

BODY THEFT ♦ BODY SWAP ♦ AGE REGRESSION

Let
HER
Inside
Me
book two

JIMMY ZAPPA



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Let Her Inside Me Book 2: Body Theft

By Jimmy Zappa

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the following people:

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

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

About the Author

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

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

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

Stephanie Brown

Stephanie flew through what seemed like a void of darkness. When she breathed, she could hear echoes all around her. She felt lightheaded and felt like she was falling from a great height. She felt a sharp pain in her chest again as she took a long, deep breath and closed her eyes.

She could barely see white walls, white furniture, and a table in front of her full of mushroom soup. The smell of old people lingered in the air while she swallowed the warm soup. She could hear Priya speaking to her, but the noises seemed jumbled and mixed into loud, incoherent waves of sound. The world made little to no sense as Priya's brown hand shook her shoulder. A slight pain emerged in her joints.

"I'll come back later," a woman's voice said. "I have to get some new incontinence pads from downstairs. Would you please just lay there for now, Amita?"

When Stephanie opened her eyes. The world was a complete blur, yet she could tell that she was alone in the room now. Fiona and Priya were gone. The sound of classical music played in the background as the random images from before fluttered through her mind. They were a bunch of colors and memories she had never seen before. All of it was confusing to her while she fidgeted in place, her mouth dry and eyes sore. Every inch of her body ached with pain as snot dripped down her nose.

"I won't be too long," the same woman's voice said. "I'll turn the radio on for you soon too. I'll be right back, okay?"

She closed her eyes and breathed as deeply as she could. It was difficult to breathe, the air around her feeling dry and hot while her sinuses felt plugged. The sound of a vacuum hummed nearby, and the sound of a television was blaring too loudly through the walls. Stephanie winced before she let out a painful cough, her chest and ribs throbbing with pain.

It felt like she was sick with the flu. She had never felt this way in such a long time. Coughing again, she rubbed at her blurred eyes covered with crust and took another series of deep breaths. She remembered the last words Fiona had mentioned about breathing. She needed to be consistent. Everything felt like a struggle for her, though. Being in Priya's body was not something she was accustomed to, so Stephanie assumed that she would get used to her friend's body with time.

“Only for a day,” she croaked to herself.

When Stephanie finally opened her eyes again, she realized that she was in a bed with heavy sheets wrapped around her. She felt completely wet, the sweat around her body causing her clothes to stick uncomfortably to her skin. The faint smell of urine also lingered in the air.

She could see white walls with portraits of people she did not recognize. She could see black and white photos of grandparents and children. A hundred memories sat along the walls as she got up from the bed to move to the open doorway across from her.

Her eyes widened when she grabbed at her chest. She expected to see Priya's augmented breasts like she fantasized, but she felt only small, sagging tits that

felt as though they were spilling over her frail hands. A pain fluttered through her chest, her head pounding as she rose up from her bed. She looked down and saw that she was wearing an oversized green dress. Stephanie felt light headed and fell back on to the bed. Something was not right about any of this.

“Please,” she weakly said. “Somebody help...”

“Amita, are you okay?” A woman’s voice asked from the doorway.

The world seemed disoriented from her perspective. She twisted and turned in the bed, and saw a dresser with a mirror facing her bed. She did her best to sit up, and regret immediately hit her as she stared into the face of an old woman with long, silvery hair and light brown skin. Wrinkles covered her drooping face, her boney fingers reaching up to feel her horrified face. She was an old woman that she did not recognize.

Stephanie screamed.

Images flashed before her very eyes when she realized what had happened. She could see her hair burning as the witch triggered the spell. Ominous whispers and a feeling of dread filled her mind while she struggled to come to terms with what had happened. Priya had betrayed her, and now she was trapped in somebody else’s body.

She shook her head frantically and rolled out of the bed. The soft grey carpet painfully slammed against the side of her head while she struggled to stand up. Faces she did not recognize appeared in her mind while her legs surged with pain. She could hear over a dozen people at the doorway saying things. Two or

three hands grabbed her by the arm, and she immediately screamed again. Her heart was racing while she looked around in confusion.

She tried to say something, but only slurred words poured out of her mouth as she yelled nonsense. Her entire body felt stiff as she was carried through the hallway. It sounded like hundreds of people were speaking now, and all she could do was scream out of confusion and fear. She had never been so afraid in her life while she faded in and out of consciousness.

Stephanie had no idea how much time was passing by. It felt like the world was moving at lightning speed at times. There were some moments when she would be able to understand her surroundings, like when the paramedics in an ambulance were talking about their weekend, but there were other moments when the world no longer made sense.

After feeling this way for what felt like hours, she tiredly looked around a white room surrounded by people. She felt somebody placing thick spectacles over her eyes, but the glasses barely helped her while she squinted at a man in blue scrubs to the left of her bed. Stephanie assumed that he was a nurse or a doctor. What happened to me? “Have ... well ... don’t ...” were the only words that she could struggle to say.

“It’s okay, Amita,” the man said. “You’ve had another stroke. We gave you thrombolytic medicine to break up the clots that caused your stroke. Since we got you here from your retirement home in time, you’ll make a mostly full recovery.”

“I’m ... not ... I’m...”

“We’ll monitor your progress over the next few days,” the man interrupted. “You’ll be helped by the nurses during your stay. If you need help, just let us know. Now, as for rehabilitation, the retirement home will be assisting you with long-term recovery.”

“I’m ... Amita ... not ... I’m ... don’t...”

“Yes, you’re Amita,” the man in blue said with a nod. “Caregiver support will be with your 24/7. We’re going to give your caregivers and granddaughter a list of things for your dietary restrictions for the future. Some extra things too. It’ll reduce the likelihood of another stroke, okay?”

While the man got up from his chair, Stephanie felt her eyes widening. She looked around the room and saw a woman in pink scrubs jotting notes down on a clipboard. She handed one of two people a piece of paper and murmured something at the foot of Stephanie’s bed. “Thank you so much,” a sweet and familiar voice said.

The man in blue and the woman in pink left the room, and the only two other people were staring back at Stephanie now. She looked into the dark brown eyes of who she thought was her best friend. She wanted to scream when she saw the worried look on Priya’s face. “You ... you ... how ... could...”

The transwoman sat there with her bare legs crossed. Her blue shorts hugged her upper leg while she scratched at her thigh with her left hand. She ran her free hand’s fingers through her dark hair to keep it out of her face. “Stephanie,” the East Indian transwoman said nervously. “How are you feeling?”

The woman beside Priya laughed. Stephanie stared at the woman with a horrified look on her face. Now her heart was definitely racing. Staring back at her was her own body. A young, Caucasian woman with a beautiful smile leaned forward and hissed. "I'm Stephanie. This is Amita. Get it right."

"N-No..." Stephanie cried. The machine that monitored her heart rate was beginning to spike, so Priya turned the machine off. "No ... am ... not ... am not ... am ... Amita."

"Yes, you're the new Amita," her stolen body laughed. "I'm glad you've got that right. I'm glad that I'm not Amita anymore. How does it feel in there, by the way? It's a confusing feeling, isn't it? That was one of the things that I noticed when I first went into your young, sexy body. My thinking was clearer. And God, everything felt so much better. It's been forever since I've felt this way."

"So ... the ... you're the one who stole my body?" Stephanie asked.

"We just wanted to stop by to see if you were dead," Amita said coldly. "When I heard about you having a stroke through Priya, I was so excited. I really chose the best time to steal your body. It could have been me in there having my third stroke."

"I'm not ... going ... die. Give it ... give it back."

"I'm sorry, Stephanie," Priya said. "You're going to stay in there. We just wanted to make sure you were okay."

“You have one hell of a body, by the way,” Amita laughed. Getting up, she ran her hands along the curves of her breasts and waist. She walked around the room, and all Stephanie could do was watch with horror and fear. “You feel incredible. I’ve already tested it, and I couldn’t have chosen a better vessel than this one. The incredible hair. The great figure. The mind numbing sensitivity. Being young is wonderful. Oh yes! Your boyfriend is quite the man. He and I have gotten along splendidly.”

“My boy... boyfriend...”

“He isn’t your boyfriend anymore. Gordie’s mine.”

Stephanie wanted to punch the body thief so hard as her fists trembled. This is it, Stephanie thought sadly. I’m going to be trapped in her body. She’s going to run away with my life.

“We’re going to go,” Priya said. “We have school tomorrow, so we’ll be seeing you later, Stephanie.”

“Amita,” Stephanie’s stolen body said. “You’re going to confuse her more.”

“Nana Amita,” Priya said weakly. “See you later.”

“N-No ... come ... back...” Stephanie cried. Every inch of her body throbbed painfully when she tried to sit up. Her bones and joints were burning while Priya turned the heart rate monitor back on. Stephanie’s heart was dangerously above a

hundred beats per minute. “No! No! No! No!”

Stephanie’s stolen body grabbed Priya’s hand and pulled her away.

“The best thing about this is that nobody will believe her,” Amita laughed when they reached the doorway. By then, two nurses had suddenly showed up. “We don’t know what’s going on with her. She started having a fit, and now her heart’s skyrocketing.”

“We’ll handle things from here,” a nurse said.

The world seemed like a blur again when Stephanie tried to push away the female nurses that had come to her side. “No!” She screamed hysterically.

“Miss Rai, we’re only trying to help,” the nurse whispered.

One of them had a needle of something. It entered her arm painfully. With her eyes widening, she tried to reveal the truth about all of this. Stephanie needed to tell somebody about the body thief that was leaving her to die. Before she could say anything, though, she quickly felt her body weakening. She whispered a word before she suddenly fell asleep.

Gordie Maxson

Gordie was in the store's backroom on the computer looking through Amazon when his phone began beeping. He reached for his phone and looked at text notifications from his girlfriend's best friend. What does Priya want? He thought with a frown.

He had a feeling that it was related to the recent fight between his girlfriend and her. He knew little about it, but he knew that they were avoiding each other. Taking one final bite out of his donut, he opened large blocks of text messages. He rolled his eyes and skimmed through the long paragraphs. Jesus Christ, he thought. Priya wanted to meet up for some reason, and that only sounded like trouble.

Before he could put the phone down so he could ignore her messages, it began to ring. He sighed and answered it. "Hi," he said bluntly.

"Sorry about the texts," she said. "This is really important. It's about Stephanie."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll only understand if I show you something," Priya said. "Where are you right now?"

"Working."

“Is she working too?”

“Yup,” he answered flatly. “Did you want me to say hi to her for you?”

“No,” Priya spat out quickly. He rose a brow. “Don’t tell her that I was talking to you. This is super important, Gordie. Promise me.”

“Uh huh. I’m off in six hours if you wanted to talk then.”

“Six hours is fine by me. I’ll talk to you later, Gordie-“

Gordie hung the phone up and sighed. He prayed that this was not going to be some sort of drama inducing bullshit that the two of them always dragged him into. That was one of the most annoying things about dating Stephanie and being friends with Priya – there was always something that would waste his precious time.

He slid his phone into a nearby drawer and walked out onto the salesfloor. It was Thanksgiving, so the drug store was practically empty. Gordie was working his inventory stocking shift, and everything his manager had assigned to him was already done by the time he took a tiny break. With six hours left, the only thing he really had planned was help train the new Asian cashier on the cash register with Stephanie.

Gordie had been working at the drug store for just as long as his girlfriend, who

had also been working at another drug store up until the end of August. The amount of work was easy for him, and he never had to deal with the overly bitchy customers for more advanced problems. He could keep chugging away with the occasional asshole in the aisles. He never had a thick skin when it came to dealing with aggressive customers.

But Stephanie was worse than he was at dealing with conflict, so when she happily received her supervisor promotion before he did, he was surprised to see her taking on the role so well.

Stephanie did her supervisor and cashier shifts with a dizzying amount of enthusiasm and charm. He had no idea that she could speak Punjabi, Spanish, Russian, and Mandarin. When she began talking to customers in their foreign tongues, she started getting all sorts of positive reviews. Every single manager noticed her polyglot tongue and immediately started urging her into the supervisor role. When she got it, she only flourished.

Gordie was walking up the aisle when he listened in on Stephanie talking to the new cashier in Mandarin. The new girl was a timid and tiny looking thing that he paid little attention to that shift. She rarely talked, yet she seemed extremely comfortable around Stephanie. The two were talking to each other at lightning speed.

Like Gordie, Stephanie and the new girl were wearing their standard bright red T-shirts. The policy for pants was that they had to be completely black. All of the girls at work used yoga pants, while the guys wore black khakis. When he approached the two of them, the new girl was focused on pressing the right buttons and dealing with a customer while Stephanie winked at him.

“Hey, Gordie!”

“How’s it going over here?” Gordie asked.

Stephanie moved out of the till and moved closer to him. He could smell the new Ariana Grande perfume that he bought for her birthday last week. “Emmie’s learning fast,” she said loud enough for the new girl to hear. “She’s picking up faster than you ever did.”

“Rude.”

“Oversensitive,” she teased him while shrugging. She looked over the till counter at Emmie and noticed that there were no more customers. “You handled the past few customers really well, by the way. You were fast. I’ll tell you what – I’m going to leave you alone for the next little bit. How do you feel about that?”

“I don’t know…” Emmie said.

“You’ve been doing great,” Stephanie said. “Just page for me if you need help. I’ll call you or come up to the till. Okay?”

His girlfriend had always been the shy type. She never came across as somebody who could actively encourage other people. Stephanie always felt like she had no direction. After the summer, it was like she had become a completely different person. She began taking on more leadership roles and started volunteering at food banks after she dropped out of school to focus on herself.

“What’ll you be doing?” Gordie asked.

“I’ll help you in the backroom,” she said. “Roger probably wants us to tidy things up for the next order shipment.”

Emmie was about to ask something, but Stephanie quickly grabbed his hand and tugged him down the nearest aisle. Her ponytail bobbed with every step as he looked down both ends of the cookie aisle. It was completely empty. “But I’m already-“

Stephanie abruptly leaned forward and kissed Gordie. She froze him in place and leaned against his towering body. She quietly moaned into him as he felt her heat entering through his lips. The world stood still between them. “We’ll find something to do,” she whispered with flushed cheeks. “I know you’re already done. But I have to keep you busy.”

“What do you have in mind?”

“Come on. It’s really slow today.” She tugged him down the empty aisle. “It’s been a while since I’ve done any backroom work.”

He noticed the growing boldness in her personality ever since she had become a supervisor. He thought that it would eventually peak, but this felt completely out of character for her. Two months ago, she would have never risked her job by suddenly kissing an employee out on the salesfloor. She was too shy and afraid of getting in trouble. It was like the promotion had gotten to her head. Really feisty now, he thought happily.

They walked through the backroom doorway. Quickly locking the door with the side deadbolt, they moved passed shelves and aisles of overstock that the team regularly stocked throughout the day. He already put out as much as he could, so there was no work left to do. She's not thinking about fucking here, is she? He thought to himself while staring at his girlfriend's prominent curves. He almost wanted to pinch them right then and there.

At the end of the empty backroom was their manager's office. She reached for the keys she had clipped to her black pants. "They finally gave me a key."

"Wait, Roger and the other assistant managers are the only ones allowed here. When did you get a key?"

"Does it matter?" She asked playfully.

The managers' office was a spacious room. To the left of the doorway was a rectangular white desk with a flat screen computer monitor, keyboard, and a black mouse. At the center of the room was a black computer chair. To the far right of the room were four metal filing cabinets. Overall, the room was neat and tidy, but Gordie had a feeling that it would not stay this way.

Stephanie roughly tugged him inside and immediately took initiative. She pushed him over the white desk planted a long, deep kiss against his lips. Her warm breathing tickled at his clef as she giggled into him. There was a sense of thirst in his girlfriend as he felt her hot tongue exploring for his own.

Gordie's hands reached for his girlfriend's slender waist and held her close to him. While their lips remained locked together, she pushed her entire body up against his hardening cock between kisses. When she pulled away, all he could see was pure lust in her freshly lashed eyes as she bit her lower lip.

"I'm getting promoted," she said. "I get more privileges. More slack. I can do what I want. And the only thing I want right now is you giving me congratulatory cock."

"What if the new girl needs help?" He asked. "I'm not saying I'm not down. You deserve this. This is really good news."

"You don't even remember her name. Besides, there's a phone back here. We'll just call her." The knowing smile and the raised brow made his heart race. She's serious, he thought. Holy shit, she's serious. His grip around her waist loosened as he took handfuls of her ass. She giggled while he kissed the side of her neck. He could feel her weakly moaning while she rubbed her crotch against his hardness. "Gordie..."

Their lips worshipped each other for what felt like minutes before a page echoed throughout the store. "Stephanie, could you call till one please?" Gordie's heart sank, and a hidden rage began to build up within him.

"Calm down."

"What? I didn't say anything!" He insisted.

“Your breathing deeply. You’re pissed. I am too.”

Gordie shook his head. “I’m not breathing deeply.”

“Yes you are.”

“Stephanie, could you call till one please?” Emmie’s voice asked over the intercom.

His girlfriend sighed and leaned over the desk. Gordie remained on the ground behind her perfect bum as she reached behind the computer monitor. She dialed the front till and waited for Emmie to pick up the phone while Gordie pulled down his girlfriend’s yoga pants and red panties. She let out a surprised giggle when he pushed at her lower back. Now that she was bending over the desk, the boyfriend had a perfect view of her welcoming crevice.

“Y-Yes?” Stephanie asked when Gordie burrowed his hot tongue between her legs. She moaned quietly with gritted teeth as the tongue tunneled deep within her slit. His squirming tongue flicked her moistness while she kept leaning over the desk. “No, I t-tried ... no. You process the coupon first. Not after totaling, okay?”

Gordie moved away and pulled his girlfriend away from the desk. She looked unsure of what he was going to do, but when he gave her a slight push, she immediately began sitting on the desk. Gordie looked up between her legs as she bit her lower lip. His lips hovered just above her slit before his face finally dropped against her sweet, delectable honeypot.

Stephanie moaned loudly and closed her eyes. Gordie watched her face twisting with pleasure. “No, everything’s fine. I ... a-almost dropped the phone. I hit m-my hand trying to catch it. Did you ... process it?” While Gordie’s tongue slid through her dampness, he brought a single finger over his girlfriend’s throbbing clit.

He gently circled away at it and immediately watched Stephanie’s entire body twisting and turning on the desk. She gritted her teeth while her lower body pushed up against his finger. She moved her hips in his direction and clearly wanted more. She looked completely lost in her ecstasy. “Good, did you give the customer their ... nnggh ... their change?” She asked.

Her eyes suddenly widened when his tongue became faster inside of her. He could see her torso beginning to twitch and jerk when he rubbed her clit faster. Her powerful thighs tightened around his head to seemingly try slowing him down, but it was no use. Gordie could taste her musk becoming wetter and wetter until her entire body shivered with overwhelming lust. She abruptly hung the phone up while Emmie was talking to her, and she euphorically screamed. “Yes, Gordie! Yes! Yes!”

Gordie continued eating away while the area between her legs became flooded with her shimmering desire. She reached down and gripped his hair while she braced for the rest of her climax. The moment her grip tightened was the moment her pleasure overtook her. Her fingers loosened while the desk shook with every jolt. The keyboard and monitor shifted to the side. His girlfriend’s arms flailed with every wonderful wave. If anybody was just outside of the backroom doors, they would have heard her bewildered excitement.

“How’d that feel, slut?” He joked.

“Oh my god,” She moaned weakly. “That was incredible.” He stood over her and watched her writhing in blissful agony. She ran a single finger along her sparkling slit and licked the finger. “I can’t believe how hard I came.”

“You just really like the idea of making a mess for Roger,” he laughed.

“He’d fucking kill me...”

The desk’s surface just beneath her throbbing cunt was gleaming in the white fluorescent lighting. He began to unbuckle his pants when the phone began to ring again. She rolled her eyes and answered the phone while Gordie leaned over her.

“Hello?” Stephanie giggled when his lips landed on the side of her neck. He left spots of her juices along her flesh. As well, now that he was closer to the phone, he could actually hear the new cashier while he passionately and loudly kissed his girlfriend’s soft skin.

“What’s that in the background?” Emmie asked.

“What in th-the background? Oh ... just the printer.” She grinned mischievously at Gordie. “What did you need?”

“Question about cash backs,” Emmie said after a brief silence. “Can we do it with credit cards?”

The tip of his cock brushed his girlfriend's inner thigh. "Only with debit cards," she answered. Brushing the tip of his cock against her clit, she let out a surprised moan before forcing a cough. "Sorry, I almost sneezed there."

Gordie accidentally let out a laugh. He forced his lips closed when Stephanie hit him. "Is Gordie with you? I had a question for him too. The customer wanted to know when you'd get more yogurt. The organic stuff. They said that you're all out."

His cock slowly slipped through her welcoming folds, and she let out another moan. This time, she did not force herself to keep quiet. She enjoyed the feeling of his length sliding into her and looked lost in her bliss. Once he was completely inside of her, Gordie could feel her slender legs wrapping around his lower back. She was smiling with the hottest look in her eye when he inched himself in and out of her.

He planted a kiss against her pink lips before he inched his face closer to the phone. "We should be getting more by Friday," he said while he fucked his girlfriend slowly. He felt a kiss against his own neck while Stephanie's arms wrapped around his shoulders. "Was there anything else that you needed?"

"I think I'm g-good," Emmie said shyly.

Gordie slammed the phone into its unit and began thrusting into his girlfriend even harder. She moaned happily as he rested his head against her forehead. Her legs tightened while he looked deeply into her eyes. "I can't believe you were so loud," he teased.

“I couldn’t help it,” she snapped between thrusts. “Your cock drives me wild.” He gripped Stephanie’s waist and lifted her up into the air. She giggled hysterically while he adjusted her over his dome. “Such a strong man.” Her eyebrows curved upwards when she sank on his cock. “Shit ... shit ... you’re so deep, Gordie. Holy fuck!” Her body wriggled against his length. “Oh my god!”

Stephanie cried fervently as he fucked her. Her legs and arms remained locked around his body while his animal lust overtook him. He slammed every inch into her, and her hips seemingly swung right back at him. She moaned happily with every bobbing movement as their bodies intersected with one another. He looked down at his gleaming cock burrowing itself deep within her with every thrust before Stephanie abruptly readjusted herself.

He felt her lower leg wrapping around the back of his knee. He lost his balance and fell onto the desk while Stephanie remained on his lap. She pushed his shoulders back so that his back was up against the wall. She pushed him back down when he tried to get up.

“Stay still,” she whispered while she slowly rode his cock. “I want to feel every inch of you while I control every movement. You’re trapped. I’m not letting you leave.”

“If you keep talking like that, I might actually fill you up by accident.”

There was a naughty look in her eye while she nuzzled her head against his forehead. “There are no accidents.” Gordie reached beneath her red shirt and felt at the curves of her sweating waist. Her doe-like stare made his cock twitch. “I want you to cum inside of me. Let me feel every drop.” Her jaw gradually

dropped with every swing of her hips as she closed her eyes. “I need it. I want it, Gordie.” The area between his legs felt hot and damp as she looked lost in her desire. “Let it spill all over Roger’s desk. Please.”

The phone began to ring again. He squeezed at her thighs, but she would not budge. “What about Emmie?” Gordie asked.

“Fuck her,” she said.

“What?”

“She doesn’t matter right now.” Her naughty smile was all he needed to realize what she wanted. Nothing else mattered anymore. Her moans echoed throughout the backroom while she rode his cock. She moved faster and faster, and Gordie found himself starting to breathe more erratically.

He felt his face twisting with pleasure as his cock hardened and began to pulsate. “Fuck, I’m going to cum,” he groaned. “I’m cumming!” Stephanie’s hips slowed down as she controlled the force of his cock’s stream. He felt his seed filling her up as his cock jerked with every spurt, and the heat between the two only intensified while she leaned forward to kiss at his neck. With his face heating up from the pleasure, he groaned loudly with every movement. His fingers around her thighs tightened with every passing second until he felt his cock beginning to soften inside of her.

“How’d that feel?” She laughed while reaching for a tissue.

Gordie leaned forward and kissed forehead. “Fuck,” was all he could breathlessly say. The phone was still ringing by the time he reached forward to pick it up. “Hello? Sorry, I was receiving something.”

“Can you authorize a return?” The new cashier asked.

“I ... can’t.”

“Is Stephanie back there still?”

Stephanie climbed off him and blotted at her ravaged pussy. She smiled sweetly while she gave the cum drenched tissue a lick. There was a satisfied look over her sweating face as she finally said, “tell her that I’ll be right there once I get cleaned up.”

Priya Acharya

It was early in the morning when Priya decided to venture off into the outskirts of town again. It was unbelievably cold while she walked away from the nearest bus stop. With Halloween a few weeks away, she was expecting the weather to be bad, but not this bad. She shivered in her black boots and black trench coat while she avoided overly slippery slopes and excessively dark areas of the forest.

Fiona's secluded home was a wooden log cabin near a large hill of scattered trees. Because she was a well-known witch with an extensive criminal history, it was part of her penance to remain isolated from mankind. She could still go into the city to buy some things, but she was not allowed to travel long distances. Fiona's living space seemed lonely to Priya whenever she visited, yet the old witch never seemed to hate her situation.

The grass appeared frosty beneath her feet as she finally approached the building. It was cramped, box-shaped, and unbelievably old. Green clumps of nature caressed every crevice around its only window. Priya looked through the cloudy window and was disheartened to find that Fiona was not home.

The transwoman could see the entire room from where she stood. There was an extremely small bed with a blue blanket on the far-right corner of the room. Above it were bolted shelves full of old Native American wooden trinkets of animal spirits.

Coming here a fourth or fifth time now, she could not believe that Fiona could live in such a desolate living space. Her kitchen, living room, and bedroom were all in the same room. She knew that the outhouse was somewhere in the backyard, and somewhere beyond the backyard was a river where the old

woman bathed. What does she even do in the winter time? Priya randomly thought.

When her eyes fell upon the wooden dinner table at the center of the room, her heart sank. It was here where she betrayed the friend that she had made almost a year ago. Once Fiona burned the hair strands belonging to Stephanie and Nana Amita, they immediately swapped bodies. Now that her friend was now trapped in Nana Amita's crumbling body, the old woman had great plans for her newly stolen life.

That had happened almost two months ago, and she began regretting it when she realized how cruel of a woman Nana Amita really was. She knew that the old woman was cold and calculating, but the way she treated Stephanie was not acceptable. The worst thing about all of this was that Priya felt like she had been used. "You've served your purpose," her stolen voice echoed in her mind.

The feeling of rejection and being thrown aside was what made Priya venture all the way out to Fiona's hut. After visiting Stephanie in the hospital, the very sight of Nana Amita gloating about her stolen youth made the transwoman furious. Stephanie's screams as she remained trapped in the old woman's body had tortured Priya for nearly two months. Unfortunately for her, nothing was fixing the dread in her heart, so she resorted to trying her luck with Fiona.

"Priya," a surprised voice said from behind her. "I wasn't expecting you. This is a pleasant surprise." Priya spun around from the window and saw an old, Native American woman with long black hair that ran down to her shoulders. A black poncho covered her chubby body as she fumbled around with something beneath the black fabric. She was carrying blocks of firewood. As she slowly set the logs down, the old woman let out a groan.

“Let me help you,” Priya said quickly.

“It’s fine where it is,” the Native American said. She rubbed at her lower back. “What brings you out here this early?”

“I made a terrible choice...”

The witch’s face remained unchanged. “Come on in,” she said as she led Priya into the hut. “You’ll probably want to tell me all about it. Did you want anything to drink?”

“I’m fine, thank you,” Priya said weakly. “I just wanted to have a quick chat. I wanted to know more about something.”

“That’s fine.”

Fiona snapped her fingers, and the house immediately brightened. The lanterns at every corner began burning while the witch moved through the room. She pulled out a chair on the opposite end of the dinner table and sat down. She let out a groan while she rubbed at her knees. Priya sat down across from her and took a deep breath.

“It’s about the body swap between my friend and Nana Amita,” Priya said. “I’m grateful that you played along. I’m grateful that you gave my nana a second chance. But this isn’t what I wanted.”

“You doublechecked. I doublechecked. She wanted it. That’s the point in consent for the spell.” The woman’s face darkened. “I also accepted your old landlord’s money. It was part of the deal, if you remember.”

Priya’s heart sank. “It isn’t right. I realize that now, Fiona.”

“It’s irreversible.”

“I know that there has to be another way,” Priya cried. “You know all these spells. You were the one who helped me with my problems. My personal problems. My mental problems. Everything with my transition. Please, Fiona, I need your help in making this right. Stephanie doesn’t deserve this. She doesn’t deserve to die in my nana’s body...”

“The spell that was used requires consent,” the witch said bitterly. Her words felt like poison against Priya’s mind. Tears bubbled at the corners of her eyes as she began to grit her teeth. She struggled to suppress her sobs. “Unless Amita decides to leave her body, Stephanie has no way of regaining her youth.”

“You’re a witch. You know magic.”

“Stephanie has no way of regaining her youth unless Amita agrees to swap back.”

Priya slammed her fist into the table. The old woman jumped. “I’m going to tell somebody. You’re not supposed to be using magic on normal people. You’ve

broken rules. I can ruin everything for you.”

The witch studied Priya for a time in silence, and for the first time in minutes, there seemed to be a sad look in her eye. “If you put it that way, there is one thing we could do.”

“Anything,” Priya whimpered. “I’ll do anything.”

“It’s extremely risky,” Fiona continued. “We can still use the same spell ... there are just extra steps. The spell requires consent. We’ll do what we did during the first body transfer. We have to trick your grandmother into agreeing to swap bodies. We have to trick her into giving up her youth.”

“She won’t agree to give up her body.”

“Quiet,” Fiona hissed. “I know that. But there’s a way to trick her into thinking that swapping bodies is what she wants. I have an elixir locked away that can permanently wipe a person’s memory. If you can have Amita swallow this elixir and befriend her again like you did with Stephanie, then we can do the body swap. But there’s one unfortunate catch.”

“What is it?”

“The elixir permanently wipes a memory. She’ll still be able to walk and talk, but she won’t have any idea who she was. Your nana’s memory will be unretrievable. It can also result in unconsciousness for days, so you’ll have to

make sure her body's taken care of."

"But Stephanie's memory will be fine once she returns to her body, right?"

"Stephanie's memories will remain intact," Fiona said. "Your grandmother's memory will remain completely wiped. She won't have any idea who she is."

"She already had that issue before the body swap."

The old witch nodded. "Then you're fine with this solution. The trick is getting her to drink the elixir. You're going to have to place it in her food somehow."

Priya's eyes lowered to the table. Her chest was racing when she finally said, "that's going to be a problem."

"How so?"

"Me and Nana Amita had a big argument after we visited Stephanie in the hospital," Priya admitted. She felt the tears rolling down her cheeks again. "I've barely spoken to her for the past few months. That's actually why I want to reverse this. She's a sociopath. She's insane. She looked at me dead in the eyes and told me that I served my purpose and that she was done with me."

"You thought this was going to be a fairytale ending," Fiona said. "You silly girl. Don't worry. You're young. You're stupid."

“I just thought that this was what I wanted. Stephanie was everything to me. When Nana Amita shared her with me, I felt complete. I felt whole.”

The Native American rolled her eyes. “Are you really afraid that you won’t be able to get her the elixir?”

“I just said that it’s going to be a problem. I mean ... I guess I could ask her boyfriend to help me. If Gordie learns the truth, he’ll be willing to help me. I know Nana Amita’s already on edge with me. If Stephanie’s boyfriend can trick her with me, then it’ll be a piece of cake.”

A smile curled over the Native American’s lips. “And are you close with Gordie?”

“We’re on good terms. We still text every now and then. The most important thing is that he loves her ... he won’t say no.”

“I see.” She moved through the room and crouched beside her bed. She fumbled around and pulled out a brown chest. She opened it and fumbled through a pile of glass jars full of colorful liquids. When she found a glowing red one, she placed it on the bed and closed the chest. She slid it back beneath the bed and carried the glowing red jar to the table before sitting down. “This will do the trick.”

“This is it?”

She placed the cylindrical glass jar in front of Priya. “All he needs to do is mix it in a little bit,” Fiona said. “Put it in food. A drink. Anything that will get it down her throat.”

Priya fidgeted uncomfortably in her seat. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she forced a smile. “Thanks so much for this, Fiona. You’ve always been willing to help me out. It means a lot to me.”

“You kind of threatened me.”

“And I’m sorry for that,” she said. “I’ll make it up to you. I promise.” Priya stared deeply into Fiona’s greying eyes. There was fire in the old woman’s gaze. I’ll give Gordie a text right now.”

Stephanie Brown

Stephanie was sitting in the main dining room of the retirement home when two blurry figures sat down in front of her. She pulled on her thick spectacles with trembling hands. She had been playing bingo ten or twenty minutes ago, and she had already forgotten that the last game was over. Once she realized where she was again, she let out a surprised cry. “No...”

“Stephanie, it’s okay,” Priya said. “I’m going to fix this. I was wrong. I made a mistake. We’re going to fix this. Look – I brought Gordie.”

Stephanie looked at the man sitting beside her friend, and her heart gushed with happiness. A smile crept over her face as she leaned closer to them. She was practically leaning into the table while she tried seeing through her blurry eyes. “Gordie ... I’m ... I’m ... you’re here. I haven’t ... seen ... so ... long.”

“What?”

Judging by the confusion on her boyfriend’s handsome face, Stephanie could tell that he did not understand what she was saying. That was a common occurrence here – nobody seemed to want to listen to her. She could talk somebody’s ear off, and nobody would pay attention to her. Her mind was still sharp, or so she thought, but it was like her mouth was never in sync with her mind. She felt her lower lip beginning to tremble. She took a deep breath and sighed. “Gordie ... am ... am ... Stephanie.”

Gordie glanced at Priya with an annoyed look. “Seriously? This is fucked up.”

“I’m telling you the truth,” Priya insisted. “My Nana Amita and Stephanie swapped bodies. It doesn’t matter how. The point is that we need to fix this. And I have the solution. But I need you to believe me.”

“How does talking to her make me believe you? I don’t understand what she’s saying.”

Stephanie followed along as best she could. She squinted and listened hard. “Gordie,” Stephanie weakly whispered. “Am ... am ... Stephanie.”

“I know you think you’re Stephanie,” Gordie said. “Look, this is really cruel, Priya. I didn’t agree to confusing your grandmother. Alzheimer’s is no joke.”

“She’s not my grandmother,” Priya snapped. “She’s my old landlord. I just call her that.”

Gordie shook his head. “Can we just go? Me and Stephanie are supposed to be going to my place tonight. I need to clean up.”

“Gordie,” Stephanie whispered. “The ... back ... the back.” She bit down on her dentures as she tried to force words out of her old body. “The backroom. Am ... was ... learned ... you.”

“What?”

Priya nudged his arm and leaned forward. “She’s trying to tell you something.”

“She’s been trying to tell me something since we sat down.” Stephanie could feel her cheeks beginning to redden with rage. She clenched her fists and smacked down hard against her wheelchair’s armrests. Gordie flinched out of surprise. “Jesus, is she going to be okay?”

“Is everything okay here?” A care aide from somewhere in the hallway asked.

“Everything’s fine,” Priya said nervously. “My nana’s just a little excited this afternoon.”

“It was ... second week,” Stephanie said. “I ... nervous. I kissed you ... beside ... Roger. We ... almost ... caught.” Gordie’s eyes widened, and she immediately knew that he understood. He looked like he was at a loss for words. “Then ... we ... we ... ehh ... kayak. Kayak ... lake.”

“What’s she talking about?” Priya asked curiously.

“She’s trying to say what happened during our first kiss together,” he said dumbfoundedly. “Now she’s talking about where we went on our first date. We didn’t tell anybody where we were going ... how did you know this?”

“Am ... am ... Stephanie...”

“See? I told you, Gordie. Now do you believe me?”

She reached forward with a trembling, withered hand and weakly grasped his hand. With a single finger, she stroked at the side of his knuckle and made a star-shape. It was how she always touched him. Her boyfriend let out a shocked groan before pulling away. The sudden movement nearly made Stephanie twitch out of fear.

“Okay, what the fuck.” He looked at Priya with wide eyes. “How the fuck?”

“Now do you believe me?” Priya asked again.

“I do,” he said. “I get it. I understand everything now. But how? How did this happen?”

“Stole ... my ... body,” Stephanie struggled to say. “Priya ... burned ... my hair. I ... summer. Before ... before school.”

“Before you dropped out,” Gordie said. “That’s when it happened?”

“Dropped o-out?” Stephanie stammered confusedly.

Priya nodded. “It was towards the end of August. She dropped out the week after

she stole her body.”

Gordie stayed quiet. Just staring at her boyfriend made her old heart race with nervousness and desire. He never looked so handsome in all her life. After being surrounded by old people for the past few months, seeing him was a real treat. He looked like a model, and he also looked like he was working out more. She tried reaching for his hand again, but he ended up pulling away.

Priya fumbled through her black purse and pulled out a glass jar of something red. Its glow immediately caught Stephanie’s eye. “We’re going to reverse the spell using this,” Priya said. “Gordie, I need you especially for this. We need to convince Nana Amita to eat or drink this.”

“We’re drugging her?”

“It’s not a drug. It’s an elixir. It’ll completely wipe her memory. Once I convince Nana Amita to agree to swap bodies with me and get her consent, then my friend can initiate the body swap spell.”

Gordie rapidly shook his head. “Hold on. You’re going way too fast. Consent?”

“It’s a long story,” Priya said. “In order to get my nana to switch bodies with Stephanie, I had to trick Stephanie into thinking that she was going to switch bodies with me. She was willing, and I took advantage of our friendship. Now that I want to right my wrong, we need to have my nana want to switch bodies.”

“And there’s a friend that can do the transfer for us?”

Priya nodded. “She lives on the edge of town near the big lake. It’s a small house near a river. The problem is that I need to get Nana Amita to drink what’s in this jar. Just a little bit – that’s all we need.”

“And you need me because you know that she won’t let you anywhere near her.”

“Exactly,” Priya said. “I need your help with this, Gordie. We can’t let Stephanie die in my nana’s body. She’s too good of a person. I realize this now.”

Stephanie’s boyfriend frowned and crossed his arms. “Just to clarify ... the current Stephanie that’s walking around right now is Nana Amita, right? I’m really sorry, but this is a lot to take in.”

“Precisely.”

Gordie stared deeply into Stephanie’s eyes. He frowned for a time before he finally bobbed his head. “I’ll do it,” he said. “I’ll put it in her food. Or a drink. She’s supposed to come over tonight for dinner after she runs a few errands. We’ll get your body back, Stephanie. I promise.”

For once in a really long time, Stephanie beamed happily. Things were finally starting to work out.

Gordie Maxson

Gordie finished making a pot of chicken fried rice when seven o' clock finally arrived. Within less than half an hour, his girlfriend would be at his apartment, and the very thought of what was going on had him conflicted. He thought that Priya was full of shit.

When he sat in front of her grandmother, he expected nothing but a waste of time. But when he realized that it was actually Stephanie in there, the world turned upside down for him. Everything he had learned over the past two months had been a lie. The fact that she had been trapped inside of the old woman's body since the summer time made his stomach twist and turn.

Gordie had been sleeping with an old woman this entire time. He went out with her without even realizing her true identity. Now that Stephanie was trapped inside the body of an old woman, Priya's grandmother was able to have another shot at life. At Stephanie's expense, he thought bitterly.

That was when a terrible thought occurred to him. Before the summertime, Stephanie was a biology major who worked part-time as a cashier at two locations. Now that Amita was in Stephanie's body, the current Stephanie that he had been dating was becoming a full-time assistant manager at their drug store. All of the customers loved her, and the most unsettling thing was that he loved her more. The real Stephanie was gone, but the current Stephanie was a better version.

He looked down at the glass jar of red, glowing liquid and held it in his hand. Is this really what I want? Suddenly, there was a knock at his apartment door. He became flustered as he became lost in his thoughts. She's fucking early ... why?

He walked out of his kitchen and entered the hallway leading to the front door. He looked through the eyehole.

It was the body thief. Wearing a sparkling red dress that hugged her hips beautifully, Stephanie's body looked stunning. Unsure of what to do, he stared for a time and lost himself in the woman's cute, red smile. She nervously ran her fingers through her luscious and freshly curled brown hair before she knocked at the door again.

I still have the elixir, he thought. Gordie frantically hid the jar behind his back. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door and immediately inhaled his girlfriend's sweet perfume rushing out at him. Smiling warmly, the body thief launched herself forward and greeted him with a deep kiss.

That was when Gordie made his decision. He roughly broke free from the new Stephanie and closed the door. "We need to talk."

"What's wrong?" Stephanie asked with pain in her voice. "If it's about Emmie, she didn't expect a thing. We're not in trouble."

"You're in a lot of trouble." He looked through the eyehole. "It's Priya. She's going to try something really bad, and you're not going to like it."

"What's that in your hand?" Gordie grabbed his girlfriend's hand and tugged her down the hallway. She giggled quietly to herself while he dragged her into the living room. "You're being so weird right now." He set her down on his green couch. Across from the couch was a glass coffee table that he sat on while he clasped his hands.

“Sit still and listen.”

“Now you’re starting to scare me,” Stephanie said while leaning against the couch’s backing. She crossed her long legs while she tugged her dress over her thigh. Her gaze was upon the glowing glass jar that Gordie placed on his lap. “What’s Priya trying to do?”

Everything that he heard from Priya when he visited her grandmother’s retirement home still hurt his head. The very idea that Stephanie had willingly tried switching bodies with a transgender woman was confusing. To him, there was only one clear truth in his mind.

This was the real and better Stephanie.

“She’s trying to transfer her grandmother’s soul into you,” he said while studying his girlfriend’s frowning eyes. “She wants to put you into the old woman’s body, and she wants me to help her.” He continued looking into the body thief’s gaze. There was the initial frown and the eventual look of shock. “And I know who the real Stephanie is.”

A sly smile stretched across the body thief’s face. She ran a finger along the curves of her leg and giggled. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I don’t plan on helping her,” Gordie said. “Everything about you has been better. You’re a better person. More people like you. Who you were before doesn’t concern me. Who you are now is what matters.”

“I’m touched. What exactly was her plan?” Stephanie asked.

“It’s a little weird.”

“Try me.”

Gordie held up the glass jar that was still sitting on his lap. “This is a memory wiping elixir,” he said. “She wanted me to mix this in with the dinner I prepared for you. She wanted to wipe your memory, befriend you, and convince you to switch bodies with her somehow. She has a friend that can do it once you’ve agreed. Apparently, the spell requires consent.”

Stephanie laughed and tilted her head. “Do you really love me better than the real Stephanie?”

“The real Stephanie never had the same drive as you,” he said. “She doesn’t speak all those languages. She doesn’t treat me the way you treat me. She isn’t as hard of a worker as you are. I’m not letting your tranny friend get in our way.”

“She’s not my friend,” Stephanie laughed. “At least not anymore. I’m glad that you’re willing to help me, though, Gordie. You don’t know how much that means to me.”

“What’re we going to do with Priya, though?”

A mischievous smile stretched over Stephanie's lips. "Give me your phone."

Priya Acharya

Unlike Gordie and Stephanie, Priya lived in an isolated neighborhood in North Vancouver. She lived in a spacious two-story home on a property full of empty yard space. At least five acres surrounded her grey brick home, so there was plenty of privacy for what she was about to do. As well, since her parents were frequent travelers now that they were avoiding her, Priya's house was the perfect place to keep Amita's unconscious body while they prepared for the body swap.

Once her memory was gone, the young transwoman needed to befriend her as quickly as possible. She knew she could not rush the process and that a lot of acting needed to be done, but if she befriended Stephanie's body once, then she could easily do it again.

Her breathing looked white and cloudy while she shivered in the freezing October air. She was standing outside wearing a black winter jacket and jeans. Looking up at the clear black sky, she admired the moon while she waited. Twenty minutes ago, she had received text messages from Gordie that he was coming. Her heart raced with excitement when she saw a red Ford truck driving down the road.

Since there were so few people living out in this part of the city, Priya knew that it was Gordie. Nobody just randomly drove by unless they lived in the area. She stepped closer to the road and waved him in.

He pulled up into her driveway and came out with Nana Amita standing beside him. He was wearing a black and thick winter jacket over his black pants. Priya's nana was wearing an extremely beautiful red, sparkling dress that shimmered in the dim driveway lighting. In Stephanie's body, she looked as beautiful as ever.

“Hey,” he said nonchalantly.

“Who’s this?” Nana Amita asked while Priya led them through the front door.

“This is Priya,” Gordie said. “She’s the one I was texting earlier. I didn’t mention this in the car, but she’s one of your best friends. Priya, Stephanie lost her memory, so she feels a little ... well ... lost.”

“That’s terrible,” Priya faked. “Stephanie, what happened?”

“I don’t know,” Nana Amita said weakly.

“How long were you unconscious for?”

Gordie and Nana Amita stared at her with blank looks on their faces. “Not long,” the boyfriend answered for her. “She was up pretty quickly.”

The transwoman closed the door behind them. She led Gordie and Nana Amita down a wide hallway leading into a spacious living room. There was a single black couch along the far back wall where a window looked out into the empty backyard. To the far left of the room was a stone chimney burning with freshly lit fire. The normal heating was not working, so Priya resorted to the old-fashioned way of keeping warm.

There were at least three other hallways that led to other parts of the house, but Priya decided that the living room was the best place to get her mindwiped grandmother ready for a crash course in friendship. “Does your head hurt at all?” Priya asked curiously.

“A little,” her friend’s body whispered.

Nana Amita walked around the living room while Gordie fumbled through his coat’s pocket and pulled out a familiar jar of glowing red liquid. “Where did you want me to leave this?” He asked.

Before she could say anything, he suddenly threw it over towards Nana Amita. Priya’s eyes widened as he stepped behind her and locked his arms around her arms. Trapped in his grip, the two struggled against each other as an evil smile stretched across Nana Amita’s stolen face. Everything had happened so fast that Priya had no time to process what was going on. Stephanie’s stolen body stepped towards them with the glass jar in her hands while she uncorked it.

“No,” Priya said. “Gordie, what are you doing?”

“What?” Nana Amita asked maliciously. “You tried betraying me. I decided to return the favor.”

That was when she realized that she had messed up. Fiona had mentioned losing consciousness, but Priya had assumed that her nana had probably lost consciousness for a shorter period of time. She thought nothing of the body thief being conscious and acting completely clueless. Gordie and her nana had played her. “You were pretending...”

Nana Amita placed the opening up against Priya's lips. She tried to spit it away while her body helplessly jerked against Gordie's overwhelming strength. "You were a fool to use my boyfriend," the body thief cooed. "You failed to take into account that I was a better Stephanie. You didn't want to admit it because I rejected you."

"No! Nana, don't do this! I'm sorry!" Priya felt a numbing liquid touch her tongue. She managed to spit it out while streams of the glowing mixture dripped down the side of her cheek.

"Don't fight it," Gordie hissed.

"Gordie! No! No! Stop!"

"I was afraid when you mentioned something about consciousness," Nana Amita laughed. "You clearly left something important out since Gordie was clueless too. But you also clearly forgot all about it."

"I'll let you keep her body," Priya cried powerlessly. "I won't say anything. I'll forget about everything."

Nana Amita nodded her head. "You will forget everything."

"That isn't what I meant! You don't have to use that on me!"

“You had your chance when I ignored you. Besides, nothing’s stopping you from trying this again. I have to put a stop to your meddling. I’m not letting anybody take away this body from me.”

Before Priya could say anything else, a little bit of the elixir managed to get down her throat. She tried to shove a finger down her mouth as she coughed, but Gordie’s grip only tightened. Suddenly, it felt like her stomach was burning. She screamed helplessly as the elixir did its work. The more she struggled, the more of the elixir Nana Amita managed to get down her throat. Slowly but surely, the world darkened around her, and Nana Amita’s triumphant smile was the last memory Priya could see.

Amita Rai

Everything about Amita's secured life felt wonderful. When she heard Stephanie's boyfriend telling her about how Priya was trying to switch her back, a sense of dread filled her chest. The old woman was at the mercy of a witch and the young transwoman. She felt alone, singled out, and vulnerable. She thought that she was going to lose everything – her youth, boyfriend, and life.

But when Gordie professed that she was the better Stephanie, she knew that she had a chance to keep her young body. Now that they had outsmarted Priya, she walked confidently through the bedroom with an evil smirk over her lips. With Gordie following behind her, they moved through a room of pink walls. Nothing much had changed since she was last here.

A dresser on the far end of the room had a wide mirror attached to the wall behind it. There were sticky notes and an empty glass whisky bottle. She walked closer to the mirror and turned around to gaze upon the man who secured her beautiful body forever. He gently placed Priya's unconscious body in the corner of the room before walking up to her.

"You know you could have left her in the living room," she laughed quietly.

"I didn't want to risk her waking up and leaving," he said. "What now?"

"How long did you say she'll be unconscious for?" She asked.

“I don’t think she said or knew,” Gordie said. “If the elixir really wipes her memory permanently, I don’t even know what she could do after she finally wakes up.”

“I’m not really thinking that far into the future,” Amita said indifferently. “It doesn’t really matter. Besides her, you’re really the only person who knows about my secret. The real me.”

“The real you is Stephanie,” he assured her.

Amita reached forward and tugged Stephanie’s boyfriend towards the bed. “Now and forever,” she said while sitting at the edge of the bed. “Come help me take this dress off. The zipper’s a pain to work with.”

“Wait, here? What if she wakes up?”

“The only thing she’ll know is that she’s woken up to two people fucking in a place she doesn’t recognize,” she giggled. “Do you think we’re really risking anything, dear? Besides ... she can watch if she wakes up. I don’t mind. Do you?”

The old woman winked once he sat beside her. She turned her entire body away and moved her hair away from the zipper along her back. She felt his tantalizing touch while he unzipped her. Suddenly, she felt a hot kiss against her neck, and she quietly giggled out of surprise. He slowly pulled down the dress. His powerful fingers prodded the sides of her slender shoulders while he kissed at the nape of her neck. “You were worth risking everything, Stephanie.”

Amita looked straight across from her at the mirror while her lover undressed her. He cupped at her breasts through her red bra. The beautiful smile that stared back at her made her realize that this was really all worth it. Seducing a man into choosing her over his girlfriend was the ultimate accomplishment in her new life. As he kissed at her neck again, she realized that she had made all the right choices.

Gordie threw her dress to the side and unclasped her bra. Allowing the bra to fall into her hands, Amita immediately crawled on top of her lover's lap and planted kisses along his face. She worshipped his cheeks and lips while she wrapped her bra around the back of his neck. "I love you," she whispered.

His hungry fingers pinched at her shapely ass. "I love you too." Grinding her red panties against the thick boner through his black khakis, she genuinely smiled at him. "I can't believe we're doing this here. In her bed."

"She fucked me in this bed, believe it or not."

"Before or after you became Stephanie?"

"After," Amita laughed. She looked down when he saw him unbuckling at his pants. "Want to know a little secret?"

"What?"

Throwing her bra to the side, she got off of him and immediately got on to her knees beside the bed. The carpet felt soft against her skin while she tugged his pants and underwear down. His thick, heavenly cock sprung upwards. “You’re bigger than her.”

“Did she not satisfy you?”

“Not enough to make me want to stay with her,” she answered. “You, on the other hand, drive me absolutely wild.” Gordie was taking his shirt off when Amita hopped back onto the bed. She rolled onto her back and pulled her panties off. She threw them over towards Priya while she looked at Gordie with a lusty look in her eye. “You make me want to do things that I normally wouldn’t do.” She spread her long, smooth legs out and ran a single finger along her gaping slit.

“God, you’re beautiful,” he whispered weakly. She already felt hot and wet down there as she gave her finger a lick. The sheer sight of Gordie’s muscular body was triggering her desperate, dirty mind.

“If you really think that way, put yourself inside of me. Fuck me hard.”

The boyfriend was on his knees while he maneuvered over the bed. He held his dick by the hilt and began gently prodding her entrance. Amita watched Gordie’s dome flicking roughly against her throbbing clit. Writhing with anticipation against the sheets, she moaned weakly while she stared up at him. She squeezed at her soft breasts and felt a sense of emptiness that she desperately wanted filling. Every time Gordie’s dome would seemingly sink into her crevice, he would pull away and slap at her sweet nub with the side of his cock.

Every teasing movement send tingles throughout her body. She bit her lower lip when she felt the tip slide between her inner lips. Her jaw dropped with a single thrust, and he glided into her body until he was completely inside of her. “Holy fuck,” she moaned. She stopped feeling at her chest and gripped the sheets beneath them. When Amita looked down between her widening legs, she watched as Gordie’s cock appeared and disappeared with every rippling plunge. Euphoric waves shot through her slim figure as the young man fucked her.

“Jesus,” he whispered breathlessly.

He lowered his entire body over her, and suddenly his entire weight was behind his plunges. Amita closed her eyes and savored every tingle and wave that accompanied his movements. He planted a hot kiss against each hardening nipple with every thrust until his pacing quickened. Soon, he was rising and falling into her body, and she could feel the mattress springing up and down beneath them. Each movement sent toe curling shivers up her spine as she felt unbelievably full and complete. “Oh, Gordie,” she cried. “Make love to me!”

Suddenly, he pulled out of her and flipped her over. He wrapped his hands around her slender waist and mounted her. She looked over her shoulder while she felt the tip of his cock slide against her outer walls. “I’m glad I made the right choice,” he said in a low growl. “I really chose the better one.”

Before she could respond, he pushed forward. She gritted her teeth and screamed with surprise and excitement. “Fuck!”! Amita felt his strong hands squeezing at her waist when he started moving faster. “Oh my god!”

“Stephanie,” he growled.

Holding her in place, she felt completely helpless under his strength, and she was more than happy to receive every inch. Moaning passionately between each swing, she reached down with a single hand and circled her throbbing clit. Every perfect spot was being hit by the perfect curve of his length. Forcing her knees together, her wet walls squeezed and tightened around his flesh. “Yes, Gordie! Yes! Yes!”

Gordie reached forward and cupped her breasts. He squeezed gently before pulling her up so that her back hugged his chiseled chest. Her body thief accomplice planted kisses against her neck, and Amita could feel his breathing becoming erratic. He sounded breathless and lost in their shared pleasure together. He’s getting closer, she thought. I’m getting close too...

Suddenly, an overwhelming pressure began building up. Sparks of desire surged through her until she reached up to cup Gordie’s large hands over her breasts. She closed her eyes and moaned when the consistent thrusts finally started tipping her over the edge. “Shit! Shit! Shit!” Her body jerked uncontrollably as a wetness squirted out from between her legs. “Oh my god!” Amita screamed.

She fell forward against the bed when Gordie finally released her. The boyfriend held her in place while she helplessly shivered. She felt Priya’s bed becoming flooded with her juices as her eyes rolled to the back of her head. It all felt so wonderfully overwhelming. Her weak hands tried to push herself up, but she immediately fell back down against the covers. She breathed sharply and closed her eyes. The euphoric waves of her stolen orgasm were still fluttering through her. When Gordie abruptly slapped her ass, the waves became stronger.

“Get up, slut,” he said. He gave her another slap, and she let out a surprised moan while she tried pushing herself up. She fell back down against the sheets again.

“Sorry,” she whispered. She shivered and whimpered to herself while she gently bounced her reddening ass back into him. “That was incredible, Gordie. I came so hard. I can barely hold myself up.”

“Let me help you.” Gordie reached for her long hair and aggressively pulled at it. Feeling a mixture of both pain and pleasure, she finally managed to hold herself up with her weakened arms and grinned blissfully at the aggression.

The bed loudly creaked, and when she looked over to the corner of the room where Priya remained unconscious, she cackled with excitement. The transwoman was the only other person who knew about her evil secret. Nobody else besides Gordie knew that she had stolen this young, sexy body, and her boyfriend was more than willing to stay quiet. He was under her seductive spell, and it was looking more and more like her life was forever secured.

When she felt his grip around her hair loosening, Amita immediately summoned every ounce of her strength and fell away from him. She had fucked Gordie long enough to know when he was about to cum. She felt his glorious cock slipping out of her.

Her delicate fingers wrapped around the base of his length while she smiled sweetly. They were both on their knees over the bed while she swallowed his thick, veiny cock. Staring up at his contorting face, she felt his thickness strongly pulsating. While she slowly bobbed her head up and down his shaft, the taste of his seed immediately filled her mouth.

“Fuck!” He roared.

She moaned quietly into him while she worked the shaft. Her mouth overflowed with his manly musk, and she could feel a warm dribble down the left side of her mouth while she sucked him off. She sucked hard until the boyfriend collapsed backwards along the bed. Amita cuddled up beside his glistening body and loudly swallowed his load.

“I don’t think you’ve ever sucked me off before,” he panted.

“Well, neither did she until now,” Amita said happily. “I figured you deserved it after we’ve done today. Any regrets?”

“None,” he said after kissing her sticky lips.

Epilogue

Days became weeks, and weeks became months. Stephanie stared out of her bedroom balcony while she restlessly squeezed at the armrests of her wheelchair. She gazed out into the sea of trees that surrounded her home and sighed. She constantly felt like she was forgetting something. One of the caretakers was with her staring out into the forests as well with a cigarette in his mouth while she blabbered nonsense.

She had no idea who he was. She had a new caretaker every few days, and it always felt like she was surrounded by strangers. She never felt like this was even remotely close to a home. She felt like a prisoner trapped in an unknown place. She sighed again and tried to get out of her wheelchair, but the belt kept her locked in place.

“Hey ... have ... the ... eh??” Stephanie said to the caretaker.

The bald, pale man gave her a look and shook his head. He breathed a cloud of smoke into her face once he was finished his cigarette. Flicking the butt over the balcony railing, Stephanie coughed while he went back inside. Stephanie tried to call out to the caretaker, but it was no use. Like all of the other workers there, people seemed to avoid or ignore her for some reason.

It was such a cold and lonely feeling. As Stephanie went in and out of an almost dreamlike state, she kept forgetting little things. She steadily forgot things like who she really was and how she got there. Sometimes she even thought she was actually her friend’s grandmother. Most of the time, she struggled to even remember who her friend was that visited her with that handsome boy.

Stephanie had the biggest crush on that boy. She remembered how he came to the retirement home with her nameless friend. The sheer sight of him made her restless for some reason. She was at least triple his age, yet she thought that she could get with a man like that.

“Here’s my cheque book,” a woman’s voice said. “I’ll write us some money.”

“Smart – I didn’t even think about how much money you probably have.” A man said.

“Amita,” the woman said from behind her. Stephanie tried to turn in her wheelchair. Squinting through her thick spectacles, she saw two figures standing at her balcony doorway. She tried to turn the wheelchair, but the caretaker had left the brake up. Her trembling hand managed to remove the brake as she finally turned to face her visitors.

“H-Hello,” Stephanie struggled to say. “How ... who ... am ... can I?”

It was a pale woman in an elegant black dress. She was a slender woman with wide hips and a beautiful red smile. Her hair was long, brown, and wavy, and the sweet smell of some sort of floral perfume lingered in the air as she stepped forward in her black heels. Her nails were as red as her lovely smile.

Her eyes widened for a brief moment out of reflex. It was almost like something deep within her wanted to erupt in anger or fear. “How are you, Amita?” The woman asked sweetly.

“Am ... the ... see...”

“I see,” the woman answered. “I’m glad to hear it!”

The man looked unbelievably familiar. He was tall, wide, and unbelievably handsome. His brown eyes and neatly combed brown hair made him look sharp in his charcoal grey dress suit. He wrapped his arm around the woman’s waist and kissed her lips before they both gazed at her with knowing smiles. “We just stopped by to get some money,” he said.

“I ... oh ... okay,” Stephanie said quietly.

“We were on our way to a wedding when we decided to stop by,” the beautiful girl said. Suddenly, there was something poisonous in her voice. There was spite in her tone. “Do you remember us?”

Stephanie stared at the beautiful couple and smiled at them in complete silence. She licked her dry lips until she finally shook her head. She tried to say something, but it was like the words were frozen in her throat. All Stephanie could do was murmur nonsense, and the young woman began to cackle loudly and hysterically.

More Erotica by Jimmy Zappa

Tribal Masks

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

A Perfect Student

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

The Witch's House

Madame Cynthia is a dying old witch that wants to be young again. Alex is a

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

Making Her Mine

Makenzy is enjoying her vacation with her friend, Katie, whose Uncle Roger is letting them stay at his island home. However, Roger is spending a lot of time uncomfortably watching Makenzy. A village mystic claims that darkness will soon consume her. The two girls also discover that Roger has been taking photos of Makenzy in secret. Along with the photos is a witch's spell book about body possession. Afraid that the man is secretly trying to steal her body, Makenzy decides to try leaving the island, but a horrific body theft plot begins to take place. Can Makenzy and Katie break free from their trap in time before it's too late?

Inside My Seductive Mother

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

The Skin Stealer

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

My Obsessive Ex

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

Becoming A Real Girl

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

An Adulterous Student's Body

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

A Bad Girl's Permanent Lesson

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

Deep Inside My Ex

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

My Naughty Tutor

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

Becoming My Coworker

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

Inside His Naughty Wife

Elliot and Kyra are newlywed teachers on vacation. While there, Elliot books a room in a great hotel and accidentally buys a body swapping necklace from Carlos, a bitter souvenir shopkeeper who wants a better life. When the couple

arrive at the hotel, their world turns upside down as Kyra, after wearing her new necklace, finds herself in the body of an old man. Now inside the body of the young woman, Carlos does everything he can to enjoy his new life while a spiritual healer seeks to put a stop to his dark plans.

Becoming The Girl Next Door

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

Making His Girlfriend Mine

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

My Tenant's Cute Daughter

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

Inside Her Perfect Student

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

My Husband's Secret Crush

Priscilla Marcus is a young bookkeeping assistant who wants a change in her career. Her boss, Katherine Bell, is a disabled bookkeeper in a wheelchair who also wants a change. Unfortunately, she and her husband have their eyes set on Priscilla. Using a mixture of meditation and magic, Katherine tricks the young girl into switching bodies with her. Now equipped with her beauty and youth, Katherine excitedly sets out to make the swap permanent by any means possible. Upon gaining knowledge of the ritual used to steal her body, Priscilla does everything in her power to reverse the swap. But will the obstacles in her way make her lose her body forever?

Just In Her Head

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

Cheating With Her Husband

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

Making Him Mine

Sona and Ashley are office bullies that terrorize Klara, a transgender woman trying to do her job. Now that the bullies have the new HR manager under their

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

Sexily Young Again

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

Sharing My Girlfriend

Sex between Angie and Sam has gone stale, and the only thing keeping them together is their open relationship. But, after Angie ends up finding a spell book at a used bookstore, things change and spice up when she voluntarily switches bodies with her boyfriend. After making the best love together in months, they decide to live and experiment as each other with their open relationship. She gives Sam her blessing to have lunch with an old online friend, Danny, while she stays home to explore her new male physique. Unfortunately, as Sam leaves to

enjoy his female body in a potential threesome, Angie finds herself struggling against the dark forces that sold her the spell book. An old African witch pays her a telepathic visit to steal her body, memories, and soul, and she desperately struggles for her life as her boyfriend becomes engulfed in his horny lust for Danny and his bisexual slut of a girlfriend.

Stealing Her Youth

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

A Feminizing Wish

When a mysterious salesman sells Ken a crystal that can grant him any wish, the middle-aged man jumps at the opportunity. But something goes horribly wrong with his wish, and he finds himself in the young, beautiful body of his neighbor, Alyssa, a woman who he absolutely hates. He desperately wants to reverse his wish, and the only person who can do that is the crooked salesman. However, when the temptation to test out his new body with Alyssa's hot boyfriend becomes too strong, he begins having second thoughts on regaining his masculinity.

My Slut Wife

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

Prepare Her Body

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

Make Her Naughty

Annie is a young witch learning magic from her neighbor, and she has become hell bent on revenge. She sets her sights on ruining her coworker's life with her newfound abilities. Urged by her loving boyfriend and magic teacher, she takes possession of the troublesome supervisor and irreparably ruins her life for good. But she realizes that the more she uses magic for evil, the more taxing it is on her

body. Her soul slowly darkens with every spell, and that's exactly what her weakening teacher wants. Carlene is an aging witch whose body is falling apart, and a corrupted soul is the perfect gateway into her new body.

The Witch's Mask 1

Kelly is an insecure girl who buys a magical transformation mask from an elderly woman. When she discovers the mask's ability to transform her into a beautiful bimbo, she finds herself using it again and again. For months, she seduces men and pleasures her transformed body. She's a skinny pale girl as Kelly, but she's a busty blonde with a body that turns heads as Lexi. Slowly but surely, the demonic mask corrupts her soul, and that's all the old woman needs to steal the young girl's body for herself.

A Feminized Agent

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

Fountain of Youth

The Northern Springs Resort has been a popular tourist attraction for years, and

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

Inside Her Girlfriend

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

My Girly Husband

Darren has been cheating on his wife, and she happens to be the worst person to know this. Genie is an ex-witch with magic still left in her, and when she finally discovers that her husband has been sleeping with a transgender coworker, she decides to take matters into her own hands. She uses magic to transform her husband into the very thing he loves - a beautiful woman with perfect, sexy

curves. Darren initially freaks out when he wakes up as a woman, but as he tries on clothes and tests his new body, he starts getting really comfortable in his new skin. Unfortunately, sex is what will permanently trap him in his new body, and that's the one thing Darren's constantly craving.

Living Inside Me

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

Inside My Head

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