

Inside Her Perfect Student: Body Theft

By Jimmy Zappa

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the following people:

Bailey, Alex, Lewis, Patrick, Zach, Danny, Coleman, Greg, and Blake.

Thank you all so much for your years of support and friendship! You guys are the best!

About the Author

Jimmy Zappa is a Canadian author living in Vancouver, British Columbia. After working for private companies in a variety of different fields for years, he pursued his passion for writing short stories and books during the global coronavirus pandemic. His interests and hobbies eventually led him to writing full time. His desire to entertain his audiences with erotica is what drives him forward.

He currently operates Zappa & Company with a group of past coworkers and current students. His company is a small but growing small business specializing in ghostwriting, technical writing, and marketing.

For access to his mailing list, free captions, and announcements, check out his website at www.jimmyzappa.com!

Samantha Collins

It was another hot day with a clear sky hanging over the city. Rather than go home for the summer, Samantha had decided that it would be a good idea to stick around to help one of her teachers for experience. Overall, it was a good idea on paper, but her social life was taking a hit. None of her friends had decided to stay in town for the summer to study or relax, so she was practically alone with nobody else but Ms. Williams to talk to.

For the most part, helping the college instructor was hardly a chore. Marking first year papers and assignments was among the easiest things one could do. The material was not difficult, and poorly performing students were the easiest people to grade. Because Samantha still remembered a lot of her introductory classes, she knew what Ms. Williams expected in terms of quality. The instructor wanted constructive criticism alongside the margins, so Samantha knew what to put down. Her business theory was still strong.

Ms. Williams was an old instructor with years of experience at the college. While a lot of people talked negatively about the old woman's teaching style, Samantha knew that she was one of those teachers who could actually give students guidance on certain problems. She was a hard teacher who taught the material thoroughly. Ms. Williams was experienced and to the point. She was able to combine her thirty-year work history with the textbook theory with ease.

All people had to really do was ask the right questions and learn as much as possible from her. It was also really nice to hear the old woman talk about life in general because of how blunt and uncensored she was. She hated lazy people, bureaucracy, and massive corporations, and she was not afraid to admit it.

Lately, when they were alone in her office, Ms. Williams would ask about Samantha's own life. The old woman showed a great interest in her personal life. Being the talkative girl that she was, Samantha welcomed every question that the teacher could think of. She enjoyed the fact that she was just as interested in what she had to say. It also made her days go by a lot faster. Marking alone in the school cafeteria today made her realize this.

It also made her realize how blessed she was to have such a supporting group of friends and family. People really made things better. Unfortunately, before her younger brother and his girlfriend had left the city to go to Russia for summer vacation, Samantha had an argument that practically ruined her personal relationship with the two of them. They were her roommates, yet she had the audacity to argue with her brother's girlfriend about who was responsible for paying for rent.

Since they were leaving for the summer, the girlfriend figured that they did not have to help pay for the overall rent payment. Samantha argued that they had to still help pay if they wanted to come back home to the same apartment. In hindsight, Samantha felt like she had pushed things too far. She desperately wanted to say sorry to the girlfriend, but neither of them returned her calls or texts. Samantha was forced to remain in the city isolated and full of guilt.

Thankfully, she had Ms. Williams to help cheer her up. When she brought up the argument with her, the instructor did not take sides at first. Instead, she focused on how Samantha was feeling and what the aftermath was. "You're sorry for what you did," the old woman had said. "If they can't accept your

apology, then it isn't your fault. Grudges are a foolish thing. You were being the adult." When it came to counselling and advice, the old teacher was always there for her.

Ms. Williams was always like this. In Samantha's first year of college, she was a difficult student who had zero direction. She was originally in the general studies program trying to figure out what she wanted to do in life. When she took an introductory business class to see if she was interested in business administration, Ms. Williams was the bitchiest person she had ever met. At one point, Samantha wanted to drop out of the class. But the more she visited the old woman during her office hours, the more she realized that Ms. Williams was actually very caring about her students. The old woman encouraged her to pursue business administration. By the end of her first year, she managed to get an internship at a prestigious accounting firm for six months thanks to Ms. Williams' reference and guidance.

From then on, Samantha kept in close contact with Ms. Williams. The old teacher did not teach the third or fourth year business classes, but she had great input whenever the young student had difficulties. Six months ago, Samantha had asked Ms. Williams if she could be her teaching assistant, and she was more than willing to take her in.

After spending nearly an hour in the school's empty cafeteria, Samantha finally managed to finish marking Ms. William's folder of outlines that students had submitted. They were outlines for future papers later into the semester. Ms. Williams had insisted on seeing outlines before papers were started to make sure the topics were appropriate.

Thankfully, Ms. Williams was only teaching two classes this summer, which made life a lot easier for Samantha. The previous semester forced Samantha to take four classes instead of her usual five because of the massive workload. The summer semester so far had been a piece of cake since she did not take any classes. Unfortunately, that only made her days go by longer, especially since she was used to studying for more than four classes at a time usually. She was an overachiever on a laid-back schedule, and it was driving her crazy. It was only the first week of June, yet she felt like it was almost August.

She closed the folder up and immediately walked through the cafeteria. The only person who seemed to be there was an elderly janitor whose name Samantha could never remember. He smiled and nodded at her while she walked into the center of campus where a flight of concrete stairs led to the second floor.

Normally, the entire building would be bustling with activity. The campus was a massive structure covered in red bricks on a steep hill. A single glass ceiling hung over Samantha as she walked up the stairway to the business administration sector of the school. Pillars of grey stone lined the steps where she began walking down a winding hallway covered with paintings and lined with brass, handmade sculptures on pedestals. By the time she reached the end of the hallway, Samantha found yet another hallway that led straight to an open patio overlooking the campus' front entrance. Rather than keep going, she moved four doors down to where Ms. William's office door was open.

Samantha quickly put her dark hair up in a ponytail before she tried walking into the open office. A kissing sound and a giggle made her heart stop. Before she realized what was possibly happening, her legs had already carried her into the room. She was shocked to see Ms. Williams standing beside a man in a grey silk suit. Their faces and hands seemed close together, and when they noticed her coming into the room, they immediately pulled away.

"Oh, hello," the man said with a low voice.

“Sorry if I’m intruding,” Samantha murmured worriedly. “I didn’t know that ... you ... two were here.” She held up the folder in her hand. “I was just dropping this off, Ms. Williams. I managed to finish it early. That’s all. I’ll leave right away.” She looked at the middle-aged man. He was a tall man with broad shoulders and deep blue eyes. His dark brown hair was slicked back with gel or oil, and his sharp smile left Samantha anxious. Straight, pearly-white teeth shimmered in the lighting as a low laugh emerged from his smile. He was an extremely good-looking guy with a smile to die for. She looked down at the ground to avoid his stare. “I really didn’t mean to bother the two of you like this. I’m sorry.”

“I was just about to leave,” the man said. “You must be Samantha. Ms. Williams was talking about you quite a bit for the past few times that I’ve come here. You’re a very gifted girl from what I’ve she told me.”

When Samantha looked over at Ms. Williams, she looked extremely nervous. Her cheeks were red. There was definitely something intimate going on between the two of them, yet she could not understand how. The man seemed like a fit guy who looked way out of Ms. Williams’ league. The old teacher was a heavy woman who had difficulties getting across the college. Long, grey hair ran down to her shoulders with split ends all over the place. Deep wrinkles in her sagging face made her somewhat tan complexion look like a tree’s bark. Seeing the man together with Ms. Williams made Samantha want to vomit.

“Was she really?” She managed to finally ask.

“She mentioned that you’re a really hardworking student,” he answered. “Not many people can brag about getting into one of the big four accounting firms in their first year. You’re either really smart or great at networking. Or both.”

“All networking,” Samantha said weakly. “I wish I was smart. Ms. Williams was always pushing me to connect with people. She always said that who you know is better than what you know.”

“That’s Ms. Williams for you. She always gives the best advice, doesn’t she?”

“This is Edward Tanner,” Ms. Williams finally said with her raspy voice. Her voice was often quiet with a faint Russian accent. She let out a wet and painful cough. “He’s an old student of mine. He was a student here ten years ago. He was just showing me something.”

“Ten years ago – and she hasn’t aged a day.” Edward paced around Samantha as he studied her intently. There was something off putting about the way he analyzed her. Before she knew it, he was already at the door.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Tanner,” was all Samantha could say.

“I’ll be in touch with you soon, Ms. Williams,” Edward said. “You two take care.”

“Goodbye, dear,” Ms. Williams said with a longing voice. Samantha could see a faint look of disappointment in her eyes when he finally disappeared. It was like she did not want him to leave. Now that he was gone, there was an awkward silence between the two women. When the old teacher looked back at her, her eyes immediately darted away. Samantha studied Ms. Williams’ embarrassed expression before carefully placing the folder on her desk. Before she could say anything, Ms. Williams quickly said, “he’s not my boyfriend.”

“You two seemed awfully close,” Samantha teased. “Way to go, Ms. Williams! You go, girl.”

“We have a very long history together,” Ms. Williams said anxiously. Her Russian accent became more prominent as she became increasingly flustered. “He was a very good student. Much like yourself. After working hard in school, he managed to make the right connections and made a nice name for himself.”

“He seems like he’s made a really big impact on you too,” Samantha said. “It’s nice that he decided to visit. He dresses really well. I don’t know how I feel about the way he looked at me, though.”

“I didn’t like the way he looked at you either,” the old woman admitted. “But he’s a very perceptive man. Judging by the way he looked at you, he probably saw something deep inside of you. He looks beyond a person’s appearance.”

That’s for sure, Samantha thought to herself. She chose not to say it aloud. “What did you two talk about?”

“We were just catching up on a few things,” Ms. Williams said. Unexpectedly, she started having another wet coughing fit. Her watery eyes reddened with every cough. Once the fit had ended, she took a deep breath and steadied her voice. “Sorry, it must be my allergies. How did you do with the folder work?”

“All easy,” Samantha said. “Those paper outlines were terribly written, but I went easy on them like you told me to. They were structured weirdly – that was my only complaint. All of the topics were definitely appropriate for the class.”

“That makes life easier for tomorrow afternoon,” Ms. Williams said. “My other introductory business class just finished their papers yesterday. I have a big stack waiting at my home. I didn’t have enough space to leave them here for us to mark. You’re still going to be able to come over for marking, right? You don’t mind driving out to my apartment?”

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world.” Samantha said with a smile. “Don’t worry, I really don’t mind. You don’t live too far away from me. I’ll see you later.”

Ms. Williams suddenly began coughing again. The teaching assistant backed away from the old woman and watched her with a worried look. The teacher’s face reddened like a tomato by the time she was able to regain her breath. The old woman went back to her chair to sit at the computer while Samantha made her way down the hallway.

Amy Williams

The frequent coughing was not her allergies. It was lung cancer, and there was nothing Amy could do about that now. After years of enjoying her bad habits, the cigars and cigarettes had finally caught up to her. Her raspy voice had only been the beginning all those years ago, and now the doctors had all confirmed what she feared. The constant pain and coughing had been the warning signs, and now a fifth opinion had finally convinced her that things were going to be the end within the year. It was only a matter of time.

She kept this secret from the majority of people, but word slowly spread throughout the campus. Most people reached out to her offering support, though Amy knew that it was all fake sincerity. Most people, including other instructors and college administrators, did not like her as a teacher. Known as the “strictest bitch on campus,” people knew Amy Williams as one of the most difficult business instructors at the college. Only a handful of people actually respected her as an instructor. Her entire handful of people all knew of her condition except for Samantha. She did not want to worry the sweet girl.

“She’s perfect,” Edward had told her over the phone that morning. “I was worried that you weren’t going to have a suitable person chosen for your new body. I was impressed by how she looked.”

“I’ve been lucky,” Amy had whispered hoarsely into the phone. “She’ll be coming to my apartment this afternoon. We’ll begin the procedure then.”

“That sounds good. I’ll be in contact with you after the signal is sent. I love you, Ms. Williams.”

“I love you too,” she had said warmly.

Samantha came to Amy’s home just after five in the afternoon. Today was another hot day. Thankfully, her apartment had air conditioning, so surviving the heat wave was going to be the least of her problems. Apparently, she only had one opportunity to make this work. Otherwise, she might not get a second chance. “Hey, Ms. Williams,” the young girl said. “How are you?”

“I’m wonderful. Come on in. I have your stuff ready.”

A heavy fruity fragrance lingered in the air around Samantha when she walked down the hallway. The young woman was in her early twenties with flowing dark hair and black eyes. She was a third-year business student Amy had mentored since she first started studying at the college, and the two hit it off well. Like Edward, Samantha was a gifted student who was hungry for her guidance. Dressed in a dark blue sundress running down to her knees, the old woman watched the young girl’s curves sexily swaying from side to side. Soon, she was going to be the one waltzing in her girlish figure.

Amy had always been jealous of Samantha’s healthy body. Unlike Samantha, Amy was a heavy woman who often dressed in baggy jeans and uncomfortable blouses or shirts. Today, the old teacher was wearing a white blouse tucked into her denim jeans that struggled not to burst open at the seams. Her weight had never been a problem ten years ago, but her declining health made exercise overly difficult.

“I love your dress,” Amy said before coughing loudly.

“Thanks, I just got it yesterday after I met your boyfriend! I love the color the most.”

“He wasn’t my boyfriend,” Amy insisted. “He’s an old student of mine!”

“You know I’m only teasing, Ms. Williams. You have a really nice place here, by the way. It’s way better than my apartment.”

Normally, Amy and Samantha marked assignments and papers in her college office or somewhere on campus. Today was the first time Samantha had actually visited her apartment. According to Edward, in order for the procedure to be a success, it was best to perform it in a private location with limited access. This would ensure a proper transportation of her old body and a low number of possible witnesses.

The two women walked until they reached a small kitchen with an oval table at its center. A stack of thick papers was ready on the table. Samantha had her black handbag around her shoulder. She opened it and pulled out red and black pens for her to use. When it came to the young girl, she knew exactly what needed to get done. She always came prepared. The location did not matter when it came to her. Amy could rely on her to get to work without much instruction.

The old teacher walked towards the nearby fridge and pulled out a pitcher of yellow liquid. She went to the nearby cupboard and removed two white, ceramic cups. She brought everything to the table before setting things down. “You must be thirsty,” Amy said as she poured the contents into the two cups. Her eyes studied the young girl’s face when she tilted her head. “It’s a natural cocktail. It’s a new flavor that my friend gave me. It’s jam packed with electrolytes and has zero calories. Perfect for staying hydrated.”

“Thanks,” Samantha said when she brought the cup up to her lips. She sipped it to test the taste before finally taking in a larger gulp. “Wow, this quenches really well. What is it again?”

“It’s supposed to be a gut cleanser,” she answered the young girl. “My friend called it an Energy Elixir. It’s supposed to be on the market soon.”

“So, I’ll actually be able to buy this in stores?”

“It’s supposed to be available all over the place,” Amy lied. “Do you really like it that much?”

“You don’t mind if I have more, do you?” Samantha asked while sliding the empty cup closer to the pitcher.

A wicked smile stretched across Amy’s face as she poured more of the juice into the young girl’s cup. She watched as Samantha drank and marked at papers before drinking from her own cup. The taste of something sweet and invigorating filled her body. Truthfully, it was the first time she had tasted anything like this, but she understood why Samantha liked it so much. She poured herself another cup. Notes of jasmine and peaches lingered in the aftertaste.

But, deep down, Amy knew what it was. It was the primary ingredient to allowing the transfer to occur. The true name of the liquid was BK-001. It was a concoction that loosened the synapses within one’s mind. It essentially relaxed a person’s body without sedating or knocking them out. While Amy needed Samantha to be at one hundred percent when it came to marking exam papers, the true purpose behind BK-001 was not to relax the young girl’s body. Rather, it was meant to prime her body for the transfer.

Things did not look promising for Amy until about three weeks ago when Edward surprised her in her office. Edward Tanner, a handsome business student from one of her classes ten years ago, had returned to thank her for her mentorship in his earlier years. He had not aged a day since she last saw him at his graduation ceremony. She fondly remembered him as an extremely attractive jock who spent more hours with other women instead of focusing on his schoolwork.

When he came to her for help with his management class during one of her office hours all those years ago, she lectured him on what to focus on in life. She was harsh, but by the end of her rants he had finally come to her side. He focused harder on classes and assignments. By the end of the semester, he had changed his final grade from a C- to a B+. He took school more seriously after that semester. Though she no longer taught his upper-level classes, he would still come to her for advice on how to deal with certain instructors and assignments.

Eventually, their relationship bloomed into something forbiddingly sweet. Amy was not as large or old as she was now. Back then, Edward teasingly called her a MILF who still managed to stay in shape. She ignored his comments back then, but his words eventually became arousing and loving. They stroked at her ego and confidence until she finally caved in. She obsessed over hearing his voice until their desires for each other finally revealed themselves.

They had been alone in her office nine years ago. It was another summer semester, so there were few students around. The business administration office wing was completely empty. Edward confidently closed the blinds and door and kissed her for the first time that day. There was no hesitation as their bodies melted into each other. The thought of his touch and the way he held her in her arms brought back a flush of memories that made Amy quiver. Their forbidden relationship became an intimate secret that they continued until he finally graduated from college.

After finishing from school, their secret relationship formally ended, much to Amy's dismay. Their separation eventually led to her out of control weight gain and rapid aging. Still, Edward stayed in touch with her, and she was pleased to learn that he was able to get a job at a prestigious research and development company somewhere in Europe. For several years, he worked with some of the brightest minds in the European Union, and one of his contracting jobs landed him at a private research company in Africa that had branches in Amy's city. Even when he worked with professionals in his field, he would always ask Amy for advice on management problems and what he should do from an HR-perspective. The old woman was happy that she was still a little relevant in his life, so she happily gave him the answers that he was looking for.

Now, after finally returning to her life, Edward had a solution to all of her problems. This African company had developed a peculiar technology that would help Amy reclaim her life. Edward marketed it as a revolutionary piece of technology that would remove her joint and muscle pain permanently through a mixture of medicine and technology. That medicine was BK-001, and the technology was a mind transferring tiara that would transfer her consciousness into another person wearing another mind transferring tiara.

What Edward was essentially offering her was a way to transfer her mind into the body of somebody younger to permanently cure her joint and muscle pain. He said it so flatly that Amy thought that he was joking around. The conviction in his voice and eyes made her realize that he was serious about all of this. It also made her realize that he wanted this for her. It was an opportunity to finally be with him. They were soulmates born generations apart, and Edward had the perfect solutions to all of this.

The only major issue was knowing the person she would be taking over. While Amy was told that she would slowly gain the body's memories by being inside of their physical brain, there was a possibility that some pieces of her memory would be unrecoverable. The theory was that those missing memories could resurface if Amy knew her future vessel well. Small irrelevant memories could lead to relearning lost memories. They also did not have a lot of data on the safety of the procedure on somebody as old as her.

Samantha was the closest thing to a daughter to Amy. The young student was a brilliant woman with good grades and a life to boast about. To top it all off, she was an incredibly beautiful woman with a body to die for. She was also a talkative girl who shared everything to Amy. For the past three weeks, Amy had taken secretive notes on everything that she talked about. She talked about her childhood, past, and friends. She had a life that Amy was jealous of, and soon it was going to be hers if all of this worked out.

So far, things were working out splendidly in the old woman's favor. By the time Samantha was halfway finished with her marking, the pitcher had become empty between the two of them. Now, the only thing that Amy needed to do was convince her student to wear one of the tiaras. The last phase of the transfer was about to commence.

"Say, Samantha, would you like to take a break?" Amy asked coolly.

"Are you sure? I'm almost done."

"I wanted to show you something," the old woman said as she waddled back into the hallway. "I figured that I've known you long enough to share something with you. It's something that I haven't shown anybody else."

The young girl rose up from the chair and followed her into the hallway. The first door on the right led into a square-shaped bedroom with a double-bed covered with blue sheets. Amy moved to the dresser to the right of the bed and opened the bottom drawer. Two circlets of gold appeared over her baggy underwear. She carefully took the tiaras and set them on the bed. Emeralds and rubies dotted the sides of each tiara. She waved for Samantha to come closer.

"What're these? They look so pretty."

"They're really nice tiaras," Amy said. "They look like tiny crowns, don't they? The idea is to wear them to help keep your hair in place. It's an old hair accessory that my mother passed down to me. For years, my family did this until the Bolsheviks forced the creation of the Soviet Union. We had to practice this in secret when I was a child. And I want you to have one. They're made out of real gold."

"Really? Are you sure? I don't know if I actually deserve this."

"Nonsense," the old teacher said. Truthfully, everything she was saying was a complete lie. "I want you to have it. You've been helping me for all these months. It's the least I can do. It also means a lot to me. In my family, the mother always passes the tiaras down to the next matriarch of the family." She beamed and placed the golden tiara on her own head. "Try it on."

Full of hesitation, Samantha slowly placed the tiara on her head. She walked across the room where a mirror stood beside the door and peered at herself in the mirror. From the side of the bed, Amy could see a faint smirk on the young girl's face as she repositioned it on her head. "How exactly does it keep my hair in one place, though? It doesn't really hold it in."

The old woman pressed a button at the side of her own tiara. It vibrated quietly against her hair as the signal to Edward's laboratory was sent. Within seconds, the vibrating would intensify. Samantha confusedly looked back at her instructor while she reached up at the tiara. The moment she tugged at the golden circlet, a loud beep echoed across the room. Amy could feel something sharp entering her scalp as Samantha let out a horrifying shriek of pain. A mischievous grin spread across Amy's face when she saw Samantha and herself falling to the ground.

Edward Tanner

That afternoon, Edward was at his office longer than usual. He was one of the corporate supervisors for the R&D division, so he was catching up on missed paperwork that he was in charge of signing off on. He sat on a comfortable black chair at his L-shaped oak desk. Just in front of him was a floor to ceiling window that overlooked the darkening city.

His personal office was a spacious room on the top floor of a looming skyscraper at the center of the city. It was one of many buildings that the company operated in. Between his office and the jagged hallway were offices belonging to other members of the organization. Much of the corporate staff had left for the day, leaving the entire floor to Edward and his shenanigans.

When the buzzer rang from his computer speakers, he knew it was time for the transfer to happen. It was the signal he had been waiting for. He set down the paperwork that he was signing on top of his oak desk before proceeding down the hallway. Every step was faster than the last as he reached a blue doorway at the end of the hallway. He opened it and entered a massive room littered with grey tables and laboratory equipment.

At least ten tables stood around the room. Every table belonged to a team of scientists and researchers who often worked on other projects for the company. Some of the tables had empty test tubes and other liquids, while other tables had papers scattered all over the place. Normally, the tables were wiped clean at the end of every shift, but things were far more hectic during the summer since most people had gone on vacation. Every important member had left the company for over a week now, leaving Edward as the major person in charge of everything. Unfortunately for the company, he did not have the highest standards when it came to tidiness in the lab.

It took a lot of coaxing and bribing, but he managed to get the company's two best researchers with scientific backgrounds to help his teacher gain a second chance at life. They had agreed to stick around to help monitor everything and to ensure a smooth transfer. Money under the table was also a really good motivator for them. Edward had zero experience in physically working with the prototypes that the researchers and scientists usually created, so getting researchers on his side was extremely important to get this done and over with. The only people he could rely on for Ms. Williams' new body were Joseph Atkins and Bill Meinders.

Joseph and Bill were two portly researchers in white lab coats sitting at a single desk. Joseph was a bald man with a mumbling voice, while Bill had a high-pitched voice with a head of wild, curly black hair. They were directly across from the blue door that Edward had walked through. Walking up behind them, he could tell that the two were extremely flustered and busy. There was a sense of panic in the air once he reached them. The desk had a single keyboard and nearly six screens stacked on top of each other. Bill sifted through every window while Joseph reviewed the graphs in front of him.

"Fucking shit," Joseph whispered. "Fucking shit. Fucking shit."

"What?" Edward asked.

Bill jumped and looked over his shoulder. "Jesus Christ, do you have to sneak up on us like that?"

“Hey, one of you rang the buzzer,” Edward hissed. “Of course I’m going to come right away. Did the transfer work?”

“Yes and no,” Joseph said while stroking at his chin.

“What do you mean yes and no?”

Joseph and Bill remained silent. Realizing that he was not going to get a straight answer, Edward watched the computer screens with a worried look over his face. He saw two tiara diagrams appear in two separate windows. Vitals for heart rate and brain activity appeared on the side of the screens as Bill observed the statistics with Joseph. Loud beeps emerged from the speakers while Bill typed away at the keyboard. When Edward looked closer at one of the screens, there was suddenly no brainwave activity coming from either of the bodies. It was a flat line.

“Fucking shit.” Edward whispered once he realized what was going on.

“I’ve never seen this before,” Joseph said in a low voice. “Mr. Tanner, please step away from the screen. You’re blocking me.”

“Well, it’s not a controlled environment,” Bill said. “We shouldn’t have tried this in the first place. This was way too soon. We need way more staff to be assessing the other graphs. This isn’t a two-person job.”

“Are you trying to tell me that you two fucked up?” Edward asked angrily.

“Seriously, I’ve never seen this before,” Joseph said in disbelief. He seemed to be lost in awe. “There’s no reason for their brainwaves to be nonexistent.”

Brain Health Management was a company that primarily sold supplements and brain enhancers. They specialized heavily in anything related to the human brain. It was a legitimate African corporation that operated in multiple countries. However, the company secretly provided body transfer services to wealthy clients wanting to extend their lives. It was an extremely illegal side business that only top researchers and executives were aware of. The only reason Edward knew about it was because he had tricked Joseph and Bill into telling him all about it. Now, their lives and careers were on the line if he were to ever tell anybody about it.

The transferring of bodies was possible using their Prototype Mind Tiaras. The tiaras were two major pieces of machinery that allowed a transfer of minds through electricity and radio waves. It was originally created to help infiltrate secret organizations and terrorist groups in Africa by swapping bodies, but the technology had been refurbished due to complications with body swaps. A body swap always involved an unwilling party who would have told people about the swap. There were more issues with body swapping that led to even worse complications down the road, so they made it a one-way transference instead of a two-day swap.

Upon being refurbished, the Prototype Mind Tiaras were used to remove the mind in one body while replacing it with another mind. In a body swap, memories would swap as well, so one could never know what the new body knew. But, in a complete transference where minds absorbed one another, the memories of the body would emerge and mesh with the new mind. There would be some holes in the memory, but knowing the person ahead of time could help trigger lost memories under the right circumstances.

“They’re still flat,” Joseph cried. “Nothing is responding appropriately.”

“The ports are still open,” Bill said after moments of silence. “Their other vitals are fine. They’re both unconscious. But something weird is happening with Samantha’s body. I’m not worried about Ms. William’s old body since she was going to abandon it anyway, but this is all too strange. Her brain’s too relaxed in Samantha’s body.”

“What the hell are you trying to say?” Edward asked.

“I’m starting to think that there’s a chance that she consumed too much BK-001. Did you tell Ms. Williams the necessary dose?”

“I wasn’t aware of an established dose. I was told to let her know that the drink was necessary for the transfer to occur.” Edward said.

“Jesus, that’s where we fucked up,” Joseph cried. “God, this hasn’t happened before. We’ve always had an appropriate dose. We shouldn’t have rushed this type of procedure.”

“The transfer was a success,” Bill said. “We know that much, so we know the tiaras were fine. The computer confirms that Ms. William’s mind moved into Samantha’s body. But the transferers are always awake right away. I’ve never had a case where they’re still sleeping. I’ve also never had a case where both brains are dead.”

Edward watched the screen for several more seconds in silence. “Could they both be dead now?”

“Possibly,” Bill said. “I’m going to have to run more tests with the machines. Their bodies are still alive, so we shouldn’t have to worry about them being completely dead. Their minds have to be somewhere. They’re likely saved in the tiaras.”

“Keep trying to find an answer. I’m not accepting failure as an option.” Edward murmured angrily.

Suddenly, Joseph jumped up from his chair. He had been whimpering for the past several minutes until now, and so the sudden movement nearly knocked Edward back. The researcher’s eyes were looking at one of the top computer screens. “Reduce the wireless strength to the circlets,” he said abruptly. “If they took too much BK-001, then maybe their bodies are oversensitive to the transfer. Energy is constantly being released from the tiaras. The transfer might have silenced their minds with the excessive energy. There’s a chance that they’re being overwhelmed by the power.”

“That doesn’t make sense.” Edward said.

“No, that actually makes a lot of sense,” Bill realized. “We know the transfer happened. If their brainwaves are nonexistent, then maybe the energy has something to do with it. Who says they’re actually brain dead? The BK-001 might have just messed up the measurement instrument built into the needle.” He began typing at his keyboard again. “The energy is needed to initially put them both to sleep. The transfer can’t happen if both are consciously awake. So, a burst of electricity is enough to knock them out. But the bursts may be too overpowering to the point where they’re constantly being put asleep.”

“There’s a chance that the initial shock may have fried their brains too,” Joseph said. “All we can do now is pray.”

Slowly but surely, screens with the tiara schematics began showing a reduction in energy usage. Bill nodded his head. “There, I dialed it down to nearly zero percent.”

“What happens if we’re wrong?” Edward asked worriedly.

“Then we’ll still have two brain dead bodies.” Joseph said.

Edward ran his fingers through his slicked back hair. “What are our other options?”

Bill sighed. “It’s our only solution right now. Brains use electricity and chemicals to communicate with its various parts. If the extra energy is suppressing both brains, then it would explain the loss in brainwave communication with our systems. A reduction in the energy theoretically shouldn’t have any negative effects.”

Slowly but surely, things started turning out okay. The younger body’s brainwaves slowly started to appear on the graph. As time went on, the brainwaves became stronger. The older body’s brainwaves were somewhat existent but extremely weak. It was a sign that there was nobody in it. “I can’t believe it.” Bill whispered. “Joseph, you were right. You’re never right.”

“Is it for sure Ms. Williams in there, though? Are we sure that the computers are accurate with the transfer success?” Edward asked.

“If you really don’t trust the system, the only real way to know is to speak with her.” Bill answered.

Edward gave the two a wink. “I’ll be right back. Joseph, I want you to come with me. I’ll need your equipment to move her old body.”

Before Joseph could object, the corporate supervisor took a handful of the portly man’s shoulder and pulled him up from the chair. They began walking down out of the laboratory when the researcher hurriedly picked up a backpack containing a few of the things that he would need to help transport the body. Once ready, Edward and Joseph took the elevator to the underground garage to take a quick drive to see Ms. Williams in her new flesh.

Amy Williams

The old woman was awake, but her numb body would not move. Her eyes remained closed with the lights brightly shining through her eyelids. She tried to look around behind closed eyes yet not even her sight would obey her. She could feel herself on the cigarette-smelling ground with the warm carpet brushing up against her face. She breathed in the faint smell of Samantha's perfume in the air around her, though her limbs did not obey her when she tried to push herself up. She tried to say something or open her eyes, yet her body did not react.

I can't move, Samantha whispered in her head. Hello? Can anybody hear me?

Finally, Amy gained full control. She was looking up at the ceiling with a dazed look. She closed her eyes and rubbed at them before sitting up from the carpet. She immediately looked down and began laughing at herself. Her laugh was no longer a hoarse and dry noise, but that of a sweet girl with life behind every giggle. She was wearing Samantha's dark blue dress, and it hugged her curves perfectly. "This is too wonderful," Amy whispered.

What the hell? Samantha said.

"I'm still surprised that you're still in here with me," Amy said with her slight Russian accent. The sound of Samantha's voice was still there, yet a hint of Amy's Russian ancestry still lingered. "I didn't think you'd still be in my mind. It must be how your memories finally get absorbed. What is it like in there?"

Ms. Williams? What are you talking about?

The old woman ran her slim fingers along her soft ankle and her shin. Her legs looked sexy from this angle. She stood up from the ground and moved to the mirror closest to the door. One of the first things she noticed was how painless her body felt. Normally, the simplest movements made her wince with pain, but Samantha's body felt perfect. Her lower back and ankles did not ache. It was exactly how life used to feel when she was younger. She leaned forward and looked at her new face from multiple angles.

"This is absolutely incredible," Amy said. "Nothing hurts anymore. My old body was falling apart. Now, I don't have to worry about that for a while. *Eto potryasayushche.*"

Ms. Williams, I don't understand. What did you do? How are you doing this?

"Oh, you poor girl, I'm sorry this had to happen to you. You were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Don't worry. I'll live your life to the fullest."

Amy felt stronger and healthier than ever before. Looking down at her flat tummy through the sundress, she noticed how athletic Samantha was as she swayed her body in all directions. The old woman knew how active the young girl was by how she looked, but being in a somewhat athletic body was a completely different experience. She felt faster and leaner as she circled the room.

Ms. Williams, don't look at me like that.

"I can't believe how perfect your body is."

You won't get away with this. I won't let you.

“Oh, please, there’s nothing you can do. I’m the one that’s in complete control.”

Her vision was perfect as well. Normally, her cataracts made everything blurry. Her vision had worsened over the years, and over time she eventually became accustomed to the blurriness. Soft, bouncy dark hair hugged her shoulders while she ran her fingers through it. Her smirk made her heart melt when she moved even closer to the mirror. Every single one of Samantha’s features were on her flawless face.

“Poor girl,” Amy said. She tried to hide the accent. “She didn’t deserve any of this. She didn’t deserve any of this. She didn’t deserve any of this. She didn’t deserve any of this.” She took a deep breath. “She didn’t deserve any of this. Ah, there we go.” It was going to take a lot of getting used to, but soon she was going to be able to hide the accent. She just needed more practice.

Shut up ... SHUT UP! SHUT UP! Samantha screamed.

Suddenly, Amy began to shake in place. She felt her body momentarily losing control as her legs weakened. A pain throbbed across her body when she looked down at her hands. They were clenching into fists on her own. “No,” she whispered. “This can’t be. How did you do this?”

Get out of my body, Samantha said. The old woman felt her body nearly falling over again. She managed to hold herself up. *Ms. Williams, I’m not going to let you steal my body from me!*

Amy was starting to lose control. She felt her hands gripping handfuls of her hair and pulling. The two of them screamed together as they struggled to fight over the young body. Through sheer mental willpower, Samantha was somehow starting to retake her body. Little by little, Amy found herself no longer able to move on her own. Her body was starting to feel numb again. Soon, she was afraid that everything would be reversed. She was going to be the old woman trapped in the young girl’s mind forever.

“Get out of my body!” Amy felt her lips saying. “I’m not letting you steal my life from me!”

Out of desperation, Amy got an idea. She focused hard and put all of her energy into one final motion. Putting a finger against the side of the tiara, she pressed a button and felt the needle retracting away from her head. A low beep echoed through the room. Her head throbbed painfully as she quickly removed the tiara and threw it on to the bed across the room. The tiara bounced off the side and landed at the side of the bed.

Amy no longer felt like she was losing control. She was actually gaining it as she looked down at her dainty hands. She made fists and brought them together. Breathing heavily, she looked back into the mirror and spoke. “You don’t belong in here anymore.”

Ms. Williams, please don’t do this, Samantha cried.

“This is how it should be,” Amy said to herself in the mirror. “Me in complete control. You were so close, but my mind was faster.”

Slowly but surely, the young girl’s screams faded in her mind. The old woman could hear her screams until silence engulfed her mind. Sighing to herself and with a satisfied look over her face, Amy turned around and moved across the room to where her old body was. Her old body was on its back with the tiara still in her grey hair. The old Amy had wrinkles all over her face.

Now, this body was hers forever. She stared at herself in the mirror some more. She could not believe how she had successfully stolen another person’s life. After finally overcoming Samantha’s attempts to

throw her from her young body, a sense of power and victory flushed through her. She felt empowered and undefeated. For once in a long time, Amy could do anything she wanted.

Now, a tingling sensation repeatedly throbbed deep within her body. Samantha's slender and shapely figure growled with a sexiness she had not felt in decades. "I'm better in every way," she whispered to herself. "Physically and mentally better."

A state of horniness was engulfing her new body, and she was excited to finally feel what it was like to be Samantha Collins. The victory over the younger girl had sent her mind into overdrive. She slowly slid her blue dress down her body and allowed it to fall on to the floor. A floral bra of blue fabric hugged her firm breasts, while matching floral underwear wrapped around her rounded curves. She unhooked her bra and allowed it to fall to her feet. "The poor girl did not deserve any of this. *Eto ochen plokho.*"

Two pink nubs stood to attention as Amy observed her new breasts. They were firm and shapely. She reached up and squeezed them, only to realize that they felt real. Her old body had augmented breasts that looked swollen and saggy over the years. The old scars had never left her body, even with frequent moisturizing and silicone gel. Samantha's breasts were perfect as tingles of desire began to spread around her twitching groin.

The thought of finally being together with Edward was making her body go crazy. After defeating Samantha and conquering her young body, the only thing in front of her now was living the rest of her life with her former student.

She remembered how incredible his body felt against her old body when they were together all those years ago. Their forbidden love and the heat of their bodies led to sex that she could never forget. Visualizing the intimacy between them, a simple finger brushing against the crest of her blue panties nearly made her fall over. Samantha's body was unbelievably sensitive to the point where it took Amy by surprise. She moved across the room and sat on the side of the bed.

"I want to be with you," Edward had said all those years ago.

"We can't," Amy had whispered to him. "Nothing can come out of this. You know that."

Stroking the sides of her inner thighs as she stretched her back along the bed. She slowly removed her underwear and threw it to the side. The cool air lingered around her exposed folds as she looked down at her beautiful crevice. Pink, bald lips throbbed with her exposed nub as she placed her right hand over her clit. She closed her eyes and went slow at first. The small ripples of pleasure became intense waves of desire when she began focusing her mind on Edward again. In her mind, he was sitting across from her on the bed, and there was a thirst in his eyes that made her want him more.

He inched to a spot to her left. She remembered the way he breathed against her body. He felt at her spreading legs as he kissed her shoulder. His smile and the skin of his hand was sending Amy's mind into a naughty place. His warm hand gripped at her tender skin as it explored for her forbidden inner lips. Amy let out a moan when the warmth of his hand reached her folds. When his thick finger prodded the right area, she gritted her teeth and kissed at his neck.

"Fuck," Amy whispered when her finger slipped through her crevice. The finger tunneled within her and curved with every push. Her new pussy felt incredible but different when it came to teasing herself. The major difference was the amount of wet lust that dripped from her body. She had never felt so wet in her life, even when she was younger.

With her other hand, she squeezed at her bare breast and imagined Edward tongue against the curves of her chest. The sound of his lips smacking and the satisfied grunts from his mouth were driving the old woman crazy. Surges of pleasure coupled with the intensifying tingles were making her back and tummy arch in all directions along the sheets beneath her.

She buried the side of her face against the sheets and her sweet-smelling hair. She bit her lower lip and tried to contain the pressure that was expanding between her legs. The finger repeatedly slithered in and out of her moistness when the pleasure became too much. Suddenly, the pressure popped, and an enormous surge of mind-numbing excitement made her new body freeze. She let out a delightful moan as the sheets beneath her became drenched with her musky juices. It sounded like she was spraying her essence along the sheets. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head when she felt her legs shaking intensely.

“Oh my god,” she cried with a shaky voice. “Right there, Edward, fuck me right there. *Idi bystreje!*”

He was inside of her now, his thick cock plunging into her folds as she continued to cum. She felt helpless as his imaginary hands grasped her waist. He anchored himself against her body and looked deeply into her stolen eyes. She imagined his cock twitching and tensing before pulling out of her. He made love to her body with an intensity that he only showed when they were alone together in her office. The aggression and hotness of his body made her feel incredible. Grunting one final time, he pulled his imaginary cock out of her. She watched as streams of his seed landed along her twitching tummy.

The curled finger slid out of her while she visualized the swelling of Edward’s beautiful cock. She remembered how it pulsed and exploded with his seed all those years ago. She brought her wet finger up to her mouth and gave it a suck before allowing her hands to fall to her sides. She felt relaxed and tired.

She breathed heavily with dribbles of sweat coming down the sides of her face. Amy’s skin still felt flushed with heat when her body finally calmed down. But the tingling did not stop. In her old body, stimulation like this was enough to please her, but her new body still felt so horny. She got up from the bed and felt the cool air blowing against her as she moved to the side of the room where her desk and computer were.

She opened the top drawer and pulled out a black dildo with a button at its base. It was her personal toy for whenever she wanted to destress after work. It was a thick piece of rubber with three different speed settings. She smiled gleefully as she returned to the bed. She landed against the soft covers face first and positioned her round ass in the air. Pressing the button two times, the plastic cock’s entire length began shivering at medium speed. She pushed the shivering tip against her folds and closed her eyes.

Suddenly, she was no longer getting fucked by the dildo. In her mind, Edward’s youthful cock was pushing itself back into her body. The tip vibrated along her inner walls as it easily slid through. In her old body, she needed to use a lot of lubricant. Samantha’s body was literally flooding with her sexual lust. The dildo entered her body completely without any sort of resistance, and she could feel great surges of pleasure with every movement. Getting fucked by her toy felt a hundred times better than her finger.

Amy let out a moan as she fucked herself with the dildo. She pushed and pulled at it with her hand while Edward worshipped her body. He had mounted her and was absolutely dominating her new body. She could hear his faint grunting as the pressure began building up within her. She gritted her teeth as another incredible orgasm was about to rock her body. As she used the dildo with one hand, she used her free hand to circle her throbbing clit. She felt her legs finally giving in as she fell to her side.

Her body reached the final tipping point before her climax took over her body. She jerked and struggled with the intensity. She closed her eyes and screamed, the sound of her crevice spraying along the sheets beneath her. Her body twitched and lurched in a wavelike motion until she finally managed to push the shivering dildo to the side.

She felt breathless by the time she opened her eyes. The world looked like a blur as she twisted and turned along the bed. Sexually satisfied now, Amy looked between her breasts and saw the dampness along her bedsheets. Her old body was also a squirter, but this was something she had never done for years. In her old body, she felt increasingly dry as the years went by. Her libido was at an all-time low. Now that she was young again, she found that Samantha's body was truly primed for sex.

Slowly but surely, her eyes began closing. She felt exhausted from the fun she had just had. The last thing on her mind before she finally fell asleep was Edward smiling back at her. Suddenly, a knock at the door sent her mind into overdrive. She hopped up from the bed and turned the dildo off. She gathered up her wet bed sheets and threw them into the nearest corner. She placed her dildo back in her drawer and immediately began pulling on Samantha's underwear and bra. She put on her blue dress and hurried into the hallway as another knock echoed throughout her apartment suite.

Amy opened the front door and was pleased to see Edward standing at the door. Her heart stopped as she looked at him for the first time through new eyes. He was just as handsome as his college days. Dressed in a white dress shirt and navy-blue slacks, he leaned into the doorway and peered inside. Behind him was a bald, pudgy man in a white lab coat. There was a warm smile over his face. "Ms. Williams?"

"Call me Amy," she insisted. She could feel her face flushing. "You came fast. Who's your friend?"

"My name's J-Joseph," the man stammered. He looked away. "I'm here to help with the final bits of the procedure."

"I dragged him along to make sure your old body is transported away safely. He has something that'll store your old body in a concealed cube. Nobody will know any better." Edward took a deep breath. "You smell lovely, by the way. How are you feeling?"

"Not in front of somebody else," Amy said out of habit.

"What's wrong with me flirting you publicly now that you're a young, impressionable woman?" He asked while he stepped into the apartment with Joseph. She closed the door behind them. "Any pains? Problems? Your breathing seems a little off."

"I was just taken by surprise," Amy lied. Truthfully, she had just masturbated, so she was still recovering from the excitement. "The sensations are completely different. It feels ... feels amazing, if you know what I mean. The pain in my chest is gone. I feel free. I feel flexible."

"I know exactly what you mean. You wear her really well. In any case, I do have a few things that you need to know now that the transfer is over. The major problem will be the smaller details. The faster you look into her life, the less likely you'll forget the smaller things. Do you see much of her the girl's memory?"

"I remember a lot of things," Amy said with a surprised tone of voice. "It's like I've always been Samantha. There are just ... just some things. Like her password to her other accounts and her old address. There are areas that still seem a little foggy. I have her purse and phone, so I'll start there to see if I can remember anything else."

“Where does Samantha live?” Joseph asked.

“In an apartment on Howe Street,” she said with widening eyes. “Fifth floor, room 210.”

“Very impressive.” The bald man said.

“Who’s your boyfriend?” Edward asked innocently.

A naughty smile stretched across Amy’s face as she leaned forward to peck his lips. She felt his face pushing against her as he prolonged their intimacy together. When he finally pulled away, Amy felt herself reddening like a tomato. “You are,” she weakly said.

“Do you have major plans now that you have a second chance at life?” He asked her.

“I’ll keep studying before I finally graduate. But at least I have some money in my chequing account. I’m going to be depositing a check from Amy Williams to Samantha Collins to give me some extra rent money. It’ll be enough to let me keep afloat for the next three years while I figure out what I want to do with the rest of my life.”

“I’ll support you the entire way,” Edward said. There was a glow of interest in his eyes. “Amy, like I told you before, you were pivotal in my life as a student. You got me my education. You got me my career. It’s time I gave back.”

“You’ve given me back plenty,” the old woman said while nervously running her hand through her hair. “A second chance at life is more than I could have ever given you.”

“So what you’re saying is that you owe me.” Edward said smoothly.

Amy’s heart started racing. A naughty smile stretched across his face. “What are you implying?”

“You can thank me over dinner,” he said. “The night’s still young. There’s a sushi place down the street from here that I saw on the way here. Are you hungry?”

“I haven’t had dinner yet,” she said. “I’d love to have dinner with you.”

“Then it’s settled,” Edward said. “We’ll be back in about half an hour, Joseph. Don’t make a mess.”

“You two enjoy yourselves,” Joseph said. “I’m going to clean up here. I’ll probably be gone by the time you two get back, so you two have a good night.”

Patting the researcher’s shoulder with his left hand, he wrapped his right arm around Amy’s waist and guided her out of her apartment. “Oh, we will,” Amy said happily. They walked down the hall together, no longer afraid to reveal their intimacy to the world as Amy leaned her head against his shoulder. There were a few people out around the lobby who looked in their direction, but none of their eyes were judging her when she planted a kiss against Edward’s cheek.

Edward Tanner

It felt like a dream come true as they walked down the city street. There were droves of people going in every direction while he squeezed at Amy's soft hand. In the past, they could never do this together without his teacher getting embarrassed or in trouble. He always insisted that nobody would ever know about the details behind their relationship, yet the woman was always so self-conscious. Now that she was in Samantha's young body, she happily enjoyed his public kisses of affection. For once in their lives, they could be together without people judging them.

"I've walked down this street a thousand times," she told him. "But I've never walked down it like this before."

"Like what?"

"As a couple," she said quickly. "I've always been alone here. My ex-husband was never as intimate as you." She nuzzled the side of her head against his shoulder. The smell of Samantha's fruity perfume lingered in the air as he stroked at her hand with his thumb. "I can't believe I'm already settling into this body so quickly. I thought it was going to take longer to get used to everything. It's ... it's like I'm wearing her. I've just slipped in. Everything is already set up for me. It's still me in here, but I'm wearing her body."

"You look like a natural in there," he said when he kissed her head. "Do you know what Samantha's body likes?"

"She hasn't been to a sushi restaurant before," she said. "I'll probably just get something I normally get."

"Any food allergies?"

"My old body had lots of food allergies," Amy said. "But this body doesn't have any. She's also not allergic to cats. I've always wanted a cat."

"Not if we're together," he said. "I'm allergic to cats."

"A dog?"

"A dog is fine."

It was somewhere after eight when they reached *Kuramoto's Hideaway* at the corner of the street. It was a small building with an outer wall of black bamboo. A glass window stretched across the front of the building revealing empty seats of black leather. A sushi chef was talking to one of the servers as they walked through the front entrance.

"*Irasshaimase*," the chef and an old waitress said enthusiastically.

The waitress was an older woman with grey hair. She brought them to a table by the window. He noticed how Amy was watching the old woman's limping with a sad look on her face. The waitress handed them two menus and bowed her head. "Slow day?" Edward asked. The old woman nodded her head eagerly as she filled two glass cups with iced water. "We'll keep you busy."

It was a strange feeling when he sat across from Samantha's body. She was a young girl who looked nothing like his teacher when she was younger. Amy's old body still had gold in her hair. The dark hair complimented her sexy figure extremely well. Amy fidgeted uncomfortably while she adjusted her flowing hair. The way she ran her fingers through her hair was turning him on. She looked perfect as she stared back at him and smiled warmly. Out of all the possible girls that Amy could have chosen, Samantha was by far the best choice. *I wonder if she's given herself a test run yet*, he thought to himself.

After several minutes of looking through the menu, Edward settled with a salmon roll, tuna roll, and an avocado roll. They were extremely basic rolls that had the fewest number of complicated ingredients. Amy chose a sushi bowl of rice and tuna sashimi slices before the waitress disappeared into the kitchen with their menus. Once they were completely alone in the dining room, Amy leaned forward and tilted her head. Her firm chest spilled over against the table as she sipped from a straw.

"You're awfully comfortable. Are you adjusting well?"

"Everything seems easier in this body," she said. "I've been thinking a lot about everything. Normally, I would've been out of breath walking all the way to this sushi place. I don't think I even broke a sweat." She looked down at her hands and admired her pink nails. "She really kept this body in good shape."

"Do you feel any of your previous body's pain? I know a lot of clients mentioned having ghost pain."

"Not really. It feels like every other day without the pain." Amy leaned back and pinched her left arm. "I can still feel pain, obviously. But the amount of pain is way less. When you get older, your joints start to wear down. Samantha doesn't have that issue yet."

"With good diet, maintenance, and posture, you won't have to worry about that for a long time," Edward answered. "You're young again, but don't let that fool you into taking unnecessary risks."

"It's sweet that you're worrying about me," Amy said affectionately. "But I can take care of myself. I've already lived through one life. I know the mistakes that I've done in my old body. I won't do them again."

"Are you just saying that? Or are you actually going to avoid your mistakes this time around?"

Amy took a deep breath and looked to the side. She rose her left brow and thought deeply. "No, I know what mistakes I made."

"List them."

"I'm not going to start smoking again," Amy told him. "I won't eat microwavable food and veggies ever again. I won't drink and stay up late like I did in my earlier years. I'll exercise more. Oh, and I won't go into teaching. I know I'm going to do something else with my life. I just don't know what."

"Really? I thought you were incredible at it, though."

"Do you honestly think that?" Amy asked with a surprised look on her face. "I know you always thanked me for what I did for you, but I assumed it was because you and I were fucking. You were obligated to say stuff like that."

"I do mean it," Edward said. The woman looked shocked. "Amy, there's a reason why I came back to you to offer this. You were one of the most pivotal people in my career. Without you, I don't think I would've gotten this far in my life. You really beat me into shape. And the sex ... well. That was probably the funnest I've ever had."

“You became extremely successful,” the woman said softly. “And now you’ve given me something that I don’t think I’ll ever be able to repay.”

When Edward looked back at her, Amy looked down at the table. Her cheeks were reddening as the waitress returned with the meals. *She feels the same way*, he realized. Three sushi rolls presented on three separate white plates sat in front of Edward.

A small cup of soy sauce sat to the side. The waitress placed a single bowl of sushi rice along with ten tuna sashimi slices displayed beautifully along the side. The waitress bowed and scurried away to let the two enjoy their meal.

“It feels like you’re more embarrassed and anxious in your new body.” He noticed.

“I don’t know what to say.” The old woman finally said. “I’m guessing it’s because of her brain. She must get overly excited about certain things. I know I wouldn’t feel this embarrassed in my old body.” Amy chewed at a slice of sashimi before she continued. “Sorry, I don’t know why I’m so flustered. I just didn’t think anybody thought that highly about my teaching style. I didn’t think any of that was real. I only ever get bad reviews on Rate my Prof, which is probably why I think this way. That website really hurt my self-esteem.”

Edward shook his head frantically. “I’ve gone through a lot of your reviews. Tons of people think the same way as me. All of your bad reviews are from first year students. Most of those students aren’t sticking around for college. Most end up dropping out. Your score takes a hit once they do poorly and decide to change programs. I wouldn’t take them seriously, especially since the only classes that you teach are the first-year ones.”

“Do you really think that, Edward?” Amy asked.

Edward reached forward and rubbed at her left hand. At first, the woman twitched, but her hand remained in place while he stroked at her delicate skin. “Myself and tons of other people think that. I wouldn’t have said it if I didn’t mean it.”

“Should I keep teaching when I finish school in this body?”

“You’d do a lot of good as a teacher,” he said. “You can do whatever you want in your new body. But, just remember that you have a skillset that a lot of people could benefit from. You transferred knowledge to thousands of students. You did it well. You did it strictly, but you set standards. That’s what separated you from other teachers.”

“I don’t know what to say,” Amy whispered. “Did you really do this for me because you appreciated my mentorship? Or was a young body with my mind the real motivator?”

“I did this because I love you.”

Edward squeezed at her hand and looked deeply into her eyes. Smiling, Amy began eating away at her meal. While the two of them ate, Edward could feel the tip of Amy’s shoe pressing up against his leg. Smiling mischievously, she looked at him with a side glance and did not move her foot. “*Ya lyublyu vas,*” she whispered.

Amy Williams

The two of them walked back towards her grey apartment building with a darkening sky overhead. She cherished every minute of it while she reminisced on her past together with him. Having been close to death, Amy realized what she was missing in life. It was companionship that she wanted, but nobody ever treated her the same way Edward treated her. The way he always looked at her in her old body always made her feel good. He was a person that she wanted so desperately in her life, and now they were finally together.

During dinner, he spoke so confidently and eloquently that Amy would actually focus on every word he had to say. She could not take his eyes off of him, even as they walked through Amy's grey apartment complex. When she was in her old body, it would have been forbidden to do anything intimate with the man. That was what made it so fun. Now that she was in Samantha's body, things were different. She was a young woman with a high libido that needed to be pleased. Her body craved him. She wanted to be satisfied, and Edward was the man that she wanted.

A red carpet felt rough beneath their shoes while they proceeded through an empty lobby. She leaned closer to Edward while they approached the end of the lobby. He looked at her and smiled. "Finally home. I had a good time."

"I had a good time too," Amy said while hugging at her elbows. It was getting chilly. "I can't believe how late it is now." They stopped just in front of the elevator and looked at each other. She leaned forward and gave Edward one long kiss. "Did you want to come upstairs?"

"I'd love to," he whispered.

They took the elevator to Amy's floor and walked down the hallway. Somewhere along the way, Amy started holding Edward's hand out of instinct. His fingers wrapped around her hands and tightened with reassurance as she leaned her head into his shoulder. Everything felt perfect by the time they eventually found her room.

Amy fumbled through her purse with a flustered look over her face. She had placed the keys before dinner inside of the purse, but the layout was not like her old purse. As she searched through it, Edward brushed her long hair over her shoulder to expose the side of her shoulder and neck. He planted kisses along her skin that made her skin flush to life with heat. She moaned quietly while she did her best to stay focused. She could feel a wetness between her legs as his hardness pushed up against her from behind. Amy welcomed this with kisses of her own, but she was increasingly becoming frustrated by her lost keys. *I didn't forget them*, she kept reminding herself.

She looked through every pocket and zipper hidden inside while Edward's hand squeezed at her hip. She was starting to get annoyed when she finally found a zipper on the outside of the bag containing a single silver key. With a sigh of relief, she took the key and unlocked the door. Edward was just about to squeeze her chest when she suddenly took his hand and pulled him inside with her.

After kicking off their shoes, Amy moved through the apartment with her lover and threw her purse down on to the couch. The place smelled foreign to her now that she had left it for a while, but she recognized her home as her own. The old woman turned to look at Edward with a smile on her face. She

studied his thirsty eyes for a time before finally leaning forward. Her heart raced with every passing second as they pressed against his wide chest. Her body became alive with desire the moment she felt his hot tongue against hers. The two immediately melted into each other as their lust engulfed their bodies.

“God, Edward, I want you so badly,” she whispered. “You have no idea how bad I wanted this. How long has it been since I’ve been able to do something like this? To be wild and wanted.”

“How badly do you want me inside of you? How badly do you want to feel me?” He asked while lightly biting at the side of her neck.

“I want you to make love to me like we did back then,” she moaned. “When every girl wanted you. When nobody could take your heart aside from me. When it wasn’t right for us to fuck. I want to feel every movement.”

“I missed being inside of you and hearing your surprised gasps.” Edward pulled her even closer against him. She felt locked in his embrace as his hardness grinded against her dress. “That’s why I kept coming back. But you’re right ... it wasn’t right.”

“Now it is,” Amy said between kisses. “I’m a young woman now. I’m a student. This isn’t wrong anymore. It’s not wrong to fuck me and make me yours.”

He pushed his body against her crotch when he planted another kiss against her mouth. A steamier rush of heat began to fill her body as she grinded back against him. She felt unbelievably wet as a familiar tingling began pulsating from her honeypot. “I’ll push you down and fuck you like we used to. I’ll make you scream, Amy.”

“I’m not Amy anymore,” Amy murmured. “Amy was an old, dying woman. I’m not her anymore. My name’s Samantha, remember?”

The smell of his overpowering cologne was driving her young body wild. His strong hands worked their way down her slim back as she moaned into him. She tugged at his neck and guided him along the hallway. Their backs repeatedly brushed up against the walls causing the photographs of Amy’s mother and father to fall to the ground. The two of them were lost in their lust for one another as they ignored the carnal chaos that they left behind.

They moved into her bedroom where her mind transfer had happened, and a warm smile stretched across her face. Another refreshing realization hit her, and it felt wonderful. After having dinner with one of her favorite students, she actually felt free. She was free to do anything that she wanted now. Samantha’s body was hers forever. She could literally do anything she wanted now, and the only thing she wanted to do was Edward.

Edward gently closed the door with his foot while he unbuttoned his dress shirt and pants. Amy eagerly removed her dress and was about to unclip her bra when he lifted her into the air. He cradled her in his arms while they moved over the space where her old body used to be. Planting a deep kiss against her lips, she giggled hysterically when they abruptly fell to the bed together in a loving embrace. Edward squeezed her left breast with one hand while he held her waist. His cock pushed up against the front of her underwear while he unclipped her bra for her. He threw it to the side and stared down at her crotch. The only things separating them was the fabric of their underwear.

“You’re so hard,” she giggled. “Are you this excited to be with me?” Edward kissed the side of her neck as he released her breast. His hand reached down her flat tummy and rubbed against her nub through her

panties. She felt strong waves of pleasure flushing through her body as her back straightened and twisted with anticipation. All of this felt hot and exhilarating. At some points, he would lightly slap at her folds and cause her fingers to curl around his hair. "God, Edward, that feels good."

With one final kiss against her neck, Edward moved down her body and removed her underwear. His hot mouth landed on her crevice, and she shivered with surprise. His tongue slithered through her stolen folds and ate her out loudly. It had been years since a man had gone down on her. She closed her eyes and visualized the movements against her inner walls while his tongue made love to her young body. Every lick and push worsened the familiar pressure that was building up between her legs. Just before she would go over the edge, he stopped to remove his grey boxers.

Edward's strong cock immediately emerged from its hiding place. It was a thick monstrosity that curved upwards. He rubbed the sides of his dick against her wet inner lips. His face said it all – he was in awe at Amy's incredibly sexy body. He watched her move her hips to help grind at the base of his manhood.

She watched the dome flick roughly against her clit. Every movement send tingles throughout her body. She bit her lower lip in anticipation. The underside of his manhood glistened with her filth before he finally anchored himself against her body. He positioned himself for the best angle. With a single thrust, he entered her body slowly, and the tip of his cock met the furthest reaches of her wet slit. She felt the shaft becoming absorbed by her body.

"Holy fuck," she moaned. "You're all the way inside of me. *Ne ostanavlyvaysya!* Don't stop now!"

"God, you feel amazing, Samantha," he whispered. The thought of actually becoming Samantha for good was turning her on. She was no longer the strictest bitch on campus. She was a young girl together with the man of her dreams.

When Amy looked down between her spread out legs, she could not believe how deliriously deep her student was. She watched his entire length breaching her body as her lips hugged at his skin tightly. In her old body, she had a dry and sagging hole. Her new body was equipped for passionate sex.

Samantha's tight crevice clenched down against Edward while he slowly fucked her. He planted a kiss against each nipple with every thrust until his pacing quickened. Soon, he was slamming into her body and causing her firm breasts to ripple upwards. The old woman watched as he dominated her body. He was older than he was in his college years, but she could still see the rounded features of his athletic body. Every plunge of his powerful cock sent shivers up her spine as she watched him enjoying himself inside of her. She was stunned at how hungry he was to stir her insides so excitedly.

"You're so tight..." Edward grunted.

Suddenly, he pulled out of her and flipped her over. He did it so quickly that Amy could barely react. He wrapped his hands around her rounded hips and mounted her from behind. Edward felt even deeper now as he swung his entire weight behind every fuck. The old woman felt full with his heavenly swings. Amy found herself gripping the dampening sheets beneath her as she craned her head upwards. She had thrown the original blanket to the side, so now she only had the white comforter to hold on to. Amy felt her lover's hands squeezing at her body when he started moving faster. He was like a piston mechanically fucking her body. It was like a fiery surge of pleasure was repeatedly getting shoved inside of her, and she was loving every second of it. The pressure was intoxicating.

“Yes!” She screamed. “Fuck me right there, Edward! *Bistreye! Bistreye!* Fuck me right there!” The curve of his cock was perfect in this position. Every perfect spot was being hit in this body. “I want you to break me!”

“You’re so beautiful,” he grunted as the bed creaked in place. There was no way that the neighbor could not hear them lost in their passion. “Fuck, I can’t believe it. Your mind in her body is sending me over the edge, Samantha.”

Edward reached forward and cupped her firm and full breasts. Squeezing them gently, he pulled her upper body closer to his curvy chest. She felt her back rubbing against his chiseled pecks as he continued fucking her from behind. She remained on her quivering knees while he planting kisses against the back and sides of her wet neck.

“Say my name,” she whispered.

“Samantha...”

“You love fucking me from behind like this, don’t you?” Amy asked while she circled her clit with her left hand. Her mind felt like it was starting to go blank as the pressure began building up again. It was growing from beneath her naval as shocks of passion surged through her. The consistent thrusts from behind were finally starting to tip her over the edge. “You like it when I’m in this body, don’t you? My new, young body...”

“Samantha,” Edward whispered. “Samantha ... Samantha...” He suddenly slowed down and fucked her slowly. She could hear his grunts as he savored every second between her legs. Slowly but surely, he began thrusting even harder than ever before. The sudden aggression surprised Amy as her body started to go limp. The pressure was finally exploding, and she found herself screaming and shivering against her student’s body. A wetness squirted out from between her legs as Edward continued ravaging her folds.

“Oh my god!” Amy screamed breathlessly. She fell forward against the bed when Edward finally released her. Her face pushed up against the covers while her man held her in place. Her weak hands tried to push herself up, though the youthful orgasm had weakened her. She could not believe how overwhelmed she was. She experienced mind-numbing orgasms in the past, yet this climax was something she had never felt before. Samantha’s body was naturally more sensitive. She shivered and whimpered to herself while he slowly grinded into her. “That was incredible, Edward. I came so hard.”

“You made such a mess,” he said. “Care to go again?”

“I want you to cum on me,” she said desperately.

“I’ll do exactly what you want, Samantha,” Edward said. “I’ll do anything for you.”

Edward reached for her mane of dark hair and aggressively pulled at it. With his help, she finally managed to hold herself up with her tired arms. She felt kisses along her moist back while she took a deep breath. She felt his thick cock squirming and twisting inside of her. The sound of their skin smacking against each other began to engulf the room as the floor beneath the bed creaked with every movement. She managed to look over her shoulder at her glistening lover and saw his face starting to contort. A wicked grin spread across her face. “Are you getting close?”

“I’m going to cum, Samantha,” Edward growled. “Fuck ... fuck ... FUCK!” Edward pushed Amy forward before gripping the hilt of his cock. He stood up on the bed while Amy remained on her knees. She watched him stroking his wet cock before the entire length began to pulsate. It tensed and erupted

with his hot seed. Amy reached up at her soft breasts and squeezed them in front of her lover as he came on to her cleavage and face. Watching him lost in his pleasure excited her.

When he was done, he fell on to his back. He was breathing heavily when Amy cuddled up beside his sweaty body. Wiping at her cum covered body with part of the comforter, she watched his rounded chest rising and falling with every passing second. This was going to be a familiar sight for her for the rest of her life. She planted a kiss against his cheek. "That was incredible," she whispered to him. He lovingly stroked at her dark hair. "*Ya lyublyu vas...*"

"I love you too," he whispered.

Epilogue

It was a strange experience for Max as he walked through the crowded food court with his food. He had a tray of French fries, twenty chicken nuggets, and a hamburger. He set the food down and sat straight across from his sister and his girlfriend, Sonya. The strange thing was not only the fact that Samantha and Sonya were getting along. It was the fact that they were speaking in fluent Russian with one another. He watched in complete silence while they conversed and saw how well Samantha spoke.

Sonya was his Russian girlfriend who he had met just before they went on vacation for the summer. Long, silky blonde hair ran down her back in a ponytail that bounced with every bob of her cute, tan face. Wearing a pink tank top and dangerously tight black shorts, he could see the curviness and slimness of her body through the fabric from where he sat. He would have stared at her longer if not for the fact that Samantha and Sonya were giggling and throwing glances at him. *What the hell are they saying?* He wondered.

Now that it was the end of August, him and Sonya had returned to the city to get settled into Samantha's brand-new apartment. She invited him and Sonya to be her roommates again when he mentioned looking for a new place. To his surprise, Samantha's new place was a spacious apartment with three bedrooms and two washrooms. When he asked how much the place costed her per month, Samantha simply shrugged and said that she got more scholarship money to pay for her things.

The most bothersome thing about all of this was how well she and Sonya were getting along. Before Max and Sonya went to Russia for their summer vacation, Samantha had repeatedly insulted the Russian girl. They were arguing about who owed who money, and by the time they had left the country, Samantha openly said that she hoped Sonya would stay where she belonged. Sonya was willing to completely relocate with Max by the time school started again, but that clearly changed when they started talking in Russian together at the apartment.

Now, it was like the they had never argued at all. Seeing them so happy together made Max smile. It was like things were finally starting to work out. The drama between the two of them was finally done and over with. "What're you two saying?" He finally asked them.

"We just catching up," Sonya said in her thick Russian accent. "She wanted to clear up some things about when we leave. When we leave for my country. She say that she go through stress. Lot of stress."

"To show how sorry I was, I decided to go pick up some Russian," Samantha said. "I spent the entire summer learning from a private tutor. It sounds really good, doesn't it?"

"You are very fluent," Sonya said. "Is amazing. I wish that my English was as good. I just have to practice with Max." She gave him a wink. "She tell me that the strictest bitch is dead."

"Wait, what? Are you talking about Ms. Williams?" Max asked.

There was a sad look over Samantha's dark eyes. She looked down at the table as Sonya wrapped her arm around her shoulders. The Russian girl nuzzled her forehead against his sister's hair before Samantha could finally say something. "The last time I saw her was when I marked things at her apartment. After I left home, I never heard from her again. They found her body in the forest in hiking gear, so they think her heart gave out. It was ruled as a hiking accident."

“It’s okay,” Sonya whispered. “Not your fault.”

“She told me that she also had lung cancer around the time she disappeared. Apparently, she was diagnosed with it half a year ago and tried keeping it a secret from most people. Even if she didn’t die in the wilderness, she would have died from cancer within a year.”

Max tried to look sad by looking away, but deep down he hated Ms. Williams. In his first semester at school, she failed him and berated him for his poor studying habits. Sure, his failure was all his fault, but the old bitch repeatedly grilled him for his poor attitude and commitment to learning. Secretly, he was glad that she was dead, but he would never admit that to anybody. Especially his girlfriend.

When he looked back at his sister, her dark eyes were upon him. They looked deep into his soul as if she knew something that he did not. Tilting his head, he leaned forward and ate at a chicken nugget without dipping it into sweet sauce. “May she rest in peace.”

“She was very good teacher,” Sonya recollected. “Very strict. Very cold. Hard like man but strong as bull. I learned a lot.” There were tears in Samantha’s eyes. She sniffled when his girlfriend squeezed at her shoulder. “You knew her best out of all of us. You help her a lot. You agree, yes?”

“I’m going to miss her,” Samantha murmured. She reached out and took a fry from Max’s tray. She threw it in her mouth and chewed at it.

Max could not help but notice a complete change in his sister’s behavior. It was like the summer alone had changed her. Samantha was never this glum. She was always a positive person who oozed with confidence and enthusiasm. Seeing Sonya having to comfort her was making him feel uncomfortable. *You two are supposed to hate each other*, he kept telling himself. *This is all sorts of weird*.

Another thing he noticed was that the clothes that Samantha had decided to wear today were completely out of character. She often wore dresses and skirts, but today she was in a black sports bra and black yoga pants. She was flaunting her body a lot more than she used to. It was incredible how an entire summer could change somebody.

“You’ve really changed,” he suddenly said while eating another chicken nugget. “Everything okay?”

“It’s grief,” Sonya said. “She will be okay.”

“It’s just really strange to me, that’s all.”

“There’s nothing strange about it. Your sister grieving. Let her grieve.”

A smile stretched across Samantha’s face. “Thanks, Sonya,” she said quietly. “No, everything’s going to be okay. I’m a different person now. That’s all. A different person for the better.”

Shrugging, Max went back to eating his meal while he listened to the two girls talking to each other in Russian.

More Erotica by Jimmy Zappa

Tribal Masks

Rachel Lee is a young and attractive college student with a broken heart and crippling self-esteem issues. An old teacher with a dark past plans on permanently swapping bodies with her. With assistance from a young man lusty for them both, the old woman prepares the girl in secrecy as her next vessel. A combination of an ancient ritual, deceit, and demonic artifacts provide the parties with the tools and the means to conduct the swap. Can Rachel break free and stop the old woman from completely succeeding, or will the old woman successfully steal her body forever?

A Perfect Student

Amber and her best friend, Tianna, are certain that they failed Mrs. Nay's final exam. They decide to use a spell book Tianna's dying grandfather has in his study to temporarily take over Mrs. Nay's body. They plan on fixing their grades through her body. A big mistake with the spell occurs, and rather than Tianna possessing Mrs. Nay, Amber accidentally takes control of her body. As these events unfold, Tianna's grandfather takes the opportunity to try stealing Tianna's body. Will Amber make it back in time to save her best friend, or will it be too late?

The Witch's House

Madame Cynthia is a dying old witch that wants to be young again. Alex is a transgender woman that wants to be a real female. The two decide to work together to target two new potential vessels that will serve them as their permanent bodies. The old witch begins training two young girls on the basics of magic in order to prepare their bodies for transfer. The two girls begin learning advanced forms of magic. Will the two of them realize the trap ahead of them in time, or will they succumb to this horrific body theft plot?

Making Her Mine

Makenzy is enjoying her vacation with her friend, Katie, whose Uncle Roger is letting them stay at his island home. However, Roger is spending a lot of time uncomfortably watching Makenzy. A village mystic claims that darkness will soon consume her. The two girls also discover that Roger has been taking photos of Makenzy in secret. Along with the photos is a witch's spell book about body possession. Afraid that the man is secretly trying to steal her body, Makenzy decides

to try leaving the island, but a horrific body theft plot begins to take place. Can Makenzy and Katie break free from their trap in time before it's too late?

Inside My Seductive Mother

Josephine is a young college girl who hates Adriana, her new stepmother. With the help of a witch who also does not like Adriana, she decides to possess her stepmother's body to ruin her life. Josephine does things to ruin Adriana's life forever, but there seems to be more lurking beneath the shadows as a secret affair is discovered. The longer she stays in Adriana's body, the more she wants to forever be her. As she ruins her stepmother's life, will her growing love for Adriana ruin her own life in the process?

The Skin Stealer

Elise is an extremely competitive saleswoman that keeps flirting with her boss. The problem is that her boss is married and has a deadly secret. A witch hunter and his transgender girlfriend are also interested in his deadly secret when it's revealed that her boss wants to steal her body to wear her skin. Can the parties get together in time before a dark plan initiates, or will it be too late to save Elise?

My Obsessive Ex

Leela, Cassandra, and Florence have just finished high school, and they're looking forward to their adult lives. Triston, a seventy-year-old body hopper, is Leela's ex-boyfriend in a stolen teenage body with a troublesome temper. After Leela told everybody about his odd sexual habits, he makes it his mission to ruin her life. Using his body possession necklace, he decides to attempt stealing Leela's body as punishment for ruining his life during a night with her friends. Once inside, he does everything he can to make the possession permanent. His ex begins to fully lose control. Will Leela be able to break through his magical spell in time?

Becoming A Real Girl

Krystal, Zack's girlfriend, is a transwoman interested in having Gender Restructuring Robotics done to her body to help her transition into a biological female. Zack is supportive but also suspicious of the cheap operation. Doctor Biang accepts her request and performs the gender transition immediately, but Krystal soon learns that the operation is not what it seems. She is slowly losing herself in her new body. As this happens, Zack realizes that there is more lurking

beneath the shadows. Can Krystal's boyfriend uncover the wicked plot behind Doctor Biang's team in time?

An Adulterous Student's Body

Knowing that she's going to die from brain cancer, Evangeline visits an old friend who has studied the paranormal to get advice on how to live the last portion of her life. Her friend provides her with a cursed necklace that has the ability to "temporarily" possess any body she wishes. Using this power, Evangeline decides to try using it on her cheating and abusive husband to ruin his life before she passes. Soon, she realizes that she has the potential to make her possession permanent. Now in the body of the woman trying to steal her husband, will she decide to ruin her husband's life or try to be his next wife?

Let Her Inside Me Book 1

Stephanie's best friend Priya is celebrating her birthday. Instead of an ordinary present, Priya asks if Stephanie would be willing to swap bodies with her for a day with the help of a witch. Priya is a transgender woman, and she wants to see what it's like to be a real girl. Intrigued by the thought of seeing real magic and having a cock, Stephanie eagerly agrees to switch bodies with her friend. But what dark path lies beneath an honest request?

Let Her Inside Me Book 2

Amita Rai was an old woman who stole Stephanie's young and beautiful body through magic. Months have passed, and she has slipped into her new life and made herself better in every way. Everybody loves her, and her life seems absolutely perfect. Over the months, Priya has grown jealous and decides that she made a mistake in helping Amita secure her new vessel. Stephanie's life is literally ticking away as her memory slowly fails her in Amita's body. Priya desperately enlists the help of a friendly witch and Stephanie's boyfriend to help reverse the spell that gave Amita a second chance at life. Now that she has the means to banish Amita from her stolen body, can she save her friend in time before it's too late?

A Bad Girl's Permanent Lesson

Katarina is an incredibly mean girl with a bad attitude. Now on vacation with her boyfriend, her old Aunt Velma decides to teach her a lesson after watching her make everybody's lives miserable. She decides to swap bodies with her with the help of a village witch and runs into a problem. She likes being young a little way too much.

Deep Inside My Ex

Ronald is a homeless man with an unfortunate past. His cheating ex-wife, Kylie, took his children and money away. A family friend lets him sleep at her home to help him get back on his feet. Suddenly, his friend uses some sort of magic to allow him to possess his ex-wife's body. Now in her body, he can hear his ex-wife's trapped voice in his mind. Ronald struggles to adapt to the life of a woman while he seeks answers from his old friend. But he soon learns that the longer he stays inside of his ex's body, the more he wants to stay.

My Naughty Tutor

Victor is struggling to pass a difficult class. His final exam is less than 24 hours away, so he hires Tiffany to help tutor him. He is unable to grasp the material from the legendary tutor, so Tiffany suggests another tutoring service. With the help of a witch and money, Tiffany switches bodies with Victor to take the exam in his place. Everything seems to go smoothly until their bodies and hormones uncontrollably get in the way. To make things worse, a sinister plot begins within the shadows that will turn their lives upside down.

Becoming My Coworker

At Martin R&D, Fred is a lead researcher on a mission to help study the human brain and mental illness. Alongside his elderly boss and mentor, Brian Martin, they create and implement a prototype known as the Mind Projection System, where a person can control another individual through a complex computer network. On one fateful Friday night, Fred activates the system and successfully uses it to possess another researcher at the company, Marina, whose husband is in town showing her a good time. The experiment is a success, and Fred can feel everything a real woman can feel. Brian Martin and his old wife are ecstatic for sinister reasons. There seems to be more than meets the eye at Martin R&D as the Martins begin their quest for immortality.

Inside His Naughty Wife

Elliot and Kyra are newlywed teachers on vacation. While there, Elliot books a room in a great hotel and accidentally buys a body swapping necklace from Carlos, a bitter souvenir shopkeeper who wants a better life. When the couple arrive at the hotel, their world turns upside down as Kyra, after wearing her new necklace, finds herself in the body of an old man. Now inside the body of the young woman, Carlos does everything he can to enjoy his new life while a spiritual healer seeks to put a stop to his dark plans.

Becoming The Girl Next Door

Maggie is a young English student struggling to get through her summer semester. Conveniently, two married English teachers move in just two doors down from her apartment and befriend her. But, there's a dark and deadly secret that the couple refuses to share. The wife's body is physically ill and decaying, and she needs a new body to continue living. Her husband is a witch with the magical means and motivation to do so. As the couple prepare Maggie's young body for the transfer, she starts uncovering secrets behind the wife's true identity. Will she be able to react to their attempts in time, or will she lose her body forever?

Making His Girlfriend Mine

Looking to start over, Mark Ivanov is an old man with an enormous debt and an unprofitable store. When a male tourist with an incredible physique and wealth comes into his store, Mark decides to make it his mission to steal his body for himself. He sells the young man a body possession bracelet in order to do this. With the help of a witch, Mark becomes a spirit and attempts to take the tourist's body by force through the bracelet. Instead, he accidentally enters the tourist's girlfriend. Trapped in the body of Annie Corvo, Mark struggles to come to terms with his mistake as his hormones and lust for the boyfriend begin to worsen.

My Tenant's Cute Daughter

Trisha Johnson is a massage therapist with a secret. She's a witch that uses magic to fix pain. When her magic is unable to help Alphonse's chronic pain, she offers a solution. Her tenant's boyfriend, Cory, has an incredibly healthy body. She offers to transfer Alphonse's mind into Cory to permanently fix his pain. Unfortunately, the spell messes up, and Alphonse finds himself in the body of the tenant's daughter, Ashley. Struggling to cope with his predicament, he finds himself losing his self-control to the beautiful girl's hormones. Bubbling with sexual energy, the witch's friend begins to lose himself to his lustful desires.

My Husband's Secret Crush

Priscilla Marcus is a young bookkeeping assistant who wants a change in her career. Her boss, Katherine Bell, is a disabled bookkeeper in a wheelchair who also wants a change. Unfortunately, she and her husband have their eyes set on Priscilla. Using a mixture of meditation and magic, Katherine tricks the young girl into switching bodies with her. Now equipped with her beauty and youth, Katherine excitedly sets out to make the swap permanent by any means possible.

Upon gaining knowledge of the ritual used to steal her body, Priscilla does everything in her power to reverse the swap. But will the obstacles in her way make her lose her body forever?

Just In Her Head

Wanting to start life over again, Sabrina is a sexy and heartbroken transwoman with an impossibly large debt to pay. She goes to a longtime family therapist and asks for his help. Using his abilities as a witch, he begins preparing a new female body for her. Unfortunately, there are no willing body donors, so he gives one of his troubled patients a mood bracelet that slowly begins to erode her soul. The therapist encourages the anxious girl to keep wearing it even when she feels her body trying to fight back. On the night of a full moon, Sabrina begins the spiritual process of taking what belongs to her. Slowly but surely, the young girl begins to mentally struggle against the ensuing body theft plot.

Cheating With Her Husband

Lindsay is a housecleaner and a tenant to a wealthy British couple. She gets paid generously and has no issues with paying for university. But Lindsay has a secret behind her financial stability that she has been hiding from her family. Using a magical stone, she frequently switches bodies with Sammy, a transgender woman. She lets the couple satisfy their sexual desires while they let her have fun with Sammy's body on a temporary basis. Unfortunately for Lindsay, Terrance and Sammy Francis do not plan on a temporary body swap on the night of their anniversary. Sammy wants a permanent body swap, and the couple will stop at nothing to get what they want.

Making Him Mine

Sona and Ashley are office bullies that terrorize Klara, a transgender woman trying to do her job. Now that the bullies have the new HR manager under their control, the transwoman feels trapped. So, her best friend convinces her grandmother to help with Klara's vengeance by placing her soul into the body of Sona through magic. By controlling Sona, the transwoman knows that she can control Ashley. But something with the spell goes wrong, and Klara accidentally finds herself in Ashley's young, sexy body alongside damning information that can ruin Sona's upcoming marriage. Klara's new female hormones begin to get the best of her as she struggles with a choice. If she waits too long, she risks getting trapped in her new body forever. She has to choose between temporarily enjoying her new body or permanently ruining her bullies' lives forever.

Sexily Young Again

Elinor is a caregiver that takes care of Michelle with her daily needs. When a salesman sells the elderly Michelle a soul relaxant potion and a ruby that can help her possess a new body to extend her life, Elinor gets asked to help execute the transfer. She accepts the deal for cash to be paid afterwards. Unfortunately, the old woman's sweet granddaughter, Angel, is the target, and the caregiver hesitates with the mind transfer after seeing how good of a person she is with her stud of a boyfriend. The caregiver begins having second thoughts on the transfer and tries to sabotage the body theft. But when the salesman suddenly appears on the night before the soul transfer, Elinor fearfully struggles against the dark magic consuming their lives.

Sharing My Girlfriend

Sex between Angie and Sam has gone stale, and the only thing keeping them together is their open relationship. But, after Angie ends up finding a spell book at a used bookstore, things change and spice up when she voluntarily switches bodies with her boyfriend. After making the best love together in months, they decide to live and experiment as each other with their open relationship. She gives Sam her blessing to have lunch with an old online friend, Danny, while she stays home to explore her new male physique. Unfortunately, as Sam leaves to enjoy his female body in a potential threesome, Angie finds herself struggling against the dark forces that sold her the spell book. An old African witch pays her a telepathic visit to steal her body, memories, and soul, and she desperately struggles for her life as her boyfriend becomes engulfed in his horny lust for Danny and his bisexual slut of a girlfriend.

Stealing Her Youth

Rebecca and her boyfriend Stanley are helping a family friend pack up their belongings when they suddenly find a spell book in a foreign language. They accidentally swap bodies after reading a spell, ultimately dropping the book and losing the spell's spot. Now trapped in their opposing genders, they wake up and frantically try to reverse the swap while their hormones begin to get the better of them. Unfortunately, neither of them can find the spell that they used. Upon finding an address on the back of the book, they decide to venture out to the store that sold the accursed book for help. Little do they know, an old woman plans on more than just helping them switch bodies again. She is literally dying for an upgrade, and Rebecca sounds like the perfect victim.

A Feminizing Wish

When a mysterious salesman sells Ken a crystal that can grant him any wish, the middle-aged man jumps at the opportunity. But something goes horribly wrong with his wish, and he finds himself in the young, beautiful body of his neighbor, Alyssa, a woman who he absolutely hates.

He desperately wants to reverse his wish, and the only person who can do that is the crooked salesman. However, when the temptation to test out his new body with Alyssa's hot boyfriend becomes too strong, he begins having second thoughts on regaining his masculinity.

My Slut Wife

Kate's wealthy husband is cheating on her, and so her marriage is falling apart. To make things worse, she has started sleeping with a coworker to get back at him. Her best friend forces her to take on marriage counselling, and so she begins seeing an old woman named Audrey for advice. Unfortunately for Kate, her counselor wants to do more than save her marriage. Audrey is heavily in debt, and she is literally dying for another shot at life. Kate's beautiful body and wealthy lifestyle leave the old woman jealous and desperate as a witch offers her services to get what she wants.

Prepare Her Body

When Cassie stepped foot in a reputable rehabilitation facility, she wanted to become a better person. Under the constant supervision of facility staff, they trained her body and mind nonstop for three months. The place is a living hell, and she desperately wants to finish as she reaches her physical peak. Unfortunately, the facility does not care about her progress. The only person they care about is their client inside of her. The facility is a body transfer business aimed at preparing attractive bodies for their new owners, and she soon discovers that she is first on the waiting list for an old woman wanting a second life.

Make Her Naughty

Annie is a young witch learning magic from her neighbor, and she has become hell bent on revenge. She sets her sights on ruining her coworker's life with her newfound abilities. Urged by her loving boyfriend and magic teacher, she takes possession of the troublesome supervisor and irreparably ruins her life for good. But she realizes that the more she uses magic for evil, the more taxing it is on her body. Her soul slowly darkens with every spell, and that's exactly what her weakening teacher wants. Carlene is an aging witch whose body is falling apart, and a corrupted soul is the perfect gateway into her new body.

The Witch's Mask 1

Kelly is an insecure girl who buys a magical transformation mask from an elderly woman. When she discovers the mask's ability to transform her into a beautiful bimbo, she finds herself using it

again and again. For months, she seduces men and pleasures her transformed body. She's a skinny pale girl as Kelly, but she's a busty blonde with a body that turns heads as Lexi. Slowly but surely, the demonic mask corrupts her soul, and that's all the old woman needs to steal the young girl's body for herself.

A Feminized Agent

Edward is a sexist agent who belittles women, but a female empowerment event forces him to use the body of a beautiful woman to do his work. Using technology, he becomes what he hates the most in order to steal corporate information at an IT firm. He struggles to adapt to his feminine habits, and the longer the mission goes on, the more he feels his mind warping. He begins to enjoy the dresses, makeup, and boy talk with the other girls. Slowly but surely, Edward begins to lose his masculine side, and he fearfully realizes that he's having a little too much fun when a married man falls in love with him.

Fountain of Youth

The Northern Springs Resort has been a popular tourist attraction for years, and Polina has cleaned its halls and rooms for decades. Equipped with healing and invigorating hot springs, they've attracted all sorts of people. Caitlin and her boyfriend, two competitive college tennis players, get the chance of a lifetime when they're given restricted pass access to their own private section of the resort. Unfortunately for little old Polina, Caitlin bullies and threatens her throughout her visit. The cleaning lady glumly watches them enjoying the many amenities and a private hot spring together during their stay. Day by day, Caitlin's body loosens and relaxes, and so too does her soul. Eventually, a middle-aged chef sets her sights on the young woman's body as her new vessel, and the only person who can save Caitlin is the cleaning lady who she hates so much.

Inside Her Girlfriend

It's Becky's birthday, and her girlfriend, Haruka, hasn't figured out what to get her. When they come to school early to catch up on schoolwork, the wheelchair-bound girl asks Haruka for a very specific present. She asks her girlfriend if she would be willing to swap bodies for a week, and Haruka happily agrees. Becky has been in a wheelchair her entire life, and giving her a chance to walk for the first time is something Haruka would love to do. However, she is completely unaware that Becky is dying from cancer, and when the swap finally occurs, the once disabled woman wants more than just a temporary exchange. She's liking her beautiful body and mobility a little too much, and she's more than excited to make the transfer permanent with her aunt's help.

My Girly Husband

Darren has been cheating on his wife, and she happens to be the worst person to know this. Genie is an ex-witch with magic still left in her, and when she finally discovers that her husband has been sleeping with a transgender coworker, she decides to take matters into her own hands. She uses magic to transform her husband into the very thing he loves - a beautiful woman with perfect, sexy curves. Darren initially freaks out when he wakes up as a woman, but as he tries on clothes and tests his new body, he starts getting really comfortable in his new skin. Unfortunately, sex is what will permanently trap him in his new body, and that's the one thing Darren's constantly craving.

Living Inside Me

Two best friends use a body swap potion to temporarily switch bodies. Emily and Eun-jee transfer all willingness and consent to live as each other for several days with the help and guidance of Doctor Susan Richter. After a few days of getting used to their new bodies, Emily attempts to do the unthinkable. She tries to convince Susan to make the swap permanent. Eun-jee comes from a wealthy family of billionaires, while Emily works in retail and struggles to pay for her student loans. Doctor Richter agrees and decides to try helping her - but there's a catch. One of the two girls has a sexy body to die for, and this particular doctor has been waiting for this moment for a long time.

Inside My Head

Doctor Tran is an ex-surgeon that helps socially anxious people through his Life Simulator technology. By placing patients inside of a virtual world where nobody judges them, he sees record numbers of successful treatments throughout his career. So, when Kyra gets referred to him for treatment, she's more than excited once she actually explores the simulated tropical paradise. The longer she stays, the happier she becomes. But, not everything is as it seems. Slowly but surely, her ownership over her body withers away. To make things worse, a transgender wife is extremely interested in getting Kyra's young body for herself. She wants an upgrade, and Doctor Tran is more than happy to make the transfer permanent once certain conditions are met.