

BODY THEFT ♦ BODY SWAP ♦ AGE REGRESSION

Inside
my
HEAD

JIMMY ZAPPA

Inside My Head: 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!

Arthur Tran

Arthur looked through the folder a third time. Doctor Francis was an old colleague of his that frequently sent clients that he was having difficulties with. Despite having a PhD in psychology and nearly forty years of experience, Arthur had a lot of calls for help on certain conditions and cases.

The folder contained a new client. Arthur quietly examined the photograph of the young woman with pale skin and long, blonde hair. She looked back at him with curious dark blue eyes. The woman was lean and seemed extremely happy. It was a photo taken from her social media page. It always amazed him how some of the most anxious people seemed like the happiest people.

Thankfully, Arthur had a lot of experience dealing with cases that Doctor Francis couldn't figure out. While he was retired from the medical profession, he owned a company that dealt with more advanced cases of mental illness. *It's not a standard fix. But it's a solution.*

"No," Anastasia screamed in his mind. "You can't keep doing this."

Even now, the shadows of his past haunted him. It was his conscience's way of trying to steer him in the right direction again, yet his ex-employee's pleas fell on deaf ears. He shoved the photo back into the folder and placed it inside of his laptop bag.

It was absurdly cold in his house today. He moved through the empty, grey house with a glum look over his face. He walked into his kitchen, the heavy black laptop bag around his shoulder making him feel slow and rigid, and began boiling some water. Fumbling through the cupboards, he managed to find a small jar of instant coffee. He set it down over the black marble countertop and looked out of a nearby window. There was an unbelievable amount of snow falling while he dropped a spoonful of instant coffee into two blue cups.

Arthur sighed when he peered out at his spacious backyard. He worked extremely hard to relocate his family out of the city. He thought things were going to be slower paced and quieter now that he was harder to get to. But it was like the calls for his services was growing. Arthur couldn't escape his life of theft and crime, so he sent his wife and children back to the city for their own safety.

Years of watching dead people made work extremely difficult for the ex-surgeon. He wanted something new in his life. Sure, he'd helped thousands of patients and improved the lives of tons of people. But he wanted a new challenge. He was competitive and saw huge developments in technology, and he knew he wanted to get into it.

He had all the money in the world. Five private clinics and really smart investments led to him having the necessary capital to start up his own company. In the beginning, he hired nearly ten people to start coming up with their latest strings of inventions. The majority of the inventions were failed or unintuitive. But, when he hired Anastasia Pearson, their team steered into another chapter in the company's history.

She sat down with Arthur and asked him what he really wanted from all of this. The smart girl sensed that he was indecisive and unclear with his instructions, which led to a lot of the miscommunication and failed ideas.

After a long conversation, he finally mentioned that he wanted to make a difference in the lives of the physically and mentally disabled, so Anastasia began planning the overall process. She removed the majority of the staff and hired experts in virtual reality technology. The concept was still in its infancy, but the theory was all there. They just needed the resources and time to do it.

And those two things were what Arthur had the most of. After hundreds of tests and dozens of more failures, Anastasia helped him create their very first virtual reality prototype. After discovering how to transfer a person's consciousness into and away from a computer server with their Mind Pod Technology, they realized that they could change a lot of lives through made up realities.

The machine was originally a rectangular pod in a single corner of his basement. A single glass panel was built into the outward swinging door, and it looked extremely like a shower stall. Over time, the number of pods increased to four in case an inevitable breakdown caused any slowdowns. Eventually, the design shifted from a shower-like design to an advanced bed for clients to sleep in. It ultimately led to his most popular creation: The Life Simulator Program.

It helped simulate social situations and acted like a real world. By adjusting a few variables and other parameters in his computer, one could transport their mind into a virtual universe. People could interact with whatever world he created with complete free will. In a way, he felt like God. So many opportunities were coming out of this. But, when an international crime organization caught whiff of what he was making in his basement all those years ago, they paid him a little visit.

They made him an offer that he was forced to take, especially since his three kids and wife were part of their threat. In exchange for money and their protection, the Red Trio Crime Organization would gain permanently private access to Arthur's new technology. When Anastasia went against his wishes and tried to destroy everything related to the project, the Red Trio did everything in their power to silence her.

She repeatedly tried finding ways to secretly release his notes. If the world could somehow reverse engineer the Mind Transference Technology, more people would be able to recreate what they made. At first, Arthur tried to be blind about it. He didn't want to confront Anastasia, because he knew that the engineer was right. In the end, he gave up on protecting her and tattled on her.

His head hurt just thinking about it. *She'd still be alive*, he remembered. *If I hadn't told on her, then she might've been with me right now. I could've changed her mind.* He shook his head. *But what would she say if she knew what I was doing?*

The years of working alone and doing horrible things to other people had changed him. Nothing disgusted or scared him anymore. Transferring minds into his computer system before providing their empty bodies to the Red Trio was a lucrative and horrible business, yet all of this had desensitized him in the end.

Now, he was cold, ruthless, and alone.

Arthur filled the two blue cups of coffee with freshly boiled water, and he let out a troubled sigh. Years had gone by since he first started gaining clients through the Red Trio. They recommended youth rejuvenation services to clients looking for an upgrade. Young and empty bodies were in short supply, and the population was only getting older. For the clients who could pay the full amount, the organization would send them to his home for his services. He'd then transfer them into one of the clients that Doctor Francis had sent him, ultimately leaving the young body's mind in a virtual paradise.

In the end, Arthur's therapist colleague had no idea what he was doing. All he knew was that he was damn good at his job. For clients, part of the mind transference required adopting their new body's life and steadily adjusting it. Suspicions could arise if a person acted completely contrary to what their body was really like. But with social media information at his fingertips, Arthur easily compiled basic life skeletons for his clients, so seamless takeovers weren't so difficult to attain.

When he heard the doorbell begin to ring, he knew they'd arrived. He was expecting them ten minutes later. Looking down at his watch with a frown, he shrugged his shoulders. He moved to the kitchen table and set the two cups down. He walked through the winding hallways of his farmland

mansion and answered the door. Standing before him was the first couple he had the pleasure of servicing. Without a single word, he urged them back into his kitchen.

Adam Beckham was a glaring, bald monster with two mismatched eyes - one was blue, and one was green. Dozens of scars lined his neck and face. Bulging biceps poked through his silver blazer while he reached into his pocket for his pack of cigarettes. Before Arthur could ask him not to smoke, the man took out a golden lighter and lit his cigarette.

He held the open package to his wife, who took a cigarette and placed it in her mouth. Unlike Adam, Brigitte was a busty woman with a soft face that screamed with innocence. For a woman in her forties, she looked quite young. Long, curly blonde hair fell to her wide shoulders. Covered with a black dress that hugged her augmented hips and breasts, she looked like a dazzling model straight out of a porn site.

They seated themselves at his dinner table. "Your place looks really nice," Adam said in a deep, angry voice. "I've only heard good things about you, Mr. Tran. The guys at the office said that you were the best in the business."

"Please, call me Arthur," he told them. He held a hand out at the cups of coffee. "I made you some coffee. Creamer and sugar are on the kitchen counter."

"Thank you - we both love it black." The woman said happily.

Arthur nodded. "It's the healthiest way to take it."

Brigitte exhaled a plume of cigarette smoke while her husband grabbed her hand beneath the table. Arthur was still standing and could see them looking at each other. "Anyway, I guess I should expand on ourselves just a little bit. As to why we're both here. You probably don't know a whole lot about me. About why I want to do this."

"I haven't learned a whole lot," Arthur admitted. "Most of the time, though, I never have to ask questions. If the Red Trio sent you, it means you're trustworthy candidates. They also love their money."

The couple laughed. "They do love their money."

"I was just told that a wife wanted a young female body. If the body turns out pretty good, the transfer can happen as early as tomorrow or in two days. I do have a folder with me that you'll like to see. It's the best way to learn about your new vessel." He unzipped his laptop bag and stopped to look at Brigitte. He knew she was actually older than she really was, but the woman looked so beautiful. "Why exactly do you want a new body?"

The woman was beaming. "Me and my husband have been wanting to have children for as long as we could remember. We're both in our forties, but I could never bear a child. I'm a transgender woman, so it's practically impossible. If your tech's real, then we can finally fulfill our fantasy together."

"How long have you two been married?"

"Twenty years," the husband said. His wife nudged her head against his own. "We've explored the entire world a thousand times over, haven't we?" His wife nodded excitedly before he looked back at Arthur with his mismatched eyes. How these two got together was beyond him, but he wouldn't judge them. "Does it work like they promised?"

"It's a complicated process, but it's been working with a one hundred percent success rate so far. You enter a pod, and the machine does the rest of the work. There shouldn't be any complications arising for this."

The wife's brows arched upwards. "Is it painful?"

“Completely painless,” Arthur answered. “It can take a while, though. I need a few days to monitor your vitals, so you can’t leave right away. The potential vessel will need to be placed into the machines beforehand. Once her body’s prepared, I’ll give you a call for you to come back to this facility. Once you get into the pod, I’ll initiate the transfer.”

“And what’ll happen to her? Will she be placed in my wife’s body?”

“The girl will remain in the system before being deleted,” he said. Truthfully, he had no idea where their minds went. He liked to think that they continued living in his virtual paradise, but they would never be interacting with anything in the system after a few days of being bodiless. “Your current body will remain empty, and I’ll dispose of your old body discreetly.”

“When were you planning on having the girl come in?”

“I’ll have this girl scheduled to come in for her simulation tomorrow,” he began to say. “You should expect a call from me by then. I’ll let you know if she ends up being insufficient. The latest response will be in two days.” Arthur paused and looked at the open laptop bag around his shoulder. He hesitantly pulled out the folder. He placed it on the table and opened it, and he could see the curly-haired woman’s eyes lighting up. “This is the folder containing everything about her life. You’ll want to go through it in detail. It’s in as much detail as possible, obviously, since this is all just extracted. But it’s better than nothing.”

“Everything?” She asked when she examined the folder. It was a thick stack of paper. The first page had the photograph of Kyra Stewart’s body. “My ... she looks even better in this one.”

“Young people do a lot of photo editing,” Arthur said. “But she really is naturally beautiful. Young and self-conscious, but very beautiful.”

She suddenly kissed her husband’s cheek. “You like her, don’t you?” She looked back at Arthur after her husband nodded. “I really like her too. She’s the closest to my current body in my youth.” She squinted at the report trying to find something. “How old is she?”

“She’s twenty-years-old,” he responded coolly. “A 20-year-old in college studying business administration. You don’t have to finish her degree if you don’t want to.”

“How do you pick out bodies like this?” Adam asked curiously.

“She’s a recommendation from one of my old colleagues. I’ve done this for a long time, and the hardest thing is procuring a willing vessel. The problem is that they aren’t around, so we have to choose the most vulnerable. This particular girl has undiagnosed anxiety problems.”

“She’s got mental health problems,” Adam began to say while looking at the photograph in the folder. “Are you sure her issues won’t seep into Brigitte? I don’t want my wife having the same problems.”

“A person’s mental illness won’t be transferred, if that’s what you’re asking. When a transfer happens, most issues of mental illness disappear. That’s one of the mysteries of my work – my theory is that leaving your physical brain allows your mind to adjust and heal. You won’t have the same problems as her in the end.”

“Are you sure, though?” Brigitte asked.

“I’ve been in this business for ages,” Arthur said reassuringly. “The most important thing is having a physically healthy body. While mental health problems can lead to physical issues, my colleague knows when a person is too far gone. He also knows that I reject anybody incapable of recovery. Thankfully, those are easy to spot.”

“And I trust that he only gives you the best?” Adam asked.

Arthur nodded. "A physically healthier and younger body will lead to fewer complications. Your current body might have issues during the transfer, but that won't matter too much."

"God, I can't wait," Brigitte said.

Before the couple left, Arthur watched them from across his kitchen while he prepared lunch for himself. He offered them eggs and bacon, but they refused. They were so excited with the other pictures and notes on Kyra Stewart's life, so he left them alone. Seeing their happy faces made him feel queasy, especially since they were essentially taking another person's life away. It was wasteful to him, yet he had no other choice in this line of work.

The thought of it left a sour taste in his mouth.

Kyra Stewart

Kyra never thought she'd have to ever do any type of therapy in her life. She always assumed that people didn't have their shit together, but that couldn't have been farther from the truth. Things weren't as good as they could've been, and she knew that she was starting to have problems when things drastically changed in her life.

After dating her ex, Sheldon, for two years, she thought that she'd found the one, yet the intimacy was no longer there. She thought it was because of the lack of love between them, but something else was happening to her. It was like something physical was stopping her from feeling any sexual pleasure for her boyfriend or herself. Her arousal was nonexistent, and her fantasies no longer pleased her. She couldn't enjoy pornography, which had been a favorite activity between the two. The sex became less frequent, and they eventually began to sleep in separate bedrooms in their shared apartment. Things were becoming increasingly awkward between them, and she felt like the end was in sight.

At the time, Kyra prayed that it was just a temporary thing. Sheldon's friends were all her friends. A breakup would make things stupidly awkwardly between her and everybody else. Sheldon did everything he could to keep the relationship spicy as well. It was like it was all Kyra's fault. Eventually, the relationship crumbled, and she felt isolated and alone. Sheldon moved away, and all of their friends began to shun her.

Four months had passed, and she was feeling as anxious as ever. She tried to go out and meet other people, but it was like people no longer interested her. Nothing excited her anymore. Whenever she managed to hold a conversation, she'd constantly stutter and would always scurry away out of embarrassment.

So, she began seeing Doctor Artemis Francis, a therapist working at an office by her apartment. She went straight to him to try to decide whether or not the lack of sexual attraction was because of a mental illness or a dying love. She suspected social anxiety, so that's what she asked about.

Two to three sessions had gone by, and neither of them could accurately determine the main cause behind her decrease in libido. She definitely had social anxiety, yet the thought of dealing with it through exposure absolutely scared her. He tried to roleplay scenarios out with her, though she could never take any of their stuff seriously.

After the fifth session, the therapist recommended that she see Doctor Arthur Tran, a medical professional who had private appointments in his home. He apparently had a lot of experience with roleplaying out certain scenarios, and patients apparently had a lot of success with him. The thought of

being able to deal with her social anxiety without having to do it in public was a huge plus for her. *God, I hope this works.*

Now, she was standing in front of a massive three-story house in the farmlands two cities away from home. She was expecting a closer location, but Artemis insisted that Doctor Tran was the right person for her situation.

Kyra was afraid of driving, so she paid a taxi to take her all the way out to the doctor's home. She paid the driver and stepped out onto the snow-covered driveway. The snow went up to her knees while she struggled to make her way to the front door. Looking around, she could see great empty fields of snow and dead bushes lining the road behind her as she stared up at the doctor's red brick home. Once at the door, she meekly pushed her finger against the doorbell.

Her heart was racing. Deep down, she wanted to leave. She didn't know why she was thinking this way, but it was like her body was warning her about something. *I'm always thinking like this*, she thought. *It's social anxiety. It's all in my head.* An ominous gust of cold wind blew against her body while she looked around at the empty acres of grass. The trees in the distance were whispering to her, and the late afternoon sky was beginning to darken. She shoved her naked hands into her black winter coat and shivered in silence.

Just before she could get away, the door finally opened. A short Asian man with a bald head and slightly tanned skin was beaming at her. He had a black and white checkered dress shirt tucked into navy blue pants. "Hey, are you Kyra?" He asked calmly. "I'm Doctor Tran."

"Y-Yes," she said. "Pleasure to meet you. I heard a lot of good things about you, so Doctor Francis tried to book you as soon as he c-could."

"Come on in," the man said. "You must be really cold. Do you like tea? Coffee?"

"I'm okay."

"You sure?"

Kyra felt a heat rushing to her cheeks while she shook her head. "I'm sure."

The doctor led her into a massive foyer. The smell of coffee filled the air here. A golden spiral staircase stood at the center of the room and led into the winding halls of the second floor. To the left was an open doorway that seemed to lead into a massive living room. To the right was an entrance into a dining room with a brown table and four wooden chairs.

"You can leave your coat on the coatrack beside you."

Kyra nodded and unzipped her black winter coat. She left her black boots by the door as she placed her coat on the empty rack. Straightening her dark blue sweater, she forced a smile and began following Doctor Tran.

The doctor led her through a doorway across from them. It led into a narrow hallway lined with photographs of children running around. *He's a dad*, she realized. Several closed doors ran along the left and right wall until they reached the end where a table with two chairs were. There were several notebooks on the table, and a golden pen shimmered at the center. Once they entered the room, the doctor closed the door behind her.

“Please take a seat,” he said. “Before we try anything out, I just wanted to ask you a few questions. Artemis wrote a few notes down for me, but I’m looking to dig in deeper to see if I can figure you out.”

“Okay.” Kyra sat on the nearest chair. The doctor sat across from her and took the golden pen. He stacked every notebook into a single pile and chose the first one at the top. He opened it to an empty page and wrote the date down.

“Before we start, I just want to let you know that everything between you and me is confidential. Nothing leaves this room.”

“I understand.”

He rubbed the black stubble along his jaw. “Kyra Stewart. Age 20. Female. Experiencing symptoms of anxiety and potentially depression. How has going out been for you? I think Arthur mentioned social anxiety more specifically.”

“I’m having a hard time,” she admitted. “I feel like everything changed suddenly. I used to love going out with my friends. I loved meeting new people. Guys weren’t an issue. Especially in high school. But things really changed suddenly.”

“Obviously, your ex-boyfriend was the last person you were with. Any actual problems? Like abuse?”

“No, he was a really sweet guy. He could have a bit of a temper, but he never took it out on me.”

“You had a smooth upbringing as well, correct? Nothing there that might’ve resurfaced recently?”

“My parents never abused me, if that’s what you’re asking. They actually passed away when I was really young.”

“Sorry, I’m just digging around.” Doctor Tran leaned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling with a frown. “The worrisome thing is that you mentioned to Doctor Francis that your sexual desire has been close to nonexistent. And that was pretty sudden too.” Her face became flushed with heat and embarrassment. “Don’t worry, like I said, nothing leaves this room. I’m not judging you.”

“I know…”

“I’m just trying to understand if the sexual desire is still there. Even if there’s a little bit.”

“I’ve looked at tons of photos of men and women that I used to like,” she began. “I tried looking for newer things too. Nothing excites me anymore. It feels like I’m constantly in a cloud. I feel like it’s never going to get better.”

Doctor Tran scribbled something else in the notebook and closed it. “We’ll try one more thing. It’s a little bit of an experimental treatment, but I want to use it before we formally diagnose you and treat you properly. If this doesn’t end up working, then we’ll have to start looking at potential medication.”

Her heart dropped. *I don’t have any health insurance.* She forced a fake smile. “I get it. What’s the experimental treatment?”

“Do you like video games, Kyra?”

She used to love gaming. Her past four boyfriends were all hardcore gamers who loved consoles and computers. She enjoyed MMORPGs and shooting games. Sadly, within the past year, she stopped playing much of anything. “Not as much as I used to.”

“But you enjoyed them at some point, yes?”

“I used to play a lot. Games used to be my life.”

The doctor’s dark brown eyes lit up. “Perfect. This is going to be a really exciting experience for you. We’re not going to be giving you a controller to toy around with. We’re giving you a full virtual experience.”

“Virtual reality?” She had seen a lot of the virtual reality headsets out on the market, but a lot of those made her nauseous.

It was like the doctor could read her mind. “Don’t worry, it’s not like the modern stuff. It’s actually a little more advanced. It’s my own custom software and hardware that my company’s made. The idea is that I’ll be able to place your mind in a simulation. It’ll be your physical mind.”

“How does that work?”

“Basically, I connect you to my computer with one of my Mind Pods. Wires attach to your skin and feed information in and out of you. It completely bypasses your physical body and focuses on everything going on in there.” He pointed at her forehead and smiled. “I’ll put you through social situations. You can react however you want. You can do whatever you want. You’ll be placed in a virtual body that looks exactly like your own. The virtual body will ideally be healthy, so you might actually feel your symptoms disappearing.”

“I can do whatever I want?”

“You can eat, sleep, and talk to the creatures or people that the computer sends to you. You could even have sex if you really wanted to.”

“Do ... well ... I don’t know. You’re going to be watching, right?”

“To monitor your vitals and reactions,” he said. “Don’t worry, I won’t judge you. You can do whatever you want. None of it is real. It’ll feel real, but it isn’t. I just need to see you under certain social circumstances. If it makes you feel any better, none of the things in the simulation will be recorded visually. All of this will help us figure out if this is a completely mental issue, or if something physical is happening in your body.”

“Won’t medication target both?”

“Ideally it would,” Doctor Tran began to say. “But when it comes to medication, there’s a lot of experimenting that goes on. You don’t know what antidepressants you’ll need. You don’t know how your body will react. At this point as a doctor, I can’t safely say that the benefits don’t outweigh the risks of medication.”

The idea that a doctor was going to watch her interact under different social circumstances made her a little nervous. Deep down, though, she knew that she needed to do this in order to get the best diagnosis. “Okay, I’ll try out the simulation. Do I have to book a separate appointment?”

“We can do it right now, if you’d like.”

“Really? Don’t you have to prepare things in advance?”

“The pods are actually ready,” he said. “Aside from the general maintenance, I don’t have to spend hours setting them up. It’s as easy as bringing you into the room, placing you in the pod, and letting the machine do its job. Would you like to try it out today?”

Kyra nodded, and Doctor Tran immediately got up from his seat. He urged her to follow him across the room. He opened a metal grey door and led her down a narrow hallway. The fluorescent lighting was so bright that she had to practically squint in order to see things in front of her. It felt like an eternity by the time they reached a spacious room with a massive computer screen directly to their left. It was attached to the wall above a desk, keyboard, and mouse.

Their computer looked like any other computer, but when the doctor opened a program, the lights in the ceiling darkened somewhat. The sudden change in brightness made Kyra's eyes sore as the wall on the opposite end of the room began to shift and morph. The wall began fading into a white mist. The doctor seemed really proud. "Cool, isn't it?"

"What's going on?" The wall completely faded away. Suddenly, she could see four white machines attached to the wall. *Wait, there was a wall hiding those? Where'd the wall go?*

"The wall wasn't there to begin with," the doctor said as though he could hear her thoughts. "It's just a security precaution. It took me ages to figure this out. Technology's always been one of my hobbies." He stepped forward and urged her closer to the pods. "These are them. The Mind Pods. My latest creation."

The pods looked like beds with open glass hatches just above them. *They look really comfortable.* "All I have to do is lie down?"

"That's all you have to do," he said. "There's a small stool on the side that you can use to help yourself up when you're ready. We'll go through a few preliminary things. I have to make sure you're mostly comfortable once you're in."

Kyra timidly looked inside of the pod. Deeper into the pod was a small pillow with a small series of copper wires sticking out. "Do those wires go inside of me?"

Doctor Tran laughed. "No, they don't. They just go against your skin. With the pod's wiring pressed up against your skin, the simulation pulls you through electromagnetic waves that emanate with every second. Going through your spine and into your brain, it alters your environment and lets you experience the simulated world in an almost physical way."

"How long am I going to be inside?"

"Not too long," the doctor answered. "I believe the simulation will last about an hour, depending on your choices. Time moves at the same speed as time out here, so you'll be able to keep track of it. If it ends up being longer, don't panic."

Kyra placed her hands over the cold metal edges of the pod and looked at the doctor. Her fingers tightened around the rim before she stepped onto the stool. She carefully threw herself over the edge and landed on the soft white cushion at the bottom of the pod. She began twisting her body around to get comfortable.

Doctor Tran reached inside the pod. "Your purse, please. I'll leave it purse by the computer for you." Kyra had forgotten that she still had it around her shoulder. She handed it to him before twisting and turning again. "Are you comfortable?"

"Not yet."

"The wires should enter you once it detects that you're ready. Just try to relax. Look at things around you and try to distract yourself."

Looking around, she could see little holes in the white curved walls while she looked up at the ceiling. She tried to rest her head against the pillow and attempted to relax. No matter how well she repositioned herself, she constantly felt squished. The pod didn't have very much space to begin with. She took a long and deep breath until she suddenly felt something crawling against the back of her neck.

Kyra's eyes widened, but a calm sensation flushed through her body. "You're not going to get too much direction from me," he said. "That's normal. I don't want to order you around. The point is to let you explore and see how you react under certain circumstances. I need an unbiased view of what you're like. Understood?"

"Yeah."

The doctor started to say something else. The more he spoke, the harder she had to strain her ears. Eventually, she could no longer hear anything. She could feel her heart beginning to race when she opened her mouth to say something. Her thudding heart was all she could hear when the world darkened into nothingness.

It took a few minutes for her to realize what was happening. She was falling into a deep sleep, yet she was conscious at the same time. Images fluttered before her eyes, and for a moment, she could hear a woman and man calling out to her. She tried look at where the sound was coming from, but it sounded like the noises were coming from all around her. Every echo sent ticklish sensations up her back while the black world shifted and morphed into a completely new environment.

She woke up in an incredibly beautiful room filled with expensive paintings and furniture. The scent of citrus fruits and lavender lingered in the air. She breathed in sharply while she sat up along soft white covers. The bed beneath her now naked body felt so soft and comfortable, and there was a chandelier adorned with sharp diamonds at the center of the room.

Then there was something else she was feeling. After all these months, a strange sensation came over her. Her body fell back against the bed as she relished in the sensation. It was like a wave of desire was moving through her body. From head to toe, there was this familiar heat moving through her. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath when she realized that she was actually turned on.

She slowly reached down to her crotch. For a second, she completely forgot that she was in a simulation. At that moment, she didn't care. The thought of Sheldon kissing the side of her neck made her pussy ache with wet lust. She felt damp by the time her finger circled her dainty nub. *Holy shit*, she thought when her tummy arched upwards. *I haven't felt this turned on in so long. Is it because of the machine? Or is it my mind finally breaking free?*

A finger managed to slid into her inner folds. A wonderful pressure was beginning to build up almost instantly. It was coming on so quickly that she didn't have time to really brace herself. "Oh fuck," she moaned. Her finger gently entered and left her body as her palm circled her clit. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head. "Sheldon ... Sheldon..." Everything about this felt so wonderful when she visualized Sheldon's hard cock. She squeezed her breast with a free hand. "Fuck me..."

Before her imagination could say the first word, she came hard. Her entire body jerked like a wave as she began trembling. She moaned loudly and felt jolts of euphoria shooting through her naked body. Kyra lost complete control, and for the first time in all these months, she felt satisfied. Having her mind placed inside of a simulation really lifted the cloud that hovered over her. *I feel like me again*, she thought. *Holy fuck, it's been way too long.*

By the time her orgasm died down, she was still panting loudly. She sat up on the bed and saw a damp mark where her slit gushed with her yearning. Her clit throbbed with the same amount of horniness as before. *No, I need to keep going. I need to explore as much as I can for this simulation to actually help me. I'm horny – great. But my problems aren't over.*

Kyra curiously licked her finger and realized that she still tasted the same. Everything about this simulation felt and tasted real. *It's like a second life. I'm living my life all over again.* She rolled out of the bed and felt the cool air against her naked, damp body.

She confusedly looked around and tiptoed over the soft red carpet. When she heard nothing, she moved to a nearby purple curtain and opened it up. She let out a surprised gasp when warm sunlight shot through the glass. Squinting painfully, she could see a massive blue ocean with seagulls in the distance. She was in some sort of house near a tropical beach. *Where the hell am I?*

Just beside the house was an outdoor pool. What caught her eye wasn't the fact that it was empty, though. There was a shirtless man with dark brown skin and long black hair. He was an incredibly fit guy in black shorts cleaning up the murky pool. Suddenly, a strange sensation began to pulsate from between her legs. It was a feeling she hadn't felt in ages. *Oh my god, he's so hot.* She bit her lower lip.

When he turned and noticed her staring at him, Kyra quickly closed the curtain and pinched the fabric. *Nope ... nope. He doesn't care that I'm naked. He's not real. He's a computer-generated character.* Everything felt so real while she spun around to look at the rest of the room. Beside the queen-sized bed was a dresser with a large mirror attached to it. Without any clothes, she realized that it was still her body. She was still the same person in this virtual world. Inching closer and closer to the mirror, she forced a smile and ran her fingers along her cheekbone.

"It feels so real," she whispered to herself. She turned away from the mirror and managed to find a closet. She opened it and flicked on the light switch in hopes of finding something to wear. A closet bigger than her actual room appeared, and there were dozens upon dozens of outfits to choose from. *Are these all my size?*

Suddenly, there was a knock from somewhere in the room. Her face reddened with embarrassment as she grabbed a red night gown. It was the easiest thing to put around her body. She stepped out of the closet, and at the end of the room was a white door. She timidly opened it. Standing before her was a tall human-like figure with grey metal skin. Its eyes were glowing red, and there was a creepy smile permanently drawn on its face.

"Kara," the robot had said. "You called?"

Interesting, is that what my character's name is? "I don't think I did."

"Strange, I must be malfunctioning. If you don't require anything, I will be on my way."

"Actually, sorry, do you have a map? I looked out of the window, and I don't really recognize this place. Are we in Hawaii?"

"Hawaii is not in my database," the robot said. "You are on the Northern Paradise Islands. You are ten miles away from the mainland."

"The what?"

"The Moonside State."

That only led to more questions. The fact that this nonplayable character had this level of sophistication made Kyra really respect the work put behind this place. She was amazed that this type of technology wasn't being used to sell to people for entertainment. "I see. What did you say my name was?"

"Your name is Kara Thornberry."

Kyra nervously ran her fingers through her silky straight hair. A naughty smile stretched across her lips. "That guy who's cleaning out the pool. What's his name?"

"The pool boy's name is Stefan Santini."

For once in a long time, she actually wanted to talk to somebody. She was really interested in getting to know him. The thought of being able to say whatever she wanted without being laughed at for an eternity made her really excited to test things out with the guy. She could hit on him, flirt with him, and play with him, and none of it would really matter. "I'd like you to introduce him to me."

"Certainly, Kara," the robot said. "Please follow me."

Brigitte Beckham

Cuddling and sitting on their dark brown couch in the living room, she and her naked husband spent much of the early morning looking through Kyra's social media accounts. None of her pages were private, so they spent a lot of the time looking at photos and videos of her over the years. She was an incredibly bubbly and beautiful girl who sounded so sweet and lovely. None of these photos showed any signs of suffering.

But that was the major problem with mental illness. A lot of people could have tons of issues, but they wouldn't necessarily bubble up to the surface unless something was said. It was such a sad thought, especially since Kyra seemed like she could've really gotten help. She could've really enjoyed her life. Soon, though, Brigitte would be inside of her. She'd be enjoying her life for her. She'd be the beautiful young woman with dark blue eyes and straight blonde hair.

The girl was a soccer player, so her body was tight and toned. Her sweet smile and health physique made Brigitte feel so inferior. The transwoman's shapely body was something that purred with sexual attractiveness, but the youth and nimbleness of Kyra's body made her feel jealous of what she had.

Brigitte felt even more jealous when she felt her husband's lips pressing up against the side of her neck. Like her, his cock was fully erect while they fantasized about what they'd do with her new life. "She's beautiful, isn't she?"

"She is," the wife murmured.

"I wonder how wet you're going to be when we're finally together." His hand wrapped around her bare thigh. Her small cock twitched. "What's your face going to look like when I fondle your pussy for the first time? So many questions." The hand crawled along the curves of her thigh and lingered around her balls. He smiled and kissed her neck again before noticing something wrong. "What's the matter?"

"You've always said that you've liked me for who I am," she said. "I don't know. I just feel like she's better."

"You're going to be her soon." His nose brushed against the curls of her hair. "You know I love you, right? Her body's great and all, but I wouldn't fuck her unless you were inside of her."

"Really?"

His hand finally wrapped around her waist. He pulled her close and kissed her lips. "I won't lie, though. It's going to take some getting used to. But I'm really excited to make you moan when we finally have kids." Brigitte moaned quietly and felt her dick getting even harder. "To make you cum in her body." He smooched her neck. His hand was upon her sack, and his delicate fingers were sending tingles throughout her body. She bit her lower lip once his hand gripped the hilt of her small erect dick.

"Oh Adam..." She looked down and watched him begin to stroke her. She closed her eyes and let out a satisfied sigh. Her head craned upwards. "But then there's the problem with adjusting her life. We can't make anything so sudden. I don't even think we can even start being together until after I live as her for a few weeks. I just hope this all goes smoothly..."

His grip moved faster along her rod. She felt a relieving flush of desire pulsating from her length. She was getting closer and closer. He kissed her forehead. "It will. I promise. Like I said earlier, you're worrying too much."

Just before Brigitte could let him finish, she pushed him over and got on top of him. He let go of her, and she was smiling while she kissed his lips. "I know." His hands reached around her firm ass and squeezed both cheeks. She rubbed her small dick against his stomach. "You know me all too well."

She rode against him and visualized herself inside of Kyra. She had seen enough bikini photos to know what her slender body looked like. Her chiseled abs and nimble body looked so flexible and beautiful that Brigitte found herself beginning to leak on her husband. She moaned quietly and prodded his belly with her tip. She kissed his forehead and felt his hard cock sliding up and down her butt. The thought of having his rod entering her pussy was making her wild.

"You're making such a mess," he teased. "Are you thinking about her too?"

"I am..."

Adam reached over the edge of the couch and grabbed something from the small table. It was a white bottle of lubricant. He handed it to her and put his hands behind his head. Still on his back, Brigitte squeezed the bottle into the palm of her dainty hand. A clear, slippery liquid oozed out, and she began to apply it to his big, throbbing shaft. She watched his eyes close while her fingers stroked him slowly.

Once his cock was ready, she sat down on the other side of the couch and began to spread her legs. One leg went over the couch's backing, while the other stretched out and rested against their brown hardwood floor. Adam got onto his knees and gently grasped her hips. He tugged her closer, and she let out a surprised giggle when his tip prodded the entrance to her tight hole.

"This is the position," he said. "The perfect angle. The perfect spot."

Brigitte loved missionary position with her husband. With his girth and length, he felt like he was at his deepest. The moment she slowly slid into her was the moment she realized that he was right. This was the perfect position for when she got her new body. With Kyra's body, the penetration would be worthwhile. She'd have him deep inside of her, and her cervix would be right there. His naked cock and her fertile cunt were at their closest. She moaned and felt him sliding all the way inside of her. Her length dribbled with her lust when he pushed into her.

"Oh my god," she whimpered.

Adam pulled out of her and applied more lube to his dick. He threw the bottle aside and inserted his entire cock into her tight hole again. The naughty sounds they made caused her squeal with excitement. She rested her ankles against his wide shoulders and watched his face twist with pleasurable agony.

"You're making me so wet right now, Adam..." His hard rod slithered in and out of her while he planted kisses against her augmented breasts. His tongue circled her nipple while her hands clawed at his wide back. "Yes, Adam. Yes ... right there. Fuck me right there." Brigitte closed her eyes and cupped her breasts when he was done worshipping her curvy chest. "Make love to me right there. Fucking breed me."

He pulled out and flipped her over onto her hands and knees. "Let me fuck you from here."

"From behind?"

“I’m going to go harder now,” he said. She excitedly nodded while she placed both hands against the edge of their brown couch. She propped her hole up even higher for him to mount her. With her ass swaying back and forth, she looked over her shoulder to stare at her husband. “Ready?”

“I’m ready.”

Adam pushed forward, and she felt his incredible cock burrowing deep inside of her tight ass. The pain and pleasure made her place her forehead against the edge of the couch. Her hands tightly held the couch’s armrest while she looked down from underneath her. She could see his dick disappearing into her hole as her cell phone began to ring at the other end of the room. *Is that Doctor Tran?* Every thrust made her small cock swell. It leaked with her clear fluids when she looked across the room.

“Ignore it,” he said when she was about to get up from her position. He kissed the back of her neck. “Ignore it.”

“What if it’s Doctor Tran?”

She felt a kiss against the center of her back now. He held her still, his body glistening beautifully in the living room lighting, before he abruptly forced his way back into her ass with a wet pop. “Then he can wait.”

“Oh fuck!” She moaned with surprise. “This is how you want to fuck me in her body, huh? Rough and dominating. In full, absolute control?”

“Just like this,” he said.

“You’re going to be this rough in my new body?” Adam’s powerful thrusts made her moan uncontrollably. “God, I’m so excited for this, my king.”

“I’m going to fill you up so many times.”

That got her really excited. The thought about having his child after years of being together made her realize that all of this was going to be worth it. She might’ve felt bad at first, but the chance of making a family made her eagerly bounce her ass back into his rod.

“Yeah, give me every drop, baby.”

Soon, he became a wild animal lost in its lust. His thrusts became erratic, and the sound of their damp bodies clapping together echoed throughout their living room. His grip around her curvy waist tightened while his shaft abruptly tensed up. He swelled and began to empty inside of her while he buried himself at the deepest that he could go. Brigitte looked over her shoulder and smiled at the way her husband’s red face twisted with ecstasy.

The phone began to ring again as he slid out of her. She rolled onto her back and watched his seed oozing out of her. She reached down into her gaping hole and felt the warmth and creaminess while her husband went to grab her phone.

“Yeah, you were right. It was Doctor Tran.”

“Did he leave a message?” She asked while reaching for a nearby towel they had left out.

“No voice mail, but I’m sure he’s expecting us to call him back.”

“I’m surprised that he called this early,” Brigitte said while wiping her ravaged hole. “God, you made such a mess.”

The transwoman and her husband took a quick hot shower together before getting dressed. Her husband wore a full grey suit while she chose the same black dress she had worn the previous day. It was strange for her since she wasn’t coming back to this body, but she enjoyed dressing well for special occasions. And this was her favorite dress, so she wanted her old body to be wearing it when the transfer happened.

When Brigitte was ready and called the doctor back, he mentioned that the machines were ready for the transfer. So, the forty-year-old woman rushed to Doctor Tran’s home with her husband. She sat in the passenger seat with a smirk over her lips as she looked over to her husband. “Are you as excited as I am?”

“I am,” he admitted while turning their Porsche sports car into the forest that divided the farmlands from the rest of the city. He shifted down a gear, and the exhaust roared. “I’m going to miss your current body, though. I really will.”

They got to the front door and rang the doorbell. Within seconds, Doctor Tran opened the door and urged them inside. “You came quickly,” the doctor said. “Did you two want anything to drink before the procedure?”

“I think we’re okay,” her husband said while they navigated the foyer. They left their shoes at the front door beside a black pair of winter boots. They left their coats on a nearby rack and followed Doctor Tran.

The hallway was filled with photographs of his wife and children. A warmth gushed from Brigitte’s chest when she realized that she and Adam would be experiencing the same thing. *We’ll be making memories*, she realized happily when they finally reached the end of the hallway. Doctor Tran opened the doorway and led them inside. *We’re actually going to be able to have children together.*

“Please take a seat.” There was a table with two chairs. A few notebooks and a folder were sitting at the center of the table. Doctor Tran took one of the two chairs and put them side by side. He stood on the opposite side of the table. Brigitte held her husband’s hand tightly as they approached the table. Once they were both seated, Doctor Tran opened the folder and handed her a few pages of what looked like a list.

Brigitte could see address information, old workplaces, and personal income tax figures. “Is this hers?”

“They’re stragglers that I forgot to add,” the doctor said. “They were supposed to go with that folder I made for you. These are the last little bits. I dug up as much as I could to help with your transition. I’m not telling you to memorize these little points, but it’s a good idea so you’re not completely surprised.”

Adam kissed her cheek. “I’ll read them through for you while you’re going through this. She’s always been an audio learner.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Doctor Tran said. “I’ll leave that copy with you. Brigitte, when you’re ready, please follow me into the next room. I’ll need to have a quick chat with you before you leave, Adam, so please stay here. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Is it about her recovery?”

The doctor nodded. "While she's going to be at this facility for a few days, I'll need you to keep track of a few things for me when she's with you. Nothing major, I just want to make sure there aren't any complications."

"And if there *are* complications?"

"All complications can be fixed. The important thing is noticing them."

Brigitte looked at her husband and smiled. Her delicate fingers playfully brushed his bald head. "I'll see you in a few days in my new body." She leaned her head towards him and kissed his lips. "I'll see you later."

He kissed her back. Their lips lingered for a longer period of time this time. "I'll see you later."

Brigitte sat up and followed Doctor Tran into another room through a metal grey door behind him. They walked through a narrow hallway similar to the one they went through before. The exception was that there weren't any family photos smiling back at them.

She squinted as the lighting seemingly became brighter. By the time her eyes could adjust, they were in a spacious room with a large computer screen on their left. Stuck to the wall above an oak desk. "Where are the pods?"

"Just one moment. It's a little security feature of mine."

There wasn't anything else special about the room. She was about to say something when Doctor Tran walked closer to the desk. After clicking a few buttons, a box showed up on the screen, and the lights dimmed. The sudden shift in lighting hurt her eyes even more while her eyes struggled to get used to her surroundings. Suddenly, the opposite end of the room began to morph. The entire wall faded away into an ominous white mist, and sitting before them were four white machines attached to the opposite wall.

The four white machines were the pods that the doctor had mentioned. Each one had a hatch that was open and exposed, with the exception of one on the far-left hand side. "Wow, that's really cool," Brigitte said enthusiastically. "Was the wall actually there, or is that an optical illusion?"

"Optical illusion," the doctor said proudly.

"I guess you've got to do what you've got to do. The Red Trio wasn't kidding when they said you want to keep everything secretive. They really pushed me to sign that part in the agreement."

"You can choose any one of the open pods. I'll place you inside of the computer and integrate you with Kyra's body."

"She isn't going to be sharing her body with me, right? I don't want to hear her for the rest of my life."

The doctor laughed. "No, don't worry, it doesn't work like that. Once I've integrated you, her mind gets left in the computer. Her mind will be disposed or trapped. I usually delete it."

"Is that painful?"

"She won't even notice."

Brigitte's heart was racing with excitement. *Good, it isn't so bad. She isn't going to suffer when I take her body.* She timidly walked to the pod with Kyra inside of it and peered inside. The woman's dark blue

eyes were open wide with wires wrapped around her neck. Even in the pod, Brigitte could tell that the fit, young woman had a body to die for. Her jeans and blue sweater hugged her feminine body so perfectly.

“She’s beautiful, isn’t she?” The doctor asked with crossed arms beside her.

“I’m really happy with the selected person,” Brigitte said. “I just can’t believe this is actually going to happen. Do I ... do I have to do anything to make this thing work? Or do I just lie down in a nearby pod?”

“Choose a pod and lie down. You’ll be placed into an induced sleep. Over the next few days, the computer will slowly integrate your mind into her body. It’s definitely going to be more than a day, though. The longer Kyra’s in the simulation, the more successful this is going to be. As long as she keeps interacting with the world around her, then her body is yours.”

“What’s she doing right now?”

“She’s just exploring the simulated world,” the doctor answered. “For once in a long time, she’s actually sexually aroused. Once she starts having sex with any of the characters, her mind will permanently detach from her body.”

“Wait, if she had issues with sexual arousal, won’t that seep into me as well?”

Doctor Tran shook his head. “Everything is mental. Once inside the simulation, the machine optimizes her virtual body and makes it so that any mental illnesses, if any, disappear. It gives the illusion that the therapy is working, when it’s really just a way to put them at ease until their body gets taken over. If they weren’t at ease, then the mind detachment wouldn’t work.”

Brigitte slowly climbed into the pod closest to Kyra’s body. She let out a surprised giggle when she practically fell into the pod with a thud. She landed on something soft while she tried to get comfortable. It felt like her body was too wide. “Are you okay?” The doctor asked.

“I think my shoulders are too big for this one.”

“It’ll be fine,” Doctor Tran assured her. “Are you as comfortable as possible?”

“I think so.”

“Good,” he said. “Please breathe in deeply and slowly. Try to relax.” The lid of the pod slowly moved over her. For a moment, all she could hear was her rapid heartbeat and deep breathing. A hissing sound emerged from somewhere inside the pod, and the world began to darken around her.

Kyra Stewart

The sun felt so hot and real as Kyra stretched along a white beach chair. The beach was practically empty, and the crashing of the waves against the white sand made her smile. She felt like she was in paradise as she crossed her legs over each other. She felt like she was on vacation instead of getting treatment.

Kyra's confidence had never been like this in a long time. With her skimpy black bikini that showed off her slim and sexy body, she repeatedly saw guy characters walking by and smiling at her. She smiled back at them and rejected every single advance. Every area had a small number of interactable nonplayable characters. Every person had a unique personality and appearance. Every positive interaction made her gush with happiness. Shutting other guys down gave her such a rush of excitement.

"Where did you say you were from again, Kara?" A familiar deep voice asked her from the corner of her eye. Her hand took hold of a glass of pineapple juice. She looked to her side and saw Stefan, the Italian character she met at her mansion. Like before, he was completely shirtless, and the sight of him made her clit throb. She could see every muscle and bulge on his upper body. After being introduced to him by her robot companion, she began to learn a lot more about him aside from his handsome appearance.

Besides doing cleaning around the oceanside mansion, Stefan was also the private masseur at a nearby spa. He took her there and offered a free full body massage, which she eagerly accepted. She still remembered how relaxed she felt with him squeezing her arms and legs. Kyra found herself getting wet, but she kept herself from going any further with him. Deep down, she wanted him to do so much more to her. She wanted him to touch her in places that could've gotten him fired, so she fought back her sexual urges and decided to thank him by taking him out to the nearby beach.

He got onto his knee and smiled at her. "You never really answered my question from earlier."

"Oh, I didn't?"

"Yeah, you kind of just ignored me and asked me to come along."

Kyra felt a little bad about that. She did this to dozens of nonplayable characters at first. She didn't realize how realistic these people were. Kyra assumed that every character just had a basic personality with basic choices. But this place was advanced. Every action she took had some sort of rippling effect on other characters. If she was rude to somebody, other people nearby would say something and react to her.

Everything here actually felt real. It was such an accurate representation of reality that she was slowly starting to forget that she was actually in a simulation. *I'm here to figure out what's wrong with me*, she reminded herself.

After she started interacting with the world around her instead of rushing through everything, she realized that talking to people wasn't so bad. She could actually hold a conversation again without stuttering. Being in this simulation made her feel so happy after such a long time. By not giving a shit about the people around her, she had an easier time dealing with conversations. It also didn't help that

she'd found a guy who she could actually talk to. Unlike the guys in the real world, Stefan Santini was an incredibly nice guy.

The way he spoke to her was also just so sexy. His deep voice purred with the soul of a man, and she wanted to be his woman. Whenever he spoke, his warm breath would tickle her delicate skin. At the massage parlor, he teased her when he grasped her thighs, but he was such a gentleman that he held back from going any further. *Why couldn't he just take initiative?* She wondered.

"Sorry about that," she finally answered Stefan while he rolled into the seat beside her. "Yeah, my head's been all over the place. That's why I never answered you."

"All over the place, huh?"

"Yeah. Anyway, I'm from the United States in a city called Seattle. I'm actually planning on moving again in a few months. I'm planning on doing it during the summer."

"That's exciting," Stefan said. "It's a shame, though. You haven't considered moving here permanently? You have your own mansion. If I lived at your place, I'd never go anywhere else."

She giggled. "I've considered it, but I can't. I have to be somewhere else."

"Why not?"

"It's complicated," Kyra answered. "I feel like you wouldn't believe me."

"If it's really that personal, I guess you could keep it to yourself. It's just sad. You've been really interesting to be around, you know."

"I'm not that interesting."

"But you are," he said with his eyes lighting up. "I haven't had a dull moment with you for the past few hours. Ever since I laid my eyes on you at your pool, you know? You're one of the few girls who I can just keep talking to. I don't think we've had awkward silences at all."

She ran her fingers through her long blonde hair and looked out into the ocean. She sipped some juice and sighed. "That's true. I actually get that same feeling whenever I'm with other guys."

He leaned forward, and his face was inches away from her own. She fought every desire to just lean into him. She wouldn't be staying around here for long, and she felt guilty about leaving this fake world. But her inner folds began to ache with lust, and the man's dark eyes and cleanshaven face sent her body into a sexual frenzy. Stefan's hand was close to her thigh, and when she brought her leg over his own, his hand warmly squeezed her thigh.

She looked around at the empty beach and bit her lower lip. All of this felt so real, and now that she was actually getting so close to another man, it was like her body was becoming reactive again. The throbbing desire that emanated from between her legs finally pushed her over the edge. She leaned forward and kissed Stefan for the first time.

She could feel his arm wrapping over her waist. He held her down against the recliner and attacked her tongue with his own. She lightly moaned into him and felt her heart racing. The blood was coursing through her veins with desire and nervousness, and she was loving every second of it. *God, he's making me feel so wild.*

"Stefan," she whispered to him. "I'd like you to call me Kyra."

“Kyra? Not Kara?”

“Kara’s just a nickname,” she lied. “I’m actually Kyra.”

He smiled at that. “Keeping your name a secret, huh? How do you feel about going to somewhere a little more secluded, Kyra?” He whispered into her ear. “Somewhere more private.”

“I’d love that,” she said. “Do you have a place in mind?” Stefan hopped off his chair and took her hand. His bicep flexed as he pulled her up onto her feet and began leading her to the far right of the beach. The pineapple juice spilled over her hand and almost landed on his shirtless body, but she managed to keep it all from pouring out. “Whoa, wait up!”

Giggling, she brought the rim of her glass against her lips and gently sipped while they moved along. She watched Stefan’s back expanding and flexing with every step, and she could smell his spicy cologne that reminded her of her boyfriend. The waves crashed loudly beside them while a salty mist engulfed them. She struggled to keep up with him in her black flip flops.

“I know this beach like the back of my hand,” he said when she was finally just as fast as him. He had finally slowed down a little as he looked at her. “It’s a little cliffside where nobody goes. It’s a nice place to take pictures, but nobody goes out there at this time of day. The little cave’s perfect for us.”

When he finally stopped, they were right beside a red cliff that poked out over them and the ocean. He looked over his shoulder while they walked over scattered red stones. “Here?” She asked.

They went closer to the cliff, and she realized that a natural opening led deeper into the hollow cliff. It was like somebody had dug a hole into its side. They stepped into it, and the place echoed with every footstep. It stopped several meters into the cliff, and it was almost like a low ceiling room. Stickmen and crudely drawn animals could be seen etched or written into the wave-cut notch. With their backs against the red stone wall, they sat beneath the drawings and looked out into the open waters. The cold red ground felt rough, yet Kyra was comfortable beside Stefan.

“Oh my god, it looks so beautiful from here,” she said. “Nobody can see us. It’s like a little pocket hidden away.” She leaned her head into his soft shoulder. “I wish I could stay.” She drank the rest of her pineapple juice and set her empty cup across from her. “I don’t really think I have a whole lot of time left here anyway. It’s a shame that this is going to be so short.”

He closed his eyes and rested his forehead against her own. “Does it have to be, mi amor?”

“Does it have to be what?”

“Does it have to be so short? You can lengthen your visit. You said it yourself – you’re not working. You’re a student. And the summer is still fresh and young.”

In her world, it was still snowing. She wasn’t sure why she was being so protective about the fact that she was from another world. It wasn’t like she was going to be hurting his feelings. This was all fake. This was all virtual. This was all just a simulation to test her mental health.

It opened her eyes and made her realize that things could be way worse, and when she felt his lips pressing into her own, she realized that she wasn’t afraid of them knowing where she came from. She was worried about how they’d feel when they learned that their world was going to end. She was worried for them, and she’d rather keep them in the dark than enlighten them.

“Mi amor,” he whispered between kisses. “I love you so much.” Kyra felt so wet and aroused. “Please, stay.” Every inch of her skin was alive with desire when she shoved his muscular chest backwards against the ground. He was on his back now, and she crawled on top of him. Her warm hands squeezed at his muscular, perfect body.

“I won’t go anywhere,” she lied to him. She could feel his hard cock through his black swimming trunks. His hardness pushed against her black bikini bottom over and over again. “And if I do, I’ll come back. I’ll always come back.”

“Promise?”

“I promise.” She lowered her upper body and brushed her cleavage against his chest. She kissed his forehead once his wonderful hands began squeezing at the soft flesh of her lower back. “You want to keep seeing me, don’t you?”

“Ever since I met you at your mansion,” he said. “Ever since I squeezed your body at the parlor. Massaged your skin. Heard you moan and purr like a woman with her fingers around my soul.” He kissed her lips and wrapped his arms around her lower back. “It made me want you even more.”

“Yeah?”

“It’s your eyes,” he whispered. “The wild fire that ignites whenever I speak to you. Your aura.” She slid up and down his chiseled abs, and he would plant kisses against her cleavage whenever she moved up. “Your body. Everything about you ... I want it.”

She moved down his body and began to stroke his package with her leaking crotch. Kyra bit her lower lip, and warm tingles began to move through her inner folds. “Sit up for me.” Her throbbing clit repeatedly pushed into his own crotch until he sat up against the nearby stone wall.

She pulled his shorts and underwear away and took hold of his thick, long cock. It felt so rigid and huge. She was impressed by the sheer look of it.

“Too big?” He asked.

“No, it’s perfect.” *He’s bigger than Sheldon.* She wrapped her lips around his thick dome and winked at him. “Let me return the favor for the free massage. Let me start this.” She sank down on his cock and felt it reaching the back of her throat. The taste of his musk and ocean salt filled her mouth, and she moaned into him.

“Fuck...” he groaned.

Kyra laughed into his cock as she gurgled into him. She could feel him pulsating deep within her mouth. She happily bobbed her head and watched him lean into the nearby wall. For an incredibly muscular and powerful man, he looked so helpless with him inside of her mouth. She was the one in control, and for once in a long time, she was getting overwhelmed with anticipation.

With a free hand, she circled the outside of her crotch and moaned into him even louder. All of this was so hot to her. She felt unbelievably moist as she suddenly stopped sucking him off. She got up and slid her bikini bottom and red panties down her legs. She happily watched his thirsty eyes following the way her hips moved. The beautiful island man was practically drooling for her when she sat on him. Kyra placed her hands over his powerful shoulders and pinned his back against the wall.

“I can’t wait to have you inside of me,” she whispered. She reached behind her and tugged the string that kept her black bikini top on. The fabric fell onto her lap, and her firm breasts revealed themselves.

Before she could straddle him, the dark-skinned man suddenly picked her up. Stefan was an unbelievably strong man who easily adjusted her body beneath him. He placed her on her back and planted a kiss against the side of her neck. She felt helpless, but she felt so horny and wild that she didn’t care what he did to her. All she wanted was his cock deep inside.

She watched him anchor his tip against her wet folds. Her inner lips opened up and grazed his tip like an open flower. “Do you really want me inside of you? Like this?”

Kyra nodded and let out a passionate moan when he quickly slid into her. A jolt of pleasure shot through her. For the first time in a long time, she felt full and complete. She could feel her insides stretching. He was the biggest guy she’d been with, but to her surprise, he fit in her completely. A slight bulge emerged from her tummy when he began to move slowly.

“How does that feel?”

“It feels incredible,” she whimpered. “You’re so fucking big.” She looked down and could see every inch of his cock being hugged by her crevice. His length was just as wet as her insides. The lust and desire oozed from her with every passionate moan that he forced out of her. “God, Stefan ... Stefan! Yes!”

Each time the man slammed into her, she could feel her head falling deeper and deeper in her lustful bliss. It was like nothing mattered at this point. Initially, she would’ve been afraid of getting caught, yet the hotness of all of this made her want to be seen. She wanted the world to know how wonderful this all felt for her.

The only thing on her mind now was her new lover. She loved the way he felt against her slender body, and she loved his kisses and the way he touched her. “Mi amor,” he whispered in his sexy Italian accent. “Fuck... you are ... you are so tight.” His wet cock slammed into her folds rhythmically while he sucked on her breasts.

Waves of pleasure shot through her. He worshipped her light pink nubs as they hardened. “Mi amor,” she teased. “Mi amor! Oh, yes!” Moaning loudly, she looked left and right towards the edges of their hideaway and prayed that somebody was watching them in secret. Her naughty noises made loud echoes, but nobody seemed to be nearby. It was just them and their wicked entanglement.

It had been ages since she truly felt this way. Her femininity had been gone for so long, she forgot all about the wonderful sensations pulsating from between her legs. She was so horny and alive with passionate lust that she found herself never wanting to leave this place. Everything felt so perfect here, and nobody was there to judge her.

But as Stefan’s powerful cock breached her wet slit, she realized that’s what her mindset should’ve been from the start. *People don’t actually care*, she realized excitedly. *People don’t care about what I do. They might notice my mistakes, but they don’t think about it all the time.* A naughty smile stretched across her lips. *There’s nothing wrong with me. It was all just in my head.*

“Stefan...”

“Yes, mi amor?”

She kissed his lips. "I want you to go even harder than before. I want you to push us both to the limit."

He buried his mouth against the side of her neck. She felt the intense heat spreading throughout her body. He spoke against her skin in a ticklish, fiery whisper. "I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't," she assured him. "You like me, don't you? I want you to fuck me hard. I want you to show me how much you like me too." He took a deep breath and plunged into her. The force nearly knocked the wind out of her. Her butt practically scraped the stone beneath them while his length caused a pressure to build up inside of her core. "Harder!" He was starting to grunt. "Harder, Stefan! I want you to make me cum!"

Suddenly, he started lifting her up into the air. Her blonde hair fell in all directions as she giggled with surprise. She felt so light and helpless while he began to fuck her while standing. He brutally swung his cock into her and grunted like a man. Their moans echoed as the pleasure only worsened. Her arms wrapped around his thick neck, and her legs locked around his lower back. Her body was getting closer and closer to climax.

"You're such a beautiful little slut..."

"Oh fuck! Yes! I'm your dirty little slut! Fuck me, Stefan! Please!"

Stefan's breathing quickened. "The way your face twists when I fuck you. I can't believe how perfect you are."

"Do you really think that?"

The dark-skinned man was shimmering with his sweat as he nodded. "There aren't many girls like you here on the island." His nose pushed against the side of her neck, and his lips planted themselves against her soft flesh. "Blonde hair, dark blue eyes, pale skin. Such a beautiful foreign girl."

An excited Kyra found herself grinding against his muscular body with every swing of his hips. Her brows arched upwards as her eyes rolled to the back of her head. Figuring out what her personal mental problems were no longer mattered. The only thing she wanted was Stefan feeling good about all of this. She wanted him to enjoy this the way she was enjoying it. Kyra rested her forehead against his own. "You're about to cum, right?"

They were both panting by the time she already started to feel his length beginning to swell. "I'm close." Stefan slowed down, but Kyra only shook her head. Her hips gyrated against his powerful body. "Kyra?"

"I want you to cum inside of me," she whispered. "I want you to cum inside of me while I cum too."

"Are you close too?"

"Fuck!" She screamed. The pressure finally erupted between her legs, and she felt a surge of euphoria moving through her body. Her toes and fingers curled with overwhelming pleasure as her body began to shiver. Her moans became shaky, and with one final grunt, Kyra could feel his length swelling and filling her with his seed. A warmth filled her so much that his manly essence began to drip from her canal almost immediately. He looked so perfect as his face looked lost in his bliss. She gently gyrated against his cock as she milked every remaining spurt.

"Stefan," she said shakily.

“Fuck...”

She felt his shaft still twitching by the time he slid out of her. The man gently placed her back against the stone floor beside their clothes. Her heart was still racing while his seed oozed from her tight folds. She sat up and watched him running a finger along her crevice. “I put every drop into you.”

“You did,” she giggled while looking at his wet, flaccid cock. The sound of her voice was already making it harden again. “Wow, you’re almost ready to go again, huh?”

He leaned forward and locked his lips against her own. He embraced her, and the heat of their bodies was already turning her on again. Everything here felt whole. To her, she was in paradise. She enjoyed her final few seconds with Stefan until the world started to spin.

Oh no – wait, I’m not done. A sadness gripped her chest when she felt a sour taste in her mouth. She tried to say something. She opened her lips as the dark-skinned man kissed her cheek and murmured something, but her body had become stiff. *I guess this is goodbye,* she thought. *I figured everything out with the simulation. Stefan, this is goodbye.*

Colorful waves of light swirled around her, and an intense warmth fluttered through her entire body. She felt her stiff body jerking like a wave as a man’s deep voice echoed in her mind. For a moment, she thought Stefan was still with her. She remembered the warmth of his fingers and the curves of his lips pushing against her own. She remembered the lust that emanated from her chest as he made love to her for the first time. Rather than see Stefan in her mind, though, she saw somebody else entirely.

The man was an intimidating individual with mismatched blue and green eyes. He had disgusting scars along his neck and face, and he looked extremely angry at her. Fear gripped her chest when she heard his deep voice say something to her. Before she could react, he crossed his muscular arms and smiled at her. He whispered something that she could barely hear.

And that was when her eyes opened up. They felt forced open as she gazed up at the ceiling. Kyra wanted to cry so badly while she struggled to move in the pod. It felt like an eternity since she had been in the real world, and she strongly preferred the simulated tropical islands that she spent so much time on. She tried to sit up as the pod’s hatch opened, but something was horribly wrong.

Kyra was frozen stiff. Hearing a woman and a man talking, she tried to call out to them. Like the final parts of the simulation, she was unable to actually say anything. *What the hell’s going on?* She wondered.

“This is incredible,” the woman’s voice said excitedly. “It feels like my own body. Her skin’s so soft. Do you have a mirror?”

Wait, who is that? Is that another patient? Kyra wondered.

“Thank you,” the voice said.

“How do you like it?” The doctor asked.

“I love it! Oh my god, I look so perfect. She’s so skinny too. And these firm tits – my husband’s going to have a lot of fun. My new body’s perfect.” The voice paused. “Wow, and her breasts are actually real. They look so round and firm. I thought they had work done, but wow. She’s ... no. I’m perfect. And this throbbing sensation ... I haven’t felt this before.”

“Her body hasn’t had sexual stimulation for a while. Your mind in her body finally awakened its libido.”

The voice laughed. "It's such a weird feeling. I can't believe I'm in a woman's body now. I can't believe I'm actually her now. I didn't notice anything – I literally fell asleep and woke up in her body."

Her body? My body?

"I hope you don't mind the precautionary few days," the doctor said. "Until then, you won't be able to have too much exploratory fun. But at least there shouldn't be many issues. I just need to make sure you aren't having any negative effects from the transfer. I have a room set up for you and everything."

"How long was I out?"

"Three days. It took longer than usual."

Doctor Tran? Hello? Can you hear me?

Suddenly, a familiar face poked over the pod. It wasn't the Asian doctor who assisted with her treatment. Instead, a beautiful woman with a worried face looked at her. Dark blue eyes stared into her soul as a smile crept across her face. The blonde woman had long, straight hair and a familiar blue sweater around her torso.

"Why are my old body's eyes still open?"

"There's nothing inside of your old body," the doctor said. "That's what the body does when there's no brain activity. I'll help make arrangements for your final will and ensure a proper transfer of assets without raising suspicions."

No, wait, I'm still in here.

"By then, I'll dispose of your old body promptly."

Doctor Tran, please, I'm still here! Her old body laughed. The sheer toxicity in her happiness sent shivers throughout whatever body Kyra was in. Everything about her still felt frozen stiff. *This isn't good. Whose body am I in right now?*

Suddenly, she felt her fingers beginning to twitch. She opened her mouth and tried to sit up. She summoned every ounce of strength to let out a cry for help, but nothing came out. Instead, the pod closed, and the sound of gas hissing emerged from somewhere in the pod.

Horrified, Kyra managed to make a faint groan and held her head up. Large breasts and a black dress were over her body now. Blonde curls fell from her head while her head felt like it was spinning. Between her legs was a faint, hard bulge that pulsated with her heartbeat. She groaned louder one final time before the world darkened around her forever.

Epilogue

Whenever Doctor Artemis Francis sent patients over to Doctor Arthur Tran, there was always a range of success. Some would be mildly better, some would be happier, and some would be completely different people. In Kyra's case, she'd gone from an isolated young woman into an expectant mother in the span of two months since he last saw her.

Apparently, after going to Doctor Tran for a few sessions, she began going out more. She got out of her shell through exposure. By forcing herself into social situations like both doctors told her to, she was able to really curb her social anxiety. But it wasn't until she began seeing Doctor Tran that things really took a turn for the better.

Now, after two months of specialized treatment, she was sitting in the black recliner she had rested on all those months before. Her normally straight blonde hair was curled beautifully, and the smell of a lavender perfume lingered in the air while she adjusted herself over the black leather. She stared up at the ceiling with a faint smirk on her face while she explained what had been going on over the past few months. Her hands were on her tummy, which still looked quite flat in her grey T-shirt. On her ring finger was a shimmering golden engagement ring.

"I wasn't sure why he had to redirect me to you since I'm pretty good now," Kyra said. "Is this just part of my ongoing treatment?"

"I suppose you could say that. It's just standard procedure. It's also a chance for me to see if there was anything specific that I missed."

Kyra shrugged. "I don't think there was. I think the real game changer was the roleplaying that he made me do. I feel like that really helped a lot."

Doctor Tran had an unorthodox way of treating patients. He was never transparent as to what he actually did, and his patients never mentioned anything beyond roleplaying. But pretending to be somebody else and acting in certain situations seemed to really help. Whenever Artemis attempted to do any type of roleplaying, his patients wouldn't take it seriously, or they wouldn't improve. Yet, when it came to Doctor Tran, he seemed to have a gift for it.

"You mentioned that you're pregnant. Are you keeping the child?"

"Of course," she blurted out. "It's what I want."

That took him by surprise. "It seems like a big jump for you. You've gone from being socially isolated to becoming a potential parent. That's a really big step for anyone. And you mentioned dropping out of school ... aren't you worried about the financial repercussions?"

She turned her head and looked at him with a warm smile. The happiness and joy radiating from her was something he hadn't seen before. There was something in her dark blue eyes that radiated with assurance. "Money isn't a problem for me right now. I inherited quite a will from a close friend. It also helps that I'm doing this with a really great guy."

"So you haven't just been venturing out into the world," he said. "You've actually been meeting people. How did that go?"

“Really smoothly and quickly. It feels like I’ve known this guy for years. We just started talking, and one thing led to another. He’s a software engineer for one of the downtown firms. Really great guy.” She rolled her eyes. “He’s a bit older than I am. He’s forty-three. I’m twenty. But I don’t see myself with anybody else.”

Artemis scribbled a few notes down. Compared to every other patient that he sent to Doctor Tran, Kyra actually seemed confident with what she’d been doing. She made all sorts of adjustments, and the young blonde girl seemed a lot happier. Over two months ago, the therapist had to ask a lot more questions to get her talking. Now, it was like Kyra actively wanted to share what she was doing.

The young woman had so much planned as a mother. She’d go back to school after taking a few years off before working with her future husband at his company. Kyra also had plans on, having two more children at some point, so she was actually in the market to move into a bigger place. Artemis smiled and set his notebook aside. Knowing full well that Kyra was a changed woman, he decided to sign off on his final forms. He photocopied the form after having the young woman sign it. Once that was done, it was time for her to go. She shoved her paperwork into her purse and got up from the recliner.

He led her down the hallway where he saw a towering and intimidating man. He was practically glaring until he saw Kyra. A warm smile stretched across her face as she hugged him. “Sorry for keeping you waiting,” the young blonde said on her tippytoes. She was at least a foot shorter than him. “I just had to finish some paperwork up.”

“I just got here, no worries,” the older man said. The guy looked like a drug dealer. “Are you for sure done now?”

Kyra released her fiancé and turned to face Artemis. “Thank you so much for everything again. I’ll be back if I need anything.”

“It’s what I’m here for,” he told her. His chest felt fuzzy. “My contact information is on your copy of the forms.”

Her smile widened. “Thanks, Doctor Francis. I’ll see you later!”

With that, Kyra took her fiancé’s massive hand and led him out the door. Artemis had seen a lot of people coming and going throughout his career, but it was nice to see a socially anxious woman steadily morphing into an energetic expectant mother. He followed them out of the building, watched them enter an expensive looking Porsche at the side of the road, before closing the door shut.

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 lusting 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.

Inside Her Perfect Student

Amy Williams is an old college teacher who is dying. A past student and ex-lover visits her with a potential way to avoid death. Using mind transferring tiaras, she tricks her teaching assistant into giving up her young and athletic body. Amy takes over Samantha's body and struggles to maintain control. A problem during the transfer causes a wide range of issues. The young girl's strong mind begins to slowly overpower the old woman's mind. Will the young student manage to break free from the dying woman's control, or will she lose her body forever?

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-gee 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-gee 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.