



LEARNING

Curves

BODY SWAP
EROTICA

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Learning Curves
Body Swap Erotica

by M. Wills

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Learning Curves

Unfair didn't cover it. This wasn't simply unfair, it was a gross and howling injustice that left Will wanting to do something uncharacteristically loud and violent. Scream. Cuss. Break something. Hurt somebody. Anything other than sit silently in the chemistry classroom and wait for four years of hard work to come crumbling down around his ears.

And then Travis had the temerity to actually shrug and say, "I mean... shit. Sorry, dude."

Will couldn't bring himself to reply. If he opened his mouth, if he loosened the leash on his anger even a fraction of an inch, he was fairly certain he'd lose it. He'd perhaps pick up the faux bronze bust of Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin that Mrs. King kept on her desk and beat Travis around the head with it.

But bludgeoning to death the school's star QB—the beloved golden boy with a full ride scholarship to Boise State—was not going to get Will out of this mess. So instead he merely sat, unable to control the agitated bouncing of his right leg and played back the events of the last ten minutes:

Will had been minding his own business, taking a shortcut behind the science building, when he'd stumbled across the football guys getting ready to light up a joint behind the chem lab. With the benefit of hindsight, he now knew he should've made an immediate U-turn and run. What he did instead was pause, just for a moment, to peer at them through his smudged glasses and marvel at their stupidity. Three guys with scholarships (and permission to leave school grounds for lunch) electing to spark a joint on school property... when there was a perfectly good clearing in the woods five minutes drive away that both the school and the local cops seemed to tactfully ignore.

He *really* shouldn't have stopped. He shouldn't have hovered momentarily to wonder how many times these guys had been concussed and whether that had any impact on their decision-making abilities. Because, while he stood there considering traumatic brain injury, footsteps sounded around the corner. And then four things happened almost simultaneously:

- 1) The left tackle and tight end both turned tail and ran.
- 2) Travis glanced over at Will and said, "It's not like they're gonna search

the valedictorian.” And pitched the joint into Will’s unsuspecting hand (adding two more passing yards to his stats for the season).

3) Will caught the joint and—in a moment of reflexive, addle-brained madness—shoved it out of sight into his pocket.

4) Mrs. King rounded the corner.

What followed had been fairly predictable. Mrs. King had, in fact, decided to search the valedictorian. And it took her less than six seconds to find the joint.

There had been something deeply shaming about being perp walked by Mrs. King. It was partly, Will realized, because Travis was next to him. And Travis (high school royalty that he was) naturally drew attention, so a hundred sets of eyes seem to be watching them as they headed for the chem lab. The size differential between the accused and accuser made the whole tableau feel faintly ridiculous. Travis was prime QB material: 6’2” and 202 pounds of thick muscle. Will was not prime anything; he was just fucking tall. A graceless 6’5” (and three quarters, if he were being honest) of lurching, bespectacled nerd.

In contrast, Will was fairly sure Mrs. King was struggling to make 5’3. In her heels. She was also barely out of grad school with baby-blond curls, large bouncing breasts, and a cherubic little face. She was about as far from an imposing authority figure as you could imagine.

But she *had* looked hella pissed, her brow creasing as she surveyed Will. She’d frogmarched them to her classroom and dumped them there, saying with kindergarten-teacher-sternness: “Sit there and think about what you’ve done. I’ll be back.” It had happened so fast that Will hadn’t even had time to wonder why she hadn’t taken them directly to Mr. Bailey in the administration building.

The same thought had apparently just very belatedly (Thanks traumatic brain injury!) occurred to Travis, because he murmured, “You reckon she’s bringing Bailey here?”

Before Will could answer, the door opened and Mrs. King walked back in. She didn’t have Bailey with her, just a box containing a random collection of beakers, wires and lab equipment. Setting down the box, she turned to Travis. “You can go.”

“Huh,” Travis replied gormlessly, prompting Will to silently confirm his Multiple Concussions Hypothesis.

Mrs. King waved him towards the door impatiently. “You weren’t holding. And I can’t prove you were doing anything. You can go,” she

repeated in her airy voice.

Travis paused long enough to shoot Will an apologetic shrug, and then bolted for the door.

The second the door closed, Mrs. King turned to Will. Even in the throes of anxiety and possible expulsion, Will couldn't help thinking how startlingly blue her eyes were.

"You, on the other hand," Mrs. King began sternly, "Were caught holding a schedule I drug on school property." She sighed and her bad cop facade crumbled, her wide eyes growing tender. "What were you thinking, Will? I expected so much more from you."

"It wasn't mine." He knew he sounded petulant, not to mention idiotic. The '*I was holding it for someone else*' excuse was so worn it was see-through. But in this case it was pretty damn close to the truth.

She shook her head with weary resignation, sending her little curls jiggling. "You know I have to report this, don't you?"

Trying for defiance, he retorted, "I'll contest it."

"How, Will?" she asked gently. "It was in your pocket."

He knew she was right; he was fucked. The urge to punch the desk or the bust of Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin was overwhelming... Although he suspected it wouldn't help his case with Mrs. King if he damaged her beloved statue of one of the handful of women who had won the Nobel prize for chemistry. Swallowing down the desire for violence, he asked, "What's going to happen to me?"

Mrs. K shifted her box of equipment to one side and sat down on her desk. "Automatic suspension. A note on your permanent record. And, I'm guessing, you'll be stripped of valedictorian... There's a behavior clause in the award rules."

Fuck.

And fuck again.

And so much more fuck.

Four years of studying and tedium. Four years of putting his social life on hold. Four years of self-imposed relegation to the nerd doldrums... just to end up empty-handed at the end.

"Unless..." Mrs. K pulled out two wires from the box and began twining them absently around her finger. "There is one other option."

"Huh," Will replied, sounding (he knew) pretty much as gormless as Travis.

Mrs. King began pulling parts from the box and constructing an intricate

tangle of wires and diodes and beakers of volatile-looking liquids. As she did so she spoke to him, “I need to test out my experiment and you're the perfect subject. I've invented something that will let us swap our consciousness.”

“Uh...” Will said.

Mrs. King fixed him with her lovely baby blue eyes. “We're going to swap bodies for a day. I'll be you and you be me. In return, this whole drug thing disappears.”

Will eyed the contraption she'd set up on her desk. The thing looked like electrochemical death waiting to happen.

But, despite the appearance of the machine, he was pretty sure Mrs. K wouldn't actually let him get hurt. She was obsessive about lab safety and (for a high school chem teacher) she knew her shit. And she wouldn't willingly attach him—and herself!—to a machine that was going to fry their brains.

“Ok.”

Will let her proceed because he knew for a fact that the contraption wouldn't work. He wasn't a chemist (or a human biologist) but he also wasn't an idiot. And he knew that, despite her claim, there was no possible way a high school chemistry teacher with a degree from UC Santa Barbara had built a machine that was able to swap consciousness from one physical body to another. Whatever she thought this thing could do was obviously some psychological weirdness on her part. Mrs. King, it turned out, was just a little bit insane, but—since it was apparently going to save him from suspension—Will was rolling with it.

He nodded politely as she continued her explanation of the underlying chemical principles at work and the results of the two mini tests she'd conducted so far. It was hard to remain straight faced, however, when she started talking about the ‘retention of the host body's memory’ and ‘the necessity of concealing the switch and maintaining each other's lives’.

It was clear she genuinely believed they were going to swap. Genuinely thought they were going to spend a day in each other's bodies. Genuinely thought they were going to achieve this grand scientific breakthrough in an antiquated chem lab in a suburban high school.

“There,” she said, as she connected the last wire between them, “that's everything.”

Will gave her a humoring smile. “Right... ok.”

Picking up a loose lead, she held it over a beaker of unidentifiable liquid.

“Remember, no one—not our families, our friends, *no one*—can know we did this. You have to *be* me: take my classes, follow my schedule, everything.”

“Sure, you got it,” he said placatingly. “And you promise not to report me for the spliff?”

“Yes, I think we can regard this experiment as extra credit; complete it and I won't say a word to admin.”

“Ok.” Will took a breath. “Do it.”

Mrs. K dropped the lead into the beaker.

Will braced for a small shock: perhaps an insubstantial, little electrical spark or something. What he got instead was a jolt that fired through his entire body, juddering through his core and sending electrical impulses down his limbs. He slammed his eyes shut against the invasive pain. It was as if the energy were scouring his body from the inside out.

And then, mercifully, it stopped. He cracked open an eye... and found himself staring at his own body sitting across from him.

“Fuck,” he managed, startled to hear the sound of Mrs. King's light voice coming from his mouth. The expletive didn't really cover it, so he tried again: “What the fucking hell just happened?” And, man. was it strange hearing Mrs. King's voice from within her own body. And swearing. The timbre of her voice was different, resonating in his head higher pitched than he was prepared for.

His body smiled at him as it began to unhook itself from the machine and said, “You didn't believe me, did you?” Mrs. King raised a brow and waved a hand in Will's direction. “Quod erat demonstrandum.” It took a second for Will to comprehend it all. He just stared dumbly as his own (former) body moved completely independently of his commands.

The cogs in his mind began to turn again and an unbelievable thought presented itself. He dropped his eyes down and stared. He was wearing Mrs. King's navy blue skirt, wearing her stockings and high heels, wearing her blouse with the little pearl buttons. He was wearing her cherry red nail polish and her thin little wrists and her bouncy boobs and her slender neck and her plump twenty-something ass. He was wearing Mrs. King. *How the...*

He sucked in a gulp of air and was horrified to feel himself burst into tears. The sobs were uncontrollable, hitching in his chest and then emerging in little high-pitched gasps.

“What's happening?” he whimpered. Embarrassed at his feeble tears, he

added, "I don't usually..."

"I know," Mrs. King said gently as she handed him the box of tissues from her desk. "I explained what would happen, Will. You're not just wearing my body, you're *being* it. And, when a 22-year-old woman receives a shock, she cries."

"But... I mean, this *can't* be happening," he managed between sobs.

He dabbed at his eyes with a tissue, fingers brushing across his tiny nose, his soft cheeks. The contours of his face were off. Smaller. Smoother. Different angles and sensitivity.

"It is, and the sooner you accept it, the better." She sat down next to him and he stared back at his old face from this new perspective as she went on. "You've got to pull it together. From the perspective of everyone in this school, everyone in the world: you *are* me. And I'm you. We have to make sure we protect each other throughout this experiment. I'm going to go to your classes, do your homework, make sure no one questions your behavior." She shot him a stern, teacher-like stare, which didn't quite work with his guileless, angular face. "And you have to do the same for me."

It was not as if he had a choice, so he did the only thing he could do: he nodded and tried to stem the flow of tears. And then he asked the question that should've occurred to him earlier: "Why me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why are you testing it on me? Why, when you knew what this machine could *actually* do, are you even testing it here? Why are you keeping it quiet? Why aren't you... I don't know...banging on the doors at Stanford or MIT? Or getting a patent? Or applying for the Nobel Prize?"

He sniffed again but seemed to have his tears under control. He dropped his hands to his lap, his arms jiggling his breasts as he did so. His eyes were drawn down briefly to his deep cleavage, Mrs. King's beautiful tits tucked away in his top. If he concentrated he could *feel* their weight, the bounce as they rubbed against the fabric of his blouse. Blushing, he forced his eyes quickly back up to Mrs. King's face. Fortunately, she didn't seem to have been paying attention to him. Her eyes had a far away look as she stroked her new face in wonder.

"Honestly..." Mrs. King looked bashful, almost coy—which Will decided looked really frickin weird on *his* face—and said, "I wanted to try it myself. Properly. A full 24 hours. Once I go public... it'll be all clinical trials and FDA regulations, and I won't be allowed near it. I wanted to know,

for myself, what I'd built."

"Yeah but... why am I the guinea pig?"

"To be honest, I was worried about size differential in the subjects." She gave a sheepish grin, then stood and began packing away the machine in a supply closet. "And you're the tallest person I know."

Will sat and let the information percolate for a moment. 24 hours. A single day. He could do one day. Swiping away the last trace of his tears, he said, "Ok, what do I need to know? What do I have to do next?"

"You already know it: you have my memories."

He prodded the recesses of his mind—her mind?—and realized she was right. Her memories were there, a little foggy but still readable: a blueprint for her life and schedule. His voice still a little shaky, he said, "You've got a free period."

"Yes," Mrs. K confirmed. "And just the one class left today: 12th grade chem after lunch. That gives you over an hour to prepare. Review my class notes, acquaint yourself with the memories and the lesson plan. You'll do fine. Just take a breath and—"

She was interrupted by the bell, and Will suddenly realized that his ass was supposed to be heading to Mr Trent's modern history class.

Mrs K locked the closet and slipped the key into her pocket. She shot him a reassuring smile. "It's ok. I've got this: history and then econ. Then meet your mom at the mall after school: shopping for graduation."

Will winced, hating that Mrs. King knew he still let his mom take him clothes shopping. And suddenly hating that she'd probably have access to all his other private thoughts. Hating, too, the picture his memories probably presented: a lanky, friendless loser who spent his every waking hour studying. And, oh god, he'd masturbated to thoughts of her once or twice. Imagined her gigantic breasts swaying in his face. And he knew he wasn't the only one. Mrs. King was the hot, young teacher, and, and... fuck, he had her body now all to himself.

If Mrs. King was rifling through his memories and judging him, she didn't make it obvious. She just walked his ridiculous, gangly body to the door and unlocked it. "Meet me here after school tomorrow to switch back." Will watched her duck through the doorway, clearly struggling to gauge exactly how tall she now was. Grinning, she poked her head back in and murmured, "Don't worry. I'll get the hang of it." She closed the door behind her.

Will looked down at himself, at his slender hands clasped in his lap, the

navy blue skirt clinging to her shapely legs and leaving her thighs bare. Her breasts. Shit, her breasts. They hung right below his upturned little nose, calling to him. He knew they were big but sitting here, staring down at them, *feeling* their weight, they seemed even bigger than he'd imagined.

Curious, Will brought his hands up to his breasts. He hesitated for a moment, aware that this body was only on loan and not really his to touch. But scientific curiosity—and his residual attraction for this body—got the better of him. He placed Mrs. King's hands on his breasts and squeezed gently, fingers pressing against the bra hidden beneath the silken fabric. They felt wonderful. Heavy and perky and jiggly as he explored himself. Most of the guys in the school would kill to watch Mrs. King fondle herself. Which reminded him...

Will pushed himself out of the chair and walked to the door, his big boobs jiggling, his tight ass swaying behind him. The room seemed so much bigger from Mrs. King's smaller perspective, and it took a few steps to get used to the way his new body moved. Will locked the door and returned to Mrs. King's chair behind her desk. He sat down in the creaky leather office chair and stared back down at the new body beneath him. He unbuttoned his blouse and stripped it off before dropping it to the floor. It had been cut to fit his body and he didn't realize until he'd peeled it off how constricted he'd been. He gaped down at his succulent breasts, covered only by a white bra. The cups holding back Mrs. King's heavy boobs looked enormous, and he was taken with the urge to free them and let his tits hang out. Will took a deep breath, his breasts rising as he did so.

He leaned forward and, after a small struggle, unclasped his bra. He slipped one strap down his shoulder and paused. It felt wrong to be looking at Mrs. K like this. He almost put his bra back on but was stopped by another thought. This whole swap was *her* doing. Surely she didn't expect him to stay clothed all day. How would he shower? Besides, it wouldn't hurt just to peek. Will quickly slid the other shoulder strap off and dumped the bra onto the desk before he could have second thoughts.

His tits swung down from his chest and Will gaped down at his delicate body. Holy hell they were gorgeous. Tear drop shaped and perky. The skin creamy and smooth. Wide pale pink areolae dotted each one. They were even more perfect than Will had imagined. And so smooth, He squeezed his tits gently, enjoying their weight, their soft-firmness. They

filled his hand, spilling out as as he squeezed them in his fingers and pressed them against each other. He nudged them gently from side to side, watching them bounce back into position. How many times had he watched Mrs. K's tits wobbling as she walked, and now here were her amazing tits bare for him to touch at his leisure. As his fingers skated across Mrs. King's warm skin, her little nipples began to perk out. Will skated a finger across one gently, enjoying the sensitivity, the promise of pleasure as he stroked it.

He took a handful of one boob and brought it up to his face. Leaning down, he could just cover the nipple with his mouth. He kissed his breast, sucking it gently between his teeth to nip it lightly. Holy hell, he could suck on Mrs. King's tits. She tasted delicious and his own hot breath on his skin made him shiver with anticipation. His tongue flashed out, swirling around his nipple, making it grow sharp as a diamond, hot saliva coating the tip of his breast and sending warm pulses through his body.

Will did the same to the other breast, kissing and sucking one as he gently kneaded the other, reveling in the softness of Mrs. King's youthful body. His head was buzzing pleasantly as an urgency grew between his legs. He played with his new tits, excited and horny for himself, until he became aware of a creeping moisture in his panties.

Will stood and unzipped his blouse, letting it fall to the floor before rolling his panties down his legs, his tits dangling in front of his face as he leaned down. When he'd peeled his panties off he stood and brushed a blonde curl behind his ears as he gaped down at Mrs. King's naked body. He had to hold his tits aside to see everything, and he did so, letting his eyes slowly travel down his slender, compact form. Her body took his breath away. She was gorgeous: shapely little legs, trim tummy, perfect bubble butt.

He licked his lips nervously, tasting Mrs. K's waxy lipstick as he did so. His gaze fell on the carefully trimmed bronze fuzz between his legs. He released one tit to slip a hand down between his legs, fingers poised above his already moistening opening. He slipped a finger inside himself slowly, watching his pussy part for his finger, feeling his little digit enter his sensitive opening and land on his rubbery folds. His pussy was warm and slightly slick, and he explored it by touch, circling two fingers gently over the hood of his clit. Sharp blasts of heat pulsed through his body as he fingered himself slowly, his other hand cupping and squeezing his

breasts. He released a tiny sigh, Mrs. King's voice oozing with pleasure, and the sound made him even hornier.

Every second of his fingers inside himself made him wetter, and soon he was dragging the slickness up across the entire length of his slit. Something inside him shifted imperceptibly, and suddenly his fingers were directly on his clit. Will trembled and sank into the chair, sighing as pleasure flitted through him. "Oh, fuck," he whispered as he continued fondling his body, fingers slipping deeper inside his heat, pushing through the tight walls of his cunt, and suddenly he threw back his head and moaned, shutting his eyes as his entire body lit with pleasure.

Mrs. King's body was sopping wet now, and Will pushed his fingers in deeper, curving up through the clenched tunnel of his pussy. He opened his eyes again and stared down between his legs, watching his fingers slip in and out of himself, shiny with his lust. Fuck, it was so hot watching Mrs. King masturbate, hearing the melodic squelch of her fingers in her own wetness, watching her fingers slide in and out of her pussy, little flashes of pink appearing here and there. A sudden blast of heat tore through him. He groaned louder and longer this time, squeezing his tit against his chest as he fingered himself faster, riding the wave of heat up, up, until there was an explosion in his body, pleasure shooting through his core and down to his feet, curling his toes as he orgasmed hard. "Oh god," he cried out in a tiny voice, throwing his head back and pushing his fingers hard up against his center as the roaring inferno took him. His entire body shook with orgasm, the agonizing pleasure filling him and spilling through him, leaving him to come down slowly.

He was lightheaded and relaxed, his heart pounding madly in his ears as he came down from his orgasmic high. He let go of his aching breast and pulled his fingers out of himself, lying back in the chair as he recovered. All too soon it was time for Mrs. King's next class. He pulled his clothes back on, noting as he did so how his fingers still carried the delightful scent of Mrs. King's own musk.

Will had expected worse. He'd expected that, within minutes, the students would call him out as fake. But no. They didn't seem to notice or care about his slight mistakes. Mostly they just looked bored. It helped that Mrs. King's lesson plan was meticulous: a series of neat bullet points with the topics to cover and the pop quiz already printed out.

There *were* some bad moments. Distributing the quiz to each desk had been harder than he thought: walking in heels and a pencil skirt (not to mention a short, little body with massive tits that completely threw off his balance) was essentially impossible. He managed to trip not once but twice.

The second trip, though, he was willing to blame entirely on Nick Clarkson—the football team's star running back and certifiable asshole—who had taken his quiz and made no attempt at all to disguise the fact that he was staring directly at Will's stupid-big tits. The guy's eyes were laser focused, and Will was suddenly so conscious of the bounce under his silk shirt that he lost all concentration and bumped into the corner of a desk. Hence trip number two.

Recovering, he'd returned to his desk at the front of the classroom, aware the whole time that Nick's eyes were probably locked onto his swaying bubble butt. Will sunk gratefully back into the chair behind his desk. Silence reigned for ten delicious minutes as the students got on with their tests. And then, out of the corner of his eye, Will caught Nick glancing down at his lap, unlocking his phone and clearly texting under the desk.

Will spoke before he was even conscious of the intention: "Nick Clarkson! You know the rules. Phone up here now."

The little speech, Will realized, was purely Mrs. K. All he'd had to do was let it out: this body *knew* what it wanted to say and do. And getting through the next 24 hours would be a lot easier if he relinquished a little control.

While Nick reluctantly came up to the front and handed over his phone, Will concentrated on letting Mrs. King's personality and impulses take the lead. He heard himself say in Mrs. K's prissy little voice, "You know what I've got to do, Nick. This is the third time you've violated school phone policy, so your cell stays here in the locked drawer until admin gives the ok to release it."

He dropped the cell into the desk drawer and turned the key. And then, inexplicably, he felt Mrs. K's eyes look up and linger on Nick's perfect running back ass as he walked back to his desk. Will dragged his eyes away and resisted the urge to laugh at the realization: Mrs. King's body wanted to check out football player ass.

The bell rang, announcing the end of the school day, and Will called out, "Ok, leave your quizzes on your desks. Reading for this week is everything in chapter four through ionic and metallic bonding."

The students gathered up their bags and filed out. Nick lingered behind, pausing in front of Will's desk and asked pleadingly, "It's the end of the day. Can I get my phone back?"

It was novel: a football player having to defer to him. Will found he rather enjoyed the little rush of power and gave Nick a look of stern rebuke. "I don't make the rules and you signed the honor code just like everyone else. A third cell violation means automatic confiscation of your phone." Crossing his legs and straightening the papers on Mrs K's desk, Will added, "I'll report it to admin and it'll be up to Mr Bailey to determine when you get your phone back.

Nick scowled and headed for the door.

There was a little more spring in Will's step as he stood and wandered around the classroom gathering up the quizzes. Partly, it was just the thrill of denying an entitled football asshole something he wanted. And partly because he'd (mostly) figured out how to walk in heels.

He slid the quizzes into Mrs. K's bag—adding them to the pile of grading he had to complete tonight—and headed for the teacher's lounge. Walking into the lounge was like walking backstage at a play: all the teachers—the ones he normally saw upright and polished—were out of character, lounging and casual. Starched-up Ms. Coles was having a cuss-laden phone conversation with—based on the number of times she called the person on the other end 'babe' and 'you asshole'—her boyfriend. Mr. Bailey (the school's enforcer and disciplinarian) had his feet on a coffee table and smelled like he'd just had a sneaky post-school cig.

Will tried very hard not to gape at his teachers in their natural habitat as he headed over to Mrs. King's cubbyhole. Grabbing the couple of papers from the cubby, he added them to his bag and mentally scanned Mrs. K's memory for what to do next. The answer was waiting just below the surface: head home, pick up groceries on the way, make dinner, grade papers. He took a breath. He could do that. Nothing difficult there.

Turning, he caught Mr. Bailey's eye and remembered one last thing he needed to do. "Umm..." Damn, it was hard to say a teacher's name! "Umm, Dennis?"

Mr. Bailey smiled. "Hey, Sally."

Swallowing down the weirdness of hearing Mrs. K called *Sally*, he said, "I had to confiscate Nick Clarkson's cell today."

Mr. Bailey rolled his eyes. "Third violation?"

"Yeah."

"Ok, I'll talk to him tomorrow." Bailey sighed. "I've let him off once before; I'm giving him a week's ban this time."

Will hid his smile. There were definitely some upsides to being a teacher.

Mrs. King's house was a lovingly renovated craftsman, and it was a bit like Mrs. K herself: neat, ordered, cute, polished. Will wandered the rooms, taking in the high-end appliances and carefully curated objet d'art. It was, he realized, all a little more pricey than he'd expected for a high school teacher. Doing a quick trawl through Mrs. K's memory, he ascertained why: her husband, it turned out, made serious bank.

Husband!

Will ground to a halt in the hallway. He'd been so caught up in simply getting through the school day, he hadn't begun to consider Mrs. King's life outside of school. And she had a frickin husband! A husband who—his borrowed memories informed him—would be home from work in an hour. What's more, it was Mrs. King's turn to make dinner tonight.

Okay. Deal with one thing at a time. Slipping through Mrs. King's memories, he found she'd planned to make something called a one pot chicken stew. Accessing her memories was imperfect, a bit like trying to remember a dream. Sometimes things would come easily to his mind, while at other times he had to really concentrate on drawing up the memory. Finding things in the kitchen was one of the latter. With some trial and error, Will rummaged through the pantry and searched the fridge until he'd found the tools and ingredients. At least he knew where the recipe was: she'd saved it to the little tablet she kept in the kitchen as a recipe book. Mrs. King must have made this recipe a lot and fixed it in her muscle memory because Will rarely had to consult the recipe. The pot was bubbling away, filling the kitchen with the delicious smell of chicken stew when Mrs. King's husband got home.

“Hey honey,” he called out as he walked into the kitchen. “Smells good.” Will turned to him and was immediately hit with Mrs. King’s feelings for her husband. There was the physical attraction, yes, but also undercurrents of dissatisfaction and ennui, tangled up with affection. The dissatisfaction wasn’t necessarily directed *at* her husband but was certainly a side effect. Will felt deep down that Mrs. King still wanted more out of life than to be a high school teacher with a rich husband. A rich, *attractive* husband.

Mrs. King’s husband—her mind supplied his name: Ethan—stood just over six feet tall and had intense brown eyes that were even now fixing Will to the kitchen counter. Ethan’s dark brown hair was cut short, his face rugged and handsome. The top two buttons of his light gray shirt was unbuttoned, the tie askew. The shirt was cut to fit, and Will could make out an athletic body, muscles straining against the shirt as he moved. The top curves of Ethan’s pecs kept drawing Will’s eye, and he realized it was Mrs. King’s attraction to her husband that made him enjoy the view so much. He’d certainly never stared at a handsome man so longingly before he’d become a woman.

Ethan came towards Will and kissed him on the lips. Ethan’s lips were warm, and Will could feel the heat of his masculine body *right there*. Will pulled away, blushing at the thoughts creeping through his mind. Mrs. King’s body yearned for Ethan but Will turned away, pretending he had to stir the pot so that Ethan couldn’t see his flustered look.

Rather than back away, Ethan slipped his hands around Will’s midsection and pressed himself gently against his wife. He stuck his nose into Will’s hair, breathing deeply, before lowering his head and kissing Will on the cheek. Ethan’s hot breath rushed past Will’s tiny ear and something warm and urgent poked at Will’s rear. Ethan gently nudged aside Will’s curls and kissed his neck. Will froze, closing his eyes and releasing an involuntary sigh as little shivers went down his spine. The hands around Will’s tummy tightened, pulling Will back against Ethan’s hard body.

“Mmm,” Ethan murmured, his bass voice reverberating through Will’s body in a way that made him wonderfully moist. “How about we have an appetizer before dinner?”

Will wanted Ethan’s hands on him more than he’d wanted anything. He gave in to Mrs. King’s feelings, turning to embrace “his” husband. The size differential was such that Ethan had to lean down to kiss Will on the lips again. This time Will opened wide and sucked on Ethan’s tongue,

enjoying the spicy scent of him, welcoming into his new mouth. Will's tits pressed against Ethan's chest as he wrapped his slender arms around his husband's back. His fingers grabbed Ethan's taut flesh, sliding up and down, exploring the strength of his shoulders, his back. Meanwhile, Ethan's hands clasped Will close, then slid down and cupped his little bottom. Now Ethan's erection was pressed against Will's flat tummy hard and insistent as they made out. It called out to Will and his body ached in response. Was he really ready to do something like this in Mrs. King's body?

Their lips still locked together, Will unbuckled Ethan's belt, then undid the button on his pants and snaked his hand inside, fingers wrapping around Ethan's girth. It felt tremendous in Will's slender fingers, hard and hot and with a wonderful firm-softness about it. Without thinking, Will pulled away from Ethan's kiss and got to his knees. He rolled Ethan's pants down, followed by his underpants. Ethan's cock sprang up to meet Will's face. It stood erect in front of Will's perfect nose and he stared at it with wide eyes. It was as breathtakingly beautiful as it was terrifying. Will had never been interested in another man's dick before, but right now, kneeling on the floor in Mrs. King's body, he couldn't think of anything he wanted more. Mrs. King's body wanted to suck on her husband's dick, and Ethan couldn't—or wouldn't—fight the excitement and anticipation filling him.

Will stroked Ethan's cock with Mrs. K's pretty hand, watching her little fingers glide down the shaft. And how often had Will imagined just this scenario, with Mrs. King's hands wrapped around a throbbing dick. Will brought his face closer, the deep musk of Ethan's dick filling Will's nose. Will stuck out his little pink tongue and licked slowly from base to tip. Ethan's cock was warm and slightly salty, brushing against the tip of Ethan's nose as he licked. Will dragged his tongue up and down, covering the dick in his saliva as Ethan stared down at him, enchanted. Before Will could have second thoughts, he opened his ruby red lips and swallowed the cockhead.

He slid his lips down the shaft slowly. The cock filled his mouth, pressing against his tongue as it slid further down towards his throat. Mrs. King had impressive control over her gag reflex, and by relaxing into her reflexes, he was able to take the entirety of Ethan's dick. Will's nose was buried in Ethan's pubic hair, the head of Ethan's cock tickling the back of his throat. He held Ethan there and let his tongue undulate against the

underside of the shaft, enjoying the little mini-throbs, and Ethan's moans of approval. There was a deep sense of satisfaction as he sucked Ethan's cock, like Mrs. King felt so right to have her lips locked around a dick. Will brought his lips up and back down, sucking Ethan's dick in a gentle rhythm, swirling his mouth around. He was surprised to discover he enjoyed it. Enjoyed the power he had over Ethan just with his lips and tongue, the masculine taste of Ethan filling his mouth, the way Mrs. King's body warmed as he made her suck Ethan's dick. His rhythm grew faster, lips gliding up and down the huge cock, his hands sliding around to grab Ethan's ass and *thrust* him deeper into his pretty little mouth until Ethan suddenly grunted. Will clamped his lips around Ethan's throbbing cock and was rewarded with blasts of creamy cum shooting down his throat. Will swallowed as fast as he could, drinking down Ethan's salty jizz, each drop burning its way delightfully across his tongue and down into his belly. He sucked long and hard, closing his eyes and savoring the heat spilling through him, delighting in taking in every single drop, proud of his cock-sucking prowess. When Ethan was empty, Will slid his mouth off the cock and looked up at him. Ethan held out his hand. Will took it and stood. Without warning Ethan grabbed Will's ass and hoisted him up in the air.

Will screeched laughter as Ethan carried him to the couch in the living room and dropped him on it, then pushed Will's skirt up and dove between his creamy thighs. Will started, his hands reaching down to push his skirt back down but froze as Ethan's tongue found his pussy. Will sighed, shivering as a pleasant tension gripped him as Ethan's tongue snaked gently against his clit. He was already so wet from sucking Ethan's cock, his body driven to the precipice of orgasm by need and desire. Will came once, quickly, gasping as he raised his hips towards Ethan's mouth and grabbed his humongous breasts, fondling himself as he came beneath his husband's eager mouth.

Will pinched his little nipples as Ethan pulsed his tongue hard up against Will's clit, bringing in two fingers, sliding into Will's tight hole and ratcheting up the tension within Will's body. Will writhed and moaned as Ethan's tongue licked up and down his clit, fingers curving around deep in Will's center, landing on the dimpled nub of Will's pleasure. Will dug his hands into his heavy tits and whimpered, begging for more, his voice rising in pitch, "Oh, yes, yes. Yeesss!" On this last the tension snapped and he came hard, his body filled with pleasure both from the physical

sensations and by staring down between his legs, watching his new pussy get licked and eaten by Ethan. The orgasm whited out his mind, leaving him briefly only pure desire, a physical lust that shattered his entire body and left him breathless and wailing. Finally, the pleasure released him and he settled back down.

When he opened his eyes, Ethan was resting on Will's flat stomach, huge hands sliding up and down Will's body, stroking him gently. Will smiled as he gazed down at Ethan's face, slick with Mrs. K's pussy juices. Will shuddered lightly with aftershock, his tits jiggling briefly as his body shook. Ethan kissed his tender belly, then pushed himself to his feet and went to finish dinner. Will lay on the couch and recovered, his own hands feeling up Mrs. King's body, memorizing her form by touch for when he was back in his own body.

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Will got through school the next day using a combo of borrowed memories and common sense. The classes got progressively easier as he started to understand the routine and pace of teaching. Harder than the classes, however, were the social interactions with the other teachers. Lunch had been a minefield. He'd been so nervous and uptight about acting "correctly" that it was almost impossible for him to relax and let Mrs. King's natural instincts take over. Calling teachers *Mr. This* or *Mrs. That* was so entrenched that he had to be on permanent high alert in order to remember to call them by their first names. And heading into the ladies bathroom outside the teachers' lounge required overcoming deeply embedded instincts.

As the bell finally sounded for the end of the day and the students raced out into the hallway, Will heaved a sigh of relief. Closing the door behind the final student, he glanced at the clock. Mrs. K would have finished up trig class, and would arrive in a few minutes to switch back. He watched the second hand tick by and felt a complicated version of relief.

It was akin to the feeling of walking off a fucking terrifying roller coaster. On one hand, he felt sheer joy that the ordeal was over and that somehow he'd emerged unscathed. On the other hand, there was a weird little shred of desire to ride it just one more time.

It made sense really. His life, he knew, was largely devoid of risk: study, study, then study some more. In contrast, being Mrs. K was a highwire act, full of entirely unexpected moments of peril and thrill. Like the previous night...

Just thinking about that shivery kick of desire he'd felt in the kitchen—meeting Ethan's eye, feeling his feminine body cinch and squirm with need, and deciding to just go with it—left Will antsy and craving. But there wasn't any time to act on it; the door opened and Mrs. King walked in.

The first thing Will noticed was just how weirdly big—almost imposing—his body was. Intellectually, of course, he knew he was tall, but seeing his body through Mrs. K's teeny frame was an eye-opener. His body looked almost, well... impressive. Sure, there were guys with more muscle mass, but some time in the past year, he'd apparently bulked up a bit... Or perhaps it was just that his body was wearing a tighter than usual t-shirt .

He nodded at the shirt. “That’s new, right?”

“Yeah,” Mrs. K confirmed. “At the mall yesterday, your mom kept waving her credit card and telling me to buy stuff.”

Will rolled his eyes. “I should’ve warned you; she’s obsessed with clothes. You have to shut that down with her or she’ll make you try on like a million pairs of jeans.”

“I didn’t mind.” Mrs. K shrugged a little. “It was nice, actually... trying on clothes and not worrying about the extra pounds or if the outfit looked too slutty or if—” She cut herself off, looking a little embarrassed. “Sorry, anyway... I think your mom enjoyed it too.”

Great, Will refrained from saying sarcastically. Now he had two women trying to dress him. Although, to be fair, they’d done a pretty good job and had apparently found some jeans that were actually long enough to fit him. It occurred to him that perhaps Mrs. King had, in fact, done him a favor with the switch: he’d avoided a boring afternoon at the mall with his mother, he had some new clothes, and he’d given his first oral. All in all, not bad for 24 hours.

But, that said, he was ready to switch back. He pointed at the locked cupboard that held the machine. “Ready?”

She gave him a tight little smile. “About that...”

“What about that?” he asked apprehensively, a sense of foreboding creeping up his spine.

“Well, see, I think... in the interest of thoroughness, it would be best if we make this a longer trial.”

“What?” he yelled. She was a teacher, and he really didn’t want to yell at her, but he couldn’t help himself. “What do you *mean*?”

“It’s just...”—she had the decency to look a little guilty—“I think a week-long test would be really beneficial.”

“A week!” He was totally yelling now, despite the fact that his girly little voice was more whiny than authoritative. “I can’t do this for a whole week!”

“I know it’s challenging, Will, but this is important. There are a few more scenarios I think it would be worthwhile to test out and—

“But we had a deal! One day, that’s what you said.”

“I know,” she said placating, “and I completely understand your reservations, but this is my one chance to personally test the machine and—”

“But,” Will repeated feebly, “we had a deal.”

“We did,” she agreed. “And I think, you have to agree, that you’re getting

a significant amount out of it. If it weren't for me giving you this chance, you'd currently be suspended and stripped of valedictorian. Instead, I'm simply asking for a few day's more of your time."

She was welching. And she was essentially blackmailing him. *And* she was railroading him into pretending that the welching and blackmail weren't shitty beyond belief. But, truth was, she held the cards. Or, more accurately, she held both the machine and the power to ruin his school transcript. So, if she wanted six more days, he had little choice but to cave. That said, he wanted an irrefutable end date this time.

"Fine," he muttered begrudgingly, "but I want your word that next Wednesday — and not a day later— you'll hook us to the machine." He narrowed his eyes. "No suddenly saying that you need a month."

"You have my word, Will," she said sincerely. "Next Wednesday, after school." She pulled a key out of her pocket and held it out to him. "Here, take the key to the closet; you can unpack the machine, have it ready so we can hook it up as soon as I arrive."

He took it, enjoying the added security of having the key in his possession.

Mrs. King headed for the door then turned and said, "Thanks for doing this. It means a lot to me... to have tangible, *personal* proof of exactly what I've built. I think I never really believed I could do it." She eyed Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin on her desk and gave a soft smile. "I mean, I trusted the chem, but I just..." She swallowed down the obvious rising emotion. "Anyway, thanks. It means... everything."

Will kept a mental chart, checking off the six days as they ticked by. And he fell into a routine. After a few days, he could almost do the teaching part on autopilot. Mrs. King was so experienced and, quite honestly, so overqualified for her job, that reeling off reams of chemistry knowledge became almost like breathing. He went to school, taught classes, graded papers, came home and wrote lesson plans in front of Netflix.

The teaching part of his days wasn't complicated. What *was* increasingly complicated—now that he had a handle on what he needed to do professionally—was walking through Mrs. K's life outside of teaching. Now that he was no longer distracted by the constant fear of being discovered as an impostor in her body, he was more aware than ever of the body itself.

He felt the differences from his own lanky frame: the lack of physical

strength, the inability to reach... pretty much anything, the physical draw to heat and softness, the increased flexibility of his new limbs. He also felt the contrasting way in which he was received in the world.

As a brainiac, nerdy teen, he was used to having his body ignored completely, but then being praised to rooftops for his academic accomplishments. As Mrs. K, it was the complete reverse. His—well, *her*—academic abilities were totally overlooked by students and co-workers alike, but her physical presence was watched almost constantly. Sometimes it was cursory glances from male teachers in the staff room and sometimes it was open stares from horny teens but, to Will, it felt like greedy male eyes followed his neckline from room to room. It was, in a word, wearing.

There were also moments in which he let himself enjoy what her body had to offer. There were, for example, the two languid orgasms that he gave himself in the shower every morning: his hand braced on the tiled wall as he taught himself to get this body off with increasing power and dexterity. And there were the subtle little feminine pleasures and luxuries baked into her life: her soft sheets, her expensive moisturizer, her floral shampoo, her weekly mani pedi—an appointment he'd been apprehensive about keeping but found he actually thoroughly enjoyed.

Most of all though, the primary upside to the swap, was the access. Whenever he was alone, he had a wet and willing female body quite literally to hand. And, as the six days ticked by, he made the most of it. In breaks between classes, he slipped his hand down into his bra and tweaked his nipples, teasing them to hard little peaks, and then leaving them to press and chafe against the lace of his bra as his students filed in. He spent hours every night in the bedroom, standing in front of the mirror, studying Mrs. King's body from every angle and caressing every inch of soft, smooth skin.

He'd even taken pictures, posing seductively for himself, his hands about his wonderful tits. He emailed the pics to a new email address and deleted all evidence from her phone. It wasn't like he was sending them to anyone. He just wanted to enjoy them later.

By day five, he'd mostly stopped feeling guilty about using Mrs. K's body in whatever way he wanted. To his mind: she'd railroaded him into a full week of a swapping; he was simply extracting a little deserved compensation.

And then, on Wednesday (mere hours from swap back time), he learned

something that obliterated his last shred of guilt: he heard the rumor. At first, it was a whisper, the low rumbling gossip of the tenth graders as they took their seats. Hearing the names Will Berriman and Travis Hayes in the same sentence, had struck Will as unlikely and highly suspicious, so he'd let the chatter continue a little longer than he'd usually allow in the hope of hearing more. But, other than a sense that there was juicy gossip swirling, he got nothing.

Turned out, the teachers were less circumspect than the tenth graders. Will got the full story at lunch: Travis 'Gorgeous Golden Boy Di Quarterback' Hayes was apparently hooking up with Will 'Giant, Nerd Valedictorian' Berriman. Coach Mike and special teams had walked in on the pair—bare chested, liplocked and body-locked—in the changing rooms.

The gleeful teachers volleyed questions around the staff room: Did anyone know Travis was gay? Was he out? Was there a school policy on making out in the changing room? How popular did Travis—who was on the *very* top rung of the school social strata... but academically several yards short of a touchdown—end up with a brainiac social nobody like Will?

Will had mixed feelings about that last question. On one hand, it was nice to hear his intelligence roundly praised. On the other hand, it wasn't exactly fun to hear how outlandish a choice he was considered for gorgeous Travis.

But worrying about his rep in the minds of the teachers was a momentary distraction: a place for his mind to linger a moment before the full weight of what had happened fully permeated.

It was the unfairness of the situation that struck him next. While he'd spent a week carefully protecting Mrs. King's reputation and feeling guilty about touched her body even in the privacy of her own home, Mrs. K. was out *hooking up in public* with a guy!

What the actual fucking fuck was she thinking!

They were hours from swapping back and she was going to dump him back in his body with the whole school talking about him. With everyone assuming he was gay. With Travis thinking he was up for getting it on in the showers.

The rage didn't dissipate. Will stewed with fury through the rest of lunch and could barely hold it together through his last class of the day. As soon as the bell sounded, he ordered the students out—resisting the urge to smack Nick Clarkson around the head for muttering, "Damn, Mrs. K's in a shitting mood today; must be PMSing."—and slammed the door behind

them.

Marching over to the supply closet, he unlocked the door and pulled out the machine. This mess was ending *now*, before Mrs. King could do any more damage. He sat, resolutely glaring at the clock for the six and half minutes until she finally showed.

As she opened the door, then carefully closed and locked it behind her, she looked sheepish. *As she fucking should*, Will screamed internally. He wanted to yell, but he was too angry to even speak.

She glanced around the room—obviously making sure that they were alone and that the blinds were drawn—then said contritely, “I owe you an apology.”

“The whole school is talking about it... about me.” Will felt angry tears beginning to build. “What were... What were you thinking?”

“I wasn’t,” Mrs. King admitted. “Travis came up to me a few days ago, to apologize for the joint, and we got talking and...” She swallowed and added, “And I’m really sorry. It got out of hand. I just wanted to experience everything I could, so I—”

“So you dry humped the quarterback!” Will yelled.

“I’m sorry,” she repeated, running her hand through her hair in agitation.

Will felt his annoyance with her ticking up yet one more notch: she’d cut his frickin hair. It was shorter on the sides and carefully styled on top. It matched the new hipster glasses she’d apparently bought.

Was there any part of his life she hadn’t overhauled? And to what extent? Fearing the answer, he asked the question anyway: “How far did it go?”

“What?”

“*What* she asks.” Will glared in astonishment. “How far did it go with you and Travis? Did it happen more than once? Did you make out? Did you... do more?”

“More,” she admitted quietly. “We...there was more.”

“How much more?”

“We... kissed. And, umm, he gave me—well, we both actually gave each other—umm... blowjobs.”

She’d rendered him speechless, actually immobilized with anger.

“Will, please understand...” Mrs. King was babbling with contrition. “I got carried away and I overstepped and... I’m so sorry”

Some reflexive feminine urge was prompting him to mask his rage, to forgive and duck confrontation and tell her it was ok. But he tamped

down the urge and stayed resolutely silent... because she didn't deserve even a hint of forgiveness.

She took the hint and simply headed over to the machine. "I'll get us set up to swap back."

He folded his arms. "Good."

Remorse written across her face, she said, "I'd make it up to you if I could."

"How, exactly?" Will asked incredulously. "You've overhauled my image, you've got the whole school thinking I'm gay, and you've left me in a really messy situation with Travis." He realized something else that was bothering him. "And you cheated me out of something important: My body just had its first ever real hook-up, I got my first ever oral... and I wasn't even fucking *there*."

He knew he was ranting, but he couldn't stop. "I mean, it's not like girls are lining up to be with me, but you've pretty much guaranteed that I'm leaving high school a virgin. And that might not seem like—"

A hint of a smile played at the corner of her lips. "You don't have to."

Looking up from the machine, she added carefully, "I owe you one... and there *is* something I'd love to experience in this body..."

"What do you—?"

"You weren't there when your body experienced its first blowjob..." She looked nervous, but met his eye nevertheless and plowed on. "But you can be right here when it gets laid for the first time."

Before Will could process what she had just said, his former body leaned down and kissed him. His former lips met his new ones and he could taste himself, could smell the faint hint of sandalwood cologne she picked for him to wear. Will's heart hammered in his chest. He *had* been curious about Mrs. King and, so far, he was a virgin in this body. In both bodies, really. But was he really ready to have someone's dick inside him, even if it was his own? Will put his arms on his former chest and pulled back, staring up into his former eyes. Mrs. King still had a hand on his back and was staring down at him, her pupils dilated with longing.

"But..." Will gulped, "That's my body."

"And that was mine," she replied, stepping closer. "And I know exactly how to treat it."

With that she pulled him close, crushing Will's hands between them, his firm breasts pressed up against Mrs. King's chest as she forced her lips against his again. Her other hand came up and slipped through Will's

blonde hair, cupping his neck as they made out. Will let himself be guided by the rush of warmth blossoming between his legs. He kissed her back, closing his eyes and pressing himself closer. He was all too aware of his hands on his former pecs, of the hardness poking at him from beneath Mr. King's pants. Of the aching wetness between his own legs.

She was rough with him, pulling him close and squeezing his lips against hers. Will found his body responding, enjoying being taken by this big strong teenager. Mrs. King unzipped Will's blouse and yanked it off his arms. Will gasped at the strength and determination of his former body, giggling softly as he dropped his top onto the floor. Mrs. King stared down in delight at Will's bra, her arms still clasped around his back..

"Fuck," she sighed, "I never appreciated tits until I was a teenage guy."

She buried her face in his cleavage as Will laughed. Her greedy hands squeezed his breasts just as he would have done if their situations were reversed. She kissed his skin, sending little nipples of pleasure through Will's body. Opening her mouth, she breathed hot breath over each nipple, warming his bra, caressing the still hidden nipples. Will reached around and unhooked his bra. He barely had time to shrug it off before Mrs. King's teeth clamped over one little pink nipple. He sucked in a breath through his teeth as the pain met the pleasure. He grabbed his other breast, squeezing tight, enjoying his own soft body as Mrs. King kissed and suckled him. And she did know how to work her body, kissing him just where he needed, teasing him and playing his pleasure like a master musician.

Her mouth returned to his and he wrapped her in his arms. She drove him back against the wall, dry humping him as they made out. Her cock was urgent and sharp beneath her pants and, god, Will wanted it more than anything.

"Fuck me," he whispered between kisses, "Fuck me right now."

Mrs. King yanked her pants down and Will got a quick glimpse of his familiar cock. The tip was already shiny with precum, the cockhead pointing directly up at him. Will yanked up his skirt. Mrs. King grabbed one leg and hoisted it in the air, holding his thigh up in her firm grip, pushing him back on the wall for support. With her other hand, she gripped her cock and guided it towards Will's waiting pussy. She nudged aside his panties and then the head of Will's own cock was pressing against his swollen pussy lips. It felt so big against him. He continued kissing Mrs. King hungrily, his hands playing with his own tits, tweaking his little

nipples and moaning into Mrs. King's mouth. The pressure against his pussy built, the head just slipping inside him, pushing against his swollen pussy. And then the pressure disappeared with a blissful relief and Will's own cock penetrated his new body. Will grunted as his pussy was filled, the cockhead traveling through the slick walls of his cunt, pounding hard up against his center.

Mrs. King slammed into him, sending his tits jiggling. His body was so delicious, so tense and he moaned as she pounded him, pulling his leg higher up, spreading him ever more so she could thrust deeper and deeper. Will could hear the slap of balls against him, could hear the delightful squishing sound of the cock sliding through his wetness, could feel his own desire building, building, until the tension burst and he came. He threw his head back as Mrs. King continued thrusting inside him. He moaned as his body convulsed around the hard cock, tits jiggling. Mrs. King buried her face in his bobbing tits, kissing greedily as she continued pounding him faster, harder, until she too grunted and came, slamming deep deep inside. Will could feel her spurting, could feel each blast of hot cum as she emptied herself into him and he came again, moaning and twisting. The mental pleasure of being his hot teacher combined with the physical pleasure of being fucked in her tight pussy to make him release a strangled cry of lust as the orgasm overtook him. His hands flew to his tits, gripping himself as Mrs. King's cock pulsed inside him, slowing to a top and leaving Will out of breath.

She released his leg slowly and he stood unsteadily, swiping aside the blonde hair that had plastered itself to his forehead. Will's face was flushed and angry red marks were fading from his tits where he'd grabbed himself so hard. Now that the pleasure had abated he felt uncomfortably full, felt the cum threatening to trickle out of his pussy. Mrs. King pulled her pants up and went to her desk, returning with some tissues.

"You'll need to wipe yourself off," she said bashfully.

When Will was as clean as he could be, he got dressed again. He zipped up his skirt and nodded at the machine. "Let's do this." He didn't want to let on how wonderful it had felt to be pounded by his own cock.

Clearly his body seriously appreciated getting laid because Mrs. K was still grinning ear to ear as she replied, "Ok, I just need to get us set up." She worked efficiently, hooking up the leads and connecting their bodies.

As she held the final wire over the beaker of liquid, ready to initialize the

chemical reaction, she gave him a small nod. “Thanks again, Will... for letting me experience this.”

Willing to be generous (now that it was finally almost over), Will replied, “That’s ok.”

And Mrs. K dropped the wire.

The pain was familiar and welcome, the burn searing through his whole body and tearing his connective tissue. When it ebbed away and the world swam back into focus, Will looked down, more than ready to see his familiar, lanky frame and his—

“What the fuck!” He look down again, confirming he was *still* in Mrs. King’s body. “What the *actual* fuck?!?”

She looked genuinely remorseful. “Sorry, Will.”

“Is the machine broken?”

“Umm, well...” She swallowed. “See—”

Comprehension began to dawn and he demanded, “Did you do this on purpose? Make the reaction fail to ... to leave us like this?”

“It’s not quite what you’re thinking. See, I—”

“You *promised*,” he said through gritted teeth. “You promised to switch us back.”

“Technically, I promised to hook us up to the machine...” She look away, avoiding his eye. “Which I did.”

“Then why didn’t it work?”

“Theoretically, there was a small chance this would happen. Chemistry is a delicate balancing act. Change the ingredients even slightly and—”

“You changed the ingredients?”

“No,” she said, looking back at him now, “you did.” She ignored his look of confusion and added, “There was a new substance introduced this time, which added citric acid, acid phosphatase, calcium, sodium, zinc, potassium, fructose and a few other things to the mix.”

“I didn’t add anything,” Will retorted. “I never even messed with the machine.” And then the list of ingredients coalesced in his mind and he blurted out, “Semen! You’re saying it didn’t work because there’s semen present in this body.”

Her expression led Will to his next conclusion and he stated, “You knew.”

“It was a hypothesis.”

“And yet you did it anyway! Let me do something that would fuck up the switch.”

She seemed to be having a tough time looking contrite. “Sorry, I saw an

opportunity... and, well, this body is very *very* hard to give up.”

“So how fucking long until the jizz leaves my body?”

Mrs. King looked thoughtful and just a little smug. “Days definitely, maybe weeks.” She shrugged and added, “I’m a chemist not a human biologist.”

“So you’re just going to leave me like this?”

“For now... Well, yeah.” She grinned and headed for the door. “After all, I’ve agreed to meet Travis in half an hour.” And, with that, she headed out the door.

Will dropped his head into his hands. Mrs. King clearly didn’t give a shit about protecting his life. Hell, for all he knew, she was going to hold his body hostage and spend her time rubbing it up against Travis. Maybe she’d never give him his body back. He wanted to weep in despair, but his anger was gradually stifling every other emotion. He could feel his rage boiling up in his gut and bubbling beneath his skin. Lashing out, he grabbed the Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin bust and shoved it to the floor. It shattered with a thoroughly satisfying crash.

“Whoa!”

Looking up, Will found Nick Clarkson standing in the doorway, eyeing the mess.

Nick stepped into the chem lab. “Mrs. K? You ok?”

Will’s glared at the mess and Nick with equal venom. “I’m fine.”

“K, then.” Nick looked at him beseechingly. “It’s been a week; can I get my phone back?”

Will did not have the energy for Nick right now. “Fine, whatever.” He moved behind Mrs. King’s desk, unlocked the drawer and pulled out Nick’s phone. When he looked up, he found Nick bent over, picking up chunks of broken plaster. And then he felt his eyes moving over the planes of Nick’s back to the curves of his perfect ass.

And his anger became something sharp and tactical. Walking back around the desk, he knelt down on all fours and began helping to pick up the pieces. The second he let the neckline of his blouse gape low, he saw Nick’s eyes jump to his tits.

And he knew what he was going to do next.

“Nick?”

With obvious effort, Nick dragged his eyes away from Will’s cleavage.

“Umm, yeah?”

Will held Nick’s stare for a moment, then said slowly, “Fuck me.”

Nick's eyes nearly bugged out of his head. "What?"

Will let a little smile tease at the corner of his mouth. Sitting back on his heels, he began to unbutton the little buttons on his top. "Stand up, lock the door, and fuck me."

And then Nick was jumping to his feet and racing to lock the door. By the time he turned back, Will was topless. He swayed back and forth, letting his huge breasts jiggle enticingly.

Will's felt his smile slide into a smirk of resolve. If Mrs. King was going to taint his reputation... he was going to *total* hers.

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