

# **Inside**

by M. Wills

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*Disclaimer: These fictional stories contain graphic descriptions of sex and are intended for a mature audience. By proceeding past this disclaimer you agree that you are legally allowed to read adult materials in the locality where you reside. All characters depicted in these stories are aged 18 or over.*

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## **Introduction**

Welcome to another hot collection of gender swapping stories commissioned by readers like you. All three stories in this collection revolve around someone taking over another person's body by force, stealing their life and enjoying their new bodies to the fullest. If you like these you can follow my blog at [www.bodyswapfiction.com](http://www.bodyswapfiction.com) for weekly body swap and transformation captions.

Enjoy!

-M

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## Inside the Neighbor

Mike shut off the lawnmower and turned to check for any spots he'd missed on the enormous lawn. Satisfied, he wheeled the mower up the driveway and stowed it back in Mrs. Carter's garage. Allison Carter lived in the large house next door to Mike. The only difference was that he had to share it with five other guys to make ends meet while she lived with her husband with only occasional visits from her college-aged daughters. Allison paid Mike some much needed cash to do the landscaping for her large front lawn and garden once a week in the summer, which was one of the reasons Mike kept it up. The other reason Mike kept coming back was Allison, herself.

Allison was in her early forties and kept her body in great shape. She had a nicely curvy body with wide thighs and heavy breasts. She wasn't supermodel thin, either, she had meat on her bones like a good barbecued rib: just enough to be tasty and leave you wanting more. Not that Mike had had *any*. He doubted she had any interest in a pale, lanky 23 year old who shared a house when both her and her husband were lawyers who pulled in huge cash and drove matching Maseratis.

Just as Mike had finished stowing away the mower, Allison poked her head out the garage door.

'Thanks for the hard work, Mike. Would you like to come in for some lemonade?' she asked.

Her pale blue eyes stared at him with an eager joy from her pleasant face. She was always such a positive person. As far as Mike knew she was happily married, and he could never tell if her attitude towards him was flirtatious or if she was just naturally bubbly and bouncy.

'Sure, I'd love to, Allison,' Mike said, forcing his eyes to not roam over her scantily clad body. Today, her long, blonde hair was left free to drop over her shoulders in waves. She wore a sheer blue beach dress that flowed down over her breasts and ended mid-thigh. The fabric was practically see-through and underneath she wore nothing but a small black bikini holding her ample breasts. With any luck, her body would soon be Mike's to enjoy at his leisure.

He followed her through the house and out back to the pool, admiring the sway of her thick ass as she lead the way. Mike slipped the vial of magic powder out of his pocket and secreted it in his hand, waiting for his opportunity. Allison sat down at small table by the pool already set with a pitcher of lemonade and some glasses. Mike sat across from her and she poured them both a glass as they chatted.

Allison always had a friendly air about her and could draw even strangers into conversation. Mike nodded and smiled but added very little to the conversation. His heart was thumping wildly in his chest. He had to somehow pour the vial into both of their drinks without Allison noticing. Once they each sipped, they would swap bodies.

Or at least that's what the gypsy woman at the fairgrounds had said when she handed the vial over. Mike was doubtful, but she'd been eerily accurate in seeing into his past. And not in the way of those frauds on TV who ask open ended questions and practically have the audience provide the answer. She'd warned Mike that the spell would only last for two days, then smiled and told him how to make it permanent.

As Mike's palms grew sweaty, Allison continued chatting. She brushed her hand through her hair and let her dress slip down to reveal one bare shoulder and the valley of her cleavage. Again, Mike didn't know whether to take it as flirtatious or just Allison being Allison. But, God, did Mike want to be Allison. That's all he could think of as he stared into her blue eyes and admired the pale features of her matronly face. He wanted to wake up with her body, see her face whenever he looked in the mirror, hear her own voice coming from his own soft lips.

Allison was nearly done with her lemonade and Mike was getting desperate. He didn't know if he'd work up the nerve to do this again so it was now or never. Mike attempted an age old tactic of misdirection and obfuscation rarely used outside of television shows and playgrounds.

'You've got a nice view back here. I really-- What's that?' Mike asked, pointing behind her.

When Allison turned to look, Mike quickly leaned over and poured some of the powder into her drink, then into his own.

'What's what?,' she replied, turning back to him just as he sat back in his chair, attempting his best innocent expression as sweat dripped down his brow.

'I thought there was a...bird...or something. It was weird...I...anyway. Sure is hot, huh?' he asked,

taking a big swig of his drink.

Allison's mouth turned up in a half smile as she raised one thin eyebrow. 'You okay?' she asked. She wrapped her hand around the cool glass and lifted it to her mouth. Mike watched as she slowly raised it and the pale, yellow liquid trickled down the dappled glass and between her lips. It was done now. But how long would it—

Mike's thought was cut off abruptly as he passed out and fell back into his chair. He briefly caught a glimpse of alarm on Allison's face before blackness overtook him.

When he came to he could feel the cold, marble coffee table mashed against his face and a curtain of blonde hair filled his vision. He sat up groggily and the first thing he saw was himself, or his old body at least, passed out in the chair opposite. He looked down and was greeted with the sight of Allison's breasts, clasped tightly to his chest with a dark bra. The wispy dress fluttered across his skin.

'Hu-wow!' he said, Allison's delightful alto voice dropping from his new lips. He raised his hands up and clasped his heavy breasts. His pretty, manicured fingers wrapped around his fleshy tits and squeezed gently, as though testing them. They were wonderfully weighty and amazing to heft.

His old body started to stir so he dropped his breasts and they bounced back down to his chest. He brushed his hair back behind his ears. His hair was fine and wonderfully silky as it tickled its way down his neck. God, he couldn't wait to explore Allison's body from the inside, make her do all the things he'd fantasized about.

Allison rubbed her eyes and blinked. 'What happened did--' her hands came up to her lips at the strange sound of her masculine voice. She snapped upright and stared at Mike, who gazed back serenely from his stolen body.

'What—What happened? Why are you—?' she asked.

'It's okay, Allison,' Mike said, clasping his slender hands on the table in front of him. 'We've swapped bodies but it's only temporary,' *With the option for a permanent switch* Mike added to himself.

Allison gaped down at her scrawny, male body. 'Did you do this? Why did you do this? How do we switch back?' she asked. It was slightly off-putting seeing her mannerisms in his body, the way she furrowed her brows and was so animated with her hands when she talked.

'I've always liked your body and your life, Allison, so I thought I'd try it out for a bit. Now if you're good and you play your part, you can have it back.' *Maybe*, Mike neglected to add. 'But if you tell anyone what's happened, well, even if they do believe you, I've still got your body. And there's so much I could do it and your life.'

Mike brushed one hand lightly over his breast for emphasis.

'I could ruin your life just as easily,' she replied.

Mike shrugged. 'I've got less to lose. You've got a house, a husband, a job. What do I have, a short term rental contract and a twelve-year-old car? Now, go trim the roses, I need to get used to--' Mike looked down at his chest and wiggled his shoulders, watching his breasts jiggle delightfully '--everything.'

He stood and walked inside without a glance backwards. His wide hips swayed from side to side naturally as his body jiggled and bounced in an unfamiliar way with each step. Allison's cries for him to stop were cut off as he slid the heavy glass doors shut and turned to lock them. He smiled and waved, then let his blue dress slip down over his shoulders and fall to the floor. He stepped out of it, one long leg after another, then winked and released a light, airy giggle as he padded towards the stairs in his nearly nude body, clad only in a bikini that slid between his legs and pressed gently against his new sex.

He reached the top of the stairs, ignoring the banging from the glass door below, and found his way into Allison's bedroom and then into the large master bathroom. Allison's image slid into view, reflected in the mirrors hanging above the sinks and the walls on either side. From here he could see his entire body in the various reflections without having to turn. He tucked his blonde hair behind an ear and gazed into his pretty face, pushing his nose right up to the mirror so he could see every

inch of his new body. He'd never been able to look at her so closely, so intensely before. He could count every slight freckle on her nose, see every delightful wrinkle that only served to reinforce the fact that he now inhabited the body of such a beautiful, mature woman.

Mike ran his fingers gently over his face, caressing his soft skin, and watched Allison's image in the mirror copy him, delight radiating from his mirror image eyes as he explored his new form. His fingers tickled lightly across his slim eyebrows, down his straight nose and across his full cheeks. He straightened up and took in his new body. His heavy breasts hung suspended by a slim bra, free for him to explore at his leisure. She had a slight pouch of a tummy, not unexpected for a woman her age, and completely normal. Light stretch marks zigzagged here and there across her otherwise clear skin. He was a mom, now. His body had birthed babies, expanded and shrunk and Mike ogled it as the precious gift it was. His thighs were full and thick, his bubble butt flared out behind him. He ran his hand down her smooth ass cheek, grabbing the flesh in his fingers and squeezing, then releasing and watching it bounce back into place. She was a fine figure of a woman. No, *he* was a fine figure of a woman. Every inch of her body was *his* now to do with as he pleased. The thought made his new body warm.

Mike looked down at his breasts, his blonde hair resting across his chest. His melon sized tits hung just below his nose, beautiful and round and delicious. He reached behind his back and soon managed to fumble his bikini top off while only looking a little ridiculous as he contorted himself in the process. He giggled, his cute nose wrinkling in pleasure, as he finally unclasped his top and shrugged it to the floor. His fleshy breasts bounced free and—oh, God!—that release was the best feeling ever. He cupped a breast in each dainty hand and hefted them, feeling their weight, gently petting them with a rounded thumb.

He readjusted his position so his thumb and forefinger could grasp a fat, pink nipple and pinch lightly, teasing them until the magnificent pleasure burned from between his legs and his nipples pearled out in lust. He raised one breast to his mouth, then the other, taking turns in wrapping his lips around his nipple and tasting himself with Allison's tongue, watching in the mirror as he forced Allison's body to greedily suckle her own tits. His body was aching now as a deep desire for himself seared through him.

He slid down his bikini bottoms and cooed in delight as the coarse hair of his new sex came into view. He'd been thinking of this, dreaming of it for so long and now here it was, his own pussy. The trimmed 'V' lead down between his smooth thighs. No doubt, he was a woman through and through. He needed to explore himself.

He rested his knee on the sink and spread himself wide with the fingers of Allison's hand, gazing into his velvety folds. He dipped her finger in lightly, penetrating himself and feeling his own moist warmth surround him. He felt so good inside as he rubbed his hooded clit gently, sending embers of pleasure through his body. He continued circling a finger inside his new cunt as he slowly unfolded for himself until his fingers were pressed against the nub of his clit. With two fingers now he circled, faster, fanning the flames burning through his body. He was so warm, so wet as his slickness dripped down his hand.

His breath came harder and he began moaning, his voice rising in pitch as his fingers worked harder, faster. 'Oh, oh, oh!' Allison's cries escaped from his body as he pressed hard up inside himself, his other hand gripped his tits hard, squeezing the nipple tight and he exploded suddenly. He threw his head back and moaned long and low as the orgasm rushed through his delightful body. His fingers slowed briefly as the fire overtook him and burned through him.

He dropped his head and smiled at his blushing body in the mirror. He needed more. His fingers were sopping wet with his own lust. He could smell Allison's wonderfully musky pussy as he began circling inside himself, driving the pleasure through his feminine body once more. He closed his eyes, feeling his wet warmth, and his cries began again, louder and more urgent as the embers flared back to life. 'Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!' Hearing Allison's voice cry out in unconstrained lust pushed him over the edge and he came hard, thrusting forward to push against his fingers, trying to sink as deep and hard inside his pussy as he could. His juices ran down his leg as he pleased himself, a roaring orgasm washing away all conscious thought.

He slowly came back down to his body, his breasts heaving with each breath. Mike opened his eyes and Allison's flushed, disheveled image gazed back at him. Her fingers were still inside her body, her legs spread wide to give him the perfect view of her amazing pink folds. Mike placed his foot back down on the floor and slipped Allison's fingers into her mouth, tasting her musky pussy.

'So, was it good for you?' he asked his mirror image with a smile. Mike wondered if Allison had realized just how amazing her body really was. Surely she had the same insecurities most middle aged women did about their looks but, really...damn!

Mike walked back into the bedroom. He was still naked and he watched his breasts jiggle back and forth and enjoyed the sway of his wide hips as he walked. Looking out the bedroom window he saw the front lawn was empty. Mike decided to show Allison who was in charge. He grabbed her phone off her dresser and dialed his own number. After a few rings he heard his own voice pick up.

'Hello?' Mike's sullen voice boomed through the phone.

'Hi, Mike, this is Allison--' Mike began in her cheerful voice.

'Give me back my body!' she cried.

'Hey! We've swapped bodies and we need to swap roles. So you better start acting like me.' Mike demanded, Allison's voice going hard.

'Fuck you,' Allison responded.

'Come out into the front yard and look up at your window.'

'Why?'

'Just do it.'

A minute later Mike saw his former, lanky self trudging out to the front lawn and staring up at the bedroom window. Mike opened the window and pressed Allison's tits against the screen. With one hand he fondled a heavy breast for Allison's benefit.

'How would you like your neighbors to see your naked body dancing down the street? Maybe I should offer your body to one of the neighbors? I'm sure their teenage sons would love a fuck lesson from a hot, older MILF. And, I gotta say, your body is pretty fucking horny, Allison.'

'Stop! You wouldn't!'

'You don't know what I'll do if you don't start listening. Now trim my rose bushes while I play with *your* bush.'

Mike ended the call before Allison could respond. He watched her as she looked up at him, obviously struggling to figure out what to do. She then turned and picked up the sheers before attacking the rose bush. God, was he really that awkward looking?

While Allison struggled to freshen up the garden in the heat, Mike returned to the bathroom to treat his new body right. Mike tied up his blonde hair in a ponytail before turning on the shower and stepping inside. The warm water splashed down his sensitive skin, running in rivulets down and over his chest. He watched it slide down his middle aged body, sluicing between his breasts then between his thighs.

Her body was his now! The joyful thought echoed through his mind as he soaped up Allison's body with her peach scented soap, lathering himself until his body was covered with a rich, creamy foam and his fingers slid over his feminine form. He hefted and dropped his breasts, pulled them apart and let them pendulum into each other and bounce wonderfully. By the time Mike was done, Allison's breasts were cleaner than they'd ever been in her life and he had memorized every inch of her skin.

Mike toweled off in front of the mirror as he thought about his next move. He had Allison's body but none of her memories. Could he really steal her life? He knew she was loaded and was only doing part time work as a patent lawyer. If he was really to become her, he would need to know everything about her and her job. And if their previous phone conversation was anything to go by, she would need some convincing. He'd given her the stick, maybe it was time for the carrot.

Mike returned to Allison's bedroom and sifted through her massive closet for something to wear. He came upon a silk kimono type dress that tied around the waist but flared open to his legs, stopping just at thighs. The arms of the dress were some sort of delicate, lacy fabric. He slipped it on. It felt so delicate and feminine, but with definite undertones of sex, just like Allison's body.



He let his hair down and combed it out, experimenting with the blow drier until he'd gotten his blonde hair silky and glowing, falling down in a gentle wave across his shoulders. He wasn't ready to tackle the makeup yet, though.

So dressed, he strolled outside to check up on Allison. She was sweating over the rose bushes, a pile of cut branches at her feet.

'The roses are looking much better, Mike,' He teased, using his own name on her.

She turned and scowled. 'Is this fun for you?' She asked.

Mike ignored that remark. 'Look, Allison, I'm going in to your work tomorrow--'

'Like hell! What do you know about patent law?'

'Nothing. But you're going to teach me.' Mike smiled sweetly.

'Why would I do that?'

Mike stepped closer, and looked up at his own face towering over him, giving Allison a good view down into his cleavage.

'Because I've got your body. And unless you want to hear stories of me running through the hallways showing everyone your tits...' Mike emphasized this last by squeezing his large breasts '...I'm going to need to know how to do your job.'

Mike could see the emotions playing out on her face, but in the end she didn't have much choice. The rest of the afternoon was spent with Allison going through her current projects. The research part seemed relatively easy, Mike was sure he could conquer the databases. The harder part was the formal legal writing, but he was sure he could get the hang of it. Allison even agreed to show up on Monday morning to help Mike put his makeup on. If her body was going out, she wanted it to look nice.

'Good thing my husband's away this week. You'd have a hard time explaining to him why you needed a guy to come over and put on your makeup,' Allison said as she applied the blush across Mike's cheeks and outlined his eyes. Finally she put down her brush and looked at him critically.

'Okay, you're good. I can't begin to describe how weird it is putting makeup on myself from outside myself,' she said.

Mike looked at his image in the mirror. Good? Hell, he was stunning. The makeup made his pale blue eyes pop. His crimson lips were supple and inviting. Allison had done a good job, much better than Mike had when he'd practiced off the YouTube tutorials. He hadn't told Allison what he'd been up to. She would have wondered why he was bothering when the swap was only temporary. But Mike had long term plans.

Mike stood and leaned over towards the mirror to get a closeup look at his face. His bubble butt was right in front of Allison's eyes, the smooth cheeks covered only by some black lace panties. Out of the corner of his eye he caught Allison staring at his ass in the mirror.

'You are a very sexy woman, Allison,' Mike said, standing back up and looking down at his old body. Allison blushed and looked down, shifting her hands to her lap, but Mike saw the bulge beneath her pants.

She picked out his outfit: a black striped suit jacket and skirt combo with a flowery top beneath for a bit of color. When he slipped into it he looked professional but sexy as hell. His older body was still quite fit and the clothes clung to his curvaceous form.

Allison followed him downstairs, giving him a quick review of what he needed to do that day. She kept up the running commentary even as Mike slid into the plush leather interior of his Maserati.

Allison leaned down on the driver side window. 'Text me if you have any questions. And please, please act professional. This is my life.' Allison finished.

*Not for much longer*, Mike thought, but instead said, 'Of course.'

He started up the car and headed off to the first day of the rest of his life.

The car drove like a dream and turned a lot of heads. Mike was almost sorry to get out of it. But when he did, he strode into the office like a rockstar.

'Morning, Mrs. Carter,' the receptionist greeted him as he strode through the double glass doors. 'You're not on the schedule for today.'

'Morning, Beth. I'm changing the schedule.'

'Oh. No one told me.'

'I'm telling you now.'

'It's just...I had this schedule for today...It's okay, I can change it.'

Mike continued into the office, leaving Beth to her work.

It was exhilarating being Allison and having the world react as if he had always been Allison. He commanded respect just by walking into a room. The entire day felt like one big high wire act. He knew just enough about the people in the office and the work he was doing to fake it. If pressed, he would retreat into his office and frantically text the real Allison. She answered back immediately, obviously paranoid about what he was doing to her life. And with good reason: he could destroy her reputation with one good naked stroll through the office, and destroy her career with one slow fondle of the receptionist's perky tits.

He had to keep Allison on her toes. So during lunch he locked his office door and drew the blinds to the hallway. Then he unbuttoned his top and pulled both his tits out of his bra. Holding his phone up he snapped a topless pic of Allison's body and sent it to her with the text: Lunch break!

Now that he had his boobs out he didn't want to waste the opportunity. He fondled himself, bobbling his heavy breasts and watching them roil beneath his touch. He wrapped Allison's hand around one and brought it towards his lips, Leaning his head down he was able to suck his pink nipple into his warm mouth. As his teeth nipped at his sensitive nipple his tongue licked softly. The competing sensations swirled through his body and he felt himself warming.

Before he could get too far his phone rang. He picked it up.

'Yes?'

It was Beth. 'Mrs. Carter? Mike's here to see you. He says you're expecting him?'

'Mike? Oh, yes, ok.'

'It's just, he's not in the schedule so I didn't know...' she trailed off.

Jesus, Allison was right about Beth and her scheduling.

'Again, I'm changing the schedule.'

'Ok, just please let me know so I can change the schedule out here.'

'He's not on the schedule. This is an unscheduled visit. You don't need a schedule for everything.'

'He's not on the schedule...? So, I'll send him away then?'

*Oh for God's sake.* 'I'll be out in a minute.'

Mike stuffed his breasts back in and went out to grab Allison. He led her back through the hallways, taking great joy in introducing the people in her own office to her.

'And this is my office,' he continued, closing the door behind her.

'What the hell is this?' Allison asked, holding up the photo he'd just sent of her topless body. 'You didn't...do anything did you?'

'No, and calm down, girl. If I wanted to ruin your life you'd know it. I was just...exploring. You can't tell me you haven't been curious about my body.'

Allison's eyes flicked down towards Mike's chest and she blushed, telling Mike everything he needed to know. 'You're...um...coming out,' she said.

Mike looked down and saw half his breast was hanging out of one bra cup. He struggled to adjust himself and Allison came to his rescue. Her warm fingers gently pulled up his bra and maneuvered his tit back into place, then she stepped back and avoided his eyes as he adjusted his own breasts. Allison's pants were once again tent-poling out at the touch of her own body. It seemed like Mike's hormones were getting the better of her.

Mike took advantage by pushing his breasts against her body and standing on his toes to kiss his former lips. He felt Allison pause, sensed the longing quivering through her body. Then she pulled away, shaken, avoiding eye contact.

'I...have to go...', she said, heading for the door, 'Just...be good.'

'Come over to my house...your house...you know...this body's house...for dinner at seven and I'll

tell you all about it.'

She nodded and slipped out. Mike adjusted his dress and got back to work.

Mike had picked up food and prepared himself for Allison's arrival. He opened the door at her knock.

'Hey, come on in,' he said, pleased to see his former body's jaw drop.

Mike had one hand on his hip and his sexy body was clad only in a black lacy negligee and panties. He felt nearly naked and so wonderfully free. He was proud of his new body and got a thrill in showing it off. Especially when he saw Allison's obvious pleasure.

'I thought we could be a little informal this evening as our last night in these bodies.'

Allison's eyes lit up. 'You mean it?'

'Of course,' Mike lied, 'Let me just have this last night. After all, I'm pretty well acquainted with your body, as I'm sure you've gotten used to mine.'

He took Allison's silence for assent.

'Come on in, dinner's all set up.'

Mike turned and walked down the hallway without waiting for a response, letting his hips sway back and forth, sure that he was making quite the impression on his horny former body. And on himself, actually. Seeing Allison's body dressed in such a sexy manner, watching his breasts bounce beneath his eyes, feeling the cool air caress his soft skin, catching a glimpse of his mature, feminine body in every shining surface kept him gently warm, a low level arousal that buzzed constantly through his brain.

Mike had set the plates next to each other at the table and they sat together, eating his Boston Market takeaway. Not the fanciest food, but still a step up from his usual fare of frozen dinners. He could get used to having money.

Mike told Allison about his day, sharing the gossip he'd picked up from the other girls. Allison, in turn, told him what she'd been doing in his body. She'd mostly stayed inside, feeling awkward and uncomfortable in her body, especially since she didn't know what would set her off and cause her to become hard as a rock at a moment's notice. Mike's body was very under-sexed, a fact that he gladly took advantage of by laughing merrily at Allison's story and taking every opportunity to touch her: a tap on the leg here, a brush on her arm there. He knew from being on the receiving end how much electricity was in his new body's touch. Allison relaxed as they ate and she had another glass of wine, easing into her body through inebriation.

Allison had laid Mike's arm on the table and was leaning on her other elbow as she finished her story. Mike lay Allison's slim hand on his own. She didn't pull away as he looked into his own eyes.

'There is one thing I haven't tried yet,' Mike said.

'What's that?' Allison asked.

'This,' Mike leaned forward and kissed Allison on the lips. He pressed his tiny nose into her masculine face. After a brief hesitation she kissed him back, slipping her tongue inside his mouth, still slightly sweet from the wine. Mike wrapped his hands through his former body's hair and pulled Allison closer, opening his mouth wider and closing his eyes to enjoy the feel of her tongue sliding inside him, warm and wet, just like his body was becoming. It was easy with his own masculine body, so familiar it was almost like masturbation. He wasn't nervous, in fact he was trembling with excitement.

He slipped out of his seat and straddled her, feeling her growing urgency pushing up against his lace panties as they continued making out. Her hands found his breasts and she fondled them, sliding and groping eagerly, as though she'd never felt them before. Mike remembered the urgency of wanting a woman so badly, of wanting to devour her, own her, feel and grasp every inch of her soft, fleshy form and imagined this was how Allison felt as she greedily caressed his body.

She pulled away only once, just long enough to murmur, 'We shouldn't be doing this.'

Mike stared into his own brown eyes and caressed his rough face with a slim thumb. 'Just one night,' he whispered, 'Please. I need you inside me.'

And that was the end of Allison's resistance. She attacked him with a renewed vigor, kissing her

way across his jaw and down his neck as he lifted his head and closed his eyes, each peck sending a spark directly between his legs. She kissed her way between his breasts, grabbing the hefty weight in each hand, circling her tongue along one, then the other, hungry for his body. Mike wrapped his hands around his tits and held them to Allison's face for her kisses, enjoying the thrill of manipulating his own body as his lust grew. His nipples hardened as the electric pleasure danced between his legs. He grew warm and delightfully wet to Allison's masculine touch, her overwhelming desire for his body was powerful.

He pulled his top off and threw it aside, letting his breasts bounce down. Allison gazed at them, lust written across her face, then she attacked them once more, kissing and suckling, knowing exactly how to manipulate his body for his pleasure and he moaned as she took his nipple into her warm mouth and bit gently. The pain he'd discovered on his own in the office came roaring back. He gasped as the pain met the pleasure roaring through his body and multiplied it.

'More,' he moaned, his voice husky with lust, throwing his head back as she took his nipples into her mouth and suckled once more.

'Oh...oh...fuuuck' he hissed, as her other hand pinched his free nipple and the first wave of pleasure crested through him.

He forced himself to pull away from the pleasure momentarily so he could stand and slip off his panties. He stood before Allison naked and turned to wiggle his wide ass for her. He'd always wanted to grab Allison's fat butt and fuck her hard. He was sure Allison in his body felt the same.

She pulled off her clothes, revealing her lanky body, her manhood already rock hard with lust and dripping a bead of pre-cum. She gripped his butt tight in two hands and he felt her pushing her raging hard-on between the cheeks of his curvy ass. He was dripping, already open and waiting for her. The head of the cock pressed against his unfolded lips, the anticipation sweeping through his body as she pressed hard, harder, until with an inaudible pop she slipped inside him and he sighed in fulfillment. The warm, hard head pressed deeper, sinking into his wet heat, until he was full and he felt her groin resting against her ass, all the way inside his aching pussy.

He gripped her and slid slowly in and out as he cried out at her touch, a tidal wave of pleasure roaring through his body and still he needed more. He lifted his leg onto the table, opening himself as wide as he could.

'Fuck me hard,' he moaned, lust dripping through Allison's voice.

Allison complied, driven on by her own lust she pounded into him. He cried out each time she sank deep, pushing her cock up against his sensitive G-spot, pounding him as he cried out, each time his voice rising in pitch. Mike looked down between his bouncing tits, watching the cock sink deep inside his pussy—*his* pussy—the thought hit him hard and he came.

'Oh, God, yes!' He cried, using the counter to push himself back down, trying to impale himself on his own former cock and quench the fire burning through him.

'Fuck me! Fuck me!' he moaned like a bitch in heat. His mind was devoid of everything except the oncoming pleasure and then Allison sunk deep inside him and grunted and came. Mike felt her spurting inside his cunt, hot blasts of cum jetted into his womb, filling him fuller than he ever thought possible and now Allison's body was his forever and he came in triumph, clenching his lips around the cock as it spurted and spurted, a seemingly never-ending stream of desire as he cried out in Allison's voice and shook with orgasm until at last he felt the spasming inside him slow, slow, slow and then stop.

Allison leaned her head against Mike's sweaty back, her cock still inside him. Mike didn't want him to pull out. He felt so warm, so right. He wanted this moment to last forever. But soon she pulled out, sending a trickle of warm cum down one thigh. He turned around and looked up at his body, a smile playing across his lips.

'Thank you, Allison, for everything.' Mike said.

She nodded. She'd understand the full import of his words the next day when she found herself still in Mike's body. As he would find herself the day after that, and the day after that forever. For by cumming inside him, she had sealed the spell and made it irreversible. Mike would have to deal with her, ban her from the house, get a restraining order until she accepted her new life. In the

meantime, Mike would have plenty of time to get used to his new body with “his” husband, who enjoyed pleasuring Allison's body every bit as much as Mike did.

But that was in Allison's future. For now, she just smiled and nodded.

# # #

## Creeping Inside

ED

Ed knocked on his daughter's bedroom door, concerned after hearing a strange yelp.

'You okay, honey?' he called out.

After a few seconds the door opened a crack and Ed's daughter, Vanessa, poked her head out. Her straight, dark hair tumbled over her shoulders. Her piercing brown eyes looked Ed up and down tentatively, glancing into his eyes then back down as if embarrassed.

'Y-yes I'm fine...dad,' she smiled, blushing and breaking into a shy grin as she avoided Ed's gaze.

She adjusted her low-cut black tank-top. Too low-cut, if you asked Ed. Especially with that little emerald necklace sitting right in the middle of her cleavage. Was that new? Ed couldn't remember ever seeing that before, but it practically drew the eye to her breasts. Maybe that's a talk they'd have another day. Not that he was worried his daughter was a temptress or anything. Far from it. Yes, she was pretty, but she was shy and reserved. Ed's little wallflower. That was just fine as far as Ed was concerned. With her dark good looks and growing bra size (from her mother's side of the family no doubt) she'd get attention whenever she was ready for it.

'I heard a yell,' Ed said.

'Oh, yeah,' she said, 'I just...stubbed my toe.'

She was acting oddly, her eyes darting up to his face then back down. Ed sensed she was hiding something from him. Was he supposed to probe or leave her alone? She *was* 18 and maybe she was just...doing things 18 year-olds do. Ed tried not to think about it. If it was anything like what he got up to in his room when he was her age...No, she was his little pumpkin. He knew she was a woman now, but there was a difference between knowing and *knowing*, and Ed didn't want to *know*.

So he just nodded and said, 'I was going to watch some tv if you want to join me.'

'No, I...um...I'm all right here,' she giggled.

Ed nodded and backed away down the stairs. Vanessa closed the door, the jiggling of the handle an indication of the fact that she'd locked it.

Ed had rounded the corner to the living room when someone began pounding violently on the front door.

'Daddy? Daddy!' a grown man's deep voice called from outside.

Ed didn't have a son, and no one called him daddy except his daughter. He crept to the door and looked out the widow. Standing outside, frantically pounding on the door was Randy, the neighbor from across the street. He had a reputation as a creep. Rumors had floated through the neighborhood of Randy sneaking through backyards, spying into bedroom windows. He *did* always seem to be outside when Vanessa was home. Though Ed had never caught Randy doing anything creepy to his daughter—that would have been grounds for a beating—he always got a creepy vibe from the few times he'd talked to Randy. There was something not right about him. More than just Randy's pencil thin mustache shared by creeps throughout the world, or the few strands of hair on his head he tried to comb over, or the weird way he wouldn't meet your eyes during a conversation. It was his whole vibe. Ed wouldn't trust Randy any farther than his daughter could throw him. Though creepy Randy would probably get off on Vanessa throwing him. Ed shuddered at the thought.

Randy wasn't letting up so Ed opened the door, adopting a menacing posture and filling the doorway with his ample bulk. He was sure he could take Randy in a fight and wanted him to know it.

'What do you want?' Ed demanded.

Randy was crying, his tear streaked face red and swollen. He wore a stained, pale blue collared shirt that was just slightly too small and showed off some of his beer gut.

'Daddy, it's me!' he blubbered, wiping away his tears. 'It's Vanessa!'

He tried to reach out and grab Ed but Ed pushed him away.

'I don't know what the hell is wrong with you but don't you dare come over here and scare my family,' Ed growled.

Randy's face fell.

'Dad?' Vanessa called from upstairs, 'What's going on?'

Ed glanced up at the top of the steps and saw Vanessa leaning on the railing grinning down at Ed. Her arms were bare and that damn top barely covered her.

'Nothing, go back in your room,' Ed called up.

'Give me my body back! Give it back you gross creep!' Randy shouted, trying to push past Ed. Ed grabbed Randy and wrangled him out the door, pushing him off the front porch where Randy landed on his fat ass on the lawn. Ed towered over him.

'I don't know what the fuck's gotten into you, but you stay away from my daughter, you hear?' Ed growled.

Randy sat and blubbered. 'Daddy! Daddy! I'm Vanessa. He stole my body!'

'Stop calling me daddy! Get out of here, you sick fuck, before I call the police.'

It was pathetic seeing the fat little man sniveling in the grass, snot running down his face as he continued bawling.

Someone in the neighborhood must have called the police because there came a cop car rolling up the driveway, red and blue lights flashing. Two cops stepped out of the car.

'What's going on?' One of them asked.

'This guy,' Ed pointed at the wreck of a man on the lawn, 'Just came over and started banging on the door and terrifying my family.'

After the cops worked out what happened they escorted Randy back to his house. Ed wasn't ready to press charges, though he threatened to if Randy ever showed up again. After all, there was nothing illegal about going crazy; the poor guy just needed help. A lot of help. Preferably by a good doctor in a well-locked institution away from Ed. And, anyway, Ed thought he wouldn't have to deal with Randy for quite a while.

## Randy

I leave the enchanted amulet in a neat box on Vanessa's doorstep with a note saying it's from her secret admirer. What teenage girl can resist? I spend the rest of the evening waiting for her to try it on. The spell is supposed to be instantaneous, according to the magic book I found.

By nightfall I've given up hope. Maybe she decided it was too weird and threw it away. I sit in my computer chair and unzip my pants, looking down at my fat gut straining beneath my pale blue shirt. I'd hoped after finding that spell book and enchanting the amulet that this would be my last night in this body for a while. Maybe I'll have to pull out my binoculars and gaze from afar. Ed hasn't seen me spying on his daughter so far, but he seems like a guy who could have quite a temper. I wouldn't want to get caught. So, I guess it's digital girls for me again tonight. Taking my dick in one hand I begin scrolling through the internet. My mouse is hovered over the entrance to my favorite website (Teen Angels) when the world changes in front of my eyes.

In an instant I'm in a teenage girl's bedroom: light pink wallpaper, Justin Bieber posters, makeup desk covered with various beauty products. I yelp in surprise, clamping my hands over my mouth at the sound of my girlish voice.

I let my fingers run over my silky smooth face. I look down at myself. Long, black hair tickles across my shoulders and I find myself staring into the deep valley of Vanessa's cleavage. The necklace hangs down nicely between her pillowy breasts, the tiny tear-drop shaped emerald glows gently, pulsing against her tremulous breasts. Vanessa's beautiful curves are clasped by a black bra and her upper body is clad only in a tank top. My eyes circle over every inch of her tanned, smooth arms. Although, they're my breasts now, my arms, my face, my voice. The body swapping amulet must have worked!

I'd lusted after Vanessa for so long, spying on her with my binoculars, masturbating to her perfect body, previously visible only in my imagination. And now here it is in real life. All mine to enjoy. As long as I wear this amulet I'll be in her body and I can make her do anything. Before I can get down to business, there's a knock at my bedroom door.

'You okay, honey?' A man's voice calls out. That must be Ed. I have half a mind to explain to him that I'm about to grope his daughter and there's nothing he can do. Though that would blow my cover, assuming he would even believe me.

Instead, I crack the door open. 'Y-yes I'm fine...dad,' I say angelically, Vanessa's sweet voice dropping from my lips.

I lower my gaze and find myself staring at my breasts. God, I want to squeeze them so badly. Instead I adjust my top in front of "dad", letting him get a good look at my tits. He wants me to come down and watch TV with him. Why would I do that when I have the world's best entertainment right here? I plan on learning all about Vanessa's nubile body.

I soon chase Ed away and am about to begin my exploration in earnest when I hear a loud banging on the front door, followed by a voice—my old voice—crying out for daddy. I wonder what Vanessa thought when she found herself in my old, chubby body with her fingers wrapped around my cock. Did she finish? I chuckle to myself, my breasts bouncing lightly.

I decide to wind her up a bit. I open my door and lean over the stairs, letting my heavy breasts rest on the banister. Below me, Ed is blocking the door as Vanessa, in my old body, rails at him. Was I really that fat? And that mustache isn't doing anything for me. When I get back I'm shaving it. *If* I go back.

'Dad?' I ask, 'What's going on?'

Ed looks up at me. 'Nothing, go back in your room.'

Suddenly my body is trying to push past Ed, staring up at me, eyes wide in fury. 'Give me my body back! Give it back you gross creep!' Vanessa yells before being shunted out the door.

I watch from my window as the police arrive and sort everything out. When they've left, taking Vanessa with them, I lock my door and move to my makeup mirror.

Vanessa's adorable face slides into view. My face, now. I've got an oval face with tiny, delicate features and big, brown eyes. My thin eyebrows are perfectly arched, giving me an enchanting, sexy look. I've got a tiny, slightly upturned nose and full lips. I'm fucking adorable is what I am. I run my



hands through my shoulder-length black hair. It's soft and fine. I bring it to my nose, sniffing Vanessa's honey shampoo. I smell so young and fresh.

I pull off my tank top and drop it to the floor, followed by my pajamas. I stand dressed only in my bra and panties and admire my petite figure. My curvy breasts hang over a slim stomach, then my body flares out again in thick thighs, before tapering to two long, golden legs. I reach around behind my back and struggle with my bra clasp. After a brief fight I shrug it to the floor and grab my heavy breasts in my hands. They're deliciously warm and fleshy, even better than I imagined. I watch in the mirror as I make Vanessa's hands squeeze and caress her heavy breasts. Hefting them and dropping them to watch them wobble deliciously. They're firm but supple, perfect and round, unmarred by age.

I slip my hand under one breast and pull it up towards my face. Leaning my head down and opening my soft lips, I manage to slip her nipple into my mouth. I lick gently, my tongue warm and wet against my sensitive skin. Little waves of pleasure spread from my fat, pink nipple, filling my body with a gentle warmth. I suckle harder, sucking my nipple into my mouth and nipping gently with my teeth. A low jolt of pleasure bursts through me and I moan softly, my voice now throaty and sexy as my body warms to my touch.

I push my panties down my legs and kick them aside, letting the fingers of my other hand brush across the coarse trail leading to my pleasure. I look back into the mirror, watch Vanessa's beautiful form as I make her dip a finger inside herself. I quiver with expectation as I feel my warmth surround me. I circle my finger gently around the top of my womanhood as my body moistens and the pleasure intensifies. I can feel myself opening, my nether lips growing wet as my finger slides deeper inside my little virgin pussy, penetrating Vanessa's body for the first time and, oh!, the pleasure lights through me.

I lie on my bed with my knees in the air and gaze down at my supple form. Vanessa's perfect, teenage body stretches out beneath me, my fingers still inside myself. I let my free hand caress my body, stroking my soft skin as I slip further and harder against the nub of my pleasure.

'Oh,' I cry out softly, circling and circling. The room begins to fill with the wonderfully musky smell of myself as I thrust against my hand, my body undulating beneath my touch. I cry out again, harder this time as pleasure flares through me. 'Oh, yes!' Hearing my feminine voice drives me wild, doubles my pleasure and I'm soaking as I fill myself with more fingers, rubbing my velvety slickness harder and faster, feeling myself penetrate and be penetrated, pushing the pleasure through me, my voice rising in pitch, 'Oh yes. Oh yes! Ohh yes!' my feminine voice cries out to the room as the wave crests and I cum hard, my body vibrating around my hand as I thrust against myself, again and again as my body is wracked in orgasm. It's much deeper and longer than when I was a man, a full body orgasm with none of the resultant shame. In fact, I want to go again.

So I do. My sticky fingers return to my aching pussy, scratching the desperate itch until I explode again and again, biting my lip and thrusting my hips up against my hand in urgent ecstasy. I continue like this several more times, each time coming down, each time fucking my sexy young body with my fingers until I cum hard again. Eventually—minutes? Hours? I lose track of time—I slip my fingers out and lie on the bed, occasionally reverberating with an aftershock as I lie in the wet puddle spread beneath my ass. I stroke my face with my wet fingers, spreading Vanessa's pussy juice across my cheeks, against my lips and I taste myself.

Vanessa is everything I want to be.

The next day I stay home from school, playing sick. A little cough and a couple bats of my big doe eyes are all it takes to convince Ed. I don't have any of Vanessa's memories so it's a little like acting in a play where I don't know the role. Fortunately, Ed's a pushover for his daughter.

Of course, the instant I'm left alone I return my attention to Vanessa's gorgeous body. I spend all day pleasuring myself, even going so far as to liberate a carrot from the fridge. It fits inside me perfectly and the ridges slip up against my clit, giving me orgasm after orgasm.

And I thought carrots were only good for your eyes.

I leave the blinds open to give Vanessa a little show as I prance naked through the room, my heavy breasts bobbing up and down. I know from experience that my old bedroom looks directly

into hers. One of Vanessa's other windows looks out into the side neighbor's lawn. Late in the afternoon as I pass by—still naked, of course—I see a teenage guy staring at me from this side window. He ducks down when he notices I've seen him, but I smile and put on a little show, bobbling my breasts seductively. I hope he gets a good look; I've always believed in sharing my fortune.

It's almost perfect, except I don't know Vanessa's phone password so I can't take any pictures of my amazing body. I was hoping I could give Vanessa her first—or second?—hard-on from staring at her own body, but as it is, I guess I'll just enjoy her by myself.

By the end of the day my body is exhausted, I'm sweaty and dripping and my pussy aches so good it hurts to walk. I gingerly step into the shower and wash myself, taking care to soap down my breasts thoroughly, before “my” dad comes home.

## Ed

Ed was about to go into a meeting when he got the first email from his daughter. Though it was from Vanessa's normal email address, it echoed the crazy things Randy had been spouting yesterday. It read:

*Daddy,*

*I know you have a hard time believing this but everything Randy said last night is true. I am stuck in his gross body and he's in mine. I don't know how he did it but it has to be something to do with that necklace. This switch happened when I put it on. You have to believe me! Please tell me you believe me Daddy!*

Randy didn't have a chance to respond before the meeting started. He sat in the room distracted as the other guys talked, occasionally mumbling an agreement. If he'd answered the email right away he would probably have accused Randy of hacking his daughter's account and playing some sort of fucked-up mind games. But there was something bugging him about last night, besides Randy's odd behavior. He just couldn't quite place it.

Ed didn't answer the email that afternoon. After work he went home to check on his daughter. He found Vanessa stretched out on the couch downstairs watching TV and eating potato chips. She was wearing a pair of short denim cutoffs that showed off most of her legs, and what looked like a nightie. It was an odd combination.

'Hi, pumpkin,' he said, kissing her on her forehead.

'Hi, dad,' she said, not looking up.

Something clicked in Ed's mind.

'What did you say?' he asked her.

She paused, a chip halfway to her mouth and stared at him as though he were crazy. 'I said, hi, dad. Something wrong?'

There was something very wrong. She called him dad. She never called him dad; it was always daddy. She'd done it last night, too, and he thought this was just a new phase, like she was too grown up to call him 'daddy' anymore. But her email this afternoon and it was...God, it was Randy who called him daddy last night.

'No, nothing's wrong,' Ed said, his stomach dropping. It was impossible, but he had to know for sure. He kept his eye on her as he made dinner. She was dressed differently, so provocatively. She usually covered herself up more. She never liked being the center of attention.

Ed made excuses to go through the house whenever she got up off the couch, and several times caught her staring at her own reflection in the bathroom mirror and the mirror by the door, turning this way and that as though posing for herself. Or as though Randy was posing her for his own pleasure. But that was crazy wasn't it?

Ed needed to be absolutely sure, after all, teenagers changed all the time, right?

Over dinner he steered the conversation towards talk of his future vacation.

'I was thinking of what we could do this year during spring break. I've got some time off, I thought we could go back to Disneyworld. Do you remember last time we went? It was fun, huh?' Ed prompted.

'Yeah, it was fun,' she replied, 'Happiest place on earth.'

It had been anything but. Vanessa had gotten the flu the day they arrived and spent most of the first two days sick in the hotel room. Then it had bucketed rain for the next two days, soaking them to the bone. In the end, they hadn't made it onto a single ride because Vanessa wasn't up to it.

'Do you remember when we went on Space Mountain?' Ed pressed her, faking a smile.

'Of course! Oh, I'd love to go back, dad! Maybe this summer.'

Randy was so busy thinking of the hot little summer clothes he could dress his body in that it took him a few moments to register Ed's grip tightening on his fork, and his jaw clenching.

'How did you do it? Was it the necklace?' Ed growled.

'What are you talking about, dad?' Randy tried to give him Vanessa's big doe eyes again, but he

couldn't shake the tremor in his voice.

Suddenly, Ed leaped across the table and grabbed the emerald pendant. Randy grabbed Ed's hands and tried to hold them so he couldn't break the chain.

'I wouldn't do that, Ed,' Randy whimpered in Vanessa's voice.

'Why not...Randy?' Ed sneered.

'Because if you break the chain the switch is permanent. I'll be in your sweet, little daughter's body forever.'

They froze like this, Ed outstretched across the table, face to face with his daughter. It made him sick thinking about what this perv had done in his daughter's body. But was Randy bluffing about the chain? Ed couldn't take that chance.

Ed released his grip and they both let go and sat back in their respective chairs. Ed wiped his mouth and threw the napkin onto the table, then stormed out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

Ed crossed the street and marched right up to Randy's door. He knocked loudly. After a few minutes the door cracked open and the poor slob's face appeared. Behind Randy's beady little pig eyes was the mind of his daughter.

'Vanessa?' Ed asked, his voice cracking.

'Daddy!' Randy's voice shouted, as Vanessa threw open the door and hugged him, her rotund body nearly bowling Ed over. He hugged her back, trying to remember this was not Randy but his daughter inside.

'It's a book of spells! I found it!' She cried, 'I know what he did and I can switch us back!'

She pause.

'And I can make that disgusting pervert pay.' Randy's eyes flashed with vengeance.

## Randy

My petite body is trembling. If Ed finds the spell book and realizes I was bluffing it's all over. Breaking the chain of my necklace will break the spell. But...there is a way to seal myself in Vanessa's body forever, so that the pendant becomes useless. The spell book warned that if either person has sex while in their swapped bodies the spell becomes permanent and not even another enchanted necklace can change them back. My mind in Vanessa's smoking hot body? That's a no-brainer. I should have done it before but I was too excited exploring myself to invite a friend.

This needs to happen quick before Ed can get back. But who...? Of course! The teenage boy next door who was staring at my body. A quick glance out the window shows the lights are on and the whole family's probably home. I dash up the stairs to Vanessa's bedroom, grabbing my tits to stop them bouncing up and down painfully. The teenager's in his room with his back to me. I open my window and lean out to try to get his attention. When that doesn't work I start throwing little bits of Vanessa's jewelry at the window until he looks up and sees me. His eyes go wide. I motion for him to open his window, which he does.

'Oh my God, I'm so horny,' I call out, affecting a ditsy voice, 'I need someone to come over here and satisfy me. Quickly.' I raise up my shirt and offer him a glimpse of my perfect breasts as I smile seductively.

When he doesn't move I yell out, 'Get over here and fuck me.'

I'm aware that I'm coming on strong but time is short. And, anyway, it works. A minute later he's out the door. I rush downstairs and pull him inside. He starts to grab me.

'Not down here,' I hiss. I grab his hand and lead him upstairs into Vanessa's room. I pull him in and lock the door, then I turn to look at him for the first time.

His brown hair is long and his dark-featured face is boyish, with the hint of the man he'll soon become. He gives me a crooked, nervous smile as I look him over. He must do some sort of athletics because he's got a nicely toned body and solid arms. He'll do.

I advance towards him and stand on my toes so I can kiss him, pressing my lips to his hungrily, attacking him with lust. He's warm and he smells nice, some sort of woody cologne hits my nose as it presses into his cheek and whatever it is, Vanessa's body likes it. I'm not usually attracted to men, but being in this feminine body it seems natural and I feel myself warming.

He slides his hands onto my waist. They're solid and huge and hot against my nightie. I wrap my arms around him and press my breasts against him. I need him, and not just to seal the spell. Vanessa's body is hungry for him, I want to taste him, smell him, devour him. I want him inside me.

I push back to pull off my nightie and throw it to the floor. His eyes find my bra, followed by his hands. He squeezes my fat breasts and I sigh softly at his greedy touch. He wants Vanessa's body so I reveal it for him, slipping my arms behind me I unhook my bra and shrug out of it. My tits bounce free and his mouth is on them, warm and hot, circling my nipples. What he lacks in experience he makes up for in enthusiasm as he hungrily pleasures me, squeezing and caressing my breasts, closing his eyes to suck on my warm skin, enjoying the taste of me.

I unbuckle his pants and free his manhood. I wrap Vanessa's slim hands around his shaft and slide gently up and down. It's hard and hot beneath my hands, a powerful desire for my body. It's a strange sense of power to be so needed. And to need cock this much.

I drop to my knees in front of him. His bulging manhood is right in front of my big, brown eyes, the head already glistening. He seems so huge to my tiny body. I stick out my pink tongue and run it up and down the underside of his shaft. He gasps above me. I open my mouth and draw him in, swallowing him and he fills my mouth. My lips slide down, down his delicious cock. My body is raging for more, my thighs slick with desire as I glide my mouth up and down him, taking him all in, letting him use Vanessa's body for his own pleasure. His slightly musky odor penetrates my nose, it's manly and musky and it makes me want him even more.

I wrap my fingers around his shaft and stroke softly as I look up at him towering over me. I smile coquettishly.

'I need you to fuck me, now,' I say in Vanessa's sweet voice. And I do. My body desperately needs to be filled.

He just nods. I giggle and push him back onto the bed, then slide off my shorts and panties. I'm already glistening for him as I straddle him, throwing one long leg over his body. I position myself on top, my arms on his solid chest. He feels so masculine and firm beneath me as I lower myself onto him. The head of his cock pushes against my cunt, pushes, pushes, and then with an inaudible pop he's inside me and I sigh, sinking down onto him, filling myself with his soft-hardness. I sink down his shaft until my nether lips are resting against him and he's thick and full in me.

My hands come up to my tits and I pinch my nipples as I grind my pussy into him, using him as my fucktoy. He groans beneath me as I moan above him.

'Oh!' I cry as a soft wave of pleasure hits me. I lean down and let my breasts fall over his face. He suckles my tender body eagerly, gripping my thighs in a steel grip and lifting his hips to slam into me harder as he sucks my fat, pink nipple. Fire races through my body and I cry out, louder this time 'Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck,' as the sensations meld within me and Vanessa's body cries out for more, to be filled completely. He's ready to explode inside me and I push him onward.

There's a loud banging on my bedroom door. Ed's back. The guy beneath me stops and lifts his head warily. I push him back down.

'Keep going,' I order, twisting back and forth on top of him. I can feel his heat, he's ready to pump into me and then Vanessa's body will be mine forever. I can fuck him whenever I want if it feels this good.

I grind faster, harder, willing him to cum for me as my lust drips down me. My pussy is on fire and I cry out again and again as the pleasure crests inside me. I grip his cock with the lips of my pussy and he presses up hard as I thrust up and down, milking him.

'Come inside me!' I cry out desperately. There's a loud noise behind me as the door breaks open and a hand on my neck, gripping for the necklace and I can feel the cock throbbing inside me, pulsing as he starts to cum.

'Oh God!' Vanessa cries out as her body explodes in orgasm. A hot heat blasts into her womb as the neighbor's manhood throbs inside. And she's never been so wonderfully full. She throws her head back as she rides him, pleasure bursting through her. Her tits bounce up and down as he empties himself inside her, filling her tight, virginal body with his hot cum while her cries rise in pitch as she cums hard with him. 'Oh! Oh! Ohhhh!'

Soon she comes back down to earth, finds herself looking down at her own breasts, her own body once more. The teenager beneath her is red-faced and breathing hard, he looks just as happy to see her body as she does.

'Vanessa?' Ed asks with trepidation from behind her.

'It's me, daddy,' she confirms, feeling the warm manhood still inside her, the cum dripping from her, the warm waves of pleasure slowly ebbing.

With her father standing beside her and the neighbor boy inside her, this will make for an awkward conversation.

## **Epilogue**

Randy tried to hide behind a garbage can as the horny tomcat closed in. Vanessa must have cast another spell from the book before leaving his body because Randy came back transformed.

Now, after two weeks in his new life his fur was mangy, one ear was scuffed, and he'd already used his claws several times in territorial fights with other cats. To make things worse, it appeared his feline body was in heat. With his heightened sense of smell he could smell himself, his body's 'come hither' signal to other cats. He meowed loudly, unable to help himself, calling the tomcat towards his hiding spot. Randy's tail twitched as the tomcat rounded the corner.

The tomcat moved quickly, jumping on Randy and subduing him, pinning him to the ground as he yowled and became sealed in his new form forever.

# # #

## Sealed Inside

As far as Melody was concerned, fifty wasn't the new forty. It was just fifty. She was reminded of her age every time she moved and felt the creaks and pains, every time she looked into the mirror and saw the wrinkled lines etched into her face, the thick joints on her bony hands and her drooping breasts. God, her breasts. She remembered when they were young and perky, the envy of many of her friends, and the delight of her lovers. Oh, she had a lover still...well, a love...well, a man at least. She had a life, and a family with a teenage step-son and she was happy enough most days. But still, Melody would often find herself flipping through her old photos, reminiscing about how young she looked, how young she felt. If only she could recapture that.

It was those sorts of thoughts that had led her to the dark reaches of the web where you could get magic for a price. It was these odd posts, the ones talking about magic and spells amidst the more expected drug and prostitution offers, that intrigued her. Eventually she broke down, figured out how to use bitcoin, and bought a spell that claimed to be able to swap two people's bodies for twenty four hours. The warnings said it was to be used for fun and on no account was the user to have unprotected sex in their borrowed bodies. If they did it would seal the spell forever.

But that's just what Melody wanted. She read and re-read the spell, thinking through the different scenarios in her mind. Who would she be? It was during one of these many brainstorming sessions that Melody's step-son, Martin, came home with his Mexican girlfriend, Natalia.

'Hi, Melody,' Martin said, leading his girlfriend upstairs in a casual I'm-pretending-I'm-not-having-sex sort of way.

'Hola, Mrs. Peterson,' Natalia said in her light Spanish accent.

'Hi, Natalia,' Melody smiled grimly, admiring Natalia's tanned perfect skin and amazing figure. The two perky breasts beneath Natalia's top, her trim stomach showing beneath her shirt and her long legs reminded Melody of herself from long ago. Except Melody didn't particularly care for Natalia. She seemed flighty and dumb, as though she were skating by on her looks alone. If Melody had her intelligence and Natalia's body...

And that's when she knew exactly who she would be.

Melody listened for the sound of her step-son's bedroom door closing. She took the spell and sat on the couch. Holding the paper in her trembling, wrinkled fingers, she muttered the spell in her frail voice. As soon as she finished the last word she passed out for a brief instant. The world receded into a dark tunnel and, just as suddenly, came back. Only now she was in her step-son's room, looking at the back of his head through Natalia's eyes.

As Martin typed away on his computer, Melody looked down at herself and was pleased to discover Natalia's long, dark hair draping down her shoulders. She wiggled her fingers, admiring the caramel colored skin, and grabbed the two breasts clasped by her top. God, they were so firm and luscious. She brushed her hands across her face, feeling her youthful, wrinkle-free skin and the soft contours of her new face. She grabbed her wavy, dark hair and stared at the shiny, silkiness. She deserved this body much more than that idiot did. She was going to do things with her new life. Starting with Martin.

The spell had warned that the original occupant would remain asleep, but not for long, so Melody had to act fast. She stood and sauntered up to Martin, her trim hips swaying back and forth. She felt so vibrant, so young and full of energy. She pressed Natalia's breasts against the back of Martin's head and draped her arms around his shoulders. The sound of Martin's typing paused.

'Why don't you take a break and come join me on the bed?' She whispered in her step-son's ear in Natalia's slight Spanish accent.

'Don't you want to download this show, first?'

Melody leaned around and gently grabbed Martin's cheeks with her slim fingers and guided his lips against hers. She closed her eyes as she sucked on her step-son's tongue in her gently warming new body. He turned around, still kissing, and ran his hands over her soft form. It was so easy, so wonderful to be wanted like this. She'd nearly forgotten how it felt, this physical yearning for another person's body.

She pushed away and stood, then pulled her top over her head and threw it on the floor. Martin's



eyes widened in lust as she reached around behind her and shed her bra. Natalia's firm breasts bounced free and she jiggled them lightly in each hand for Martin. Natalia's body felt so good as Melody fondled herself, enjoying the weight and the firmness, so different from her own soft, droopy tits. She noticed her belly ring. Well, of course Natalia had one, she had the body for it. Though it was Melody who had the body for it now. The thought made her grin.

Then Martin was up and kissing her again, his greedy hands on her breasts, grabbing and hefting. His warm hands caressed her soft skin. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close, pressing her breasts against him and she felt the bulge beneath his pants. She wrapped herself around him and they kissed, his warm tongue probing her mouth as her nose pressed against his cheek, inhaling his manly scent.

Melody pushed away, then shed Natalia's pants and shimmied out of her panties, giggling softly as she teased Martin, swaying her round ass back and forth and dropping her panties inch by inch to slowly reveal the swelling lips of her stolen pussy. She was clean shaven and silky smooth. Martin gaped at her, entranced. She sat down on the bed and beckoned Martin, who turned and threw open the drawer by his computer.

'What are you doing, babe?' Melody asked in Natalia's sweet voice.

'Looking for a condom,' he replied, frantically searching.

'Don't worry about that,' Melody sighed as she leaned back and spread her legs. She brought one hand down between her thighs and spread her velvety folds open for Martin to see her delicate pink pussy, so tight and already so wet. She smiled wickedly at him.

Martin turned back and made to say something but stopped as Melody brought Natalia's other hand around and slid it gently against her clit. She closed her eyes and moaned theatrically.

It worked, Martin had his pants off and was on her in an instant. He was wild with passion, his hands groping and squeezing her soft new body. He wrapped his lips around her nipples and bit gently. The pain and pleasure mingled and swelled within her at his animal lust and she moaned, for real this time, as her body burned bright in desire. She could feel his cock pressing against her thighs, the meaty weight hungering for her as he covered her body in kisses. She never knew her step-son could make a woman feel so good, make a woman want him so badly. But she did.

She grabbed his cheeks in her hands and pulled his face up. She stared into his big, brown eyes.

'Please,' she whimpered, 'Fuck me now.'

He grinned and wrapped a hand around his cock and guided it against her moistened folds. She felt the head of his cock push against her, the pressure building until at last it slipped inside and she was full of him. His glorious heat filled her and, god, she was so tight. She'd forgotten just how tight she used to be. Natalia wasn't a virgin, but she wasn't far off.

The thought of the new, young body that she was claiming as her own drove her desire higher. Her step-son's cock sank deep, deep inside. She felt the head push into her warm folds, his hot shaft filling her until she was fuller than she'd ever known. He began sliding slowly in and out of her, his cock slick with her own juices. He leaned up on his hands and stared down at her as he thrust slowly in and out. His face was a mask of lust and desire and need. For her. For her body.

'Ay!' She cried out as a sudden small orgasm hit her, burning through and then out of her as Martin sank his cock all the way to the hilt and she wrapped her lean legs around him and urged him on.

He picked up his rhythm slowly, in and out, growing faster and faster as his breath came harder until he was thrusting, pounding into her and she clasped him to her, willing him harder, deeper, his weight on her, his heat inside her. Their bodies felt as one, the passion flowed through them as they groaned and then she felt him spasm inside her lovely body and he blew his load inside her, filling her womb with each hot spurt of his seed and she moaned with him as the pleasure blasted through her, a long, continuous orgasm as she sealed herself in Natalia's young, sexy body and filled Natalia's tight pussy with her step-son's cum.

When it was over, Martin lay on top of her, breathing heavily and she kept her arms wrapped around him, feeling the last gentle spasms of his cock inside her. Loving the warmth filling her, letting him enjoy this moment because she planned on getting out of here.

Martin pulled out, leaving a trail of his cum across her thigh, and lay heavily on the bed beside her. His hand absently caressed her breasts as he gazed at her adoringly, his warm, flaccid cock pressed up against her, one leg thrown over her.

Melody smiled back at him, her heart racing. It was done, she had Natalia's body forever! She was young and beautiful and she could do it all over again with her former knowledge. She was going to enjoy this new world.

The door flew open and Melody's old body stared in at them.

'Melody!' Martin shouted, flinging the bed covers over himself and Melody to hide their naked forms. 'Get out!'

Natalia, in Melody's body, looked in on them with a mixture of horror and surprise. Looking back at her old body Melody was glad she'd left. Was she really that wrinkled and shriveled? Good riddance to that body.

'Martin, it's me, it's Natalia,' Natalia cried in her frail voice.

Melody wrapped Natalia's arms around Martin and snuggled him close.

'I think something's wrong with your step-mom, Martin. Has she gone crazy?' Melody asked.

'What is wrong with you? Get out of here!' Martin threw a pillow at his door and Natalia retreated. Melody could hear her crying as she fled down the hallway and she smiled in wicked glee. Good luck trying to skate through life on *those* looks.

'Sorry about that,' Martin said.

'That's ok,' Melody replied, 'I know how you can make it up to me.'

She wrapped her stolen fingers around her step-son's cock, still sticky with her own pleasure. She felt it pulse and begin to grow hard in her hand.

Ah, it was wonderful to be young again.

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