

Her Best Life

MtF Body Theft

by M. Wills

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Her Best Life

Mike stood awkwardly in the corner of the kitchen with his plate as his stepdaughter, Dianne, took another carefully curated picture for her social media post.

“Now make a face like you’re unsure about it,” Dianne said, moving around the table but keeping her phone aimed at her thirteen-year-old son, Jaxon, and the carefully plated meal in front of him.

Jaxon, an expert by now, stuck out his tongue and wrinkled his nose. Dianne laughed and her camera clicked. Mike waited patiently for the whole charade to be finished while his food slowly grew cold.

“Now a quick video of you taking a bite and you don’t think you like it at first but then you do,” Dianne said.

Jaxon did as he was told, unbothered by the camera in his face. When Dianne got the shot she wanted she ruffled his hair and flipped through her phone to upload the whole sequence to her social media. Mike knew from following her online that she was likely tagging her pictures with labels like ‘#supermom’ or ‘#pickyeater’ or whatever the current trend was these days.

Dianne was unbothered by the fact that she hadn’t actually made the meal Jaxon was eating. That was all Mike’s doing. But she’d at least asked Mike if she could take credit for it online.

“Seeing as you don’t have a social media presence,” Dianne had added, as if not sharing his whole life to the world was somehow abnormal.

Mike had shrugged it away. Sure, let her take the credit for his meal. It wasn’t the first thing she’d taken credit for in her three days staying with Mike and his wife, Emily. Dianne loved to play the super mom online for her followers but her real life was a different story. It wasn’t that she was a bad mom. She cared about her kids and all. But her nose was glued to her phone most of the time and the majority of the activities were organized around how good her life would look online. She had amassed a couple thousand followers and had every intention of trying to be one of those dreadful influencers.

“Can I use my table now?” Mike asked.

“Huh?” Dianne said, looking up from her phone. “Oh. Yeah. Sure.” She waved to a seat and sat down herself, promptly reabsorbing herself back into her online world.

Mike placed his plate on the table and joined his grandson. Mike liked the kids. Even the seventeen-year-old, Kai, who, along with Emily, had been banished from the kitchen for this shot.

“And Kai and Emily?” Mike asked.

“Huh?” Dianne said, looking up again. “Oh. Right.” She turned and called out to the living room. “You can come back in now.” Then she promptly returned to her phone, occasionally taking a sip of her special tea blend from a trendy pink water bottle.

Kai and Emily rejoined everyone at the brightly lit kitchen table. Emily made a big deal of her grandsons while Mike looked on, throwing in a comment here and there. But mostly his eyes were on Dianne as she scrolled through her phone.

Dianne looked so much like her mom. The same broad face and cute profile. The same smiling eyes. The same curvy figure. Dianne's dirty-blond curly hair was pulled back in a ponytail, like Emily's, but Dianne's hair wasn't yet striped grey with age like her mother's.

Mike had married Emily and joined their family when Dianne was nine. They'd had their differences. Dianne had been a willful child but by the time she became an adult they'd reached a truce. Dianne had moved to New Jersey to start her family but came to visit every so often. Currently, Dianne was on the last morning of a three-day visit to Mike and Emily's midwestern home. Kai and Jaxon were going to stay with Mike and Emily for the summer, but Dianne didn't trust them to fly alone. Or maybe she felt guilty. As though a supermom wouldn't send her kids alone. Whatever the real reason, Dianne had accompanied her kids out for the visit and was due to fly back alone later this afternoon.

Her visit had given Mike plenty of time to observe her and the kids. He had so many ideas on how to improve her life and raise her kids better but he kept his mouth shut. They'd had enough fights about how Dianne should live her life. Still, Mike kept a catalogue of changes in his head. For one, she could get off her damn phone all the time. For two, she could get some exercise. She would occasionally sigh about her weight to her mom but never seemed to take any steps to lose it. If Mike was running Dianne's life he would do so much better. With his brains in her body he could be a *real* supermom.

"What's this thing, Grandpa Mike?" Kai asked, breaking into Mike's thoughts.

Kai was holding up a small robot attached to two discs.

"That's R.O.B.," Mike said. "Stands for Robotic Operating Buddy. It was this old toy robot they said could play video games with you."

"Did it work?"

"Not really," Mike said. "Be careful with it."

"Don't worry," Emily assured Mike with a wink to Kai. "I didn't let him touch the really expensive stuff."

Mike collected antique mechanical objects. Everything from snake oil 'mind stimulation' devices from the thirties when electricity was the miracle cure for everything, to slightly more modern but obscure devices like R.O.B. Mike's greatest find was something even his wife Emily didn't know about: the MacGuffin Device.

The MacGuffin Device was a wood and plastic plate about the length of his arm with some switches and dials on it. A wire snaked out from each end, terminating in a rubber suction-cup pad. Part science and part occult device, Mike had found it buried in the back of a thrift store, behind some old stereo equipment. A yellowed instruction booklet accompanied it, the broken-English writing suggesting some foreign origin. It claimed to be able to transfer minds between bodies.

Curious, Mike had purchased the device and brought it home, but some instinct kept him from mentioning it to Emily. He stowed it in the closet, knowing it was hokum but also knowing he needed to try it out just to be sure. The Saturday night after he purchased it he got his chance.

Mike took Emily on a date and they started drinking early. Neither of them drank much anymore so it didn't take much before they were both happily drunk. When they came home and collapsed onto

the bed, Mike told Emily that the MacGuffin device was a hangover cure. She laughed but humored him, sticking one suction-cup pad onto her forehead while he stuck the other onto his.

They both lay in bed and just before Mike drifted off to sleep he flipped the switch. He expected nothing to happen but the ceiling lurched sickeningly two feet to the left. He turned to look at Emily but found only the wrong side of the bed. To his other side lay a man. It took a second through the alcohol-daze for Mike to realize that the man was *him*.

Mike pushed himself to a seated position and felt his heavy breasts tumble down his chest. The room spun, making him understand how much Emily had really drunk. Mike reached up to grab his breasts, to confirm that he really *was* in his wife's body. He could feel her heavy tits in his hand, could feel her hands on her heavy tits.

Beside him, his body snorted and almost woke up. With a sudden urge to keep this a secret, Mike lay back down beside her and flipped the switch back. The darkness of sleep was instant. In the morning they were both hungover and Emily laughed about how the MacGuffin Device must not have worked. But Mike knew better. His mind was soon filled with possibilities. And when Dianne announced she was coming to visit for three days to drop off the kids, Mike began to form a plan.

Mike stood by the doorway with one hand on the handle of Dianne's pink suitcase as everyone said their goodbyes. Dianne kissed Kai and Jaxon, squishing Jaxon's cheeks until he pulled away with an exasperated "Mom!"

"I'm going to miss you boys so much!" Dianne gushed.

"It was good seeing you," Emily said, coming in for a long hug.

Mike watched the two of them, silently judging Dianne and her outfit. Even her clothes were designed to be seen online rather than for comfort. Mike would have chosen something a little more loose-fitting and comfortable than the tight electric blue Lululemon bottoms and sleeveless white top that Dianne wore. Airplanes were always cold. Her body would definitely need one of her sweaters to keep warm.

When they pulled away, Mike asked, "You have everything?"

Dianne patted herself down, checking her purse for her phone. "I think—Oh, my water bottle. Did anyone see it?"

"I think you left it on the kitchen counter. I'll get it," Mike volunteered.

He knew where it was because he'd left it there, sneaking Dianne's ubiquitous tea away long enough to slip in the sleeping powder. After retrieving it, Dianne said goodbye to her boys once again and then Mike wheeled her suitcase out to the car.

"Make sure you stay hydrated," Mike suggested as he slipped behind the wheel. "Planes can really dry your skin out."

"That's why I've got my tea," Dianne replied happily, taking a big swig.

"Probably need to drink all of that just in case," Mike said, his hands beginning to sweat with nervousness.

"Why are you suddenly so worried about hydrating?" Dianne shot him a funny look but drank some more.

Mike drove the long way to the airport, and the warmth of the car combined with the gentle rocking soon made Dianne lean back in the seat and close her eyes.

"So tired," she mumbled.

"Take a nap," Mike suggested, "I'll wake you when we get there."

Mike drove until Dianne's chin went slack and her head wobbled with each turn. Then he made his way to the storage shed he'd rented out near the airport. It was a secluded place that he'd already set up with a solid chair bolted to the floor, along with a mattress.

He pulled up as close to his unit as he could get then checked to make sure no one was around before unbuckling Dianne's seatbelt and dragging her into the unit. He lay her gently on the mattress, before retrieving the MacGuffin Device, some handcuffs, and Dianne's suitcase from the trunk of his car. After stashing them inside the storage unit he rolled the shutter doors down.

The bare bulb cast harsh light across the empty space. Dianne lay on her side, snoring gently, while Mike prepared. He stuck the suction cup onto Dianne's head, then slapped the other end to his own head. He clicked the two pairs of handcuffs to the wooden chair, then bent and gently stroked Dianne's face.

"Hey, Dianne," he whispered gently. "Come on. Wake up."

As she began to stir, Mike quickly slapped the handcuffs on each wrist, bending to use his chin to lock the second one in place. The device was in his lap, already set up for memory control from the instructions, and as Dianne groggily opened her eyes Mike flipped the switch.

The room flipped and Mike found himself lying on the floor looking blearily at the legs of a wooden chair. He yanked the suction cup off his head and pushed himself into a sitting position. A wonderful weight shifted on his chest and he looked down into Dianne's deep valley of cleavage.

A strangled cry came from the man in the chair and Mike looked up to see his former body gaping back at him. Her mouth worked soundlessly. She was terrified.

Mike stood and stretched before gazing back down at himself. Dianne's delightful body stretched out beneath him. He flexed her long fingers, turning them over to admire the fancy rings, the petite digits, and the rounded, manicured nails. They were all his now.

"How do I look?" He asked Dianne, in her own New Jersey accent. The memory control had given him even that, as well as introducing certain memory blocks for Dianne.

Mike faced her and slid his hands down her body, enjoying the soft curves of her breasts, the slight pouch of her stomach and her wide hips. His hands returned to her breasts and he squeezed them, gazing down as he manipulated his tits, bouncing them back and forth and watching them jiggle.

"I'm Dianne, it's nice to meet you. And you are?"

"N-no," Dianne struggled. "What happened? *I'm* Mike. I mean..." she tried again. "My name is Mike. No. *Mike*." The memory block forced her call herself by his name.

"Of course you are," Mike smiled.

"What did you do to us?"

"I took your body, silly," Mike said, sticking out his little pink tongue at her. "I've been studying your life for a while and I can think of lots of improvements."

"You can't do this, Dianne!" Dianne shook with rage, rattling the handcuffs but was unable to escape.

"You're not in a position to argue," Mike said. "You're only in a position to watch."

With that he grabbed the bottom of his shirt and hefted it off over his head. He swept his dirty-blond hair out of his eyes then reached around and unclasped his bra. The movement was easy with Dianne's memories. He shrugged the bra to the floor and let Dianne's breasts bounce free. They were wide and round, with big pink areolae.

"Don't you touch your body. *Your* body. *That* body," Dianne hissed, desperately trying to fight the memory block.

“But it looks like you’re enjoying it,” Mike said, taking each wonderful tit in his hand and squeezing, enjoying the feel of his wonderous new tits inside and out.

A bulge had begun to grow in Dianne’s pants as Mike’s former body responded to the sight of his stepdaughter playing with her tits. It seemed Dianne even had Mike’s desires.

“Tell you what,” Mike said, fingers still grazing over his tits, tweaking each sensitive nipple and sending little shivers through him. “If you can hold off, I’ll switch us back right now.”

“Hold off from what?” She growled.

Instead of answering Mike leaned on the arms of her chair, letting his breasts dangle down in front of Dianne’s nose while he plucked the suction cup off her forehead. He tossed the MacGuffin Device carelessly aside and ran his hands through his former hair. He gripped Dianne’s hair in his fist and yanked her face into his chest. Mike wiggled back and forth, bouncing his breasts against Dianne’s cheeks as she struggled futilely and the bulge in her pants grew larger.

Mike released her with a laugh and sank to his knees between her legs. He easily dodged her hands and yanked down the zipper of his former jeans. Reaching in, he cast about until his new fingers landed on his former member. He drew it out. It was rock hard and emanated a wonderful warmth as he held it in his hand.

“Oh, Mike,” his whispered, stroking her shaft with his beautiful fingers.

“Stop,” Dianne grunted, still struggling even as her body betrayed its excitement.

Mike stroked her dick and looked up at her. “Remember, if you don’t cum you can have your body back right now.”

Before she could answer Mike stuck out his tongue and licked her shaft from base to tip. The bright tangy taste hit his tongue and he giggled seductively. He licked again, then kissed his way up and down the shaft, nuzzling it up against his lips, worshipping it as he’d imagined Dianne doing. She stilled in the chair, looking down at him as her excitement took over.

Mike looked up at her, his hand still around her shaft. He grinned and, still gazing into her eyes, opened his mouth and swallowed his former cock. He drove his lips down the shaft, tongue fluttering across the underside of her cock as he filled his mouth. Her cock felt so big on his tongue, pressing it down as the head slid against the back of his throat. He’d imagined sucking his own dick, just not like this. There was a familiarity to it that lessened the strangeness and allowed him to enjoy the warmth as it glided across his tongue.

Mike’s other hand came up to grope his own tits, squeezing the plump skin beneath his fingers. Dianne’s body felt so warm and wonderful. Soft but firm. Perfectly squeezable.

He pulled off her cock with a wet pop and licked her again from base to tip. Her shaft was slick and shiny with his saliva, the head glistening with precum. Sticking out his tongue, Mike tasted the creamy dot, letting a strand connect from his lips to Dianne’s cock until he finally licked it off.

“Mmm, yummy,” he said, before swallowing her again. God, he was making *himself* wet doing this, playing out his forbidden fantasy in his stepdaughter’s body.

Dianne had stopped struggling and was moaning now, gritting her teeth to try to keep herself under control. But Mike could feel her need as her cock pulsed between his lips. He moved faster, driving his lips up and down her length, swirling his tongue against her cock as her urgency rose. Dianne gripped the arms of the chair and grunted as Mike drove his lips down deep and she lost it.

Dianne groaned as she pumped into Mike’s pretty mouth, her cock throbbing, flooding warm seed down the back of his throat. Mike gulped it down, keeping his lips wrapped around her shaft until

each delicious drop was drunk. Only when she stilled and began to grow soft in his mouth did he release her.

“Looks like you lose,” he said. “I get this body for the summer. If you’re good, you can have it back when I come to pick up *my* kids.”

Mike stood and flicked open Dianne’s suitcase.

“You can’t do this,” she railed, as he flipped through her clothes until he found her silky cashmere sweater.

“This will do,” he said, standing to face her. He rubbed the soft cashmere against his cheek. “God, I’ve wanted to wear this for so long.”

He slid the sweater on over his naked body. His nipples were still sharp with excitement and rubbed delightfully against the cashmere, poking up like two thimbles beneath the sweater.

“Now, I need to catch my flight so I can get home to *my* daughter and *my* husband. Of course, you’re going to need to give me a ride.”

“I’m not doing shit for you.”

“Uh huh,” Mike knelt and picked up the device. He snapped off one of the switches and then crushed it beneath his heel. “You will if you want your body back. See, I’ve got a spare part for this and I’ll show you where it is when I come back at the end of the summer. Of course, your body will probably be a bit more *used*, but I’ll bring it back more or less the same.” He leaned over Dianne in the chair and she drew back. “And if I hear that you did anything strange, or tried to tell *anyone* about this I’ll leave you in that body. And, naturally, no one will believe you. Now, are you going to give me a ride?”

Dianne glared at him but nodded. Mike retrieved the handcuff keys and unlocked her before zipping up her suitcase and standing it upright.

“Come on, Mike, be a good man and carry my suitcase to my car.”

Dianne did as she was told, then climbed into the driver seat and drove him to the airport. She dropped him off outside the gate. She yanked his suitcase from the trunk and wheeled it up near the front entrance. Mike surprised her with a hug, pressing himself against her so he could whisper in her ear:

“Don’t forget. Be good and you can have this back.”

Mike grabbed the handle of his suitcase and walked into the terminal without looking back.

Mike found that he had enough of Dianne's memories and mannerisms to walk naturally, despite the new roundness of his body and the unfamiliarity of the heels he wore. His hips swayed delightfully and his tits bounced happily beneath the cashmere, unencumbered by any bra. He wound his way through the line up to the airport check-in desk.

Check-in was a breeze. Mike leaned on the front counter, flirting with the man behind the counter as he dug through his purse for his ID, laughing and joking easily. Maybe it was Dianne's memories or maybe it was just the lightness of leaving all his old bullshit behind but he felt so free.

Passing a coffee shop, he had an urge to step in for a coffee. It was presented to him in a cup with a pink lid and a small cookie. He held the cup up in front of the airport departure lounge window so that the airplanes were framed in the background. Then he took a photo and uploaded it to Dianne's social media with the hashtag '#cominghome'.

Before his flight was called for boarding, Mike went into a nearby restroom. He stepped in front of the mirror and Dianne's gorgeous reflection slid into view. On the pretense of doing his lipstick, he ogled himself in the mirror, letting his eyes graze over Dianne's soft features, luxuriating in manipulating them and watching them move under his command. Those were his soft cheeks, his full lips, his tongue sliding across his teeth. Even Dianne's mouth felt different as Mike slid his tongue around and felt the different angles of her teeth.

There were still a few minutes before his flight so Mike stepped into an empty stall. He slipped out of his sweater then hung it on a hook on the back of the door and gazed down at Dianne's breasts. Her tits were so ripe and delicious. Mike took the time to admire himself, looking at the tattoos on his arm, peering closely at his skin, examining every little mole and mark.

He grabbed his tits again, squeezing hard, enjoying the feel of his fingers sinking into his sensitive flesh. He squeezed them up against his chest until they ballooned out beneath his fingers, then released them to let them bob down. Wrapping his fingers around them, he found that they were too big to hold entirely within his hand. He held them up and pinched each nipple between thumb and forefinger until they grew taut and bright red. Flashes of warmth crept through him, zipping down between his legs.

Mike pulled away reluctantly, not wishing to miss his flight. But, damn, he'd made himself so horny. There was nothing for it but to put his sweater back on and deal with it. As he walked towards his gate he could feel the dampness between his legs and promised himself he would explore it more as soon as he was able.

When he took his seat on the plane, Mike pulled out Dianne's phone. It opened at his face and he scrolled through her messages and her emails and her social media, trying to get a sense of the parts of her life with which he hadn't been privy. Emily had talked about her daughter a lot and Dianne always pretended to be an open book online. It was only scrolling through her texts to her husband, Alex, that he got a sense of who she was when she was with her family.

Mike managed to change a lot of her passwords before the flight attendant made him put his phone away. He spent the rest of the flight immersed in the inflight entertainment. As he neared his destination, worry began to set in. Mike knew from the emails that Dianne's husband was picking her up from the airport.

How should he greet Alex? Could he avoid a kiss? Part of him wasn't at all attracted to the thought of kissing a man. But the part of him that had absorbed some of Dianne's memories made his stomach do slight flipflops thinking of Alex. By the time the plane had taxied to the gate, Mike had decided that he would have to kiss his husband. He would just make it chaste and quick.

When the doors slid open and he stepped out into the baggage claim, he spotted Alex right away. Alex took him into an embrace. He was all masculine hard angles, with a solid jaw and burly body. Mike let his soft body rest against Alex's hard one. Their lips met and the spicy scent of Alex was strangely delightful to Mike's new nose. Still, the scratchy stubble was odd, as were the feel of Mike's breasts crushed against Alex's harder pecs. He was relieved when Alex released him and they walked together to wait at the baggage claim.

"Did you have fun?" Alex asked, slipping one arm around Mike.

"I did," Mike agreed. "But I miss the kids already."

"I know. But you won't miss them as much when you get home and realize how nice and quiet it is!"

They made awkward small talk while they waited for Mike's bag. He tried to think of the trip from Dianne's point of view. What would she have seen? What would she have said to Alex? The residual memories within him weren't quite enough to rely on him. They were ephemeral, slipping from his thoughts before he could quite grasp them.

As such, Mike was one edge at first, feeling like a perpetually faker. He was hesitant and when Alex pressed him on it, Mike said he was exhausted from the flight. In truth, he felt like a fraud, as if he were only masquerading as Dianne and he would soon be found out. But Alex didn't seem suspicious in the least and, by the time they walked out of the airport, Mike's anxiety had eased.

"How did you go with Mike?" Alex asked once they were on the road.

"Fine," Mike said, thrown at first by the question about himself. "We got along okay. No arguments."

"That's good. Not too stressful?"

"The only thing stressful was being away from you," Mike replied, forcing a smile.

They eventually pulled into the driveway of a townhouse Mike vaguely recognized from a long ago visit. Alex hauled Dianne's suitcase out of the car and up to the front door. Before he opened it up he surprised Mike by turning and pulling him into a quick embrace, his hand skating down to Mike's ass as Alex kissed him again, long and slow.

It was still awkward to kiss this man Mike barely knew, but so nice to be so loved. So missed. That's what had bugged him about life with Emily. They'd settled into a routine. This novelty of being someone else was the most excitement Mike had had in years.

Mike made an excuse about wanting to go clean off and rest, and Alex left him to his own devices. Mike wandered upstairs and peeked in through each doorway until he found Alex and Dianne's room. Mike poked about in the drawers, getting used to where everything was located, sifting through Dianne's clothes to get an idea of her outfits.

Upon throwing open her closet, he found her sea of cashmere sweaters and ran his hands along their softness. These were all his now. He couldn't wait to try them on, knowing they would look fantastic on this body. But first, he wanted to see something that would look even better on Dianne's body: nothing at all.

Mike stripped out of his cashmere sweater and hung it on the rack before kicking off his heels and rolling the tight spandex bottoms off his wide thighs. He hooked his thumbs beneath the hem of the cream-colored panties and slipped them off, wiggling his butt as he shimmied them down his legs. Finally, he stood naked in Dianne's body.

Mike let his eyes graze down his new body, enjoying the sight of Dianne's naked sex from his new perspective. The light brown tuft of hair between his ample thighs was shaved into a perfect triangle. Her body was curvy, with a MILF-ish figure all dangling breasts, plump hips, and solid calves. Dianne still carried a little weight around her stomach, which Mike would have to take care of. But the little scratches and moles and the C-section scar were all a wonderful reminder of how perfectly imperfect his new body was. How utterly feminine he now was.

Mike drew a bath, pouring in some of Dianne's bath oils and letting the water run until the tub was sudsy and the whole bathroom smelled like jasmine. He stepped in and sank into the warm, soapy water, lying back and closing his eyes, just enjoying the feel of his new body as he submerged himself up to his neck. His breasts floated buoyantly beneath his nose. As Mike wiggled into a comfortable position he felt each wonderful motion of his body.

He ran his new hands lightly down himself, letting his fingers play absently against his skin, following the contours of his new body by touch. His hands rose up to his cheeks, splayed out around his chin, stroking his tiny ears, the delicate nose, the broad face he now possessed. Dianne's face was so smooth, lacking the stubble of his own. Her skin care routine kept her skin soft and silky.

Mike let his hands glide down his neck, then to his chest, then over his breasts. He cupped them, stretching out his fingers as much as he could to take in as much of his tits as he could grab. They were wonderfully squeezable, and his fingers dug into his soft skin. He went softly at first, but soon discovered his tits were less sensitive than he thought, and he began squeezing harder, pressing his breasts up against his chest so that they pillowed out. Sliding his hands beneath them, he grabbed and squeezed until it was almost painful but felt so good.

He grabbed each nipple and plucked it, pinching it between thumb and forefinger, stretching it up into the air until the sharp pain made him gasp and he released them to let gravity bounce them back down. That sharp pain met the warmth slowly growing between his thighs and he did it again, watching as he stretched each red raw nipple, enjoying the sight of Dianne's hands on her own body, the realization that her body was his now and he could do *anything* he wanted with it.

He slid one hand down beneath the warm water, following his slick body down his curves to his pussy. Dianne's scratchy pubic hair gave way to her slick lips. He felt them part for his finger as he slid inside, following the line of his slit up and down. A wonderful ache built up inside him, just beneath his wandering fingers, urging him on.

"Oh, that's nice," Mike murmured, enjoying the sound of Dianne's voice spilling from his own lips.

One hand continued squeezing his tits as the fingers of the other landed on the gentle swell of his pleasure button. He raised one leg up out of the water and placed it on the rim of the tub so that he could spread himself further. His fingers moved faster, circling around his clit and growing the ache inside him.

He gazed at Dianne's leg, long and smooth and creamy pale. So perfectly curved. He wiggled his toes, watched them dance.

The ache grew into a tension that spilled through him, making him stroke himself harder, faster. He moaned again, voice strained as he neared the peak. He released his tits and brought his other hand down to his pussy, bending so that he could slide two fingers into his slick opening. He was wetter than water and the pressure of his cunt as it clutched his fingers was divine.

He stroked his clit and fingered himself, moving faster, little sighs escaping his lips. His body grew taut and suddenly the pressure exploded. He groaned, biting his lip to stifle his cry as the orgasm roared through him. His fingers continued moving inside, stroking, pulsing, twisting, wringing every last second of pleasure from his new body. He twisted in the tub, headless of the water sloshing around, needing only to release that pressure that had filled him. The second orgasm came quicker and was even more intense than the first, making sparks dance before his vision and pushing a quivering cry from his lips.

Mike came down slowly and lay back in the tub. God, that was incredible. He felt so relaxed. At peace. He slid his leg back down into the water and closed his eyes, remaining in the bath until the water turned cool.

At last, he stepped out and dried himself off before rummaging through Dianne's drawers for her nightie. It was a baggy shirt and equally baggy pants which, while unattractive and hid her curves, was very comfortable. He tied his curly hair back in a ponytail, not wishing to deal with it at the moment. It was already evening and he wasn't going anywhere tonight.

They ordered takeaway, and Mike spent the evening curled up on the couch.

Alex flitted around him, setting and clearing the dinner table and generally trying to make Dianne's homecoming as easy as possible. From the way he kept stopping by and kissing Mike's neck, or reaching out to stroke Mike's ass as he walked past, he was hoping for sex. The first time Alex grabbed his ass Mike had jumped and Alex had laughed before wrapping him in a hug from behind and kissing his neck. Mike felt Alex's hard-on pressing against the curve of his plump ass and wiggled out of Alex's embrace as soon as reasonably practical. This kind of flirting seemed to be very normal for Alex in a way that it absolutely was not with Mike.

Emily had shown absolutely no interest in sex for so long that Mike had forgotten what it was like to be wanted. To not have to slink away to his study to masturbate, knowing that his wife would happily sit on the couch immersed in her iPad. Maybe it was Emily's menopause, or maybe it was just living together for so long that the excitement was gone. Whatever it was, Mike had had needs that were unfulfilled and, clearly, so did Alex.

Mike wasn't ready to go all the way in Dianne's body. He was still settling in, still being startled by the occasional flash of familiar memories amid the unfamiliar new routines. He could feel the Dianne part of his mind adoring his husband's amorous intentions. In the end, he got ready for bed and slid under the covers, making a big show of yawning and saying how exhausted he was before pretending to fall asleep. At some point he knew he would have to fully embrace being Dianne.

But not tonight.

Mike woke up to Dianne's alarm the next day and blearily slapped at it, temporarily disoriented at finding himself in a stranger's bedroom. Then the events of yesterday snapped into focus.

He rose and began Dianne's morning routine. Using the toilet as a woman was bizarre and it took some practice to figure out what to do with his muscles. He brushed his teeth and combed out his wavy hair. The makeup presented a challenge. So many bottles and vials and powders and tubes and brushes and wands.

Mike reached for one automatically, trying to stay out of his own way and let Dianne's memories come to the fore. He had her muscle memories, and was able to ape the motions of putting on her makeup entirely based on what "felt" right. Brush like this. Dab with that. Curl here. It took longer than it would have taken the real Dianne, but when Mike was done he felt he'd made a reasonably good effort.

Alex joined him in the bathroom and they did their routines in companionable and groggy silence. Padding to the walk-in closet, Mike tossed off his nightclothes before rummaging through Dianne's drawers for a black bra and panties. He struggled into the bra, clasping it behind him in a way that felt practiced—more of Dianne's muscle memories—and then manipulated his breasts into each cup.

Pulling up a photo on his phone, he found a photo of Dianne at work in a particularly stunning black dress. It was sleeveless and comfortably tailored to her figure, hot but not too sexy for the office. He flipped through the clothes rack until he found it. It fit him wonderfully, contouring to his figure and looking incredible slimming. Matching low heels with crisscrossing straps and a big black purse completed the outfit.

Mike stood at the refrigerator for far too long trying to figure out what to eat for breakfast. There was quite a selection of carbs but nothing he thought was suitable. He had plans for his new life, and they began with getting Dianne in shape. Funny how she was so worried about being supermom online but used camera trickery rather than putting in the real work to make her body look even better. In the end, he contented himself with an apple and some yogurt.

Mike didn't need much because he was nervous about going into Dianne's work as her. Though he'd heard about Dianne's office a little from Emily and a little from seeing it online, the day-to-day workings were a mystery to him. He'd seen photos of her desk so he thought he could find it but that was about it. The rest he would have to figure out from her emails and from talking to her coworkers.

Mike worked out the address from Dianne's paystubs in her email. He kissed Alex goodbye and strode out the door, using Dianne's phone to navigate to work.

Walking into Dianne's work was a lot like walking out of the airport yesterday. Extreme nervousness that he would be called out as an impostor. He nodded and said hello to people as he passed them in the hallway, trying not to look lost as he wandered through the rows of cubicles until

he found the one that looked like that in Dianne's picture. The photos of Kai and Jaxon taped up to one wall confirmed it.

Dumping his purse on the ground, Mike took a seat in the desk and booted up his computer. As he waited for it to load, he poked through the files strewn about Dianne's desk. She worked for a rapidly-expanding medical supply company, and the files categorized the supplies sold to various vendors. The dry work was such a contrast to Dianne's bright online life. Just another thing she was faking online.

When the prompt for his password popped up, Mike realized he didn't know it. He would need to get IT to change it for him. But he didn't know how to contact them, either. He thought for a minute and then wandered out of his cubicle and back to a break room he'd passed. A bottle-blonde middle aged woman greeted him warmly as he stepped in.

"Well, howdy, Dianne," she said with a deep Texas accent. "Kids all dropped off okay?"

"Oh, yea," Mike agreed, fixing himself a coffee from the espresso machine on the counter. "It was a breeze."

Mike vaguely knew this woman from Dianne's memories. He had a warm feeling towards her, as if they were long-time workmates. But he couldn't dredge up her name. He faked it for a while, telling her about the trip before mentioning his password problem as though it were an afterthought.

"And, you know, I go away for three days and I totally forget my passwords," Mike finished.

"I know! Happens to me all the time!" The woman agreed with a laugh.

"Good, I thought it was just me being absentminded after a vacation."

"Same, honey. When my brain goes on vacation mode all the work stuff just goes pfft. Right out." The woman laughed agreeably. "Just go find Ed or Dale."

"Have you seen them this morning?" Mike asked.

"I think I saw Ed in already. He was at his desk."

"Of course. And if I wasn't absent-minded I would know I could find that where?" Mike grinned, trying to play it off like a joke but not *too* much of a joke.

The woman laughed again. "Oh. You. Down in the dungeon, of course."

"I know, I'm just joking," Mike said.

A young man with a long beard joined them and, again, Mike felt that flash of familiarity and warmth. The three of them shot the shit until the middle-aged woman glanced at her phone and sighed.

"Guess we should get to it, huh?"

The three broke up and Mike went to find the dungeon. She had said *down* in the dungeon, so Mike took the elevator down to the basement. Fortunately, it was signposted and the IT guys were easy to find. He played the "absent-minded" card again and Ed—or was it Dale?—told him he'd take care of it.

When Mike was finally able to log in, his work began in earnest. He caught up on what Dianne had been doing. Checked her schedule. Read through her previous responses to get a sense of what she was doing. It was like studying for a difficult test, except he also had coworkers popping in to say hi. It wasn't surprising that Dianne was so gregarious and had made friends all over the office.

The employee database allowed him to match names to faces. The first half of the morning was spent catching up on Dianne's work, finding out what exactly she did and how he was supposed to continue it. It seemed to consist mostly of contacting vendors, following up on orders, checking inventory, and chasing down leads.

Lunchtime found him going out to a nearby fast food place with his coworkers, where he got to test out his memory of their names. He got a salad and then chatted and laughed with his coworkers until it was time to go back to work. By the end of the day he thought he was on top of most things, and he went home with a spring in his step.

The second night as Dianne was a little less stressful. He still almost messed it up by forgetting to cook dinner, but played it off as exhaustion from his first day back. It also let him beg off sleeping with Alex again that night, even though he could tell Alex *really* wanted some sexy time with his wife. Mike busied himself with chores as much as he could in between researching nearby gyms.

Mike was able to again fake falling asleep that night and thought he was free. But the next morning, after slapping off his alarm, Alex rolled over and threw his arm over Mike. Snuggling up against Mike from behind, Mike felt Alex's warm, urgent manhood press against his plump buttocks.

"Mmmm," mumbled Alex, his hot breath on Mike's neck sending delightful shivers through his body. "Just a real quick quickie."

Mike felt trapped. If he refused it would look weird. And, besides, the Dianne part of his memories thought it was a *lovely* idea. But Mike still wasn't ready for Alex to make a woman of him. Instead, as a compromise, Mike reached behind him and grabbed Alex's cock. It was warm and it twitched in his grip as Mike wrapped Dianne's fingers around it. He stroked Alex's dick, sliding his fingers up and down "his" husband's shaft.

Mike grabbed the lube he'd found in the nightstand and squirted a dollop onto his hand. Then he shifted around so he was facing Alex and gripped his cock in his slickened hand. Mike pressed his breasts against his husband looked up into his eyes as he stroked Alex's cock.

"You like that?" Mike whispered.

"Yeah, I do," Alex breathed, his pupils wide in want.

Mike continued stroking Alex's dick. It felt so big beneath his tiny fingers. So hot and hard. The veiny shaft. The nub of the head. Mike could feel it all as he jerked Alex off, his cock trapped between them.

"Oh, baby," Alex murmured, "You gotta stop or..."

Mike grinned and slid faster, pumping Alex's dick until he felt it go taut in his hand and then throb beneath his fingers. Hot bursts of creamy seed exploded across Mike's fingers and tummy. It was exciting seeing that need in Alex's eyes, feeling that warmth spread across Mike's skin. He held onto Alex's cock until it stilled and Alex opened his eyes.

"Shit. Guess I missed you a little too much," Alex grinned, his eyes twinkling.

Seeing that love, that *need*, for Mike in Alex's eyes, even though the need wasn't really for *Mike*, made Dianne's body warm and tingly.

"That's okay, baby," Mike whispered, dragging his cum-drenched hand up to his breast where he began tweaking his pink nipple.

Fuck, the thought of spreading Alex's cum across Dianne's body, the thought of hearing Dianne beg for more, of seeing her covered in creamy seed, made Mike's body ache. When he slid his other

hand between his legs he found he was already moist with desire. Alex's kissable lips curled into a smile as he watched Mike touch himself.

"Looks like you need something now," Alex said.

Without waiting to respond, Alex ducked beneath the covers and positioned himself between Mike's legs. Mike was nervous. He wanted to tell Alex to stop, that he wasn't ready, but then Alex's tongue found his clit and all thought of resistance vanished.

"Oh, yes, baby," Mike muttered, as Alex's warm tongue slid against Mike's pleasure button.

Alex feasted on Dianne's cunt while Mike enjoyed her pleasure. He was dripping now, and could hear the wet sounds of Alex's tongue on his glistening folds. Mike raised his hips, thrusting up towards Alex's mouth as the tension took hold within him. Soon he couldn't think, could only act, could only twist and moan as the wonderful ache spread through him. Alex continued lapping, faster now, harder, bringing in his fingers to slide up through Dianne's sopping wet canal. When Alex hit the dimpled nub of Mike's innermost pleasure he howled, legs flexing as the orgasm burst through him. Alex licked him all the way through and down the wonderful burst of hot pleasure.

When he was done, Alex crawled up to put his head on the pillow. Mike embraced him, feeling an overwhelming love, a deep attraction to this man who'd made him feel so good. He kissed Alex on the lips, tasting the delicious musk of Dianne's cunt on Alex's tongue.

"That's better than coffee," Mike said, running his hand down "his" husband's solid body.

The second day in Dianne's body went easier than the first. That morning, he packed Dianne's gym clothes (the trendy figure-hugging yoga pants and sports top that she only ever wore for social media photos) and tossed them into the car. Breakfast was yogurt with fruit. It was hard to stick to a diet but he only had to look in the mirror every day and imagine what Dianne's delicious naked body *could* be like if he kept at it.

Mike got to know his coworkers. Who was the gossipy one, who the quiet one, who the office clown. He was, fittingly enough, the mom of the office, keeping the peace between everyone and smoothing things over so they could get their work done.

After work he joined a gym and took his first Pilates class. It was full of women in their twenties and he felt old and self-conscious. He was also the worst, by far, struggling to bend and stretch and do as much weight as anyone else in the class. When it was done he was red-faced and sweating. He didn't even have to feign exhaustion for Alex when he returned home that night.

Mike settled into a routine getting to know his son-in-law like never before. Alex had his moods but was generally a doting husband. He was really in love with Dianne and it was clear the two showed affection with each other in private, as Alex absently touched and stroked Mike whenever they happened to be nearby.

Mike had access to Dianne's calendar and on Thursday it reminded him he had a hair appointment. His hair was almost at shoulder-length now and Dianne usually kept it about this length. But Mike preferred long hair and it was his body to do what he wanted. He thought Dianne would look quite hot with long hair, like a younger version of his wife. He cancelled the appointment.

On the weekend they had a video call with Emily and Dianne (still in Mike's body). Mike put on his favorite cashmere sweater and did his makeup. He was getting better at it each day. He adjusted himself in front of the screen until he was perfect, and then connected.

Emily appeared on the screen and beamed at her daughter. She turned and called for "Mike". A moment later, Mike's former body—Dianne inside—settled into the frame. It looked older than Mike remembered. He'd only been away for a week but were there new lines on his old face? Dianne had a glum look. Her mouth tightened when she saw how pretty and together Mike looked.

Dianne barely said a word as Mike flaunted his perfect new life for her, even throwing his arm around Alex when he joined them. Alex kissed Mike's cheek and Mike turned, gently grabbed Alex's chin, and guided their lips together. Alex had a heady, spicy taste that sent goosebumps through Mike. When he pulled away he had a huge smile on his face. Why did it feel so good to kiss Alex? It felt...right. Maybe a week in Dianne's body had given enough time for him to settle into her memories.

Mike continued doting on his new husband and daughter, grinning back at Dianne who became more and more withdrawn. He could tell it was killing her seeing him steal her life and doing a perfect impersonation. But there was nothing she could do.

When they hung up, Mike stood and stretched his back, then announced he was going to the gym.

“Again?” Alex asked.

“I’m on a roll. I really want to get my figure back.”

“I like your figure,” Alex said, running his hands down Mike’s wide hips.

Mike was suddenly dizzy with warmth. “I want to get rid of this,” Mike said, grabbing a handful of his stomach.

“I don’t mind,” Alex said, his hands still on Mike’s hips.

Alex was looking at him with such need it made Mike ache. He pulled away reluctantly. “Well, *I* mind.”

He was getting better at the gym. After the first week he knew what he was doing. He wasn’t anywhere near the best in the class, but he didn’t feel so out of place. He was strangely jealous of the class of skinny women, and it took him some time to identify that that jealousy stemmed from Dianne’s memories. *She* was jealous that they were so effortlessly skinny and put-together. His mind was so mingled with Dianne’s he was beginning to have a hard time figuring out where her emotions ended and his began.

It wasn’t that he totally forgot who he was. No, he was still Mike in his stepdaughter’s body. That happy thought came to him every day when he looked in the mirror and saw Dianne’s smiling face reflected back at him. He was still attracted to the body he possessed, still enjoyed seeing her naked, touching her breasts and soft buttocks, even getting off with the help of the vibrator he found in her nightstand when Alex wasn’t around. He was becoming an amalgamation of the two of them. The Dianne part missed the physical closeness of her husband, while the Mike part dearly wanted to know what it felt like to have sex in his glorious body.

Mike continued changing Dianne’s life to suite his needs throughout the week. He wore his hair long, enjoying combing it so it curled down his shoulders. He went through her outfits, taking any excuse to change clothes and try on her cashmere sweaters. He social media’d less. Paid more attention to his kids, emailing and texting them little notes. Brought in goodies for his coworkers. Stuck to his gym schedule and his diet. Generally went about being Dianne better than Dianne ever had. And the nights he touched himself in the shower, rocking on his fingers as he enjoyed another of Dianne’s orgasms was wonderful.

One night, about a week and a half into Mike’s new life, he came out of the bathroom wearing only a towel. Alex lounged on the bed, dressed only in his boxer shorts, and watched a video on his phone. He paused the video when Mike dropped the towel. Mike felt Alex’s eyes on him and looked up. Alex gave him a little smile that made Mike blush. It felt so nice being wanted. Emily hadn’t been interested in sex for a long time. When was the last time she’d looked at him like that?

“You look good, babe,” Alex said.

“Thanks,” Mike mumbled, his cheeks blushing red.

“Don’t bother getting dressed,” Alex grinned, climbing out of bed.

Mike started to demur, turned to go to the closet and put on some clothes before he could tempt Alex anymore. But Alex was on him, pressing his hard body against Mike’s warm back, his arms coming beneath Mike’s to snake around and caress him, one hand landing on a breast, the other landing between his legs. Alex gently nibbled on Mike’s neck, sending goosebumps up and down Mike’s arms. Mike lay his head to one side, swept aside his hair and sighed as his body reacted to his husband’s touch.

Alex squeezed Mike’s tit, making it bulge up into wonderful proportions. His fingers dug into Mike’s skin and Mike’s sensitive nipple brushed up against his husband’s palm. The hand between

Mike's legs stroked slowly up and down, following the line of Mike's slit. Mike brought his hand up to his other breast and stroked himself, not wanting Alex to have all the fun. God, Dianne's tits still felt so good. Alex knew what he was doing. Knew how to please his wife's body.

He continued nipping at Mike's neck, kissing up to his ear so that his warm breath whispered across Mike's cheek.

"I need to fuck you so badly," Alex growled.

Mike felt the hard edge of Alex's manhood pressing against his backside, sliding up and down the crack of his ass as Alex slowly dry humped him, teasing him. Alex's fingers were magic across Mike's pussy, circling the hood of his clit and making Mike ache with need. Mike was nervous about having sex as Dianne, but he couldn't fight the desire within his body.

Mike reached around and wrapped his hand around Alex's cock. It was warm and wonderful and hard. Excited for *him!*

"Come here," Mike said, still grabbing hold of Alex's cock as he led Alex towards the full length mirror in the closet.

Dianne's naked body came into view in the reflection, her tits and pussy caressed by her husband. The sight of himself made Mike ever more aroused. Dianne's face was flush with desire, her pupils wide, her mouth slightly open to reveal the white teeth. This was Dianne when horny, an incredible delicious sight. Alex grinned over Mike's shoulder and kissed his neck, his hands continuing to work their magic across Mike's body. Mike felt himself spreading beneath Alex's ministrations, his pussy lips opening and then wrapping around Alex's fingers as Alex found his wetness and spread it up and down Dianne's gorgeous cunt.

Mike leaned against the mirror, Dianne's face so close he could make out the tiny mole near one ear. He arched his back and wiggled his ass as he gazed at his own face. Alex's hand slid off Mike's chest, down his curves, over his ass. He spread Mike's cheeks and then Mike felt something hard and firm slide between his thighs. Alex thrust gently between Mike's pillowy butt cheeks, gliding up the line of Mike's pussy, lubricating himself on Mike's juices, teasing him without entering. Each slow thrust pressed up against Mike's clit and built the beautiful ache within his core.

Alex guided his cock up against Mike's waiting entrance. Mike moaned in anticipation, eyes glued to Dianne's reflection. She was even hotter when she was desperate to get fucked. The tip of Alex's cock slid inside Mike, parting his pussy lips, and pausing at his entrance. Then with a grunt and a thrust Alex sheathed himself deep within Mike's core. Mike threw his head back and moaned as Alex filled him, each inch of Alex's cock travelling up through his slick canal and turning the ache into a pressure that desperately needed release.

And then he held Alex fully inside him, the warmth and pressure so incredible. Mike opened his eyes and gazed back at the mirror, watching Dianne's lips curl into a smile. Alex was staring down at Mike's ass and he let his hands roam up the small of his back and then returned to his hips, exploring Mike's body by touch.

"God, you feel so good," Alex moaned.

He pulled out and for a brief moment Mike felt empty and needy, and then Alex *shoved* his cock back in again. Mike gasped as he tightened around his husband's cock. And then Alex was sliding in and out, slowly fucking Mike. In the mirror, Mike could see Alex's cock disappear into Dianne's cunt, could see his pussy lips wrap around the shaft as it disappeared inside him, reappearing a second later shiny and slick with Mike's juices. Dianne's pink pussy wrapped around the hard shaft, each driving thrust building the exquisite pressure inside Mike.

They rocked together, Alex moving faster until the steady thump-thump of his groin on Mike's plump ass filled the closet, accompanied by Alex's grunts and Mike's increasingly high-pitched cries. Now Alex was plunging into Mike's depths, his teeth gritted with the effort to hold on, to match Mike's explosive buildup.

"Oh, Alex, yes," Mike moaned. "Fuck my little pussy."

Alex redoubled his efforts, slamming into Mike's cunt and making his body reverberate with need. Mike felt himself approaching the precipice. His voice grew higher in pitch, his head threw back, and then, as if sensing Mike's rhythm, Alex plunged deep and grunted in Mike's ear. Mike came hard, body convulsing, legs tensing as Alex pumped hot cum inside Mike's wet pussy. The orgasm roared through Mike's mind. The heat and the pressure were so intense, burning him with pleasure as his body shook and he clung to the mirror, gazing at Dianne's reflection as she came for him, her pussy stuffed with her husband's dick.

Alex emptied himself into Mike's slick body, staying inside Mike's warmth as his cock slowed and stopped. Mike felt so enormously, wonderfully full. His entire body was warm and light, his head swathed in cotton. Alex pulled out, dripping down Mike's leg. Mike turned and wrapped himself around Alex's magnificently hard body and kissed his husband. He was unashamed and deliriously happy.

At the end of summer, Mike flew out to pick up the kids and chaperone them back home. He'd had a makeover and his hair styled that morning so that he could sweep through the airport and meet Dianne and Emily as his best self.

Emily wrapped him in a hug and then stood back and admired him. "I love what you've done with your hair!"

"Thanks!" Mike gushed modestly.

"And you looks so good. Have you been working out?"

"Yep," Mike smiled, posing with a hand on hip and showing off the delicious figure he now possessed. Better than the original Dianne had ever looked.

Mike's old body stood beside her looking so, well, *old*. Greying and wrinkled. Disgusting. Mike took special care to give Dianne a hug, pulling her close.

"This body is incredible," he whispered in her ear, and then let her go before she could respond.

As they waited for the luggage to arrive and then drove home, Mike gushed about how nice it was to have the kids away. How great it was to spend time with his youngest. How wonderful it was to have time alone with Alex. Dianne, in the backseat, folded her arms and glared at Mike but he just shot her own beatific smile back at her.

Mike could see Dianne was dying to talk to him alone, desperate to switch back. He put her off, instead bonding with his other kids and chatting happily with Emily, just as Dianne used to do. It wasn't until around eleven at night, long past the time the kids had gone to bed, that Dianne got a chance to confront him.

Emily, Mike and Dianne had shared a bottle of wine and lounged on the enclosed back porch until Mike began yawning and suggested it was time for him to go to bed. Dianne made some excuse to go inside with him and then quickly hurried him into the garage.

"It's time to switch back," Dianne said, rummaging through a cardboard box and pulling out the MacGuffin Device. "Did you bring the part to fix it?"

Mike held out his hand and Dianne handed him the device. Before Dianne could react he raised it in the air and smashed it down on the corner of his workbench. The device exploded into pieces, little bits of plastic and metal ricocheting across the room. Mike handed the remains of the device back to Dianne.

"I like being Dianne. I think I'll stay forever."

Mike tossed his hair and walked out of the garage, leaving Dianne stunned and saddened and stuck in his old, decrepit body. Mike had a new life now. The best life. Dianne's life.

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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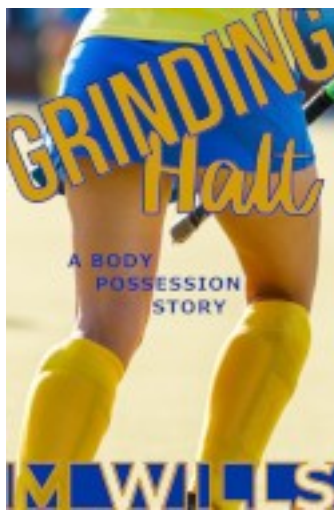
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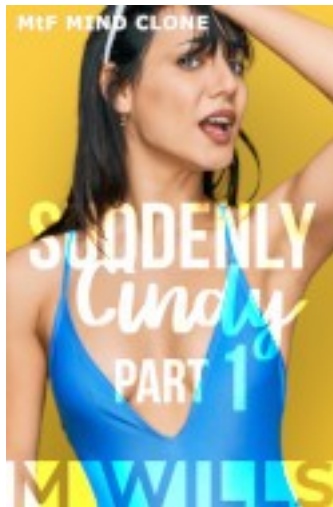
Grinding Halt

I've used my body hopping powers to take over a sexy young field hockey player and have the time of her life, exploring her sensual body both by myself and with some help.



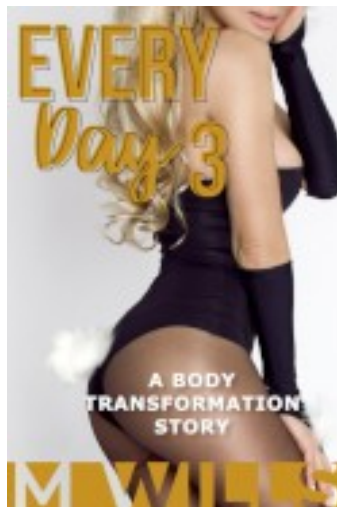
Swapped with a Stripper

I was at a strip club for my bachelor party when a sudden global event made most people in the world swap bodies. Now I'm in the body of the incredibly busty strip club headliner.



Suddenly Cindy 1

Sebastian wakes up one morning in the body of Cindy, a cute young woman who lives in the dorm room below him. But his own (former?) body is still moving around, completely oblivious to Sebastian's confusion. What's more, Cindy is still conscious and thinks every sexy thing she's done is of her own free will.



Every Day 3

In the conclusion to the Every Day series, Corey thought he'd escaped the spell but it's come back with a vengeance, now transforming both his girlfriend, Caitlin, and the bully into sexy women stereotypes.

And many more!