



iswap

M2F  
BODY SWAP

INVILTS

**iSwap**  
*M2F Body Swap*

by M. Wills

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## iSwap

Even from all the way upstairs and with my bedroom door closed, I could hear my stepsister screaming in rage.

“You can't do that!” Amber wailed.

“I already have,” my dad roared in response. “You do not deserve to go on this trip.”

My suitcase was on the floor and I continued adding clothes to it as the argument from downstairs trickled up to my room. It was hard to concentrate with all the noise, but fortunately I'd made a list and was ticking things off as they went in. I'd already budgeted exactly for the trip and I didn't want to have to buy any extra clothes just because I'd forgotten my swimsuit or some nice dress shirts to get into the fancier clubs around Athens. It also wouldn't hurt to bring a spare set of glasses and an extra book or two. Better to be prepared for anything: rainy days, closed bookstores, leisurely lunches in nearly empty cafes.

“It's not fair! It was only one dumb party!” Amber yelled from downstairs, emphasizing her point by thumping loudly on something heavy and solid, probably the kitchen table around which the argument was occurring.

“That's not the point,” dad responded. “You had a responsibility. How can we trust you to go off on your own if we can't trust you at home?”

Amber and I had made plans to visit Athens together over the summer and our plane was leaving in two days. My stepsister and I didn't really get along—I found her too much of a stuck-up princess and she thought of me as too much of a boring bookworm—but we'd found a package deal to take advantage of low airfares and cheap hotels. We'd mostly be doing different activities anyway, and I didn't expect to see much of my bratty stepsister except back at the hotel each night. I wanted to see the sites, visit the ruins and explore where democracy was born. Amber wanted to lay on the beach and go to clubs every night. But, from the way the argument downstairs was going, I'd not only get my own room, I wouldn't have to deal with any of Amber's demands. I was already smiling at the thought of having the resort hotel room all to myself.

The argument downstairs had reached a simmer, and I sometimes caught snippets of conversation, but it didn't seem like my dad was budging. The whole thing had started because Amber had invited a few friends over last night when my parents went out for a late evening. That was her story anyway, but I remember a pretty wild party going on until about an hour before my parents were due to return. I'd been holed up in my room playing video games, venturing downstairs occasionally to grab a beer, or try to sneak a glance at Amber's best friend, Kaitlyn.

Kaitlyn had mostly lounged on our living room couch, surrounded by a group of three or four guys who were so clearly trying to get in her pants. I couldn't really blame them. Kaitlyn was gorgeous, with soft features, a cute little button nose, and full pouty lips. Plus, she had a fantastic figure. She was a soccer player, so her thighs were solid and powerful, and she had the tightest ass. She was a dream to watch running across the field, her powerful legs striding forward, her heavy breasts bouncing up and down. How I wished they'd bounce up and down in my face. Like Tantalus and the



fruit, Kaitlyn's boobs were forever out of my grasp but always visible. She and Amber were on the school soccer team together and also hung out constantly so she was always in my periphery. She also starred in a number of my fantasies. But to her, I was just her best friend's dorky little brother.

I had retreated from Amber's friends back upstairs when I heard the sound of something smash, and I ran downstairs to find Amber standing over Carl Reiner's body. Well, a signed photograph of the actor's body anyway. The frame was broken and what looked like half a beer was dripping onto the picture and spilling onto the carpet. No amount of cleaning could get the stain out before my stepmom and my dad got home. Amber tried to hide the ripped photograph but, of course, my dad noticed the empty spot in his celebrity collection right away and went ballistic.

There were denials. Screams. Crying. But now it seemed pretty quiet. I folded up my suitcase and peeked my head out of my room just in time to see Amber stomping up the stairs. Amber was tall and willowy, with long limbs and a slender frame. She took after her mom, with smooth mocha skin, a regal nose, and a pretty, dark-featured face. She usually evinced a comfort in her body that I envied, an ability to move easily through a room with a sort of carefree giddiness about herself. Now, however, her brow was furrowed, striking dark eyebrows narrowed in anger, little nose wrinkled in disgust. Even in rage she was well put together, like her makeup had been artistically run with tears instead of uncontrolled mad crying. Her belly shirt showed off the smooth expanse of her flat tummy and her shorts were scandalously small, nearly underwear, revealing acres of perfect legs. She fixed me with her wide brown eyes.

"This is bullshit," she spat, "Dad took away my ticket."

"Oh, geez," I said lamely.

"Yeah. Oh, geez. I'm sure you're *real* broken up about it. Now you can have your little nerd-cation by yourself."

I withdrew silently into my room rather than debate the finer points of crafting a portmanteau that made sense. She stomped down the hallway as I resumed packing. My trip was getting more exciting and less stressful by the minute.

Amber made herself scarce for most of the next day. I figured she'd spent most of it either holed up in her room or out commiserating with her friends. Either way, I was glad I didn't have to be around her much. I was sure I wouldn't have been able to contain my excitement, and Amber was always free with the insults when she was in these moods. I spent the day picking up a few last minute toiletries and researching restaurants. That afternoon, while I was ticking things off my list, Amber slunk into my room without knocking. That wasn't so unusual; she thought she was the queen of the fucking house.

What was unusual was that she peered closely at me, making me feel like a germ under a microscope. She rarely showed an interest in me except to belittle me, so this was odd. Her coffee-brown eyes flicked over my face and down my body, her face so close I could see the little freckles on her nose. If I hadn't known who she was, I would have been elated to receive such close attention from a beautiful girl. Unfortunately, her annoying personality overshadowed her looks.

She suddenly stood up and nodded as if making up her mind. "Yeah, I can do that," she said to herself, before turning to leave. I watched her cute butt as it wiggled away around the corner.

Ok, so her personality didn't *completely* nullify her looks. The whole ordeal had been strange and way out of character for her.

The morning after that was the day of the trip. I was zipping up my backpack when Amber appeared in the doorway of my room. She looked surprisingly upbeat. A little smile played at the corner of her rosy lips and her eyes twinkled mysteriously. She had her cell phone in one hand and she flipped her silken brunette hair back off her face and behind one slim ear before leaning against the doorway. She crossed her legs at the ankle and ran her bare toes up and down her shin, drawing my attention to her perfect legs. Oddly, her clothes today were pretty conservative for her: a plain, tight fitting white t-shirt with a high neckline, and three-quarter length pink jeans that seemed painted on.

"Hey Noah, all packed?" She asked in a too-chipper tone.

"Uh, yeah," I replied, warily.

"Got your money? Passports? Itinerary?"

"Yeeeah," I said, drawing out the word. I was curious as to why Amber was taking such an interest in me.

"Good," she said, fiddling with something on her phone. "I figured you were organized like that. It means I don't have to worry about a thing." She looked up at me. "You might want to sit down, this can be a little disorienting."

Before I could ask what she was talking about the world flipped and suddenly I was standing in the doorway of my own room looking back at a stranger on the bed. It took a second for me to realize that the stranger was actually *me*...or, my body anyway. My body was looking back up at me with a half-smile on its lips.

I gasped—an airy, feminine sound—and brought my hands to lips that were much softer and tasted

faintly of peaches. I gaped down at myself and my eyes nearly bulged out of my head as I found myself staring down the high neckline of my stepsister's shirt. My new cleavage was just visible beneath the neckline and I could feel the weight of the slight breasts that were pressing out from beneath my shirt. My legs were altogether too skinny, ending in perfect little feet and delicate toes.

I swayed slightly as a wave of vertigo passed through me. I lost my balance and clutched at the door frame as angel-soft hair brushed down my cheek and my breasts jiggled, the nipples rubbing against the cotton fabric, perking out like two tiny thimbles. The hands grabbing the door were hairless, the nails perfectly rounded and glossy. I was a put-together princess. God, her smell was all around me, a heady sweetness of fruit and flowers. A cell phone was clutched in the slender fingers of one hand, the display showing the title of the app in swirly gray letters: iSwap. Beneath was a large timer counting down from two weeks.

My body was looking down at itself, mouth twisted in concentration before finally nodding once, just as Amber had done when investigating me the day before.

"Perfect," she said. My voice was deeper than I realized and almost unrecognizable to my ears, like listening to a recording of myself.

"What--? How--?" I asked, though the answers to both questions were as obvious as they were seemingly impossible.

I stared at the phone in my hands and pressed the cancel button beneath the countdown timer. The message: "Input code" appeared. I looked up at Amber, my little mouth hanging open. God, I could feel her tongue, feel the different contours of her mouth. I froze for a second as I realized I was practically tasting my stepsister's own mouth.

"I'm going on this trip," Amber said. "And if the only way I can do it is to steal your body, well..." she shrugged. "My friend knows a guy who knows a guy who installed this little app. Tippy top secret but I coaxed it out of him." She bit her lip and grinned.

I dreaded to think what she had done, or rather, my concern was not for her, but for what she had made my new body do.

"No. But...Amber...I can't be you."

"But you are. For the next two weeks. You get to stay here in dullsville and I'm going to enjoy Athens. You'll get your body back juuust in time to enjoy a cramped 14 hour flight in coach."

"I'm going to tell mom and dad what you did." I couldn't keep my stepsister's whine out of my voice.

She just smiled. "Do that and I'll swap us for longer. Look, it's easy."

She got up and came towards me. I shrank away from her as she towered over me. She gently tucked my hair back behind one ear and straightened my top.

"Gorgeous. You just have fun. Consider this your vacation. You get to be daddy's special little girl. And I'm the only one who knows the code, so don't fuck up my life."

My dad yelled up from downstairs. "Noah! You ready? We've got to get yo to the airport."

"Coming dad!" Amber yelled.

She turned and shot me a quick smile that didn't look anywhere near as adorable on my body as it did on her own. "Get out of my room," she ordered.

She picked up my suitcase and lugged it out the door, pushing me out into the hallway as she did so. She then hauled my bag downstairs, leaving me in the hallway to fume futilely. She was stealing my



trip and my body! I'd planned everything and now, as usual, she was getting her way. It was always heads I win tails you lose with her. But I couldn't tell mom and dad. Even if I could get them to believe me, as long as Amber had the code for the app she had all the power. I stomped my tiny foot in rage. I guess I *had* to go to *her* room now.

I clomped down the hallway—well, as much as I could clomp in such a delicate body—and slammed the door behind me, my body shaking. I stared around at her stupid pink room with her stupid stuffed animals, ridiculous vanity full of makeup, insane closets stuffed with dumb girly outfits. I caught sight of myself in the full length mirror hanging off the wall. My stepsister's reflection glowered back at me, her sweet face contorted in disgust and rage. God, I was going to have to look at her every single day for the next two weeks.

I stood in front of the mirror, hands on my hips, glaring at myself and hating my new reflection. I felt so tiny. So fucking fragile, even with toned arms and legs. There was a sort of mass of me that I was missing. My eyes flicked down to my chest, the two little hills so prominent beneath her tight, white shirt. Fine, if she was going to stick me in her body I was going to take advantage of the situation.

I yanked my t-shirt off over my head and dropped it to the floor, then tossed my silky brunette hair behind my head, brushing the stray strands away from my forehead, my fingers slipping across my soft skin, nose catching the fleeting scent of her flowery lotion. My pulse quickened as I caught sight of my stepsister topless but for her bra. The bra was a little more difficult to get off. I twisted and turned, finally managing to unclasp it and slip it from my shoulders. I gaped down at my tits as they bounced free. The creamy mocha skin was crisscrossed with red lines from the bra but the skin was otherwise smooth and perfect. She had such perky little tits, each capped with a delicate pink nipple. Her breasts were just big enough to fill each hand and I massaged them until the slight ache from the bra had subsided. The firm heaviness of my stepsister's tits was delightful to hold and gripping them sent tiny sparks of electricity shooting through me. Her boobs—no, *my* boobs now—were elastic and firm, bouncing back to position as I jostled them, just enjoying the sight of my sister fondling herself in the mirror, making her breasts jiggle back and forth.

“Oh, god, I'm so horny for you, Noah,” I sighed to myself, thrilling at hearing my stepsister's voice begging for me. “Squeeze my little tits.” I begged, moaning as I gathered her breasts and pushed them together firmly, fingers pinching the little nipples until they hardened into spikes. Warmth exploded through my body and suddenly my pants felt way too tight.

I dropped my tits and scrambled for my jeans. It was some work getting them off; Amber wore them tight and I had to unroll them down my long legs. At one point I lost my balance and fell onto the bed, landing on an ass more rounded than I was used to—but in a good way. I giggled as I kicked off my pants and then peeled off my panties, rolling them down my legs and slingshotting them across the room. I stood and then there was my stepsister, naked in front of me, her glorious body at my command. I could just see the outline of her slit beneath her carefully trimmed pubic hair and it sent my heart racing. I had to admit, I'd always been curious to see her naked, and I turned myself this way and that, just admiring myself. Amber's hair was slightly askew, her cheeks flushed, a look of pure lust in her eyes. In this state she was perfect, wanting nothing more than to finger her lithe little body. While I was in control she was no longer the stuck up princess; she was my little slut.

“Oh, fuck, you make me so horny,” I moaned to my image as my fingers found my way between my legs. Hearing prissy little Amber begging for it made me even hornier.

I slid a finger inside myself for the first time, landing on my wetness, stroking my rubbery folds as my pussy wrapped around my fingers. My pussy was warm and wonderful, and already damp with lust. My pussy lips were loosening at my touch but there was an inner tension starting to wind up. I began rubbing my clit slowly, pressing lightly against myself as pleasure flared within me, driving the desire in my body higher. I slid a finger in deeper, felt myself penetrating my warm, wet folds.

Catching sight of my stepsister naked in the mirror, her fingers buried in her pussy, was enough to make me cum quickly. I shivered and gasped once, closing my eyes to enjoy the brief explosion through my body. It was over all too quickly and I resumed fingering myself.

My other hand returned to my tits, squeezing and fondling as I added another finger into my tight little pussy. The walls of my cunt were warm and slick and I pushed inside as deep as I could go, burying my fingers in my warmth, curling them up to hit the dimpled nub of my center. I thrust in and out like this, deep and moving faster. Now the wet sounds of my fingers inside myself hit my ears.

“Oh, god,” I cried as I bent over, clapping my legs together. This time my cry was involuntary, one of pure pleasure as my stepsister's body shook with desire.

I spread myself once more, dragging her juices up her stomach and across her tits, slipping the fingers of my other hand inside me, coating them with my wetness before smearing it across my sister's boobs, coating the prissy little bitch with her own juices.

“I'm a dirty little whore,” I moaned, sucking on the fingers of one hand, tasting the delicious musky flavor of my sister's cunt.

By now my body was a roaring inferno and I returned both hands to my sopping wet cunt. One rubbed my clit fast and furious while two fingers of the other hand slipped inside. I spread my legs as I fingered myself, my body needing it hard and fast. My little moans grew higher in pitch as my body wound up. I was dripping now, pussy juices running down my thigh until I finally came, arching my back and closing my eyes as I cried “Ooohhh!” but never letting go of my clit, never pulling my fingers out of my stepsister's warm pussy as the orgasm pulsed through me, bathing me in a white hot desire that seemed to last forever, filling every particle of my new body.

When it finally ebbed I fell back down onto my back on the bed, arms to my side, breathing hard.

Holy hell. Maybe this punishment wouldn't be so bad after all.

My reverie was interrupted by the dinging of my phone. I pushed myself to one side, conscious of the way my little tits swayed beneath me as I moved, and picked the phone up off the bed where I'd dropped it. I ran my hands through my long hair to get it out of my face. Leaning on one elbow I read the text from Kaitlyn:

*Sucks about your trip. Want to come shopping?*

I wasn't particularly interested in shopping, but I was very interested in seeing Kaitlyn.

I replied: *Yes please!!*

We agreed to meet at the outlet in half an hour. I dropped the phone back on the bed and rubbed my little nose. The faint scent of my pussy on my fingers reminded me I needed to clean off. I hurried to the shower and washed myself using my stepsister's vanilla scented body wash. Touching myself in the shower, spreading the body wash over my skin until I was slick and bubbly nearly made me want to cum again. Instead, I toweled off and got dressed. I put back on the plain white shirt, but instead of trying to fight my way back into her skintight pants I picked out a pair of pink shorts, wondering why must most of her wardrobe be pink? These were also tight, clinging to my supple ass, but at least they were easy to put on, if a little short. They came down to just above mid-thigh, leaving my stepsister's fantastic legs bare. I picked out some matching pink sandals and hurried downstairs, stopping myself just at the top of the staircase to put myself in my stepsister's frame of mind. I was supposed to be pissed off about the trip.

I scowled as I tromped downstairs, harumphing past my stepmom, Meredith, who shook her head and sighed.

"I know you're upset, honey," she said, muting the television.

She placed her chin in her hands as she stared over at me from her position on the living room couch. It was clear Amber had gotten her looks from her mom. Meredith had the same perfect mocha colored skin and flashing green eyes. She was slightly plumper than Amber but still retained the outlines of the same slim figure and perky breasts of her daughter.

I glared at her. "This is bullshit," I said, hoping I wasn't overdoing it.

I grabbed Amber's keys off the side table—they were attached to a ridiculous pink pom-pom key ring—and marched out the door.

"I'm going shopping with Kaitlyn," I called out behind me, letting the door slam without waiting for a response.

I got into Kaitlyn's little red Camry and pushed the hair out of my face yet again. Having long hair was such a chore. Maybe I should chop it off? A smile played across my lips as I imagined how Amber would react coming home to find her body with a page boy haircut. Or just completely shaved bald. But my smile faded as I realized she was the only one who had the code for the app and could just as easily make me stay in her body. Or put me back in it anytime she wanted. I needed to find a way into that app. If I did it in time, maybe I could even salvage some of my

vacation.

I pondered the situation as I drove to the outlet. I parked and walked up to the meeting spot with Kaitlyn in front of a cute, girly clothing store. Kaitlyn was already waiting for me.

Kaitlyn wore cut-off jean shorts and a black halter top that said “Bad Girl” in pink letters. She smiled and surprised me with a huge hug. Her heavy breasts pressed against mine and I smelled her intoxicating floral scent—the one that lingered around our house and left me sniffing the air in bliss for an hour after her visits—as our cheeks brushed against each other for air kisses.

“Come on, girl,” she said, pulling away and patting my back, “Let's go do some retail therapy.”

Kaitlyn had barely ever said three words to me and I'd always had this impression that, like my sister, she was a snob. So I was surprised to find out just how fun she was. Easy to talk to. Intelligent. And peppy. She was nearly bouncing as we walked through each store, pushing through racks of dresses and tops and skirts. She put me at ease with her jokes, which was good because I honestly felt a little strange about perusing the women's clothing. I was sort of worried someone would call me out at any moment for being a guy, impossible as that may seem. Kaitlyn's cheeriness helped, and soon we were giggling and talking like old friends as we helped each other picked out new outfits.

I happily picked out clothes I wanted to see Kaitlyn in, saying things like, “I think you'd look great in this.” I said, pulling out a slick miniskirt. And, “This would really show off your legs,” as I pulled out some shorts. And, as I became bolder, “You'll have the guys drooling over this one. And the girls.” I winked and laughed as I handed her a baby blue summer dress that matched her eyes. Kaitlyn smiled mysteriously, cocking her head at me. Had I gone too far?

“I'm just saying...” I said, giving her shoulder a gentle squeeze.

Kaitlyn kept tossing me clothes to try on as well, and when both our arms were full she pulled me back to the dressing rooms. Kaitlyn pushed open the door of one and looked shocked when I followed her in.

“We can pose for each other,” I half-whispered.

“You sure?” She asked in surprise.

I shrugged. “We see each other all the time in the locker room.” It was an assumption but Kaitlyn didn't argue. She smiled uncertainly, staring into my eyes as if searching for something before finally nodding, her blonde ponytail jiggling madly.

We both slipped into the changing room and I shut the door behind us. The room was pretty spacious but we still occasionally bumped into each other as we dressed. I had half an eye on Kaitlyn in the mirror as she pulled off her shirt and struggled into one of the tiny tops. For an instant my eyes landed on her bra, the full breasts bobbing slightly as she picked up a pink crop top. Her eyes flicked to me and I turned away, my face going red, as I undressed down to my bra and panties and began pulling on a dress. As I rolled it up my legs I looked up at Kaitlyn, and now it was her turn to flick her eyes away and pretend she was interested in smoothing out her top, twisting this way and that to check herself out in the mirror. What really stunned me was that she hadn't bothered to put any bottoms on, and so she stood half-naked, her gloriously long legs stretched out beneath her, some white cotton panties clinging to her waist. And, as I was bending over, my face was so close to her perfect ass I could have kissed it.

“How does this one look?” She turned to me, her hands on her hips.

She looked gorgeous. The solid top clung fast to her boobs, becoming not much more than a few strings crisscrossing her trim stomach. I plucked at the strings, adjusting her outfit on her, letting my

hands slide across her warm skin and graze the top of her thigh. Fuck, she was making me wet.

“You look amazing,” I gushed. “But you'd look amazing in anything. You're so lucky.” I turned around and held my hair up so she could zip up my dress.

She stepped forward and zipped me up. “What are you talking about?” She whispered, and her hot breath on the back of my neck sent goosebumps down my body. “I'd give anything to have your complexion.”

“Really?” I turned back around and dropped my hair.

Kaitlyn's adorable face was right there, inches from my own, close enough for me to make out the tiny freckles across her perfect nose. The pupils of her baby blue eyes were wide and locked onto mine. I became aware I was holding my breath and forced it out unsteadily. Being so close to Kaitlyn was making me dizzy, making my body warm gently. I blinked once and she took my hand.

“Are you okay?” She asked, her eyes wide with concern.

“Yeah. I think so.” I said.

On impulse I slid my hand behind her back, fingers landing on her warm skin, and pulled her gently into a kiss. She didn't hesitate or struggle, just pressed her soft lips to mine as I tasted her warm breath. I closed my eyes, enjoying the softness of our bodies together, enjoying the slight tendril of heat winding through me. Her kiss was tentative and gentle. After a few seconds she pulled away.

“Are you sure?” She asked.

I nodded, my heart pounding as her smile lit up and she pressed her lips back against mine, more forcefully this time. Her hands wrapped around my body and she opened her mouth to my probing tongue. I slipped inside her warmth and our tongues met, tasting each other as I explored the contours of her mouth. I held her close, our bodies pressing together, completely conscious of her tits on mine.

Kaitlyn's fingers wandered across my back, down the little curve of my ass and then back up. I reached around behind my back, pulling away from her kiss long enough to unzip my dress and let it fall to the floor. Then we were on each other again, arms and lips entangled. My breath came faster and I grew moist, little tingles of anticipation shooting through me.

I unclasped her bra and when she slipped it to the floor I buried my face in between her breasts, kissing and fondling her heavy tits, wrapping her fat tits around my face and kissing greedily. I locked my lips over one pink areola, sucking gently as I flicked my tongue against her nipple. She stifled a gasp and held my head close. I felt her swaying back, her ass leaning against the changing room mirror as I kissed her body up and down. She tasted delicious and I made my way back and forth between her perfect breasts, pulling back every now and then just to stare at them as I held them in each hand. They overflowed my hands, spilling out of my fingers, her skin smooth and perfect.

Her hands came down to my tits and I undid my own bra to let her fingers land on my skin. She knew how to touch my body, starting out gently with my tits but growing rougher. Glancing in the mirror, I watched the reflection of my stepsister making out with her best friend, and it nearly made me cum right there. My panties were soaking, and Kaitlyn smiled up at me from between my tits as her fingers landed on my wetness. Oh, fuck, I shuddered as her fingers found my insides, stroking gently, teasing, just barely pressing into my pussy.

She knelt between my legs and I placed one foot on the changing room chair, spreading myself for her as she buried her face between my pussy. I crammed my fingers into my mouth, muffling my cries as Kaitlyn licked up and down my slit, spreading my wetness across her chin. I stared down

with wide eyes as Kaitlyn's little blonde head moved up and down between my thighs, the desire pounding through my body in eager waves. She slid her tongue inside me, landing on my clit and I threw back my head, a whimper escaping my lips before I clamped my hand over my mouth, biting my finger as I came. My body shuddered, my knees went weak, and still Kaitlyn kept going, bringing up her fingers to help.

And now she was sliding her fingers into me as she licked my clit, pounding up hard as her tongue swirled around inside me. Her fingers plunged deep into my pussy, twisting through my wet heat until she landed on my center and I came again, more intense this time. I bit my finger harder, trying to drown the moan as the fire in my body consumed me. All I could think about was Kaitlyn's little tongue inside me and whenever I briefly opened my eyes and looked down at myself, I was greeted with the amazing sight of my stepsister's naked body, Kaitlyn's face covered with my juices as she licked greedily. She saw me looking and smiled up at me, then closed her eyes and pushed her tongue hard up against my clit. My body exploded with pleasure, tendrils of burning heat filled every inch of me as I had the biggest orgasm of my life. Kaitlyn held me tight so I didn't thrash about, but a long moan escaped my lips and my body shivered and shook. My mind was filled with the white hot orgasm, my entire body on fire for a wonderful eternity.

When I finally came down and opened my eyes, Kaitlyn was standing in front of me again, grinning, her chin still slick with my wetness.

“Oh my gawd, you were so loud!”

I leaned forward and kissed her, feeling her melt into my arms as I tasted my stepsister's pussy on her lips.

Finally, she pulled away. “We should get out of here before someone comes.”

“Too late,” I grinned.

We hurriedly got dressed and left the store, too embarrassed to return the clothes to the racks and just left them in the changing room. I took Kaitlyn's hand as we strolled past more shops.

“I still can't believe this is happening,” Kaitlyn gushed, “I mean...you said you weren't into girls.”

I shrugged. “People change.”

The rest of the day was like a dream. Kaitlyn and I hung out, laughing and gossiping and kissing. We couldn't keep our hands off each other. In no time it seemed like the day was over and I had to get home. I promised Kaitlyn we'd get together again. And we would. As I drove away, I started feeling a little guilty about what I was doing. When Amber got her body back she'd be pissed. And Kaitlyn would be crushed when Amber turned her down after everything we'd said and done together. The first one didn't bother me, but I'd started to really like Kaitlyn. If only there was some way we could both be happy.



I was halfway home before I had an idea. A year ago, my friend, Mike, claimed he had hacked his phone to play apps it wasn't designed for. He often made outlandish claims about his hacking skills—I doubt he was *actually* wanted by the NSA—but at least this one time he'd showed me some of the apps he'd put on his phone as proof. Anyway, Mike was the closest thing I knew to a real hacker. Maybe he could get into Amber's body swapping app.

My stepsister obviously didn't have Mike's number in her phone and I'd never bothered to memorize it. So I just drove to his house. He was surprised, to say the least, when he opened the door and saw my stepsister. I noticed that I had one hand on my hip, one leg forward, just like my stepsister always did when she was waiting. It was like this body's natural resting position.

"Hi Mike. I'm Amber. Noah's sister. Can I come in?" I asked with Amber's sweetest smile.

"Uh, yeah. Sure."

He stood aside and I walked past him, pivoting to face him. Amber's long, lean body towered over Mike. His slightly pudgy face stared up at me with a guilty smile an instant after I turned. I knew he was checking out my ass. He ran a hand through his unruly brown hair.

"Can we talk somewhere a little more private? Maybe your room?"

I didn't want his parents to hear any of this. From the look on his face, Mike couldn't believe that my gorgeous stepsister had shown up out of the blue and asked to go up to his room. He recovered quickly and tried to look suave.

"Of course. Follow me."

He kept up a string of nervous chatter as I followed him up the stairs, babbling about the weather and the weird circumstances and how his room was a mess but an organized mess and anyway he wasn't expecting visitors. His room *was* a mess, with spare computer parts piled in a corner and a pile of clothes that he hastily kicked into a closet as I entered and shut the door behind me. A desk along one wall was taken up by two large screen monitors and a hefty computer tower with a glass case so you could see the hardware inside as the lights winked on and off. Wires and cables snaked this way and that around the top of the desk. He was babbling and I shushed him with a finger on his lips.

"I need you to get the password for this app." I pulled it up on Amber's phone and showed him the countdown.

"What is it?" He asked, taking it from me and tapping some options on the screen. They all returned the same message: *Enter Password*

"It's an app that swaps two people's bodies."

"What?" He looked up at me, one eyebrow cocked.

"Mike, it's me, Noah. My dad forbade my stepsister from going on the trip to Athens, so she stole

my body and went as me. Leaving me like this.” I spread my arms, gesturing at my new body.

“Whoa. You're--? What? No. Is this a trick?” He asked.

“Not a trick. I'm stuck in Amber's body until that counter gets to zero. I need the password so I can swap back.”

“Prove it.”

I brushed my long hair back behind an ear. “Last year you snuck a ghost pepper into Rob's lunch and he almost had to go to the hospital.” Mike and I were the only two who knew it was him and we'd both kept our mouths shut because the school had threatened to expel the culprit.

“Well...well...your brother could have told you that.”

I sighed. “Look. You know my stepsister is a bratty princess. Would Amber come over here to your house and do this?”

I grabbed the bottom of my shirt and peeled it off over my head. My brunette hair tickled over my face and I gathered it up in one hand and pushed it behind me. Mike's eyes nearly popped out of his head and his gaze went straight to my chest.

“Now the bra,” he said.

“What?” I covered myself, my fingers landing on my soft breasts. Even in this short space of time I'd become somewhat protective of this body. Maybe it was all the time spent hanging out with Kaitlyn, but I was feeling comfortable in my stepsister's skin.

“If you want me to help, prove you're Amber by showing me your tits.”

I rolled my eyes. “Fine.”

I unclasped my bra and slid it off. My petite breasts bounced free and Mike's eyes landed on them. I felt so exposed but at the same time, a little turned on from his attention to my body. I grabbed my tits and jiggled them for him, pulling them together and letting them bounce back into position.

“Let me touch.” He said.

His hands came up but I smacked them away. “No. Get me into that app and then we can talk. Maybe you can touch...everything.” I let my hands glide down my torso seductively.

Mike set to work with more determination than I'd ever seen. He brought out some wires and connected Amber's phone to what looked like the innards of a computer, which was itself connected to his main computer. I put my shirt back on so as not to distract him, but left my bra hanging on the back of his chair as a reminder. My little nipples indented the fabric of the shirt, hinting at the supple breasts beneath.

Mike worked away, fingers tapping across the keyboard, pausing every now and then to scratch his chin or mumble something under his breath. I understood very little of what was displayed on the screen, only that somehow he was trying to crack the operating system. Bored, I wandered around his room until I found some books that weren't about computer science. I sat gingerly on his bed and read the beginning of some sort of science fiction space opera series about spider people. Eventually I tossed the book aside.

“How much longer you think this is going to take?”

He shrugged, not taking his eyes off the screen. “Dunno. I need to get in without totally erasing everything on it. I have no idea where your sister got this app. There's no publisher's name, no identifying contact info. Nothing. For all we know, this is the only copy of the app in existence.”

“So...a day or two?” I asked hopefully.

“Leave it with me,” he said. “Come back over tomorrow afternoon, about 3.”

It was getting late and I had to be getting back home anyway. I grabbed my bra and returned home, a little anxious about not having my phone. What if Mike cracked the app and used it? Even worse, what if Kaitlyn texted me and I couldn't answer? Just thinking about her made my heart flutter. We were perfect for each other. Except for the fact that I was really a guy.

Pretending to be my stepsister in front of my parents was hard enough without the distraction of my thoughts. My mom kept commenting about how quiet I was over dinner, and I let them think I was still stewing.

It was agony waiting until 3 the next day. Kaitlyn came around to our house when I wouldn't respond to her texts and I told her that I'd lost my phone. Kaitlyn and I spent another full day together. I'm sure I wasn't acting anything like my stepsister, but I was so happy just being with Kaitlyn, having her full attention, staring into her baby blue eyes and sneaking kisses when we were sure no one else was watching, that I didn't care. Hell, as far as Kaitlyn was concerned I was acting better. We were in love. She offered to come with me to get a new phone but I made up some excuse about how my mom wanted to spend some mother-daughter time.

I sped to Mike's place right at the appointed time. The driveway was empty and it looked like no one was home. After ringing the bell a few times and pacing back and forth across the porch, I heard footsteps. Then the door was opened and Mike invited me in. He'd shaved and cleaned up. His hair was trimmed and spiked messily and he was wearing a black shirt and jeans—both clean and pressed—that made him look slimmer.

“Hey, Mike.” I said, looking him up and down. “You should clean up like this all the time.”

He smiled. “Come in.”

I followed him upstairs to his room. It was a far cry from the disaster of the day before. He'd tidied everything away and put clean, crisp sheets on the bed. My stepsister's phone was lying on the desk, still connected to the computer. One of his screens showed a copy of the phone, the big counter still counting down. Twelve days left. What had once seemed to be an eternity when I first became Amber was now going far too quickly as I grew to enjoy being a sexy girl.

“Did you get it?” I asked.

“I did.” He turned to the phone and brought up the password screen. He keyed in some numbers and the password screen disappeared, replaced with a whole array of settings.

“You did it!”

I hugged him without thinking, throwing my arms around his neck and kissing his cheek. I felt his warm hands slip around my torso and I pulled back, leaving my arms draped around his neck. He stared up at me, hopefully. Mike actually wasn't a bad looking guy. Certainly not your stereotypical computer hacker. In fact, a few sessions at the gym and he'd be downright studly. He was holding me close to him, firmly but not forcefully. I could feel the eager yearning coming off him as he stared into my eyes. His face was so expressive. Charming even. I imagined he was feeling the same thing I felt when I first explored my stepsister's body.

“Can I kiss you?” He asked.

I blushed and bit my lip. His demeanor had completely changed. There was no wisecracking, just a complete desire to please me. It was exhilarating. I nodded and we kissed. His minty breath filled my mouth as our tongues explored each other. I slid my fingers through his hair as his hands wandered up and down my back. Mike had a spicy scent—manly is the only way I could describe it

—and his tender kiss sent tingles up and down my spine. Our kisses grew deeper, more urgent and my breath came faster. Mike's hand slipped beneath my top and I helped him pull my shirt off, quickly followed by my bra. I was mirroring his excitement, excited to offer my sister's body to one of my friends, excited to feel *everything* about being a woman.

He kissed his way down my neck, tiny explosions of heat shooting through my body from every place his lips landed. At last he came to my breasts and he took his time, running his hands over them, opening his mouth to suck on my skin. I sighed as his tongue flicked out and his lips wrapped around my nipple, tasting me. My thighs grew wet as he moved back and forth across my breasts, greedy for me. I stared down and watched my body responding as he licked my tits, suckling on each nipple until it spiked out inside his mouth and he released it, shiny with his saliva, the echoing warmth of his mouth slowly fading until he brought his lips up again and repeated it on the other nipple.

My body was burning up and I needed more. I dropped to my knees and scrabbled with the button on his pants, my hands shaking with anticipation and desire. When I finally got the button undone I yanked his pants down. His cock sprang out from beneath his boxer shorts, amazingly thick and long. Though maybe that was just my new perspective, the comparison of my slender fingers as I stroked his shaft. I rolled his boxer shorts down and continued stroking, making long, slow drags of my fingers up and down his shaft, my little nose so close I could smell his delicious musk. A drop of precum appeared at the tip of his cockhead and, without pausing to think, I stuck my tongue out and licked it off. It was warm and slightly salty on my lips. Mike moaned above me and I looked up at him with my big brown eyes, fingers still gripping his shaft. His eyes were wide and staring down at me. I had him at my complete control. I giggled and opened my lips, swallowing the head of his dick in one quick motion and dragging my lips down, down his magnificent shaft.

His dick filled my mouth and I sucked gently as I held him there, my tongue undulating against the underside of his cock. I never imagined I would like the taste of dick, but in Amber's body it was divine. The feel of the hard-softness between my lips, the slight salty taste of his skin, the heat radiating out from his shaft. That and the sight of my sister's fingers stroking a dick my little breasts beneath me, all served to make me wetter. My panties grew damp as I slid my lips up and down his cock, pulling off occasionally to stroke it between saliva-slickened fingers before opening wide and sucking on it some more. I move faster, fully in control as he moaned above me, pausing only when I sensed he was right on the edge, holding his heat in my mouth until he relaxed, and then continuing to suck his dick. When we could both stand it no longer I stood and pushed him onto the bed.

I pushed my own shorts down, then quickly rolled my panties down my legs and straddled him without letting him penetrate me. Not yet. His cock was trapped between us. I could feel it throbbing as I grinded my wet pussy against the underside of his shaft. His hands came up and squeezed my tits. Now his touch was rough, powerful and I threw my head back and sighed. I pushed myself up and grabbed his cock with one hand, then guided it against my wet opening. There was a pressure against my pussy lips, building, building, and then I cried out with relief as he entered me and I sank down slowly on his cock, holding my breath as a dick filled my pussy for the first time. His heat traveled through me, deeper and deeper as the walls of my cunt gripped his shaft. And then I was down on him and he was completely inside me. I held him there like that for a few seconds, enjoying the immense fullness of having a dick lodged deep in my body. His warmth filled me utterly, a perfect fullness that left me complete and happy.

I dragged my waist forward, drawing him out of me slightly before plunging back down. A gasp escaped my lips and I rocked back and forth in a slow rhythm. Mike held my hips, thrusting up towards me as I rocked back onto him, hitting my center with each thrust and making me cry out, deep throated cries of lust flying from my lips. My hands came up to my tits, pinching my nipples and enjoying the soft feel of my slender breasts as I bounced up and down on Mike. I was so wet I

was practically dripping, and the soft squelch of Mike's dick thrusting up inside my cunt made me hornier than ever.

“Oh, Mike, Mike!” I cried out, “Cum for me.”

That was what he needed. He gripped my thighs and thrust up hard. I threw my head back and cried out in a high pitched voice as he filled me, his cock throbbing inside me, filling my pussy with white hot spurts of cum. I came with him, rocking back and forth, more full than I'd ever felt before, every inch of my body alight with pleasure as the orgasm racked my body. I squealed like a girl, all inhibitions lost as my cunt gripped his dick and I milked him for every last drop of cum, my hands digging into my tits, leaving red marks as the pain met the pleasure and multiplied it.

My body slowed as I came back down. I suddenly had no strength left and I rolled off Mike and curled up on the bed, shivering with aftershocks as his cum dripped out of me. Mike nestled up to me, resting his warm hand on my ass. Fuck, that was incredible. How could I give all this up and go back to my boring life?

“Mike?” I asked, turning my head.

“Mmm,” he mumbled, half-asleep.

“What kind of settings are on that app?”

I could tell Amber was a little mystified as to why she wasn't back in her body, but as long as our parents were around she continued to play the part of me. The four of us lounged around the living room as she regaled us with her stories about Athens, looking at me every now and then, clearly trying to make me jealous. But I just put on my best smile and nodded.

"So," she asked with an obnoxious smile, "Did I miss anything here?"

"Well...Kaitlyn and I are dating," I said.

Her mouth dropped open. Closed. Then opened again. Finally, she set her jaw and nodded. She was super pissed but wouldn't say anything as long as our parents were around. I couldn't wait to see how she took the rest of the news.

Finally, she stretched and said, "Well, guess I'll unpack."

She stood and threw a meaningful glance my way. I slowly stood and followed her as she lugged her suitcase to my room. As soon as I came in the door she turned on me.

"What the hell do you mean you're dating Kaitlyn? I told you not to fuck up my life." She hissed. "When we swap back I am going to ruin you."

"Good thing we're not swapping back, then."

"What?"

I held up the phone and showed her the app. The countdown clock was still going, only now it was counting up.

"It's permanent. I've got your body forever. Looks like I get to be daddy's little princess."

"You can't do this! I'll get another app and swap us back."

"Won't work." I shook my head. Mike had cloned the iSwap app onto his phone and we'd tried a few more swaps. It turned out that the app wouldn't work with someone who was already swapped. And it was a simple matter for Mike to edit the code so the app would count up to infinity, instead of down to a deadline.

"I hope you enjoyed Athens," I smirked, "Because I'm going to enjoy the rest of your life."

I walked out the door, tossing my hair behind me and taking one last look back at my old life. There was still an hour until my date with Kaitlyn. That left plenty of time for a few orgasms.

###



**Thank you!**

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*All I had to do was use this old body swap spell I found to swap bodies with my teacher in order to convince my mom I was a great student. Only, I messed it up and now I'm inside my own mom's body. Although, now that I'm looking at the world through her eyes, there is something very enticing about my curves. Maybe this won't be so bad after all.*

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