. Come on, when are we going to get this opportunity again? I promise I won't tell anyone.”

I rolled my eyes. “Fine. But no one else ees to know about zis.” I pulled my shirt off and tossed it to the floor.

Leo's eyes went wide as he gaped at my tits. I shook my chest, letting my breasts bob back and forth for his benefit, giggling at his goggle eyed look. No one had ever looked at me the way Leo was looking at me. Before the swap, at least. I'd never experienced anyone being so obviously physically attracted to my body. As a gangly, slightly nerdy teen I was never the most popular, and this undivided attention was sort of nice. I took my tits in each hand and fondled them for Leo's benefit, my fingers running across my skin, lifting up my breasts and letting them swing back together. They were so gorgeous when they bounced, the skin rippling gently. I traced around their circumference, splaying my fingers across the front, palms over the nipples, and squashed them against my chest, fingers dimpling my warm skin.

“Holy shit,” Leo breathed, “Can I...?” He held his hands up, hovering over my breasts.

I hesitated. This wasn't really my body, should I really let someone else touch it? Did I have some sort of responsibility to Celeste? On the other hand, I was fully in control and could grant anyone access to her, give full consent to *anything*. The thought alone was enough to make me tingly.

“Oui,” I agreed.

Leo grabbed my tits tentatively, as if afraid he'd hurt them. He pinched lightly, experimenting with the way my breasts fell, the way they moved as he fondled them. His fingers were rougher than mine but nice on my skin and we both watched as he played with my breasts, my little nipples rising to attention. He plucked one, lightly pulling up the pink nipple and watching it snap back into place, the faint ripples spreading briefly across my fat tit. I giggled, enjoying the feeling of his hand on me. He took that as an invitation to do it again, grabbing my other breast harder now, trying to fill his hands. Of course, there was much more breast than hand.

Without warning he leaned down and wrapped his lips around my nipple. I opened my mouth to tell him to stop but the heat from his mouth felt so damn good. My protest turned into a sigh. His tongue traced my nipple as he sucked me into his mouth, flicking his tongue lightly against my nipple. I could feel myself spike to attention in his mouth and brought my hand up to my other breast, gathering it and bringing it up to my own lips. I sucked on my warm skin, tasting my delicious nipple. We both suckled on Celeste's breasts, greedy for her body, switching sides, swapping saliva as my body grew warm.

When Leo finally released me and sat back the bulge in his pants was unmissable. I wanted to do something for my friend, so I lay on my back, head propped up against the arm of the couch. My tits spilled down my sides and I gathered them together, holding them up with both hands.

“Come fuck zese huge titties, monsieur,” I moaned.

Leo scrambled for his pants, tossing them aside along with his underwear. His cock was already stiff, excited to see me. I'd never thought of another man's cock as beautiful before but that's the word I would have used for Leo's dick. I could only guess my desire for it was more of the spell taking hold.

Leo knelt with legs on either side of me, his swollen cock right below my lips, his weight partly resting on my stomach. I wrapped my tits around his dick, enveloping his warmth with my own, and then used my breasts to stroke him. He thrust up, fucking my pillowy tits. Every now and then the head of his dick would appear between my cleavage, spotted with precum that would drip against my skin, leaving a shiny trail that burned delightfully across my chest.

Leo grabbed my tits and squeezed them together around his cock by himself, growing faster in his rhythm. When the head of his dick next appeared between my tits I stuck out my tongue without thinking and licked it. It tasted warm and salty and brought a groan from Leo. He continued thrusting in between my tits, gripping them tightly, and I wrapped my lips around his cockhead whenever it appeared, sucking on it briefly until it was coated in my saliva. Now Leo's dick slipped easily through my cleavage and he thrust harder, faster.

It felt so good watching him ride me, feeling his cock as he fucked my huge breasts. My entire body was jiggling with each thrust, except for my tits which Leo gripped tight, finally thrusting up with one mighty grunt. I felt his cock throb between my sensitive tits an instant before the warm splash of seed landed on my chest. His cum was burning hot, pooling on my chest and dripping back down my body. It felt divine, so wonderful to be this object of desire, to be dirtied by his cum. Leo finished thrusting, slowing to a stop and then letting his cock sit trapped between my breasts as he breathed heavily.

He withdrew and stood, putting his pants back on, not meeting my eyes. I pushed myself to a sitting position. My tits swayed down my front and Leo's hot cum dripped down me. I felt wonderfully used and still so incredibly warm.

I stood and surprised Leo by kissing him gently on the lips. “Zat was nice,” I said.

I collected my top and went to clean myself off in his bathroom. When I flicked on the light I got a

glimpse of Celeste, topless and with cum running down her chest. Christ, it was fucking hot. I slid my hand between my legs, my fingers landing on my dripping wetness. I stroked myself, fingers dipping into Celeste's body, feeling her pussy lips wrap around them. The pleasure burst to the surface, as much from the sight of this hot mom fingering herself in the mirror as from the feel of my fingers through my pussy.

I found my clit and circled it, rubbing firmly in a gentle rhythm. My other hand came up to my tits, fondling them and rubbing Leo's cum across my skin. Making Celeste even dirtier made me so horny. My mouth dropped open, eyes glazed as I stared at the image in the mirror. I was sopping wet now and could hear the slippery sounds of my fingers in my pussy. I circled faster and faster until the pleasure crested and I came. "Oooh" I sighed, closing my eyes, gripping my tit hard as I continued fingering this feminine body. The orgasm blasted through me, making me weak at the knees. I leaned onto the sink to keep from falling over, opening my eyes to stare at my juicy breasts as they swayed back and forth below me while the heat dissipated.

I was liking this body more and more. I washed myself off, rinsing my tits, taking the opportunity to fondle myself but stopping when I felt my pussy ache and grow warm again. Was Celeste always this horny or was this just me?

When I was clean, I returned to the basement and Leo and I played video games in near silence for the next hour and a half. Every now and then we'd glance up at each other and smile. I was warm and fidgety the entire time, and it was a good thing Leo didn't offer to fuck me because I would probably have taken him up on his offer. And if he got this body pregnant there would be hell to pay.

Eventually I figured Stacy's dad was probably home and it would be safe to go back there without risking a scene. There would no doubt be a scene at some point, but one thing at a time. Sure enough, her dad's car was in the driveway. I parked behind it and went to the front door, pausing with my hand on the doorknob, steadying myself to play the role of wife and mother. I took a deep breath and pushed open the door.

I was greeted by a hearty scent of baking chicken and fresh herbs from Celeste's casserole, which Stacy had evidently put into the oven on her mom's earlier instruction. I followed the delicious scent towards the kitchen, passing through the living room where Stacy's dad, Jim, sat. He was relaxing in the plush olive colored easy chair and flicking through a tablet on his lap. His pale blue work shirt was unbuttoned, revealing a hint of his solid pecs. The long sleeves were rolled up tight against his swelling biceps. He looked up at me as I entered.

“Bonjour, honey.” Jim spoke with his twangy Texas accent. He smiled and put down his tablet, holding up his arms and inviting me closer.

“Bonjour,” I replied uncertainly, reaching out to hug him.

He surprised me by grabbing me and pulling me towards him. I squealed as I fell into his lap, my squeal muffled as he kissed me on the lips. I laughed into his mouth and he took the opportunity to slide his tongue inside. I had no choice but to go with it. I couldn't very well push away Celeste's husband when they were obviously so happy together. He tasted faintly of beer and smelled of hard work, of sweat and the delightful hint of *man*.

He released me and helped me stand. “Stacy around?”

“In her room, I think,” he replied, letting his eyes slide down my body before picking up his tablet again.

I peeked into the kitchen. The timer on the microwave showed about five minutes until dinner. I decided to hang around in the kitchen until then. Less interaction with other people that way. To pass the time I snooped through Celeste's pantry, eyeing the rows of neatly labeled spices, the cupboard well stocked with dry beans, spaghetti, and cans of fruit and vegetables. In one cabinet I found the plates and the glasses, in another drawer the cutlery. I familiarized myself with where everything was in case Jim asked me to grab something.

When the timer went off I pulled the casserole out of the oven, then poked my head into the living room. I was only vaguely aware of Stacy's family dynamics.

“Can you call down Stacy for dinner?”

Jim turned and yelled towards the stairs. “Stacy! Dinner!”

So that's how that worked.

Jim joined me in the kitchen and helped set the table. Stacy entered, headphones secured around her ears. She paused briefly when she saw me. Our eyes met and we exchanged warnings with a glance

before sitting down to eat. It was very civilized, though there wasn't much talking. Jim idly flicked through his tablet while Stacy nodded along to whatever she was listening to. I was the only one without entertainment.

I managed to fake my way through what little conversation there was, Jim mentioning that tonight was another episode of something called *Ultimate Urban Makeover* that we apparently watched together.

"I'll help clean up, mom," Stacy said.

When Jim left the room she turned to me and hissed, "Where did you go?"

"Leo's house."

"Leo? Did you tell him what happened?" She asked, filling the sink with hot, soapy water.

"I had to. What did you think I was going to do? Wander around the streets the rest of the night? I needed somewhere to go."

"So, what did you guys do?" She scrubbed the dishes, not looking at me.

No fucking way was I going to tell her what actually happened. "Just played some video games."

She paused and stared hard at me. "That all?"

"Oui."

There was a long pause during which I willed myself not to break eye contact. Finally, she nodded, evidently satisfied. That was the last of our conversation and when we'd cleaned up I joined Jim in the living room. The show turned out to be one of the house renovation shows that I found utterly boring. I had to keep stifling yawns.

During a commercial break Jim looked over at me from his easy chair. "Tired, hun?"

"Yes," I replied, taking the opportunity to leave, "I think I'm going to go get ready for bed."

"I'll be up in a minute."

I wound my way around to the stairs and then up, passing Stacy's room on the way to Celeste's bedroom. Stacy's door was closed and I thought about knocking but had no idea what to say. I continued on down and flipped on the light in Celeste's bedroom where I stripped naked and tossed my clothes into a hamper before admiring Celeste's body in the mirror.

My tits hung from my chest and I had a pleasantly plump ass. I gave it a squeeze, watching the little cheeks bounce. I turned and twisted in the mirror, trying to look at my body from all different angles, admiring myself. Celeste was heavy in the hips and the breasts but with a sexy mom figure. Slight stretch marks were visible here and there on the little pouch of her tummy. Her blue eyes sparkled and her skin was smooth and warm. She was gorgeous. God, I wanted more time to explore this busty body. I had to tear myself away from the mirror and step into the shower. No sense getting myself all worked up now.

I soaped Celeste's body down, lathering myself up until I was slippery and then washing my body off, watching the water sluice between my great breasts. My hand slid between my legs, fingers dragging across my opening. Man, this little pussy felt nice. I let my fingers follow the little line of my slit as the hot water cleansed me. I stroked in a tight circle, pressing harder until my pussy lips loosened and my fingers slid inside. My body was hot and wetter than water, the little folds so sensitive beneath my touch.

My other hand came up to my breast and I squeezed hard, enjoying being able to treat Celeste's

body rough. I spread my legs and circled faster, fingers sliding deeper into my velvety folds.

“Leave the water on,” Jim said from outside.

I jumped and guiltily yanked my fingers out of Celeste's pussy.

“O- okay,” I called, “Almost done.”

I stepped out and Jim stepped past me, stopping to squeeze my ass quickly before disappearing into the shower. I dried myself and returned to the bedroom, searching through Celeste's drawers, through her panties and bras and shirts and skirts. It felt so intimate to be fondling her panties, like I was invading her privacy. But then, touching her panties was nothing compared to what I'd done to her body. I got dressed in a pink nightie and panties before I could let my thoughts stray any further.

I was tucked in bed, skimming through Celeste's tablet for something to read, the covers around my waist when Jim came in. He dropped his towel to the floor and slid into bed naked to nuzzle up to me. I got a glimpse of his cock as it flopped against his side. He threw his arm around me and kissed my cheek.

“Hey, baby,” he whispered in my ear, stroking me gently.

I could see the bulge of his erection beneath the covers. He took the tablet out of my hands and set it on my night table, then slipped his hand against my cheek and guided our lips together. I pulled away, my heart beating fast.

“I don't know, Jim,” I mumbled nervously.

He cocked his head. “What's wrong, hun?” His hand never left my breast. I could feel it sitting there, solid and warm and demanding. He nuzzled against me, kissing beneath my jaw. Goddamn it, it *did* feel nice, but I grabbed his hand.

“Jim. Zer is somezing you should know.”

“This sounds serious.”

I took a deep breath. “I am not your wife.”

He grinned, unsure. “What?”

“My name is Antony. I'm Stacy's boyfriend and I'm stuck in your wife's body for ze night. Stacy used her magic and it went wrong and we weren't supposed to tell you but you were kissing me and I didn't know what to do.” I spit it out in a rush and stared at him, waiting for his reaction. To my relief, he seemed to believe me.

He sat up in bed, his jaw clenched. His solid pecs glinted in the yellow light of the bedside table. “Stacy's been doing magic? We told her--” He stopped and rubbed his face with one hand. “And now you're inside Celeste? For how long?”

“Just a day.”

“Where's Celeste?”

“She's pretending to be me back at my house.”

“Do you know what level spell it was? Anything about it?”

I shook my head, Celeste's long hair whispering across my neck. “Stacy did all the prep work. I just said the words.”

“Goddammit, she knows better than that.”

He threw the covers off and made to get out of bed but I grabbed his arm, trying my best to ignore his half erect cock. “What are you doing?”

“I’m going to have a talk with her.”

“No. Please. No. I wasn’t supposed to tell. Just wait until Celeste ees back and zen you can all talk together.”

“I need to talk to my daughter.”

In desperation I slipped my hand lightly around his dick. “Is zere anyzing I can do to convince you?”

I stroked him, running my slender fingers up the length of his shaft as he froze, letting me touch him, evidently torn. His dick was warm and throbbing in my hand, growing stiffer and longer under my delicate touch. Incredibly, I felt my own body responding to the touch of his dick, as if Celeste’s muscle memory remembered what it was like to have the heat of that hard cock inside. Jim looked at me, staring deeply into my eyes. I tossed my hair out of my face and leaned down to kiss the head of his dick.

“Celeste doesn’t like to give blow jobs,” he said, but he didn’t try to stop me.

I looked up at him from between his legs, his dick still clasped in my hand. “Zen you’re in for a treat.”

I opened my lips and swallowed the head of his cock, felt it glide across my tongue as I pushed my lips down. My tongue ran against the underside of his shaft and I let him fill me, the clean, musky scent of him going deep into my mouth. My tits rested across his legs now and I dragged my lips up off his cock with a wet pop. I shuffled around so that I was between his legs, changing position without releasing my fingers from his dick.

Once again, I brought my face close to his cock, which was still shiny and slick with my saliva. I kissed my way down the shaft, burrowing my face into his dark pubic hair and inhaling his deep, masculine scent. My own body throbbed in anticipation. I kissed my way back up to the head and opened my lips, letting his cock slide into my mouth again. This time I undulated my tongue beneath the shaft as I took him all in, gulping him down as deep as I could go, using my hand to help stroke all the way down to the base. Up and down I went, filling and emptying my mouth with his divine dick. He settled back in bed and groaned as I held him between my lips, enjoying the power I felt from controlling him with just my mouth.

I’d never sucked someone’s cock before but my body was craving it. My pussy was growing wet, the nether lips beginning to slide together. I braced myself on the bed with one hand, lips going up and down his cock, as I reached between my legs with the free hand to stroke my growing wetness. My fingers landed on my warm entrance, the lips already swollen and moist. I slipped inside my new body, circling my velvety folds. I could feel myself inside and out, and quickly figured out exactly where to touch myself, how and how fast. Still sucking Jim’s dick, I fingered Celeste’s sensitive cunt—*my* cunt now—my body growing ever more aroused, ever hotter and wetter.

Finally I pulled my lips off with a wet pop and looked up at Jim. “Fuck me from behind,” I begged.

He nodded and knelt behind me as I leaned on my elbows, Celeste’s big ass up in the air. It was a beautiful sight seeing my heavy tits dangling beneath me. Now something hard and warm slid up against my entrance, following the line of my slit and only lightly slipping in, Jim just covering his dick in my juices. His cockhead was soon pushing against my entrance, the pressure building, building, and then he was inside me. I moaned as he entered me, the head of the cock slipping deeper into my wetness. His hands came to my fat ass cheeks, gripping them hard, pulling me towards him as he pushed ever deeper inside, until I was so full of him and his groin rested against

my ass. I moaned, mouth open, just enjoying the rich warmth of him filling me.

He slowly withdrew, then plunged in again, suddenly and forcefully, driving another moan from my lips. The head of his dick hit my dimpled nub sending pleasure sparking through my body. He gave my fat ass a light slap and then pulled out, teasing me with short thrusts, the head of his dick sliding against my clit, again, and again, until I desperately need him fully back inside me. He sensed it and guided himself back into me before gripping my ass, and *pounding* hard.

“Oh,” I cried, throwing my head back and luxuriating in the pleasure spilling through me. My pussy needed this, needed to feel him burrow through me, spreading the aching walls of my cunt.

Jim began a steady rhythm, fucking me as he grunted. I arched my back, looking down between my legs, watching my fat tits bounce madly with each thrust, seeing his cock disappear into my tight hole. I was so wet, so horny, I moaned and writhed, pushing back against him, needing him deeper, harder. And then he was slamming into me, his cock driving deep, accompanied by the wet sounds of my pussy. I grabbed one swinging tit and squeezed, enjoying the heaviness of my body, the wonderful squeezability, the way I moaned as he fucked me, the way I jiggled and ached for him.

The pleasure arced through me and I cried out as he came, grunting and driving deep inside. Christ, I could feel the hot spurts of jizz in my pussy, making me more full than ever. The divine heat made me cum. I orgasmed hard, pussy quivering around his thick dick. I clutched my body as he filled me with his seed, pleasure roaring through me while I gripped his dick with the slick walls of my pussy, urging him deeper, needing only to be fucked, to be filled.

When he was done he rested on my back, still inside me, and I enjoyed the heat of his body on me and in me. He soon pulled out and I felt him dripping down my thigh. I rolled over on my back and stroked myself, my fingers landing on our mingled essence, gliding in small circles across my pleasure button. He watched me, the desire in his eyes so fucking incredible that I came again, stroking my clit, covering myself in his cum while he watched, desperate for me, needing me. The only other times I'd felt that had been when I'd used the magic amulet with Stacy. But this wasn't magic. This was my body. This was *me*.

Well, it would be soon.

Jim fell asleep holding me, his cock pressed up against my backside, making me feel warm and wanted. When I thought he was deep asleep I carefully extracted myself from beneath the covers and tiptoed down the hall to Stacy's room. Her light was off, so I slowly opened the door. There wasn't a sound.

I snuck in and let my eyes get accustomed to her darkened room. She was in bed, wrapped up in the covers, one bare foot out over the side. I crept closer until I was close enough to the post at the head of the bed to touch it. I slipped the amulet off and placed it around my neck, then I sat on the side of the bed and gently roused Stacy.

"Stacy. Hey, baby," I whispered.

She roused sleepily. "Mom?" She asked.

"Zat's right."

She kissed me on the lips, her tongue slipping into my mouth, her hands clutching me. I kissed her for a few seconds, enjoying the taste of her, the heat from her tiny little body, so different from my mature, full figure. I pulled my lips away and stroked her hair as she smiled up at me, enraptured. I slid her mom's hands down between her legs and stroked Stacy's pussy once, my fingers gliding though her coarse pubic hair. She shuddered happily and my fingers came away damp.

"Mama needs you to do her a favor," I whispered, "And zen we can have some fun."

"Anything." She smiled.

She was smitten by the spell from the amulet and eager to do my bidding. Eager to do anything just for a chance to have me. It was all too easy to get her to gather her spell book and cast the spell making my swap with Celeste permanent. As long as I kept the amulet on me, Stacy never questioned a thing, and would only look on me as the pinnacle of her physical desire.

I took over Celeste's life, gradually learning my way around her work place, and learning my way around magic. In a few weeks I'd successfully made another amulet for Jim. Whenever I came home from work I had my pick, and would often move from one room to the other, fucking first my husband and then my daughter until we were all wild with passion and the house was filled with the sounds of our orgasms.

###

## **Thank you!**

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

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M

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*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.*

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*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.*

### **Swap Brothel**

*The swap brothel offers a chance for people to temporarily become any of the girls on offer for a price. Tyler's been a regular for months, swapping into his favorite big breasted beauty, Mia, and enjoying himself. But one day while he's inside Mia she escapes with his body, leaving him trapped in her gorgeous body until the police can find her. Can he escape before her desires become his own?*

### **The Other Woman**

*Veronica didn't trust her fiancée so she came up with a plan to test him by using her witch's magic to temporarily transform herself into Candi, the blonde stripper who keeps buzzing around their table at the strip club. When Veronica returns to her body she finds that her memories are slowly changing. Is it a flaw in the spell? Or something more nefarious?*

### **The Body Thief**

*Bethany had her body temporarily stolen years ago by a body thief who forced her to watch from behind her own eyes as he took over her life for his own pleasure. She vowed never to let it happen again, training hard at the gym and changing her routine to stay safe. But all it takes is one slip up at the wrong time for the thief to take her over once more and uncover her own hidden desires.*

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*This collection features six previously published red hot body swapping stories from best selling author M Wills.*

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*Sean has always been jealous of his hot stepmom. He envies her looks, her grace, and the ease with which she goes through life. When he finds an alien jewel that can grant wishes, he uses it to swap their bodies and experience her life from inside her body.*

### **Deviants (Part Two)**

*In the erotic conclusion to Deviants (Part One), the body possession machine has become incredibly popular, with guys lining up to have their fun inside the bodies of the high school girls that Ross has under his control. But Melissa and her friends have put together the clues and are determined to put an end to it all.*

### **Deviants (Part One)**

*Ross has invented a device that lets him control anyone's body. Together with a group of friends, he uses it to possess a group of sexy young women and have fun in their bodies. But things get out of control and soon the whole system may be exposed, leading to an end of their pleasure.*

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