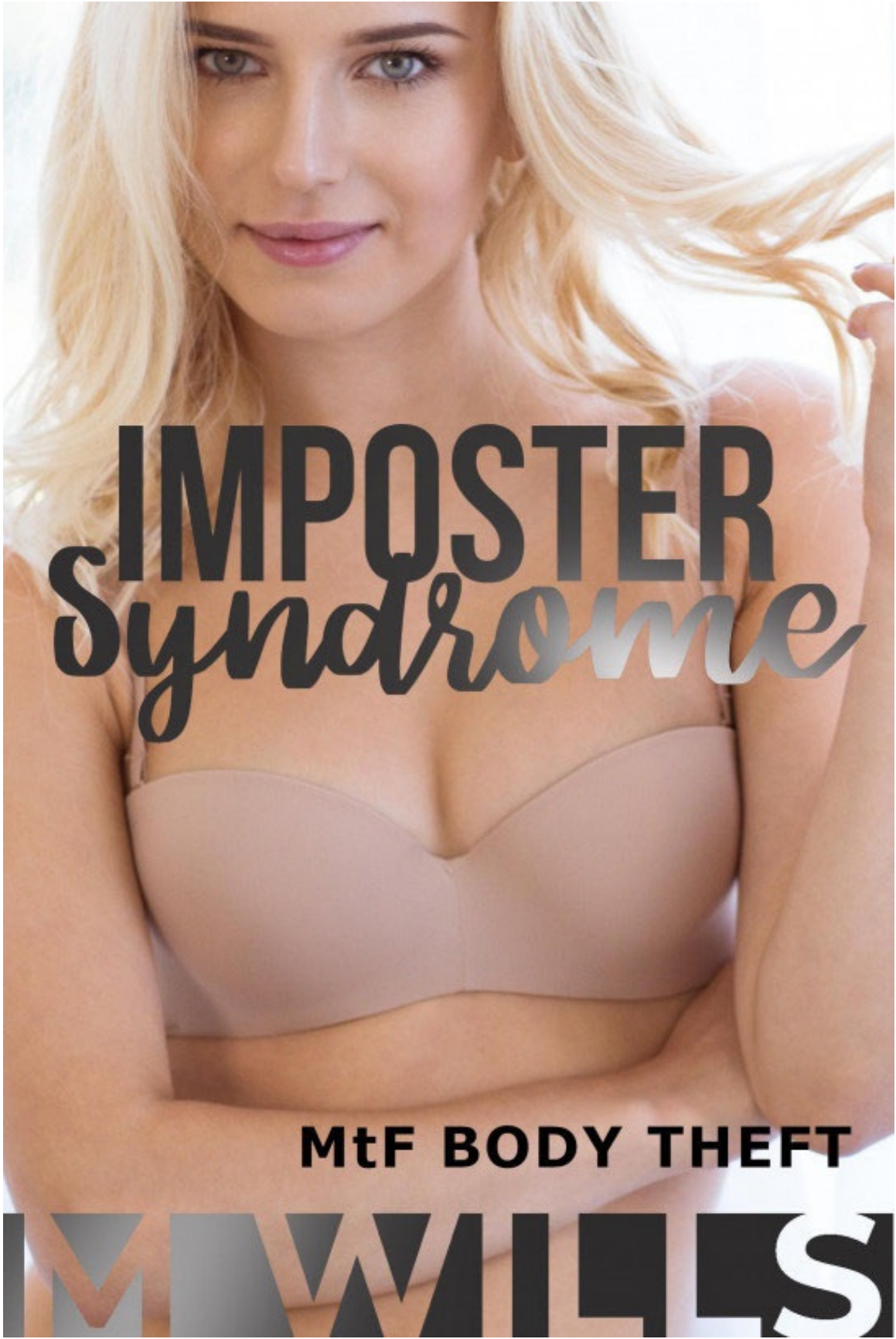


IMPOSTER *Syndrome*

MtF BODY THEFT

M W I L S



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Imposter Syndrome

Body Theft Erotica

by M. Wills

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Imposter Syndrome

Gabe turns up the volume on his game until the noise-cancelling headphones drown out his stepsister's embarrassingly girly pop music. It's a song by her favorite band, one of the many Korean boy bands that Gabe can't keep straight, and she's cranked up the radio to sing along. Her bubblegum-pink nails flash in the sun as she taps out the beat on the steering wheel and sings. She either doesn't care or doesn't know she's out of tune. Every now and then Gabe can feel the tires bump over the tiny markers in the road that divide the lanes. He's grown accustomed to the way the car lurches back and forth under his stepsister's guidance and no longer gets sick. Or, no longer gets as sick

Gabe hunches lower in the back seat and puts his foot up on the cupholder between the two front seats. Maddy stops singing long enough to tap his foot with her elbow. He looks up and meets her eyes in the reflection of the rear-view mirror. Her dainty nose is wrinkled in disgust, her meticulously plucked brows scrunch over narrowed sky-blue eyes. Her lips move, trying to tell him something.

He pushes the headphones off his ears. "What?"

"I said," Maddy repeats, over the blaring of the vocals, "Get your feet down. You'll get my car all gross with your grossness."

Gabe looks around the backseat of the secondhand Mazda their parents bought for Maddy. A large water stain covers the entirety of one seat and an unidentified brown streak is plastered across the roof. Some candy wrappers flutter on the

floor, one of them still containing some chocolate that has melted and re-solidified, gluing the wrapper to the bottom of the door.

“It’s already gross,” Gabe replies.

“But the bottom of your shoes are, like, the grossest. I don’t want that on my seats.”

“Then let me sit up front.”

“I can’t, little brother,” Maddy says with mock sorrow. “Then people might see me with you.”

She hits his foot again, harder this time, and he lowers it, deliberately sliding the bottoms down the back of the armrest. Maddy returns to her singing but by now Gabe has lost his game. He clicks his phone off and slumps on the window, staring out at the scenery.

He’s at his stepsister’s mercy for a ride after flunking his driver’s ed test for the second time. The written part was easy; it was the actual driving where he got nervous. Gabe had felt the severe eyes of the matronly instructor on him the whole time. The pressure to perform made his palms and armpits damp with sweat. He hates people looking at him. Judging his appearance. The slight body odor he can never seem to cover. He might have recovered from backing into the orange cone that was a stand-in for a real parked car if he hadn’t then run over a fake pedestrian.

His stepsister, as in all things, had the opposite experience. She'd barely passed the written exam but had aced the driving. Gabe has severe doubts it was solely due to her driving skills. He suspects her flirting skills had a lot to do with it, especially as the instructor surreptitiously handed her his phone number afterwards. As far as Gabe knows, she never called him. She seems to use her looks to get her way and then tosses people aside. God only knows why she's so popular at school.

No, scratch that, it's easy to see why she's popular. Maddy is bubbly, blonde and busty. Head of the cheerleading squad and with a body that surely features in the fantasy of every straight male at their high school. She is the center of attention wherever she goes, turning heads just by stepping into the room.

And Gabe, Gabe is...not. His baby fat hasn't disappeared as he's grown but has instead chunkified into man fat. Not obese. More like shapeless. He has the dark hair, dark eyes and dark unibrow of his dad. Rather than spend his free time gossiping, flirting and exercising like his stepsister, he makes his way through every book in the library and volunteers at the local history museum.

Maddy pulls over in front of a fire hydrant a few blocks before the museum.

"This is your stop. Don't forget to tip the driver," Maddy says, unlocking the doors.

"We're four blocks away!" Gabe protests.

"You could use the exercise. I won't go any further."

“Won’t or can’t?” There is road construction happening just in front of the museum and the roads a little further on are now a temporary maze of orange cones and barriers. Gabe suspects Maddy is unable to navigate through the mess.

They’re interrupted by a police officer on a motorcycle who taps on the passenger side window. Maddy sees the uniform, rolls down the window and leans over towards the passenger seat to be able to see his face. No doubt she’s aware that the officer can see right down her top to her huge, tumbling breasts.

“You can’t park here, ma’am,” the officer says.

“Oh, sorrrrryyyyy,” Maddy says adorably, batting her eyes. “I like your bike. Looks like you’ve got a lot of power between your legs.”

Gabe sees the officer’s eyes flick down to his stepsister’s chest before he smiles and visibly softens. “I’ll just let you off with a warning.”

“Thank you, sir,” Maddy says, batting her eyes and fluffing up her shiny golden hair.

He drinks her in for another beat before driving off.

“Out,” Maddy says, instantly back to her old bitchy self as she snaps her manicured fingers at Gabe. “I’m meeting up with my girls.”

Gabe grumbles but pushes open the squeaky car door and hauls himself to his feet. He yanks his grungy backpack out of the backseat and hefts it on his wide shoulders. Then he slams the car door shut with a satisfying thud and turns to Maddy.

“Don’t forget you need to pick me up at 6.”

But she’s already driving off, swerving back into the traffic in a way that makes the car immediately behind her slam on the brakes and honk the horn. Maddy waves apologetically. If the driver is really pissed off she’ll probably just flirt her way out of it. Play the part of the dumb blonde, not the mean one.

Gabe sticks his thumbs beneath the strap of his backpack and begins the long walk to the museum. By the time he’s walked the four blocks and up the long flight of steps to the entrance his shirt is damp with sweat. He hauls open the huge glass doors and the welcome relief of the air conditioning immediately gives him chills. Waving hello to the employee manning the ticket booth, he takes a left down the hallway to the back offices.

AJ, the permanently harried PhD student overseeing the volunteers, is already in the specimen room where the exhibits are being lovingly restored. He’s already distracted when he greets Gabe and directs him to one of the empty stations. There’s a box of neatly labelled bones on the desk, along with some brushes and other cleaning tools. Gabe hasn’t been entrusted to actually touch any of the rarer specimens, and these bones are likely from common animals rather than dinosaurs. It’s Gabe’s duty to sort through them all, cleaning the displays gently and noting any deterioration, then checking to ensure they’ve all been photographed and entered into the database. Gabe’s been doing this longer than some of the university students, so AJ mostly ignores him.

There's a comforting Zen to picking out each bone, dusting it carefully, and putting it back in its place, then trolling through the catalogue on the computer. He sometimes has to try multiple different searches before finding a hit because someone's categorized it incorrectly. Gabe corrects the error and notes it in a shared file. It's steady work and he loves the knowledge that he's putting things in their proper place, ensuring that the museum, unlike the world, runs in a fair and orderly fashion.

An hour into the work AJ taps him on the shoulder.

"Hey, Gabe," AJ says, running a hand through his wild hair. "Can you help me bring these down to storage?"

He nods his head towards a metal cart holding some boxes of displays, each labelled with a specific code in large black letters.

"Yep, absolutely."

Gabe and AJ guide the heavy cart down the hallway to the elevator. AJ uses the swipe pass hanging around his neck to get access to the sub-basement. The doors slide open and they wheel the cart in. The elevator takes them down and slides open in a climate-controlled basement. Gabe has never been down here before and gapes around. There's practically a whole museum under the museum. Many of the specimens are filed away inside boxes and drawers and cabinets, but a fair few are still in their glass display cases. Everything is labelled with scientific names and bar codes.

With AJ leading the way they wheel their bone specimens through a labyrinth of shelves until they get to a half-empty glass cabinet. AJ instructs Gabe that the boxes on their cart have to go back in a certain order to keep all the numbering straight. They've just started when AJ gets a text on his phone.

“Oh, man,” he sighs. “Steph is out sick so I've got to run the lab. I'm not supposed to leave you down here alone so we're going to have to bring this cart all the way back up.”

“I can do it,” Gabe assures him. “It's just alphabetical order. I aced my ABC's in kindergarten.”

AJ looks from him to the cart. The phone in his hand goes off again and he tightens his lips. “Ok,” he says, apparently trying to judge how trustworthy Gabe is. “But no touching anything else. And when you're done the cart comes straight back up to the cleaning room.”

“Got it.”

AJ hurries away. There's the sound of the elevator doors opening and then closing, and then there's silence. The gentle whir of the air conditioning in the temperature and humidity-controlled basement is the only sound aside from the soft clicking of each box as Gabe slides them into their respective racks. He makes short work of it and wheels the cart back to the elevator. He pauses before pushing the button. He's alone with an untold number of historical specimens at his disposal. The curiosity is too much and surely a quick look couldn't hurt.

Gabe ambles through the passageways, pulling out a drawer here and there to

peer at what's inside. Petrified wood. Butterflies. A poorly preserved frog floating in formaldehyde. He reaches a point at which the specimens turn from the natural world to anthropology. Bits of skull fragments from a neanderthal. Old Roman coins. Carved pieces of wood that could be either weapons or eating utensils. Small statues. Fragments of pottery.

He wants to be accidentally locked in here so he has an excuse to explore the basement for the rest of the night. He wants his own car so he can stay out later than six o'clock. He wants the confidence to not crack under pressure. He wants friends he can share this all with. He wants, he wants, he wants.

Gabe.

Someone whispers his name and he looks up. Silence but for the whirring of the dehumidifier. He's still alone. The hairs on the back of his neck perk up. He opens another cabinet and hears the voice again.

Gabe.

It's coming from the end of the row he's in. The row dead ends into an antique cabinet etched with swirling designs and shapes that are vaguely humanoid. There can't be anyone here and yet he knows he heard the voice.

The cabinet is calling to him. He shuffles towards it, ready to run the other way at any moment. When he's directly in front of the cabinet he hears the voice again.

Inside.

The voice isn't coming through his ears. It's like it's being piped directly into his brain. It triggers feelings of desire, tamping down the fear. He pulls the carved ebony handles of the cabinet and the door creaks open. There's a single shelf holding a single book. The cover is black and worn, the pages creased with use and yellowed with age. It doesn't look like it belongs on display. And why would the museum not put something like this in a sealed container like they've done with everything else?

Take me.

The book calls to him and he reaches out, half in a trance. His fingers touch the cracked leather cover. It feels...powerful. He picks it up and has an overwhelming sense that this is rightfully his. He stuffs it beneath his shirt and behind his back. It's surprisingly warm against his skin.

He returns to the cart and wheels it back to the specimen room. When no one is looking, he transfers the book to his backpack to take home.

2

Maddy is late to pick him up, leaving him outside by the street as dark clouds roll in. He texts her and gets no answer. He tries calling but she doesn't pick up. It starts raining on him, fat drops splashing against his bare skin. He takes cover beneath a tree but it's not much use. In minutes he's soaked to the bone.

Finally, his stepsister pulls up in front of him and he hurries into the backseat.

"Do not get your soaking wet clothes on my seats," she growls.

"What am I supposed to do? I wouldn't be wet if you were on time," he shoots back.

She's completely unapologetic. They drive home in silence. When they get home, Gabe squishes upstairs to change into dry clothes. Maddy disappears into her room and he can hear her talking on the phone as she wanders through the hallway on her way to the kitchen. She hangs out with her friends all day, what more could they possibly say to each other? Still, Gabe wishes he had friends to talk to like that.

Gabe goes into the laundry room, which is upstairs between his room and his parents. He shuts the door and takes off his wet clothes, dumping them into the washing machine. There's a pile of clean clothes in a basket on the floor, which he digs through to find a new outfit. His clothes are mixed in with Maddy's and

he comes up with one of her bras.

Gabe has a secret. He's alternately aggravated with his stepsister and covetous of her. He wants her good looks. He wants her confidence. Sometimes he wants to be a girl.

He gets dressed in his own clothes, then digs through the clean pile until he's got one of Maddy's outfits: tiny skirt, bra and panties. He hides them behind his back and makes sure there's no one out in the hallway before sneaking them into his room. He hangs his backpack on a hook behind his closet door and hides Maddy's clothes deep in his dresser. His room is a mess, clothes thrown this way and that, piles of dungeon master guides and papers piles on his desk. No one is going to find Maddy's clothes in here. Through the wall he can just hear her still yapping away to someone.

After dinner he returns to his room and locks the door. He feels somewhat shameful as he peels off his clothes and wraps Maddy's bra around himself. He always feels that way when he does this. He easily clasps the bra behind his back and then stuffs some socks down the DD cups. He eases the panties up his chunky legs. The elastic stretches tight around him, nearly painful. The skirt he manages to get on over his hips but he's too fat to zip it up at all.

He steps in front of the mirror and is disappointed. The image he always has of himself crossdressing never matches the one he sees in the mirror. He thinks dressing in Maddy's clothes will make him happier, will make him feel right. But he's just a fat teenage guy in girl's clothes. The panties are too small to even cover his dick and it sticks out over the hem.

Maybe if he got some makeup. Cleaned up his face. Covered his gut. But how far can he go before someone discovers him? If Maddy finds out he'll never hear

the end of it and she'll tell everyone at school that her brother is a crossdressing freak. She has no empathy for people who are different. She enjoys enforcing conventional social hierarchy. And why wouldn't she? She's on the top.

He sighs in disappointment before carefully stripping the clothes off and sliding into some baggy boxer shorts. He collapses onto his bed. His arm lands on something crinkly. It's the book from the museum. He doesn't remember taking it out of his backpack, and he certainly doesn't remember opening it. Oh god, did his mom come in and try to tidy his room?

He picks up the book and takes a look at it. The yellow pages are opened but the writing is gibberish. Strange runes and symbols Gabe can't decipher. Except when he blinks they go out of focus. He pushes his glasses up his forehead and rubs his eyes. Sometimes he loses focus when he's tired. But when he slides his glasses back down onto his nose the words on the page are in English.

It appears to be a spell of some kind. A body swap spell. Gabe sits up, his interest piqued. He scans through it. It seems simple enough. All he has to do is say a few nonsense words and he can swap bodies with someone for three days. Surely, this can't be real. It must be part of some superstitious culture. And yet, what could it hurt?

He sits cross legged on the bed, the book in his lap, and reads the words aloud. Of course there's only one person who would want to be, and he adds Maddy's name in the appropriate spot. When he finishes the last word all the words on the page flash white once, and a breeze stirs through his room. It dies down quickly and could have just been a draft from the window. Whatever it was, Gabe is still in his own body.

Oh well, it was worth a try. He'd like to look through the book a little more but

he can barely keep his eyes open. He shelves the book onto his untidy bookcase and gets under the covers, suddenly exhausted, and falls asleep almost immediately.

3

The sound of an alarm rouses Gabe from sleep. Oddly, it's coming from the wrong side of the bed. He reaches out and blindly feels around for it, his fingers knocking over a magazine and some tiny bottles. Eyes still closed, he taps the screen until the alarm shuts off.

As he rolls over he feels a heavy weight shifting across his chest and something silky tickle down over his forehead. He swipes the silky strands off his forehead, nearly scraping himself with his long nails. The top of his arm is resting on something kind of soft and bouncy. He yawns and scratches his chest absently. There's something very jiggly on his chest and he grabs it. His fingers spread out around it, feeling the weight, the circumference. It's a breast. A woman's breast.

He groggily blinks open his eyes and the first thing he sees is a poster on the wall for his stepsister's favorite Korean band. Next to that, pink curtains frame a window that looks out on a different view of the front yard. He cranes his neck. More of his stepsister's room becomes visible. He's lying on her bed, beneath her covers. Finally, his eyes flick down to himself and he starts in surprise, pushing himself up on one arm.

Two large breasts dangle down from his chest, held close by a loose sea-green tank top. He's looking right into perfect cleavage that is, somehow, his own. Curls of golden hair tickle down one shoulder.

Gabe pushes himself into a sitting position, his tits swaying back and forth as he does so. He pushes the silky mass of hair behind his ears and tosses the covers

off to gape down at himself in amazement. His stepsister's body is stretched out beneath him and he's looking at the world from her eyes. Looking down at her body that is now his.

Pink panties stretch across a flat groin. His legs are long and smooth and golden and seem to go on for miles. His tiny toes are painted the same bubblegum-pink as his fingernails. He wiggles them, giggling as they move beneath his command. So dainty and delicate. He places a hand on his thigh, running the fingers up the inside of his creamy calves, hardly daring to believe that the magic actually worked. He's inside his stepsister's body.

He slides his feet out of bed and stands, padding around to open the closet door. A mirror hangs on the back and his reflection swings into view. There's Maddy's lovely face, her little cupid's bow lips quirked up in a smile. He runs his hands across his smooth cheeks, over his perfect chin, then follows the elegant line of his nose down the bridge to the little upturned tip. All the while Maddy's reflection copies him.

He turns to the side and arches his back, pushing out his taut ass. The pink panties stretch tight over his tiny butt. This figure is incredible. He gives Maddy's butt a little smack and enjoys the bounce.

In a sudden rush he yanks off his shirt and drops it to the floor. Pushing his silky golden hair back out of his eyes, he takes his tits in each hand. They're warm and heavy and so big he can't fit his fingers around them. Perfect tear drop shapes. He hefts them, enjoying the weight, the firmness, the fact that they're all his. They're heavy. So deliciously heavy.

Gabe strokes his breasts, squeezing them up against his chest until they bulge out to each side. When he releases them they bounce down together, jiggling

hypnotically. They're so fun to play with and he squeezes them and tickles them over and over. Gliding his fingers over his nipples sends a little tickle through him.

He lightly squeezes a nipple. Feels a tickle between his legs growing into a restlessness akin to an itch, and the only way to relieve the feeling is to press deep inside himself. Sliding a hand beneath one of his tits, he pushes it up and brings it to his mouth. His breasts are so big he can wrap his lips around his nipple and he does so, tasting the slight saltiness of Maddy's skin, feeling the little nub of nipple brush against his tongue. It's so fucking hot watching his bitch of a stepsister in the mirror as she sucks on a tit, kissing her own breasts, and the need between his legs calls out to him.

He drops his breast long enough to peel off his panties, delighting in the way his body can stretch and move. The light blonde tuft of his stepsister's pussy is laid out between his legs, and he strokes himself for the first time. His little slit feels divine, finger just dipping into his pussy lips.

He sucks on a breast again as he trails a finger up and down his entrance. The need grows slowly and it's not long before he slips his finger inside himself and lands on his dew. His pussy lips lightly grip his finger as he spreads his moisture up and down his entrance. The velvety folds are slick and wonderful, the sight of his stepsister with her fingers in her pussy even more so, the knowledge that the image is his is what pushes him over the edge.

He strokes faster, growing wetter and wetter. His pussy grows looser, opening for him even as the need winds up a tension inside him, twisting him tight and urging his fingers to play faster over his body. He circles his little clit as it buds out beneath him. He's sighing now, tiny cries of delight as the tension grows, building to a crescendo of desire. He spreads his legs so he can sink his fingers deeper into his velvety canal, slipping through his wetness and into his pussy. He feels the walls of his cunt clutch at his fingers and he leans forward to sink in

deeper.

He fingers himself slow and deep, watching in the mirror as his fingers disappear into his body, reappearing slick with his lust. Maddy is masturbating for him and it's incredible hot. He stuffs his tit into his mouth and lightly bites his nipple. Fire is dancing in his belly and he's wound up as tight as a guitar string. His cries grow in pitch, quicker and quicker. His fingers continue stroking, touching, fingering, until he cums.

He throws his head back and moans, knees shaking as the orgasm burns through him. His legs buckle and he takes a few steps back to fall on the bed, legs splayed out, fingers still working his incredible pussy. He writhes and quakes as the pleasure washes through him, long and slow, leaving a lingering warmth between his legs.

He pulls his fingers out of himself. They're slick with his juices. His body still echoes with warm desire. Curious now, he brings his fingers to his lips and tastes himself, sucking his juices off his finger. He's deliciously musky, and when the sharp smell of his pussy hits his nose he coos in delight, knowing that smell is his, that taste is his.

A frantic but quiet knocking on the door interrupts his post-masturbation reverie. He quickly slides back into his panties, tucking them against his still-moist pussy, then puts Maddy's sea-green top back on. Opening the door he finds his former self, frantic with worry.

Maddy stares at him. "Oh my god! You're me!"

“Maddy?” Gabe asks, feigning ignorance. He doesn’t want to chance that she’ll find the book and figure out how to change them back. “What happened?”

“I don’t know. I woke up like this and I had your...” she points down to her waning erection. “Ew, gross.”

It’s sort of funny seeing his former body act like his stepsister, from the way she carries herself to her facial expressions. Not nearly as cute on him as they were on her.

“Maybe mom and dad can figure this out,” Maddy suggests.

Gabe thinks fast, not wanting his parents to have any hint of his magic. “No. They’ll think we’re crazy and spend the rest of our lives in a mental asylum.”

Her eyes go wide at that possibility. “What do we do?” She chews on her nails briefly, realizes who’s nails she’s actually chewing, and shakes her hand in disgust.

“I don’t like being you any more than you like being me.” That, of course, is a lie. God, he’s only been in her body for twenty minutes and he loves it. He’s surprised she can’t smell the scent of her own pussy, which lingers on his fingers. “We have to pretend to be each other until we figure this thing out.”

It takes some convincing but eventually Maddy agrees it’s the only way. Gabe still doesn’t entirely trust her so when she goes to the bathroom he sneaks into

his room and steals the magic book from off his bookshelf. He drops it on Maddy's bed and it lands open to the body swap spell page. Only there's now something written in red at the bottom of the page:

Three days left in the spell.

Gabe plucks his lower lip, deep in thought. He's got three days to enjoy this. Three days to experience his stepsister's life and her body. He starts to turn away when there's a breeze through the room and the pages of the book start flipping of their own accord, landing on another spell. The strange runes resolve to English as Gabe looks at them. It's a spell of secrecy. Whoever it's cast on will be unable to talk about whatever the caster decides. Gabe grins and casts the spell on Maddy, ensuring that she'll never be able to tell anyone about their swap.

When Maddy gets out of the bathroom, Gabe is waiting.

"Hey, I figured out what happened," he says with a smirk.

"What was it?" Maddy asks hopefully.

"I cast a spell that swapped our bodies."

She freezes for a beat. "What?"

“Yeah. I switched our bodies so I could enjoy your life for a little while. And your tits of course,” he adds, yanking his top down and shaking his chest.

“Put those away! That’s my body you’re messing with!”

“No. It’s mine now. I’ve got it for the next three days and if you’re well behaved I’ll give it back.”

Maddy turns and runs down the hall to their parents’ room. Their dad is putting on his tie when Maddy bursts in.

“Daddy, I know this is going to sound crazy but...” Her voice cuts off suddenly. Her eyes go wide and she tries to speak but no words come out.

“Sorry,” their dad says, “I’m late to work. Maybe you can tell me when I get home.”

Gabe pulls Maddy out of the room and smirks. “Oh yeah, I also cast a spell so you can’t tell anyone.”

Maddy scowls. “I will ruin your fucking life.”

“I’m already a social outcast. You’ve got a lot farther to fall if I decide to mess up your life. Now be a good boy and get ready for school.”

She realizes she doesn't have a choice and storms off. Gabe returns to Maddy's room and flips through her closet to put together a cute outfit. He chooses one of her cheerleading outfits: a pleated baby blue skirt and a tight top with the name of the school written across his breasts. He then convinces Maddy to do his makeup. She grumbles but agrees, realizing she has to help him if she wants to keep up her reputation. While she dabs on the blush and touches up his cheeks, he quizzes her about her day, making her tell him all about her class schedule, her friends, and what's expected of her.

"As for me," Gabe says, "It's easy. Pay attention in class and hang out in the library."

"If I catch you in the library you're dead meat." Maddy hisses. "That's where the losers hang out during lunch."

After breakfast Gabe scoops up Maddy's keys and they head out to her car. Out of habit, Maddy moves around to the front seat but Gabe stops her.

"Nuh uh, little brother. Wouldn't want anybody to see us together."

Maddy frowns but slinks around to the back. This is going to be great.

4

Walking down the hallway with “his” girls is incredible. They stroll through in a pack of four and Gabe feels the eyes on him. He’s a little intimidated at first, being the center of attention. But he calms down as he adjusts to it. Yes, people are looking at him but in a good way this time. And he doesn’t even have to do anything except look pretty! No one expects Maddy to be smart or interesting. His stepsister has set the expectations so low it’s nearly impossible for him to fail.

“What do you think, Maddy?” Charlotte, one of the cheerleaders in the group, asks him, breaking his reverie.

“What? Oh, I don’t know,” Gabe replies absently. “What were we talking about?”

He’d been focused on his body and has no idea what they’re talking about. The bounce of his enormous tits at each step is delightful. The little swish of his skirt across his butt - wonderful. The way his creamy thighs sometimes whisper together - unreal.

“Who’s the hottest guy in school? Allison thinks it’s Bryce.” Charlotte says.

“Pfft,” Gabe rolls his eyes. “Bryce is a big meathead. He’s got two brain cells and they’re both competing for third place.”

The others titter.

“But he’s hot, though,” Allison protests. “Those arms! Oh.” She sighs.

“I find brains more attractive. Like, my brother, Gabe, is super smart. That’s more attractive than muscles.”

Gabe figures as long as he’s in Maddy’s body, he may as well try to help himself out for when he swaps back. The others quietly digest his last comment.

“You were telling us yesterday how he was so fat and disgusting.”

Gabe grits his teeth. “Well, people change,” he manages. “And it’s not fat, it’s actually muscle.”

Gabe doesn’t know if they believe him or not. There’s a moment of silence before Allison speaks up again.

“What about Connor?”

Connor is another guy in Gabe’s class. Boyishly handsome with what Gabe terms ‘politician hair’: neatly combed with a styled swoop of blond bangs. Gabe

doesn't know much about him other than that he plays soccer and is the student body president.

“What about him?”

“I thought...well...” she rubs her fingers together nervously, apparently afraid to contradict Maddy. “Didn't you say he was the cutest?”

Gabe shrugs and is saved by the bell for first period. They split up to go their separate ways. Maddy's first class is American history. Gabe was already in the advanced history class so he figures this should be a piece of cake. He briefly wonders how Maddy will fare in his advanced classes—not very well, probably—but shrugs it off as something outside his control. It's only three days. He should be able to fix her fuck ups.

Gabe doesn't know exactly where he's supposed to sit so he just takes a desk in the back. A mousy brunette approaches him.

“That's my desk,” she says. “Aren't you over there?”

“Is it? I'm sorry,” Gabe laughs, “Blonde moment.”

When he sits down his skirt rides up his thighs and he has to shimmy it back down. He remembers just in time to keep his legs together so he doesn't flash his panties to anyone. Man, being someone else takes some effort.

The class has apparently been split into groups and assigned a presentation, and the teacher makes them change seats to meet with their groups. Fortunately, Maddy's group gravitates to him, scooting the desks around until they've formed a tight circle. It's a group of three, with himself, Connor, and another girl, Melissa. As Connor and Melissa discuss the work they've already done, Gabe looks Connor over. He's athletic and fit rather than bulky. Deep blue eyes with long lashes. Yeah, okay, Gabe could see why Maddy thinks he's cute.

Though both Connor and Melissa appear on the surface to be including Gabe in the discussion, it's soon clear that they don't expect him to be much help. Gabe's eyes kept being drawn to Connor, but Connor is dismissive of him. And for good reason. Both Connor and Melissa have copious notes, but Gabe flips through the notebook Maddy has labelled 'history' and finds little more than doodles of hearts. Fortunately, their presentation seems to be on the lasting results of the Civil War, which in-depth discussion had been in the last few issues of Smithsonian magazine that Gabe had read in the school library.

Connor and Melissa are focused on the obvious causes but Gabe leaps in to the conversation, trying to impress Connor. Anything just to get those beautiful eyes on him. "I don't think we can leave out how today's relationship between labor and capital is tied up in slavery."

They both look at him for a beat, clearly not used to Maddy saying something relevant or useful. Gabe almost loses his train of thought staring at Connor's gorgeous face, but picks it up again and begins explaining the idea. Marissa starts nodding and taking notes and soon so does Connor.

"Where did you get all that?" Connor asks.

Gabe shrugs and gives a shy smile. "I did some reading. I like history."

Connor nods, and from then on the conversation flows more easily. They actually ask his input a few times. The other two are hesitant to give Gabe the job of putting the report together but Gabe insists. He really wants to impress Connor.

When the bell rings signaling the end of class, Gabe waits for Connor to gather his things and then walks out into the hall with him. Gabe is nervous, and he tosses his long blonde locks out of his eyes as he reaches for any bit of conversation he can think of just for an excuse to be with Connor. Is it something in his stepsister's brain that's responsible for this attraction to Connor? Or is this Gabe's real desire that makes his heart beat so loud?

They talk about what Connor has planned for student council. Again, Connor is surprised that Gabe is interested and even more surprised when Gabe gives some suggestions about school improvements.

"I didn't think you cared that much," Connor admits.

"I care. I'm an ideas girl," Gabe grins. "Not just a pretty face."

"Though you're that, too," Connor smiles.

The compliment warms Gabe's body and makes him grin ear to ear. Is his attraction so obvious? God, he just wants to jump Connor. But that would just be

giving his stepsister what she wants.

5

During lunch, Gabe ditches the other cheerleaders—there’s only so much vapid talk he can take—and drives Maddy’s car out to a fast food place. Her stomach is much smaller than his and he can’t even finish his burger. It’s nice to be somewhere where no one knows him for a little while, though it’s gross the way the middle-aged guy behind the register leers at him.

On the way back to school Gabe passes a nearby strip mall and pulls in on the spur of the moment when a sign catches his eye. His body has been humming ever since he spoke with Connor and there’s a sex shop here. The woman inside is very helpful and sex-positive, not passing any judgement on Gabe’s questions or his final choice: a bright pink vibrator, roughly the size of his hand and in the shape of the letter ‘C’. One end is slightly more bulbous than the other, so that it fits across his clit and tucks inside to reach his G-spot. The vibrator also connects to an app on his phone so he can control it remotely.

Gabe takes his purchase out to the car and gets inside. He removes the vibrator from the box and sets it on the passenger seat before downloading the app and connecting it. Then he flips up his skirt and shimmies his panties down. His stepsister’s glorious pussy is there beneath him, the little lips tucked together, visible beneath the light dusting of pubic hair. He’ll need to be a little loose and wet to slide the dildo in. But he has no problem getting there.

He strokes himself, running some fingers lightly up and down his entrance. Her pussy is breathtaking and he could look at it for hours, enjoying that fact that it’s on him. The thought of being able to do anything he wants with this body is so arousing, and watching Maddy’s slender fingers stroking herself even more so. He grows wet, the delicate lips just beginning to grow loose. He continues

stroking, dragging his fingers up onto his clit in tight circles.

He slides his other hand beneath his shirt, pushing aside the bra to wrap his fingers around his sensitive tits. His body is wonderful. Soft and firm in all the right places. Still squeezing his tit, he leans his back against the seat and sighs. His fingers continue to work his clit and now he dips down into his moisture. He shivers as he lands on his wetness, dragging it back up and down his folds until he's slick. His legs quiver with desire.

He picks up the vibrator and gently eases it into himself. His pussy spreads apart for it, the soft rubber filling him, stretching apart the walls of his canal. He guides it in deeper, until it fills him, one end curling around deep within his slick canal to just tickle his G-spot, the other end resting firmly on his clit. Pulling his panties up and nestling the vibrator in place, he opens the app and tries it out, setting it on low.

There's no sound but suddenly there's a comfortable buzzing between his legs. Oh, that's nice. He wiggles his ass, feels the dildo move inside him, hitting different parts of him. With both hands free he slips off his top and bra. His breasts dangle from his chest. He's sitting topless in a car in broad daylight but he doesn't care. He feels so damn good.

He takes his tits in each hand and sucks on them, pausing only to bump the vibration up a notch. The pulsing fills him. His entire body hums along with the vibrations. He feasts on his tits, squeezing and suckling and jiggling and hefting, enjoying the lightness of his body. The sight of his feminine hands playing with his own tits is incredibly hot. The vibrations build within him and soon his panties are soaking with desire.

He pinches and pulls and bats his breasts around, growing rougher, each new

motion driving another sigh from his lips. He's so wet and aroused by the sight of his stepsister's hands being so rough with her tits. Now the vibrations fill him. His only thought is pleasure. He drags his ass up, trying to quench the restless itch within him as he approaches the precipice. He moves faster, fingers groping harder, sliding his ass back and forth across the seat, desperate to push the vibrator hard against his clit. And then his pleasure ignites. The orgasm is fierce and long, filling him from head to toe and forcing a moan from his lips. He cups his tits, raises his hips and cries out in a strangled voice dripping with lust. His hands latch on to his tits, squeezing the sensitive nipples as his body is wracked with a deep pleasure. He holds on to himself through the crest and then back down, shivering as he wrings every ounce of pleasure from Maddy's body.

He comes down slowly, breathing hard. As he returns to reality he notices a guy in another car across the parking lot staring at him. He blushes and yanks down his top, making his tits bobble back and forth. He drives away quickly. The vibrator is still on inside him and it's hard to concentrate with the powerful heat making itself known once more between his legs.

* * *

He leaves the vibrator inside himself for the rest of the day, turning it off temporarily when his panties are soaked and he needs a break. It makes Maddy's lower-level math class so much more interesting. The teacher has handed out tests and the only sounds in the room are Gabe's occasional stifled moans. He hope the other students think it's a sound of annoyance, but the wonderful heat is throbbing through him. He can't reach his phone to change the settings for the entire test so he just has to take it, filling out the answers in between silent orgasms. He leans his head on his hand, fingers slid through his blonde hair, gripping his forehead as the pleasure rises and crests inside him. He wishes he could tear his top of right there and play with himself, squeeze his tits and urge the pleasure through him. He just manages to hold off. By the end of the test his panties are soaked through and he can feel a wet spot on the back of his skirt. It's the most fun test he's ever taken.

When the bell rings he gathers his things and tries to hold his backpack behind his butt so no one can see his wet spot. He ignores Maddy's friends and hurries to the toilets. Locking himself in a stall, he yanks down his panties, grabs the vibrator and plunges it in and out of himself, desperate to feed the aching need. He cums quickly, leaning against the door as he fucks himself, fingers of his other hand crammed into his mouth to stifle his moans. When it's over he can think again.

He spends the rest of the day like that: class, orgasm, class, orgasm. As the girls get ready for cheerleading practice, one of them shares a rumor going around school that someone's masturbating in the girl's bathrooms. No one knows who it is yet and Gabe encourages the speculation about other students.

Gabe realizes he has a problem in that he doesn't have Maddy's memories so he doesn't know the cheerleading routine. He feigns having cramps and the coach is understanding, letting him sit and watch. He's had so much fun as Maddy but he can't completely step into her life without all her personal knowledge. Maybe the spell book has the answers.

That evening, when Gabe returns home Maddy is already there. She looks miserable, moping around the house and snapping at everyone. She finally secludes herself in her room. Gabe pushes open the door and leans against the jamb.

"Hey, little brother," he says, beaming at her. "How was being me?"

She scowls at him. Gabe laughs, delicate tinkling laughter.

“I’ve actually enjoyed being you. And I’ve really enjoyed these.” Gabe lifts his shirt and yanks down one of the cups of his bra. Maddy’s huge tit bulges out and he squeezes it while she watches on in horror. “I don’t think you’ve really enjoyed your tits, have you? I’ve made up for that.”

“You’re disgusting,” she growls. “Stop touching my body.”

Gabe just laughs and pulls his shirt back down. Returning to Maddy’s bedroom, he retrieves the spell book. Since the book seems to know just what he wants, Gabe sets it spine up on the bed and lets it fall open. Sure enough, it falls open to a spell that allows him to steal Maddy’s memories.

He casts the spell. The second he utters the last word his mind is filled with Maddy’s knowledge: her favorite outfit as a child, her first period, the names of her friends, the cheerleading routine. All of it. He even finds himself moving more gracefully in her body, working with the sway of his hips as he sashays around the room.

He’s tempted to finger himself for the rest of the night, but he also wants to impress Connor. Just thinking of Connor makes Gabe warm and giddy. He sets to work, typing out the group report from their collective notes before getting his part of the presentation ready. It’s not that he wants Maddy to succeed. It’s more that he wants Connor to like him. Something about that young man has got into Gabe’s head and he can’t get him out. Gabe only falls into bed late into the night, when his work is completed, and to a much higher standard than his stepsister could ever achieve.

6

Gabe's second morning in Maddy's body plays out much like the first: A quick masturbation session followed by putting himself together. Maddy offers to help with his makeup again but he rebuffs her. She's leery of letting him go on his own but she doesn't have choice. She's impressed when he comes out of the bathroom looking incredible and put-together.

"Thanks," Gabe says, doing a little twirl, "I learned it from you."

Maddy doesn't ask what he means. She's still grumpy but Gabe is having a great time. He spends some time going through Maddy's wardrobe before slipping into some cutoff shorts and a tight white tee shirt. No panties. No bra. Maybe someone will get lucky and get a glimpse of his pussy. He pulls down his shorts, plays with his pussy a little to get himself wet, then slides the vibrator back inside until it's nestled up against his G-spot.

At school, Maddy's friends crowd around him. Though he knows their names and understands the gossip, it still bores him. He's got Maddy's memories as well as his own, so he still has his own interests. And who likes who around school isn't interesting to him.

In class, when Gabe slides into the seat next to Connor, Connor looks up at him. "Did you get your notes finished?" He asks, unhelpfully.

Gabe pulls out his typed and bound report along with his stack of notecards. “Of course,” Gabe bats his eyes at Connor.

Connor flips through the report. “This is...good. Did you do this?”

“Uh, yeah. I’m not just some airhead blonde who needs to cheat.”

“I didn’t mean...uh...” Connor stammers.

Gabe laughs and puts his hand on Connor’s knee. “I know.”

He’s so cute when he’s embarrassed. Gabe can’t say why he feels this way about Connor. Is it worse today than yesterday? He certainly didn’t feel like this in his male body. Is his stepsister’s brain or her memories or whatever affecting Gabe? He doesn’t know. All he knows is that every time he sees Connor’s brown eyes his heart skips a beat.

The other groups start presenting and Gabe knows he should be preparing but he keeps glancing at Connor, drinking him in. He tries distracting himself by flipping on his vibrator but that only makes it worse. Now he’s moist and he wants Connor to touch him. Wants Connor to stroke his thigh and trace his tender pussy with his tongue. Wants Connor inside him. The thought is startling in its intensity and he sighs, a deep pleasure pulsing through him, aided by the vibrator. Now that he’s thought about it he can’t not think about it. About Connor beneath him. Filling him.

Gabe's thoughts are interrupted when the teacher calls on their group to present. Gabe turns off the vibrator so he can concentrate. He's up first and he launches into his presentation. Being in Maddy's body has given him a new confidence. He's always been smart but now he's got looks to go with it. He struts back and forth across the classroom as he speaks, all eyes on him. He only falters once when he looks up and meets Connor's eyes and sees him grinning back in happy astonishment.

After class, Connor walks out of class with Gabe. "That was really good. I'm impressed."

Gabe smiles and playfully bumps him with his hip. "I can be very impressive."

"I see."

They pause at Maddy's locker. Connor is looking at him. His body so close. He's bashful and sweet and cute and...Gabe leans forward and kisses him on the lips.

"I can also be very surprising," Gabe whispers, his face inches from Connor's.

"I see," Connor repeats in a whisper.

Maddy's fingers slip easily between Connor's and they walk down the hallway. And that's all it takes. They're together now. They meet up in between classes and eat lunch together out near the woods.

Gabe rests his head on Connor's lap. Connor strokes Gabe's silky hair as they talk and joke and laugh together. Gabe has never connected with anyone like this, has never had anyone want to connect with him like this. It's thrilling and exciting and makes his body warm even without the vibrator. Connor is fun and funny and smart and Gabe thinks they could be good friends even if he wasn't a hot blonde.

They trade phone numbers and text back and forth all day. Little jokes. Interesting facts. Sweet nothings.

After school Gabe goes to cheerleading practice. It's so easy with Maddy's memories. He knows the routines as if he's practiced them a thousand times. His body is so light, so limber, and he flexes and flips and splits with the best of them. He does wish he wore a bra, because his tits ache from bouncing and jiggling so much. A few of the other girls have noticed he's braless and have made some little remarks but he shuts them down. He's still the queen of the school.

Connor waits for him on the bleachers and they walk back to their cars. Gabe leans on his car and they talk and talk until it gets dark, neither wanting leave. Finally, Gabe says he has to go and Connor strokes Gabe's cheek, pulling him in for a long kiss, slow and full of longing. Gabe opens his mouth and welcomes Connor's tongue inside. He presses his tits against Connor's chest and grips those delicious biceps. Finally, they pull away and Gabe returns home.

Maddy confronts him when he gets in the door.

"What are you doing with Connor?" She hisses.

“Well, kissing him, mainly,” Gabe says. “Didn’t you want that?”

“I think you like being a girl,” she says, her eyes glinting with maliciousness.

Gabe smirks. “Fuck yeah, I do. No point keeping it a secret. I love being you. Having your body. Your memories. Your not-so-secret crush.”

She changes tact now, her lower lip quivering. He watches his former body start to cry. “Please, Gabe. Please give me my body back.”

“The spell only lasts one more day. I’m sure you can be a fat dork for a little while longer.”

“Really?”

“Yes.” He rolls his eyes. “but things are going to change when you get your body back.”

“Yes. Of course. Anything.”

“You’re going to be nicer to me.”

“Yes,” she agrees.

“And you’re going to set me up with your friends.”

“What?”

“And you’re going to give me money.”

“Why would I do that?”

“Otherwise I’ll show everyone the naked pictures you sent me.”

“I didn’t send you any naked pictures.”

Gabe smiles. “Only because I haven’t taken them yet.”

He brushes past her, leaving her sniffing in the foyer while he goes upstairs. Unfortunately, it is just one more day. Despite the promises he just extracted, Gabe doesn’t really want to go back. He likes this new life. He likes being a smart, sexy woman.

The spell book is open on his bed and exactly on the page that he needs. The book knows what he wants. Gabe’s eyes light up and he casts the spell without

thinking twice. His body glows brightly for a second and then he feels...nothing unusual. No changes yet. Though this spell requires one additional action.

7

Gaber seeks out Connor at school the next day. He's dressed Maddy's body in a black miniskirt and low-cut sleeveless top that's irresistible to him and everyone else, judging by the longing looks he gets as he stalks through the halls. The deep valley of his cleavage is on full display, his tits jostling each other at each step. Once again he's left off his bra and panties. The sharp points of his nipples dimple out his top. Maddy complained he was making her look like a slut but fuck her, this is his body now.

Connor is by his locker with a few of his friends when Gabe finds him.

"Hey, babe," Gabe says, slinking up to Connor and kissing him on the lips.

When he pulls away he clings to Connor and turns and smiles at Connor's friends. They smile back. Gabe enjoys the way they look at him. The way they clearly want to throw him down and fuck him hard. Maybe he'll let them one day if things don't work out with Connor.

Gabe stays close to Connor until the bell rings and they have to split up to their different classes, but they meet up throughout the day. Gabe is desperate to finalize the spell he cast last night, but he needs Connor's help. Today is supposed to be his last day in Maddy's body so it's now or never.

At lunch they head back to the woods at the edge of campus where they ate

yesterday. But Gabe takes Connor's hand and leads him deeper into the woods.

"Come on, Connor," Gabe says, "I want to show you something."

When they're far enough in that no one can see them Gabe stops in a little clearing. The ground is strewn with soft leaves and grass. Gabe turns to Connor and drapes his arms around Connor's neck.

"What did you want to show me?" Connor asks.

"This," Gabe says, before peeling his top off and dropping it to the ground.

It's bold and forward but Gabe doesn't have time for subtlety. Besides, he gets the feeling Connor will appreciate it. There's a second when Connor freezes and Gabe wonders whether he's messed up, but then Connor takes Gabe's breasts in trembling hands. Gabe presses himself close to Connor, sweeps his fingers through Connor's hair and brings their lips together again.

Connor's fingers grab and squeeze Gabe's huge tits while his tongue slips into Gabe's mouth. Gabe sucks on him, enjoying Connor's masculine taste. Connor's clumsy hands feel so good on Gabe's tits. Gabe pulls back and they both stare down at Maddy's breasts while Connor fondles them, bobbling them in utter delight. Gabe slides his hands beneath a tender breast and lifts it up, offering it to Connor.

"Suck on it," Gabe commands.

Connor ducks his head and wraps his lips around Gabe's nipple. His hot breath whispers across Gabe's skin, sending little shivers down his body. Connor's tongue plays with the nipple, sliding over and around, his other hand still caressing Gabe's other breast. The familiar need sparks up between Gabe's legs and he sighs. He slides his hand down to Connor's jeans and unbuttons them, pushing them down enough to slide his hand into Connor's boxer shorts and find his manhood. It's strong and sure and impressive beneath Gabe's tiny fingers.

Gabe strokes Connor's dick as much as he's able from this angle. Connor moans around Gabe's tit, his eyes still closed in ecstasy. God, Maddy's tits feel so nice. The pleasure from his nipple arcs down between his legs, connecting to the need inside him. The familiar moisture begins pooling beneath his miniskirt. He knows from Maddy's memories she usually doesn't get this wet this fast. This is all Gabe.

Gabe guides Connor to the soft forest floor and shimmies his pants down. His cock stands erect and Gabe kneels over Gabe as he lies prone on the ground. Gabe arches his back, tits dangling beneath him as he admires Connor's dick. He strokes it slowly, watching the cockhead disappear between his dainty fingers, reappearing at the top. A little bead of precum appears as Gabe strokes Connor, and Gabe leans forward, tits swinging down, to lick it off slowly. It's got a delicious salty tang that Gabe savors.

He licks up and down the underside of Connor's shaft, lubricating the dick with his saliva and inhaling Connor's wonderfully masculine scent. Connor moans beneath him and, on impulse, Gabe opens his mouth and swallows Connor's dick, dragging his lips down and up the wonderful shaft. It fills his mouth, the head gliding over his tongue and deep into him. Gabe uses his tongue to stroke Connor, sucking as much of Connor's cock as he can until Connor's dick is slick and shiny. It tastes surprisingly good, feels surprisingly perfect in his mouth. It's all he wants.

Gabe crawls up Connor's body until the perfect cock is between Gabe's legs, throbbing against Gabe's wet entrance. Gabe's tits hang down beneath him right in Connor's line of sight. Connor grabs them, squeezing greedily. Gabe sighs and drags his pussy up and down Connor's dick, spreading his moisture across the cock. When he can take it no more, he reaches between his legs and grabs Connor's dick to guide it inside him.

The cockhead presses against his opening. There's a pressure as Gabe sits slowly, the cockhead firm against his tight entrance. The pressure builds, builds, and then relief floods him as Connor's dick enters him for the first time. The wonderful cock slides inside him, pushing apart the slick walls of Gabe's canal, filling him with a soft-hard heat. Gabe moans as he sinks down, each inch that slides inside him is more delightful than the last. Connor throws his head back and grips Gabe's hips as his cock slides ever deeper inside. Gabe sinks down, down, until Connor is lodged deep within him. The head of Connor's dick just tickles Gabe's inner pleasure.

Gabe stares down at Connor in delight, his stepsister's tits swaying beneath him as he rocks up and down, riding Connor, alternately emptying and filling himself. His body needs this, needs the cock inside him, needs Connor's hands on him, needs to be fucked. It's so much better than the vibrator. The physical pleasure coupled with Connor's lust spikes the sweet anticipation within Gabe. He moves faster, rocking his hips and plunging down as deep as he can while Connor thrusts up to meet him.

They move in a rhythm, up and down, their breath coming faster together. Gabe gathers his breasts and plays with them, sucking on one, then the other as he rocks on Connor's perfect cock. Connor moves faster, matching the rhythm of his body as Gabe holds on, fucking him hard, deep. Gabe's body sings out for more and the lovely cockhead strikes up against his G-spot. He begins crying out in Maddy's voice, softly at first but growing in volume, in pitch, until his needy

high-pitched cries of lust fill the woods.

Connor grips his hips and shoves deep inside and Gabe cums. His body shakes and shivers as he plunges down deep on the cockhead. He's moaning uncontrollably now, pleasure bursting through him, whiting out the world. Connor throbs inside him and there's a wonderful explosion of wet heat as Gabe is filled with cum. He clutches his tits harder, riding the orgasm as it rocks his body. He's never felt so incredibly full, like his body was a puzzle with a missing piece and now he's whole. The orgasm fills him, shaking him from head to toe and leaving him breathless and lightheaded.

Connor's cock finishes spurting inside him and Gabe collapses on top of him, tits pressed against Connor's chest. Gabe kisses Connor. He's still needy and warm, as if his physical pleasure needs Connor's closeness to feel complete. It's incredible to have Connor's warm body beneath him, to have Connor's cock growing soft inside him. He wishes he could live like this and realizes that he can. He will. His lips curl into a smile as he rests on Connor's chest.

The last spell he cast has sealed him in Maddy's body forever, provided that he's pregnant. He knows it's worked when he wakes up the next morning still in her body. He lies in bed, glowing in the knowledge that this is his life forever. Maddy resents him but there's nothing she can do as he changes her life to suit his needs.

All she can do is watch and listen to the rumors as he fucks Connor every day. A few weeks later he has to drop out of the cheerleading squad because of his growing belly. He can't hide it anymore and soon the whole school notices the baby bump beneath his tight clothes. Maddy is impotent with rage as he becomes known as the school slut. But Gabe doesn't care. He and Connor are in love. And this body is his forever.

Gabe's tits get even bigger as they fill with milk, bringing him and Connor even more pleasure. Now that he's pregnant, he and Connor fuck every day. Sometimes more than once. They take turns sucking on his tits, tasting the milk Gabe's body is now making. Pregnancy makes him so horny and when he's not fucking Connor he's walking around with the dildo. The teachers excuse the frequent bathroom breaks, thinking it's the result of pregnancy. But really, it's that Gabe has gotten so horny he has to relieve the pressure. He cums quietly in one of the stalls, fingers inside his wet pussy, fat breasts spilling down over his tight baby bump.

Gabe admires Connor's stamina and his willingness to stick by Gabe even with a baby. Gabe is smart enough that he's confident he can finish his studies and raise a child. It's a small price to pay to get what he's always wanted.

#

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