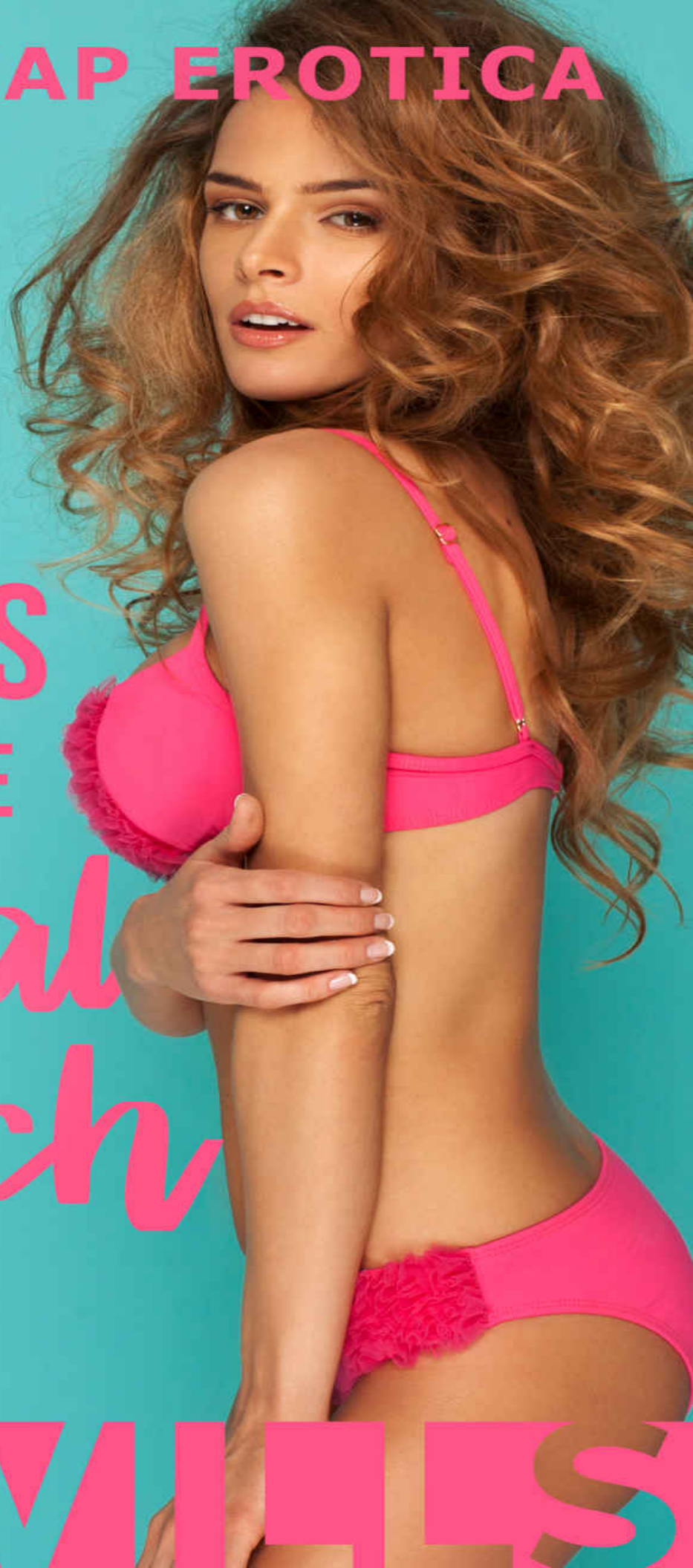


BODY SWAP EROTICA

MORE
STORIES
FROM THE

*Global
Switch*

INWITS



More Stories from the Global Switch

Body Swap Erotica

by M. Wills

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Prologue

On February 3, 2022 everything changed. On that day, 75% of the world's population swapped bodies with each other. The swap was instantaneous and random, the only limitation being proximity. After much study, it seemed to be that everyone who swapped was within about fifty feet of the person they swapped with. Other than that, there seemed to be no rhyme or reason to who swapped with who.

Many died or were injured in the chaos of the immediate aftermath. The world ground to a halt as the majority of the population took in their new predicament. Some went crazy, others hunkered down for an apocalypse, awaiting the return of their chosen god.

But no apocalypse came and life moved on. People can adjust to anything, and eventually they adjusted to this, too. Governments reasserted control. New organizations sprang up to identify and help those in new bodies. Eventually, a new normal asserted itself as everyone adjusted and life moved on, though not without new challenges.

Scientists still don't know what caused the Global Switch, as it came to be known. The cause was unknown and reversal impossible.

The stories in this collection chronicle some of the survivors in the minutes, days, and months following the switch. Some ended up better than others, but all ended up changed.

Helena, Montana, USA

Dan slung his arm across the back of the couch and his wife, Jess, snuggled up to him as they watched the movie. He let his arm casually drop down on to her shoulder and he slowly caressed her. The movie wasn't very good, and Jess had been reluctant about sex for a while now, so having her so close made his cock jump to attention.

Dan was aware that his wife was uncomfortable with her body. They were both in their late thirties and both starting to lose the fitness of their youth. Dan's thick black hair was becoming thinner, a slight paunch starting to creep from his stomach no matter how much he exercised. Jess had filled out, her already curvy body becoming slightly more plump. It was a change Dan welcomed but she abhorred. He liked grabbing handful of her plump bottom, and sucking on her heavy swaying breasts whenever they had sex, which was becoming more and more rare. So anytime she showed the slightest inclination for intimacy, Dan felt like he had to encourage it to become physical, otherwise it likely wouldn't happen again for at least a week. When Dan finally paused the movie and bent down to kiss his wife on her soft lips, he was delighted to feel Jess kiss him back.

"Don't like the movie?" Jess smiled, her fingers tickling over the bulge in his pants. Dan loved her smile. Her adorable face lit up, eyes crinkling. It made his cock throb once in anticipation.

"I've got something else I like much better."

She blushed and let him lead her back to the bedroom where they both undressed—Dan excited, Jess reluctant but willing to please—and he took a moment to surreptitiously gaze at her heavy breasts and wide hips as he ran his hands along her warm skin. He couldn't help it. He still thought she was gorgeous. And she was evidently still

in love with him, still thought him handsome even as she grew shy about her own body. She avoided his gaze and pulled him on to her, still eager for his hands to stroke her, to feel his form on hers.

He rested atop her as she spread her creamy legs, his hands sliding up to grope her weighty breasts and take her nipple into his mouth as his cock edged her pussy, teasing her with his heat. Their breath grew faster and Dan could feel her growing wet as he pushed his cock gently against her entrance. He slipped inside with a sigh, his body shivering in delight, an immense relief filling him as he sought refuge in her wet warmth, gliding in slow and deep. He raised himself up and stared down at her cute face, eyes closed in ecstasy, the brow above her little button nose wrinkled in desire. She clasped her legs around his back as he slid in and out of her slowly, her hands coming up to grip him and pull him nearer. Her breasts rippled with each thrust and his breathing grew more rapid as his body tensed, ready to explode.

There was a vibration, more felt than heard, and suddenly Dan was on his back, his legs and arms thrown around someone, his eyes clenched tight. He still felt tense, on the verge of an explosion of pleasure, but there was some warm, alien thing lodged inside him, and his body felt off balance. Dan opened his eyes and saw his own face above him, looking down in alarm. He gasped, his voice lighter, higher pitched, and his former body struggled to get off him. Dan felt what he now understood to be his own cock pulling out of his wet canal, and soon his former body was on his knees between Dan's new shapely legs, former erect cock sticking up, glazed with the juices of Dan's new body.

"What the fuck?" His former body cried, looking down at itself.

Dan struggled to sit up, pushing himself up on his arms. Heavy breasts bounced down his chest as he did so and he gaped at his own new body. Jess's supple form spread out beneath him, plump breasts hanging down over a slight pouch of stomach, the emptiness between his legs so raw and warm. A drop of moisture glinted from within the triangle of coarse brown pubic hair between his legs. Jess's

slit was visible beneath the hair, her two nether lips—*his* two lips, he realized—tucked together and feeling oh so warm and wet.

“Dan?” His body asked, staring at him with wide eyes.

Dan nodded, feeling his wife's fine, brunette hair tickling his neck and shoulders. “Jess?”

“Y-yes. How did-? What-?”

There was a loud crash from outside. Jess stood, grabbing the bedpost to steady herself in her new body, and hurried to the window. Dan joined her, his breasts and thick bubble butt jiggling strangely with each motion. Out the window and across the street they saw a car had jumped the curb and run into the wooden picket fence of their neighbor's house. Two people had made their way out of the car and appeared unhurt, but they were both yelling in astonishment, seemingly going through the same thing that Dan and Jess were. Down the street from them, another couple out for a walk were heedless of the nearby crash, looking at their bodies as if they'd never seen them before.

Dan grabbed his phone from off the nightstand, his breasts bobbing against his arm as he did so. God, he was so conscious of every little movement, trembling with both awe and fear, still adjusting to the fact that he was breathing through his wife's delicate nose and seeing the world from her gorgeous emerald green eyes. He tried to swipe open his phone but it didn't recognize his fingerprint. Jess had the same problem and they had to open each other's phones. People from all over Twitter were reporting they, too, had swapped bodies, and it was picked up by the major news sites soon after.

They threw on some clothes, Jess pausing before picking up Dan's boxer shorts and sliding them on, followed by one of his old shirts. Dan put boxers on as well, not ready to face his wife's tiny panties. He slid on one of his wife's oversized sleeping t-shirts. His breasts tented out the front, and the neck was stretched low, allowing him to look down his own shirt to the heavy cleavage below, which danced with each shift of his delicate body.

Jess flipped on the TV and they continued scrolling through their phones as a heavysset guy with a gruff beard—who had, moments ago, been a petite blonde anchorwoman—reported on events around the world. There was worldwide chaos as governments suddenly found themselves unsure of who was in charge. There seemed to be no known cause, and after several hours of the same repeated scenes and no new information, Dan closed his phone. It was late.

“I need to go to bed,” Dan said. So strange to hear his wife's voice—slightly different when filtered through her head—from his own lips.

“What do we do?” Jess asked, stifling a yawn, scared but still exhausted.

He shrugged. “I don't know. But, at least we're each other. That makes us some of the lucky ones.”

They turned off the TV and got under the covers, both tossing and turning, trying to find out how their new bodies were most comfortable. Dan kept squishing his breasts, but eventually sleep overtook him.

When he awoke the next morning, Dan found a solid arm thrown over him, a warm body pressed up against him, and something solid poking him just above the curve of his ass. His breasts hung from his chest and he took the time to look down at them, enjoying the site of his tits despite himself. Soon, he nudged Jess awake and she rolled over, mumbling an apology. She pulled up the covers and looked down at herself.

“How are you supposed to sleep with this thing?” She asked.

Dan glanced down at her erection, tenting the covers, and snorted.

“Same way you're supposed to sleep with these, I guess,” he said, jiggling his breasts. They were fun to play with, and he realized he still had his attraction to his wife's body even when inside it. He dropped them, conscious of her stare, and his tits swung together beneath his large shirt.

There was an awkward pause before they each reached for their phones. Dan lay back on his bed, his knees in the air, the phone propped against them in his customary position. Things around the world were still being sorted out, and everyone was being ordered to shelter in place until further notice. Though who, exactly, was policing that was complicated by the same event. Based on reports, they knew slightly more about what had happened, though the 'how' of it was unknown. About eighty percent of the world seemed to have swapped bodies. Swaps seemed to have happened to people within close proximity, perhaps fifty feet of each other, though some were reporting swaps of greater distances. There was otherwise no rhyme or reason to it.

Dan texted several of his friends and family for updates. Some of them had swapped with neighbors. Some with friends. Some with strangers. One of Dan's friends had even been surprised by finding herself in the body of a woman hiding in her bedroom closet, only to further discover it was the woman with whom her boyfriend had been cheating.

Jess was likewise adjusting to new people. "My dad's a 20 year old Chinese student." She said, showing Dan the phone of her father, now in the body of one of his university students.

It was all too much. Dan put down his phone and tossed his hair off his face. "I'm starving," he said.

Jess looked up from her phone. She'd pulled the covers up to her chest and had her legs crossed at the knee in her normal position and it struck him how odd it looked to see his body with his wife's mannerisms.

"Me too," Jess said. "I also have to pee. Is there any trick to this thing?" She half-joked, patting her groin.

"Aim for the center and just...release, I guess."

Jess rose from the bed, and Dan watched his masculine body stride out the door the bathroom. When she was gone and Dan was alone for the first time he pulled up his shirt to look at his tits. Fuck, they

were beautiful. Warm and heavy. His areola were pale pink circles, each dotted with a tiny nipple. He'd stroked and kissed these breasts so many times and now they were on his own body. He gathered them in his hands, running his fingers over his soft skin, jiggling them. They spilled out of his fingers, wonderfully thick and weighty. Watching his wife's hands fondle herself, feeling his own breasts from inside and out, made a slight flare of warmth take hold between his legs. The toilet flushed and Dan pulled his shirt down before Jess popped her head back again.

"Now I get it. This thing is impossible to aim."

"You didn't try standing up did you?"

She gave him a crooked grin. "I was curious."

"You make a mess?"

"Little bit."

Dan rolled his eyes. "Men."

Dan forced himself to be casual, to keep up the banter he always had with his wife. He sensed her putting on an air of forced casualness as well. The alternative was to fret about what this change would mean to the rest of their lives. And to the world. Surely, smart people were working on how to get things back to normal. Better to push the angst away and hope that this was temporary.

"I'm going to make coffee."

"Yes, please!" Dan said.

When Jess left, Dan made his way to the toilet and squatted down, the porcelain cold on his delicate butt. It took some trial and error to figure out the right muscles but eventually he managed. Wiping and flushing, he returned to the sink and washed his hands, watching his new body in the mirror. He turned his head this way and that, taking in his new reflection. He ran his fingers lightly across his cheeks and over the upturned tip of his nose, feeling his new softness. He leaned close, staring into his green eyes flecked with gold, looking for any hint that there was someone different inside. Then he stood up again

and stuck his tongue out, wiggled his mouth and made faces in the mirror, laughing as he made his wife's adorable face look ridiculous.

After brushing his teeth—it was odd using her toothbrush and with slightly different contours of his mouth—he joined Jess downstairs. He was acutely aware of the way his hips and ass swayed back and forth, of the way his breasts bounced slightly at each step, of the way that all the rooms were slightly off from his new shorter perspective. Jess offered him some coffee and he took it gratefully, tucking a leg underneath him as he sat at the table. Jess sat across from him and they sipped as they talked. Jess talked with her hands a lot, and it was disconcerting watching her gestures play out on Dan's body.

“They don't know what caused this,” Jess said, waving her hand at everything.

“Yeah, no one knows anything. There were some people on the internet already calling it a terrorist attack but it looks like it happened around the world.”

“Maybe it was aliens? Or God just pushed a giant randomizer button?”

“Both equally likely.”

There was a short pause, broken by Jess. “So...how is it being in my body?”

“Ok, now I get why you complained about how heavy your boobs are. I mean, don't get me wrong, I still like them. But they're always just so...there.”

“Oh, I know,” Jess smiled. “Does it ever bother you how your dick just sort of hangs there? I also think I sat on my balls this morning.”

“You got that sick to your stomach feeling?”

“Yeah. Talk about bad design.”

“I guess I won't have to worry about that again.”

And then Dan was crying, tears streaming down his face and dropping off his little nose.

“Oh, baby,” Jess said, hurrying around the table to comfort him.

He stood and she wrapped him in her arms and he leaned his head on her shoulder, his body wracked with great, heaving sobs. He clutched at her, pressing their bodies close. She patted his back and he was enveloped in the unfamiliar smell of his former body, distinct and spicy and not altogether unpleasant, and so, so masculine.

“What-- what if--” He tried. “What if we're stuck like this?”

“Shh, shh, it's okay,” Jess said. “We'll deal. Like you said, we're lucky.”

“Oh, god,” Dan pulled away and wiped his eyes. “Why am I crying so much?” He sobbed.

“You've got my hormones. We'll be okay. We can make this work.”

She kissed his forehead and looked into his red-rimmed eyes as he sniffed. She held him as they stared at each other, their faces inching closer to each other. And then their lips were together and they kissed desperately, yearning for comfort, for closeness. Dan's desire for the body he now inhabited had already made him warm, and the physical closeness of his former body, the body with which he was intimately familiar, was a comfort. Even though there was someone else inside. Someone who was kissing him back, someone who was nipping at Dan's soft lips, slipping their tongue into his mouth as he opened wide. Dan's nose pressed into the scratchy stubble of Jess's cheek and their kisses grew harder, needier.

One of Dan's hands came to his new breasts and he squeezed himself, enjoying the feel of Jess's plump tits in his hand as her tongue slid across his teeth. He squeezed his breast, jiggling and bouncing it, fondling his new body as he'd done before from the outside, only now he could feel when it was pleasurable, and knew where to touch, and how hard. He gripped his tit, surprised at how rough he could be, at how much it made his center ache as he squeezed himself.

Jess pulled back and stared into his eyes. She stroked his hair back behind an ear and Dan closed his eyes at her gentle touch, his face blushing at her yearning gaze.

“You enjoying my breasts?” She asked.

Dan opened his eyes and realized he was still holding a tit. He released it bashfully.

“No, that's okay,” Jess said, “Play with them for me.”

Dan's eyes flicked down, saw Jess's boxers tented out, the outline of her cockhead pressing up towards him. She followed his gaze and grinned. Then she slid down his boxers and took his shaft in her thick hand. Dan pulled his shirt off and dropped it to the floor, then he gathered his breasts in his hands and resumed fondling himself. He let his hips sway back and forth as he teased his little nipples, squeezing them until they grew into sharp diamonds and sent flickers of heat down between his legs. Jess's eyes were on his beautiful breasts and he put on a show for her, squeezing them against his chest, before pulling them up, one by one, to his mouth and sucking on each little nipple. His lips were warm on his skin and he flicked his tongue against his sensitive nipple, following his new body's lead and growing an ache deep within. Jess tasted wonderful, and his lust for himself only grew as he kissed his breasts.

Jess continued stroking herself, the cockhead appearing and disappearing into her strong hand. Fuck, it was hot watching her, seeing the desire in her eyes. Dan knew exactly what to do, it had been his body for so long and he knew what it wanted. There was a familiarity with it, a sense that it was still his own. So it was with ease that he got to his knees and wrapped Jess's dainty hand around the dick that used to be his.

Dan stroked, his tiny nose inches away from her rock hard cock, examining his dick from a new angle while Jess sighed from above. He stuck out his tongue and licked her long and low, from base to tip and back again, then kissed his way up and down her shaft, still stroking slowly with her hand. Finally, Dan opened his mouth and took her in, wrapping his new lips around her dick and sinking down slowly. She moaned as he swallowed her. Her heat filled his mouth, the slightly musky taste of his former body was delicious on his new taste buds as he lowered himself.

“Fuuuuck,” she moaned from above as he held her in his mouth, his lips as far down as he could go, undulating his tongue against the underside of her shaft. He came up again, releasing her dick with a wet pop. He took his tits in each hand and wrapped them around her shaft, stroking up and down, spreading his saliva between her creamy softness. When the tip of her dick appeared between his cleavage he leaned down and licked it. The salty taste of her pre-cum hit his tongue. God, Jess's body was so wet and warm. Dan could feel the lips of his pussy sliding together, the wetness gathering. He continued stroking her dick with his tits, up and down her shaft until his body burned with desire.

Dan stood and slid his boxers down his wide hips, revealing the tuft of pubic hair. His pussy was already unfolding, the velvety lips visible.

“Fuck me,” he moaned, turning around and leaning on the chair.

He arched his back and half turned to Jess, offering himself exactly as he used to like to see Jess offering herself to him. He pushed his legs together, knowing his puffy pussy was sticking out from between his thighs, the velvety folds slick with his wetness. Jess wasted no time. She grabbed her cock and pressed it against Dan's slick opening. He felt her cockhead slide up against him, felt the pressure as she pressed, his pussy giving way suddenly and letting her plunge in with a groan. Then her hands were on his fat butt cheeks and she was pushing deeper inside.

Dan was delirious with fullness, closing his eyes, sensing every inch of Jess's dick as it slid through the slick walls of his pussy, plunging deep into his center. The angle was perfect and when she finally bumped her groin against his amazing , her cock striking his G-spot, it was his turn to moan. She withdrew and slid in again slowly, both of them enjoying each delicious inch. In and out she went, gradually speeding up until she was plunging into his wet hole, her groin slamming against him with a rhythmic slap and it was all Dan could do to hold on as his body burned with pleasure. He lowered his head to watch himself, watching down past his tits as they jangled crazily

with each thrust, staring at the cock sliding in and out of his sopping wet pussy, feeling each wonderful inch as it pounded into him.

“Fuck, you feel so goddamn good,” Jess moaned, clutching his ass and driving herself hard into him. And now Dan's voice rose in pitch and he closed his eyes, feeling his tits tumbling back and forth, the firm hand on his ass, the incredible fullness of his cunt. And he came, quivering and crying out as Jess slammed deep and hard one last time, unable to hold back any longer. She came with him and he could feel each wonderful spurt of seed inside his body. He grew more full than he ever thought possible as the endless heat pummeled him, making him cry out in his wife's tiny voice as he enjoyed the immensity of her orgasm, a full body pleasure from his head to his little toes.

The heat was still there as the orgasm dissipated slowly, leaving Dan quivering and weak in the knees as he clung to the cock still lodged within him. Jess pulled out, leaving Dan disappointingly empty. A rivulet of her cum trickled down his thigh as he stood and embraced her again. His body just wanted her touch, her warmth. And he just wanted her body. And that's how it would be like for the rest of their lives.

Chicago, Illinois, USA

Chelsea finished up with her eyeliner and sat back from the mirror, examining her makeup with a critical eye. The bitch looked back at her from the mirror. Her new face was longer than her previous one, with higher cheekbones and sharper nose. Her new body leaner and more statuesque. Chelsea missed her old hips and thicker ass. But at least she'd lost three years of age. She'd also manage to fatten up the skinny little bitch's body and had regained some of her curves.

Chelsea's relationship with her boyfriend, Ron, had recovered somewhat during the country-wide home quarantine they'd been forced to endure. But still, Chelsea couldn't ever forget that the body she was now wearing had belonged to the woman who Ron had been fucking behind Chelsea's back. She knew Ron couldn't forget it either, and she often used it as an ace up her sleeve during any argument.

It had taken a long time for Chelsea to get over the humiliation of coming home early from work to surprise Ron, only to find that upon stepping through the front door the world vibrated and she was suddenly hiding in her own closet, a bundle of clothes in her hands, and something warm and sticky dripping down her thighs. She'd pushed open the closet door and nearly fell out from the darkness into the bright lights of her bedroom.

Ron had jumped in surprise, racing to get his last leg into his pants before hurrying over to her.

"Shh. Shh. You gotta hide. My girlfriend just walked in. I'll try to distract her."

"Mother fucker, I *am* your girlfriend!"

"I know, I know. I love you. But Chelsea's home."

He turned her around and was urging her back into the closet. Chelsea had almost let him, her resistance disappearing as she heard the unfamiliar voice from her lips. By then her eyes had adjusted and she realized her body was all wrong. She'd squeaked in surprise when she first saw her new arm in the light. It was thinner and lighter, the nails painted a brilliant red like some sort of hooker. Her chest was different, too, the breasts tiny and perky, the nipples already erect. She had turned back to face Ron just as her old body had appeared in the doorway, eyes wide, mouth agape.

Ron had had no idea what to do. The two women had stared at each other for a beat, and then broke into a screaming match, flying at each other with accusations of stealing boyfriends and stealing bodies. Ron had eventually separated them and Chelsea covered her nakedness by dressing in the bitch's clothes so they could have a discussion about what the fuck just happened. They soon discovered through various phone alerts and news bulletins that they were victims of the Global Shift. The bitch left with Chelsea's body, and she and Ron had slowly picked up the pieces of their broken relationship, though not without a few changes.

When the bitch delivered her old clothes to Chelsea, Chelsea wanted nothing to do with them. She didn't give a shit that none of her old clothes in her wardrobe now fit her. In a fit of pique, she'd thrown *her* old clothes in a garbage bag and had Ron take them to the dump as soon as possible. She'd be damned if she was going to give that homewrecker a single damn thing. Ron, being Ron, had promised to make it up to Chelsea, swearing he still loved her and pledging that it was all a terrible mistake.

And Chelsea had taken him back. Fool that she was, she loved him, though she had a hard time trusting him. But he knew how to treat her right. He'd replenished her wardrobe and had been extra attentive to her needs. Tonight, for their fourth anniversary, Ron was taking her out to one of her favorite restaurants, and she planned to stuff this little body stupid. Because, while she had mostly forgiven Ron, she still hadn't forgiven that bitch he was fucking and, being in her body

gave Chelsea ample opportunity to see the bitch humiliated. God, it was thrilling to do whatever she wanted to this girl's body.

Chelsea snapped off the bathroom light and slipped into her high heels. Chelsea had to admit that the black dress looked stunning on her new body, clinging to her amazing legs and really exaggerating her tight figure. Chelsea was careful not to punish her new body too much—she *did* want to still look good, after all—but a little humiliation now and then was fine. In fact, it was exciting. Hearing the bitch squeal in pain sent exciting little shivers down her spine.

Ron was waiting by the front door, looking incredibly handsome in his button down gray shirt that matched the steel gray of his eyes. He smiled as she walked towards him, and she put a little more wiggle into her ass. He took her arm in his.

“Shall we?” He asked.

“Lead the way.” Chelsea smiled, pushing a ringlet of hair out of her eyes.

The restaurant was incredible, as always. There were a few differences from before the shift, like the heavysset french man who was now an acne scarred 16 year old, or the rotund manager who was now a tired looking woman. But the food and service were spectacular, and Chelsea ate her fill. Though it still didn't take much in her little body.

When she was done picking at dessert, she put her fork down on the white tablecloth and sighed. “You don't know how lucky you are, Ron. You got to stay as yourself.”

Ron sipped his wine and shrugged. “Just lucky, I guess. I heard they're close to figuring all of this out.”

“Not that close. They almost understand it, but that's a long way from fixing it. And, besides, I don't know how I'd feel getting my body back after someone else had been inside it.”

“You wouldn't take your body back?”

“Hell yes, I would! I'd dump this in a heartbeat. I'm just worried about what she's been doing in my body. Probably slutting it up somewhere.” Chelsea sipped her wine and bit her lower lip. “Do you think I look better like this?”

It was a loaded question and he knew it. Ron set down his wineglass and reached for her hand. She let him take it and they held hands across the table. “I think you were perfect before and you're perfect now.”

It was cheesy but he sounded so sincere. How could she resist his fine words and his handsome face?

He took her home and they were hardly through the door before she was on him. She pounced on him, kissing furiously as he wrapped his arms around her tiny waist, guiding her backwards to their bedroom. Her tongue flicked inside his mouth, tasting him, as her hands flew down his buttons, freeing him from his shirt. She spread his shirt apart and gripped his pecs, pressing her slender hands against his warm skin. The little slut's body was already alight at Ron's touch, ready and eager, growing moist in anticipation.

Ron kissed his way across her cheeks and down her neck, lightly across her collarbone and down onto her breasts. He untied her dress from the back and it fell away. Then his mouth was on her breasts, kissing back and forth, his tongue hot and wet, spiking pleasure through her. She held him close, her eyes closed, her hands running through his thick, dark hair as an ember of desire flickered to light within her. His tongue ran across her nipple as his other hand gripped her. She could feel his need in the way he plucked at her breasts and tasted her, sucking her into his warm mouth.

She slipped out of her dress, let it fall to the floor. He did the same with his shirt and then pushed her back on the bed, rough like Chelsea liked it. She wanted to punish her new body, punish this bitch for fucking her man. She got up on all fours, wiggling her panty-clad ass in the air, her face turned towards the full length mirror they'd moved to the side of the bed for just this purpose. Ron knelt behind her and smacked her ass hard, making her moan and clutch the

covers as the slap echoed through the room. She stared into the mirror as Ron reared back and slapped her ass again. The pain was instant, shooting straight to her center. Tears dropped from her eyes and she watched the cheating little bitch crying in the mirror. She thrust her hands between her thighs to play with her pussy, pressing hard up against her clit, bringing pleasure bordering on pain as she stroked herself hard. Fuck, she was so wet, and Ron smacked her again. Now the room was blurry and the little bitch was well and truly crying. Chelsea had her first orgasm as the first tear hit the bell, her body quivering lightly as she came, breath hitching in her throat.

Ron tore her panties aside and grabbed an ass cheek in one hand, his dick in the other. He spread her apart and guided himself between her legs, pushing hard into her pussy as she squirmed, her sopping wet lips welcoming inside. And then he was pushing through her slick canal, his hands gripping her ass, spreading her apart. He slammed in and slapped her ass cheek again. Chelsea cried out, a guttural cry of painful pleasure. Ron was brutal, fucking her hard and fast, slamming into her wet heat again and again as she pushed her ass back. His dick hit her center, pounding into her and she begged him to call her names, the punishment of this little whore's body sending sharp waves of pleasure through her.

"You fucking slut," Ron grunted, thrusting hard and deep into her.

"You stupid little cunt."

"Oh, yes," she moaned, the voice she hated spilling from her lips. "I'm a dumb bitch. A stupid whore."

Ron pounded into her, faster and faster as the tension rose within her and she came, quivering, her strange new body convulsing around his cock. Pleasure lit through her and she rubbed her clit as fast as she could, urging the orgasm through her entire body. Her thighs were wet, her fingers soaking, streaks of her juices pouring down her pussy. Her pussy was so tight and Ron's cock was so big, pounding into her hard and fast. She cried out, high pitched and needy, and somehow Ron hung on.

He pulled out and she rolled over and sat up, grabbing his cock and aiming at her face as she watched the stupid bitch in the mirror. Her long face was so needy for cum, Ron's dick right near her nose, and then he came, jetting hot spurts of cum down her face. Chelsea watched her rival in the mirror as cum splashed against her face and she came hard, mouth dropping open, Ron's seed dripping into her mouth, letting her taste his saltiness mixed with her own deliciously acrid essence. Watching the little whore in the mirror get humiliated, her face dripping with cum, made Chelsea orgasm one final time. She cried out, one hand between her legs, fingers sinking inside her body, rubbing her clit. The fingers of the other hand were wrapped around Ron's slick cock, aiming the last drops of him on to her nose and face and down her cheeks, dirtying her hated body, humiliating the woman who'd humiliated her, acting the part of the little cum slut until Ron was done and Chelsea fell back on the bed, smearing his seed all over her body, moaning like a whore as she trembled, the last vestiges of the orgasm filling her as she wiped Ron's cum across her tits and stomach, squeezing her little nipples for one final burst of beautiful pain.

Fuck, the best orgasms she'd had in this skanky new body were when she was humiliating it, watching her rival grow dirty and slutty. It felt so good to have this power over her, even if it was Chelsea's mind inside.

Chelsea showered and came back to bed, letting Ron hold her as she fell asleep, his half-hard on so warm against her tight ass. It was so perfect between them after the shift. Unbelievably so. Chelsea and Ron fell into a new pattern as the world slowly resumed the new normal. Chelsea was comfortable now. She and Ron had gotten back to a good place. Which was why, one Thursday afternoon at work, when she couldn't get her mind off him and her traitorous body was growing warm and wet just sitting at her desk, she left work early to surprise him.

She knew something was wrong as soon as she walked into her front door. The house was strangely quiet, and a strange scent was faintly evident. A few seconds later Ron came bounding down the stairs.

“Hey, baby, this is a nice surprise.” He leaned in to kiss her on her cheek and she got a whiff of that scent again. A faint flowery perfume. “I was just about to go out for some food. Come with me.”

She put a hand on Ron's chest and he smiled, too wide. Chelsea had a sense of déjà vu. She narrowed her eyes.

“Who is it this time?” She growled.

“What?” Ron asked.

“Asshole, don't play games with me.”

She pushed him aside and stomped up the stairs, Ron on her heels.

“Come on, baby.” He tried to grab her hand but she slipped out of his grasp.

She rounded the corner to the bedroom and the scent of sex hit her nose immediately. The covers on the bed had been hastily thrown back. She hurried to the closet and threw it open, drawing back aghast when she found her former body inside, looking back at her half-dressed and fully ashamed. Chelsea put her hand on her mouth, lip quivering. She was furious and heartbroken...and was that *her* dress? She turned to Ron.

“You son of a bitch.” She said slowly. And then she was hitting him, her former body coming up to separate them, which just made Chelsea even more furious. “You're cheating on me again?? With...her?”

Chelsea was nearly murderous with rage, but she didn't want to hurt her former body, still holding out hope that she could get it back one day. So she focused her rage on Ron.

“Baby! I'm sorry! Baby!” He said, covering his head as she rained blow after blow on him.

“Get the fuck out of my house!” She screamed. “Both of you!”

She chased them out of the house, the little bitch still struggling with her dress. *Chelsea's* dress! Her bra was in her hand and half a tit was exposed as Chelsea kicked them out into the front yard, where the neighbors had gathered to gawk. Chelsea slammed the door, furious

with anger. She grabbed some scissors, stomped up to the bedroom and began destroying Ron's clothes, tossing the strips out of her bedroom window where they collected in a pile on the yard below. When his closet was empty she dropped to the bed, crying angrily, hating herself for believing Ron. Bodies change, but people never do.

Ottawa, Canada

The leather office chair creaked as George leaned forward and picked up his desk phone. He pressed the button for his secretary, the deep red fingernail polish of his carefully manicured hand glinting in the light.

“Kate, can you send Peter in?”

George didn't miss a lot of things about his previous body: the liver spots, the extra pounds, the hair growing out of everywhere except his head. But he did miss his old voice. It had a deep gravitas that Heather's voice lacked. He was trying to lower the timber of his girly voice but thought he still came off as way too chipper.

“Certainly, Mr. Wentworth,” Kate responded.

George replaced the receiver and sat up straight, adjusting his jacket to try and obscure his breasts, an action that had become more difficult since he'd gotten the implants a month ago. It was bad enough that George was about to have a difficult conversation with Peter while George was stuck in the body of Peter's daughter. Peter didn't need to see right away what changes George had made to her since he'd been inside.

When George first got swapped into Heather's body he'd been somewhat relieved about her flat chest. It had been one less thing to adjust to. He was already thrown off by his wider hips, his perfectly sculpted legs, much shorter stature and her high pitched voice—god, her voice. Not to mention the major difference between his legs. But he'd adjusted to it all. Even come to enjoy it.

It was only about six months in that he began to feel that he was missing out on *all* the things he could enjoy about being a woman. He still had his position as head of the company. Still had his wealth after the government office had sorted out their identities. The only thing

he was missing was tits. So, as he did anytime he was missing something in life, he went out and bought them. Jumped up three sizes gradually, shelling out big bucks to make them as realistic as possible. None of those cheapo surgeries for George. These were tits he'd be proud to take home to Heather's mother, figuratively and, in George's present circumstances, literally.

The door to George's office opened and Peter shuffled in. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes. Have a seat." George said, motioning to the chair in front of his desk.

Peter sat heavily, a doleful look on his deeply lined face. He kept glancing up at George and then away, as if he was having a hard time looking at his daughter's face. George felt sorry for the guy. Poor Peter had lost both his daughter and his wife to the company while he'd stayed behind in his heavysset body. It must have been tough having to see their former bodies every day. Especially when it was his boss in Heather's tiny frame.

George tucked his wavy chestnut brown hair behind one ear and then placed his hands on his desk, tiny fingers splayed. "Peter, I'm sure you know the company has been going through some difficulties. Ever since this whole shift, business has been down. The company is retooling and as part of that process we've had to eliminate your position."

Peter nodded. "I'm being fired."

"Let go. Yes. You can still use the company's counseling services for the next week if you'd like. I know this is hard on you. And I'm sorry. But I wanted to tell you personally because you've been here so long."

"But...what about my daughter? And my wife? Will I get to see them again?"

"Peter, I am not your daughter. I know I have her body but I am not her." George said slowly.

“But I...” Peter's eyes widened as they flicked down to George's chest. “What did you do to her?”

“This is my body. I can do what I want with it. I don't have a responsibility for anyone else. How is...how is Heather doing?”

“Not good. She lost her whole life.” Peter sniffed and George handed him a tissue. “I wish I'd never brought them here that day.”

“I know this is hard. I didn't want to be a young woman. But things are as they are.” George did wonder who he would have swapped with had Peter not brought his family to work. He shuddered at the thought of swapping with his secretary. Kate was a great worker but, frankly, she always reminded him of a toad, with her wide mouth and fat, squashed body. Or, at least, she had before the shift. Now she reminded him of much more erotic things. “Let me get your paperwork.”

George opened up the drawer of his desk and rummaged through it but couldn't locate the files.

“Shit,” he murmured. Picking up the phone, he dialed his secretary. “Kate, can you bring Peter's file in, please?”

A few seconds later the door opened and Kate came in. Peter turned to watch her cross the room, the look on his face was pathetic but understandable. George let his eyes linger on Kate as well. She'd swapped with Peter's wife, and it was a definite step up for Kate. Her new body had an adorable heart shaped face with big brown eyes and dark, exotic features. While Peter's wife was stuck in Kate's squashed toad body, Kate got all the benefits of his wife's slender figure, with her bouncy breasts and sweet little peach of an ass. Kate oozed sexuality and George drank it all in.

“Here you are, sir.” She said, sliding the file onto the desk. She turned and gave a sad smile to Peter. “Hi, Peter. Sorry.”

Peter said nothing as she turned and walked out, her little ass wiggling delightfully beneath the black skirt. George slipped the papers out of the file and slid them across the desk.

“Here's the details of your severance. I'm sure you'll find it quite generous.”

Peter took it silently and there was a beat as he stared down at his hands. Then he stood and slowly shuffled to the door, pausing briefly to take one last lingering look at his daughter's body, knowing he would probably never see it again. When he was gone, George called Kate back into the office. She came in, shutting the door behind her.

“File these would you?” George said, tucking the rest of the papers back into the file.

Kate nodded, coming around the side of the desk next to George. She bent over the desk, her perfect round little ass right in his face. George reached beneath her skirt and slid Heather's dainty hand up her thigh, skirting across her bare pussy and into her warmth. She sighed and leaned on the table, arching her back as George's hands caressed her, dipping lightly in between her nether lips and stroking gently. She grew wet at his touch, her puss opening and allowing his fingers to slip in deeper, pressing up against her clit as it grew slick.

“Oh, George,” she moaned in her delightfully breathy voice.

“God, I feel the same way,” George muttered.

Kate turned and kissed him, their soft lips meeting, tongues entwining. Kate tasted like cherries, and George caressed her bouncing breasts, his own body warming quickly.

Their affair had started soon after the shift, Kate slipping into George's office when Peter was out. Kate's new body was in a near constant state of arousal, so when she caught George playing with his new tits she offered to give him a hand. And a tongue. And so the affair between mother and stepdaughter began.

Kate sat up on his desk and spread her legs, her skirt creeping up her thighs. George stood and kissed her some more, fingers brushing across her soft cheeks as his body burned with desire. He slipped out of his jacket and then Kate helped him take his top off. George's bare breasts bounced down his petite body, enhanced and perfect. He

didn't bother to wear a bra, needing the easy access to satisfy his body whenever he got too horny.

Kate slipped out of her top as well and they resumed kissing. George's hands slid around and unclasped her bra. She let it drop to the floor and he kissed his way down the curve of her neck, inhaling her wonderfully floral scent. He continued kissing across her neck, soft lips tracing the curve of her collarbone, down to her breasts. He took hold of one in his hand and brought it to his lips before sucking gently. Heather's lips suckled at her mother's breast, little tongue flicking out to taste the nipple as Kate's breath quickened.

With his other hand, George felt himself up, fingers squeezing his wonderful new tits, getting as hot about touching himself as he was about touching Kate. His panties were damp beneath his pantsuit, his young body so damn horny already.

Kate slid a hand between her legs and stroked herself, moaning as George continued to suck and fondle her delicious tits. Their soft bodies came together and the delicious scent of Kate's pussy hit George's nose. He pulled away long enough to yank open the bottom drawer in his desk and pull out the large double strap on. It was made of clear silicone, one end formed into the shape of a cock, complete with thick head, the other end shaped into a complicated curve, designed to lodge deep into George's soaking wet body.

George yanked his pants off, followed by his panties. The sight of his young, naked body sent a thrill through him. God, he never tired of seeing Heather's perfect legs, stroking her wonderfully tight pussy, and listening to her tiny cries of desire. He kept the thatch of hair between his legs manicured in a neat triangle pointing down to a dainty slit, the lips of which were even now glistening and starting to spread open. The strange but welcome feeling of an outer loosening and an inner tension grew through him, the by-now familiar horniness infusing every inch.

He pressed the end of the dildo with the odd curve against his pussy, making long strokes up his entrance, gliding through his wetness and spreading it across his slit. Kate took his cheeks in her hands and

kissed him some more, her kisses urgent and insistent. He knew she wanted it, but he had to get his body warmed up to take the dildo. George had a tight little pussy and it took some time, but soon he sunk the end lightly inside him, gasping as he felt the delicious fullness traveling through his wet canal. He shut his eyes and moaned into Kate's mouth as he filled himself with the toy. It slid through his pussy, curving around to press up against his inner pleasure button, the curve holding the dildo in place inside him. He moaned as it filled him completely, pausing to enjoy it before his body urged him on for more.

Looking down, he could see the clear dildo sticking out from between his legs like a cock. A strapless strapon, one end lodged inside his own little cunt. Kate lay back on the desk, knocking the papers to the floor. George pulled up her skirt and admired her pretty pussy. Her velvety folds were plump and wet, and George buried Heather's face inside her mom's pussy, licking and sucking, drinking her delicious juices. He ran his tongue up and down her slit, driving in deeper to lick her fast and hard. Pressing his tongue against her clit, he undulated up and down as Kate moaned beneath him, her hips wriggling as he drove her body into spasms of ecstasy. She clutched her tits in each hand and thrust up towards his waiting mouth, demanding to be taken. All the while George stroked the dildo between his legs, fucking himself as he ate her out until his body was burning with lust.

Only then did he climb onto the desk and straddle Kate, guiding his dildo up against her slick entrance. He watched as he slipped inside her, her wonderful pussy lips gaping wide to take the cockhead and shaft. And then his mouth was back on her breasts, his ass in the air as he fucked her. His own breasts bounced against her chest as he thrust, pounding hard and fast, their bodies alight with desire. Kate gripped him closer, moaning louder, thrusting her hips up to join his downstroke, each thrust pounding the dildo into both their bodies.

They came together, twin cries spilling from their lips. George gripped Kate's tits and sucked hard, enjoying the taste of her as their bodies shook. The roar of the orgasm seemed to fill his head, the pleasure

whiting out the room as they thrust together, bodies wrapped around each other, fingers stroking and clutching with desire, until the pulse pounding wave was over and they came down slowly.

George sat up and pushed his long hair out of his eyes. The two women were still connected by the dildo, lodged into each of their bodies, slick with their mingled juices. George's large, fake breasts bobbed down his chest in front of him and he touched them, fondling himself gently as his body cooled down. His hands wrapped around each tit and he brought one to his lips, tasting his amazing youthful body.

And that's when Peter returned. He opened the door and poked his head in. "One thing I--" He started and stopped when he saw his daughter straddling his wife over the desk, topless and with one of her own tits in her mouth. The smell of sex filled the air.

"Oh, god!" Peter cried, slamming the door and fleeing.

"Oh, crap," George giggled, his breasts bouncing. "Guess the secret's out now."

Kate wrapped her arms around George's waist and looked up at him, a sultry smile on her lips. "Does that mean we can go again?"

It did.

Lyon, France

Andre stumbled out his front door, still bleary-eyed, and made his way around the corner to his usual cafe. Andre used to be a morning person, waking at 5 AM to go for a run. But ever since he'd swapped bodies with his ex-wife, Aimee, he'd taken on her inability to function in the morning without at least two cups of coffee. He thought he would have adjusted after three years, but evidently being a morning person was a physical thing rather than a mental thing.

When the shift happened they'd been in the middle of a divorce, sitting across from each other at the lawyer's office. The whole separation had been messy, with accusations and recriminations thrown around. In that respect, the divorce was much like their brief marriage had been: full of manic energy, incredible highs and depressing lows. Sexually, however, they'd been a perfect match, and a few of the fights during the long, drawn out divorce proceedings had ended in swift, desperate sex. They'd been nearing the end of the whole thing and Andre had wanted to be done with it. He didn't want to see her prissy little face any longer. Didn't want to hear her breathy voice or have anything to do with her no matter how much his dick still jumped to attention at the sight of her. Now, of course, he saw her every day in the mirror. And it still got him excited, though he now grew slick instead of hard. He hated pleasuring his ex-wife's body but he couldn't stop himself, not when he had such easy access to her perfect tits.

Andre got in line and folded his arms beneath his ample breasts. He blinked slowly, gazing around vacantly at the other people in the cafe on this Saturday morning. Some, like him, were women who clearly used to be men. They refused to take on the trappings of women's clothes or appearance. Andre himself was dressed in baggy jeans and a plain black shirt that stretched across his breasts. Hell, today

he hadn't even put on a bra and the indentations of his nipples were visible beneath the cotton shirt. He kept his black hair buzzed short for ease, and hadn't bothered with makeup. He was blessed with Aimee's good genes and looked good enough even bare. Pre-shift, his appearance would have probably been called butch—despite his incredibly feminine figure—but post-shift it was fairly common, and a pretty good indicator that the occupant of the body still considered himself a man. Even at work Andre still wore a suit and tie, fitted in one of the new styles that was cut to fit a woman's breasts but without looking overtly feminine.

As his gaze traveled around the shop he noticed a woman sitting by the window staring at him with a sly smile. She had long, wavy bottle-blond hair and she was poured into a jogging outfit that clasped petite breasts and supple hips. Her legs were crossed, one leg bouncing in the air. She wore three-quarter length black leggings, allowing Andre to admire her wonderfully sculpted calves. Andre paused, staring at her quizzically. There was something familiar about her face. He was sure he'd seen her before but he couldn't put a name to her. She was definitely giving him a knowing look.

After he ordered, he made his way back to her. She was a head taller than he was and he found himself looking up at her and once again cursing his petite body. She smiled as he approached, sipping on her coffee and leaning against the counter.

“Morning, Andre,” she said.

“Hi,” he said, thrown by her voice which was, again, familiar but strange. “I'm sorry, I can't remember your name.”

She laughed and switched legs, drawing attention to her supple form. “You don't remember me at all?”

Andre smiled and shook his head, trying to place her face but he was still having trouble. Possibly because he was so distracted imagining running his hand up her leg, helping her slip out of her clothes and tasting her. His body was warming gently, the by-now familiar feeling of growing horny and wet. As usual, the feeling made him miss his former dick, miss the feeling of growing hard and ready to take

instead of be taken. He was ever hopeful that the smart people working on a solution to the problem would find a way to swap everyone back.

"I'm sure I would have remembered such a pretty face," He finally said.

"Still such a charmer." She flipped her hair back behind her head. "It's me. Aimee."

"Aimee?" Andre quirked his brow. "The only Aimee I know is..." He trailed off, staring closer.

Her face. It looked as though it could belong to Andre's sister. But Andre didn't have a sister.

"How did you--?" He began. "You shifted again?"

She shook her head. "Oh, no." She leaned close and peered at him. "I transitioned."

And then it hit him. That face. That body he'd been ogling. It was his own. Only...truly female.

"You what?" He gritted his teeth.

"Thank you, Andre!" The barista called out from behind.

"Still going by Andre, huh?" Aimee smiled.

"You-- Why--? How much?" He finally managed.

"All of it. These are real." She grabbed her breasts. "Thanks to the drugs. And I got rid of your dick about a year ago. Ugh. Couldn't stand that thing. Much nicer to have a pussy back."

Andre was livid. Like most of the world he'd been following developments in getting people back in their bodies. The research coming out of England was pretty advanced, though still with no guarantee of a cure. But Andre had been holding out hope that someday soon he'd be a guy again. A hope that Aimee had just smashed. Even if he could go back, he'd still be a woman.

"How could you do this to me?" Andre hissed.

Aimee rolled her eyes. "Oh, please. Don't flatter yourself. I didn't become a woman just to piss you off. Though that was a nice bonus. I was so angry at you for so long. But I never wanted to be a man. And look at you. You clearly don't want to be a woman."

Andre smacked the table so hard it drew stares from the rest of the crowd. He was breathing hard, trying to get his temper under control. Andre couldn't believe after all this time she still had this effect on him and he didn't know whether he wanted to fight her or fuck her.

Aimee took a breath and collected herself. "God, you can still make me crazy. Get your coffee and let's walk."

Andre, still in a daze, did as she said. They ambled back to Andre's place. He was silent for a long while on the walk, glancing over at Aimee, hardly daring to believe that used to be his body. He didn't recognize it. Didn't recognize the curves or the softness. And yet he could still see the contours of his familiar face peering out. She kept talking away, telling him all about herself and how good she was doing until, at his front door, he turned to her.

"Good to see you're as self absorbed as ever. Why are you even here? To gloat?"

"No, actually. I've come here to say sorry."

"Well, you're terrible at it."

She fluffed her blonde hair up and sighed. "I know. Seeing you again is bringing back all kinds of memories. Can we go in?"

"I guess."

He led her inside and they settled themselves on the couch, both of them crossing their legs, Andre by training, Aimee by instinct. Aimee looked around at the same furniture and décor that had graced the place since she'd lived there.

"I love what you've done with the place," she deadpanned.

"You were saying something about being sorry?" Andre glared at her.

She leaned her elbow on the back of the couch, propping her head up in her hand. Andre stared into the blue eyes that used to be his. Now

that he knew who he was looking at it was easy to see his facial structure, even beneath her makeup and the softening of his features from the estrogen. His eyes glanced down to her breasts then quickly away. Once he would have been amazed to have breasts, would have thought he could stay inside and play with them forever. That was before he had to lug Aimee's heavy tits around everywhere. They were an annoyance. Always getting in the way and hurting when he tried to run. Not to mention the attention they brought. Being a small woman with big tits wasn't everything he'd imagined.

She saw where he was looking and grinned. "I put you through a lot of shit. But, to be fair, you did the same to me. I never understood how we could be so good together sometimes and so awful other times. It's like we would feed on each other, both positive and negative. But I still loved you so much. It took me a long time to get over that."

"Me too." Andre said after a short pause.

"So, I've actually come here for two things. To say sorry, and...I wanted to let you know I'm getting married."

"What?"

"Yeah. I met a great guy. He used to be another guy but--" she waved her hand. "Anyway. I wanted to come back and close this chapter on my life."

She reached out and grabbed his hand. Why was his heart suddenly thumping so madly in his chest?

"I'm never getting my body back." He said.

"No, you're not."

"Can I--" Andre hesitated. He was intensely curious about his former body. And having Aimee just here, seeing her familiar mannerisms brought back everything. Good and bad. "Can I see what you've done to me?"

"It's not you anymore." She said, and then a mischievous grin lit up her face. "But sure. I'm really happy with it."

She peeled off her top, then reached around and unstrapped her bra. Her breasts bounced free and Andre stared at them. They were petite but firm, gently rounded with his familiar nipples peaking each one. He could still see his tiny triangle of moles around her collar, and the faint scar across the left side of her stomach from the bike accident when he was a kid. It was still his torso, still his body, but softened. He touched her breasts. They even felt real, not as bouncy as his but still with some weight. They jiggled in his hands.

She watched him feel up her breasts. A slight smile shadowed the corner of her lips. "Can I see *my* body for old time's sake?"

He nodded and struggled out of his shirt, freeing his heavy breasts. They swayed down his chest, heavy and firm, an aching weight he could never forget about but still enjoyed exploring when he was in the mood.

"Hello, girls," she whispered, running her fingers lightly along his warm skin.

Her touch sent goosebumps down his arms. She grabbed one gently, hefting it, her fingers skating across his nipple. Did she know what she was doing? That she was making his body crazy with desire?

And suddenly their lips were together, her eager tongue skating across his lips and he welcomed her inside. They crushed their bodies together, his arms around her, pulling her close, their tits bouncing against each other. They made out urgently, forcefully, her tongue plunging into his mouth, running around her long familiar teeth and tongue.

Andre could taste himself, could smell her scent as his nose pressed into her cheek. It was a heady combination of femininity and the ghostly trace—probably imagined—of his old masculinity. Her warm hands slid up and down his gentle backside, down to the curve of his ass, memorizing her previous body by touch. They continued kissing, needing each other, their pent-up anger and desire bursting forth in rough passion.

Andre pulled away and buried his face between her soft breasts, kissing and suckling his transformed body. Her softness was incredible and pleasure ignited within his own body. He flicked his tongue across her nipple, grabbed it gently between his teeth and licked with his tongue. She moaned, her hands coming down to his breasts. As he continued suckling her tits she squeezed his fat breasts, pinching them hard, the delightful burst of pain making him squirm. She still remembered how to treat her body, and in no time Andre felt a wet spot creeping through his panties. He gasped as she latched on to a nipple, smirking down at him as she held him there, the pain exaggerating the pleasure spilling through him.

He tore at her pants. She lay back and he peeled off her leggings, followed by her panties. He knelt between her legs, pausing to stare down at the legs he'd once known, at the strange absence there, the little pussy lips tucked together. She was a woman through and through now. Andre knelt and kissed his way up her thighs, warm breath skating over her pussy and then back down as she wiggled beneath him. He ran his tongue slowly up her slit with a light pressure just enough to taste her. She moaned, her own hands coming up through her hair then down to her breasts, her entire body wriggling with desire. And then he slipped his tongue inside her and licked her salty folds. So this is what he tasted like. He lapped at her pussy slowly, tongue teasing around her clit before finally landing on it and pressing hard and quick before moving away. She jumped and cried out.

“Oh my god, you're still so wonderful.” She sighed. He smiled and returned his attention to her pussy. She was growing wet now, her lips spreading apart and he slid a finger inside her, his mouth still wide and covering her cunt. His hot breath hit her skin and his tongue pressed against her clit, undulating slowly, speeding up with the rhythm of her body until she came, vibrating around him, moaning out her lust.

And then it was her turn to sit up and push him over. She yanked his pants off and climbed up his leg, staring into his eyes seductively, dragging her wetness across his legs as she crawled up his body.

She planted her face between his thigh and inhaled the familiar scent of herself, before plunging her tongue inside. She was urgent, faster than him because that's what her body craved. Andre liked it hard and fast and Aimee obliged, licking and sucking his velvety folds, plunging her fingers deep into his warm canal and sliding up against his center. He came, crying out as he raised his hips, forcing her tongue harder against his swollen clit. She swallowed his juices and his hands came to his tits, squeezing them, enjoying their weighty fullness as she gave him another orgasm, her tongue and fingers deep in his hot canal. His cries of excitement filled the room. He'd never cum so hard by himself, but Aimee knew exactly how to play his body, knew where and when to touch, and it wasn't long before he had the biggest orgasm yet, crying out as he gripped his tits to his chest, the pain doubling the pleasure and leaving him dripping wet.

Aimee finally raised her head, her chin glistening with his juices, a sparkle in her eyes.

"God, I can't believe we just did that."

"Same." Andre said, his hands resting on his heavy breasts.

Aimee sat up and began dressing again. Andre watched his former body disappearing beneath the clothes, knowing he would never see it again. She saw him watching her and she blushed, pushing her blonde hair out of her eyes.

"So this is goodbye then." She said.

"I guess so."

He smiled lazily and she nodded. "Maybe I'll see you again someday."

"Maybe."

She turned and left. Andre lay on the couch a while longer, feeling warm and very sated. He was definitely moving closer to acceptance.

#

Thank you!

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Three explicit short stories of people finding themselves in someone else's body and enjoying -- or being forced to enjoy -- their new pleasure.

That B*itch From Work

When Felix ends up in the body of his girlfriend's rival, his girlfriend finds more and more ways to humiliate him. She mocks his small stature and forces him into degrading and humiliating situations. But rather than make him angry, the humiliation just makes Felix's nubile new body eager to please.

Learning Curves

Will's never been in trouble in his life, until the day he gets caught with a joint and threatened with expulsion from school. This simple misunderstanding threatens to derail his life and strip him of his valedictorian status. But his gorgeous, young teacher, Mrs. King, gives him an option: if he agrees to try out her invention to let them swap bodies for a day, she won't report him.

iSwap

Noah's stepsister has swapped their bodies so she can take his vacation while he's stuck at home. But Noah soon discovers that being in the body of his hot stepsister more than makes up for anything he'll miss on the trip.

Devil on Your Shoulder (M2F Body Theft)

Daniel's always being picked on by the trio of mean girls at his school, so when a demon appears and offers him the chance to possess their bodies for some humiliation, Daniel jumps at the offer. But there's always a catch, and Daniel may soon find that his anger comes back to hurt him.

Side Hustle (M2F Transformation)

Ben's life changes forever when he gets some pills that can transform him into a gorgeous, curvy woman. But after finding online fame as a pornstar, will his marriage survive when his side hustle becomes his main hustle?

And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.