



M2F
BODY SWAP

PERFECT
Fit

MWILLS

Perfect Fit

It was the usual company crowd: wall-to-wall investors, executives and CEOs. Along with their taut and polished wives; banking bros and botox as far as the eye could see. As hostess, Claire knew her role: work the room, circulate Dom and sparkling bon mots, present a perfect facade, and make Marcus look good. Over the eighteen years of marriage she'd perfected it. As Marcus had risen the ranks at McKean Capital, Claire had gradually molded herself into the ideal executive wife: amiable, sociable, fuckable. The asset. The wife who knew how to flatter the bosses without ever fawning, the wife who remembered every PA's birthday, the wife who was willing and able to host a company charity event at a moment's notice, the wife who kept it tight and made the other execs look just a little too long, the wife who made it all look easy.

Surveying the scene, she made sure the caterers were keeping the refreshments flowing and that there were no potential investors feeling neglected. Intent on her job, she didn't notice her husband approaching until he sidled up behind her and slid an arm around her waist.

Marcus dropped his mouth to her ear and murmured, "Thank you."

She leaned into his embrace. "For what?"

"For this party. For organizing everything. For making it perfect as always."

She smiled. "You don't turn 42 every day; I figured you deserved something special."

"Well, in case I forget to say it later - thank you." He kissed her neck lightly. "Oh and, by the way, I caught Dave in the kitchen trying to snag himself a glass of champagne."

"That kid!" Claire rolled her eyes. "He makes me crazy."

Marcus grinned. "He's seventeen; he's supposed to make you crazy."

"He's succeeding." Peeling herself away from Marcus, she headed for the kitchen.

Sure enough, Dave was there, devouring canapes and eyeing the Dom.

Claire arched a brow. "Don't even think about it, kiddo."

"Just one glass?"

"No." Dave shoved a caramelized onion and goat's cheese mini pizza into his mouth before replying,

"You're a cruel woman, Mom."

"Yes, I'm a heartless monster," Claire responded sarcastically. "How dare I deny my seventeen-year-old child alcohol."

"Almost eighteen," Dave amended. "And it's just champagne. Please?"

She studied his hopeful face and felt herself relenting. He was a good kid super smart, perfect grades, perfect behavior—and, with less than a year left before he left for college, she knew she'd have to loosen the apron strings soon. "Half a glass," she said in a voice that made it clear it was her final word. "When we cut the cake. And you have to make the birthday toast to your dad."

"Deal." Dave grinned and grabbed a handful of vol-au-vents on his way out the door. "You're the best, Mom."

Taking advantage of the momentary lull, Claire headed for the private courtyard off the kitchen. Sliding the door closed behind her, she sank into a lounge chair and kicked off her heels. Taking a deep breath, she let herself acknowledge exactly how tired she was. She'd been up since 5am, trying to squeeze in everything she needed to achieve in a day: pilates, a session with her personal trainer, overseeing the maid, overseeing the party set-up, and an hour and a half for party hair and make-up. Hours of work to make everything appear effortless.

"Sorry," a voice said from the shadows, "you probably came out here to for a moment alone."

Startled, Claire looked over and saw Annabelle McKean, wife of the head of McKean Capital. She had striking black hair and dark eyes and had squeezed herself into a flowing black dress that allowed her to meld neatly into the shadows. Claire recovered her surprise quickly, sliding back into gracious hostess mode. "Of course not, Annabelle. How lovely to see you."

"Liar," Annabelle said conspiratorially. "You looked like you need a break from the social whirl. It's hell hosting these things, isn't it?"

Claire let herself grin in return and let her guard down a little. "Doesn't help that Marcus's birthday is December 2nd. Feels like there's no let-up in the parties between Thanksgiving and New Years."

"Yes, exactly," Annabelle sighed, "I'd kill for just one night home in my pajamas with Netflix."

She held up her glass to toast. "Here's to January, may it hurry the hell up."

Without a glass to return the toast, Claire merely smiled.

Annabelle looked her over. "You're not drinking? Let's find you glass."

Claire gave Annabelle's drink an envious glance. "I'd love to, but all I see is: one glass of champagne - 95 calories." She sighed. "And that's 95 more calories I've got to work off in the gym."

"Pish!" Annabelle exclaimed. "You can't let a little thing like that stop you."

Claire gave an inelegant little snort. "It's alright for you," she said, looking pointedly at Annabelle's svelte figure the woman was pushing fifty and still looked impeccable. "But us mere mortals have to work for it."

Annabelle smiled. "Not necessarily." She pulled out her phone and began clicking. "You just need the right help. I'm sending you Caspian's numbers. He's a doll; you'll love him."

Confused, Claire asked, "He's a personal trainer?"

"No, darling. He's a secret weapon." Annabelle gave an exaggerated sigh and added, "He's ridiculously expensive, of course, but so worth it." With that, she stood and said decisively, "Now, let's get you a drink."

The rules of the corporate wife hierarchy were clear: when favor is bestowed, it cannot be ignored and, when the boss's wife gives you a recommendation, you follow it. So, despite the fact that she still had no idea what the mysterious Caspian actually did, Claire dutifully made an appointment.

Two days later she found herself being led into an elegant consulting room in Beverly Hills.

"Welcome." Caspian tall, tanned, preppy, pretty—shook her hand and gestured to a guest chair.

"Annabelle McKean she's such a peach! let me know you'd be coming by."

"Yes," Claire said carefully, "although I'm still not entirely sure why. What exactly do you... do?"

Caspian grinned, revealing a set of dazzlingly white teeth. "I fix things. Any worries, any little things making life unpleasant..." He waved his hand dismissively, "I just sort them out."

None the wiser, Claire nodded politely. "Oh."

Caspian placed a perfectly manicured hand on hers and said gently, "Now, tell me what's wrong." And, inexplicably, she found herself talking. "It's silly to complain, really. I mean I have such a lovely life. My husband and son are just... well, wonderful. And it's not like we're hurting for money or..."

"But..." Caspian pressed.

"Well, it just takes... a lot. To maintain it all. To keep the house looking perfect and ensure that I'm giving Marcus and Dave everything they need." She glanced down at her hands. "Mostly though, it's the effort to keep myself perfect that's the hardest. I..."

"You what, Claire?"

"I eat 1000 calories a day. No carbs. No red meat. No cheese. No chocolate. And I work out. Every day for hours: pilates, weights, yoga, aerobics."

Caspian gave her appreciative once-over. "Well, girl, it's worth it. Yours is, officially, the finest body I have ever seen on a woman your age."

Claire gave a ghost of a smile. "It is worth it. It's just... just once in a while, I'd like to, well... drink a beer. I'd like to eat a cheeseburger. God! I'd like to skip a day at the gym and just lie on my couch and watch TV with my kid."

Self-conscious at her sudden outburst, she added sheepishly, "That probably sounds silly.

Getting all strung out just because I choose a flat belly over chocolate cake. I would kill for some cake."

"Why choose?" Caspian said with a shrug

"What do you mean?"

"Let me ask you something... Do you have a pool?"

"Yes."

"Do you enjoy it?" he asked. "Enjoy using it and showing it off?"

"Yes."

"Do you clean it? Maintain it?"

"Umm, no. Our gardener does."

Caspian leaned forward in his chair and changed tack. "Do you have a dog?"

"Yes."

"You like having a dog?"

"Yes." She still had no idea what he was getting at.

"Do you walk him every day?"

Confused, she replied, "No, there's a neighborhood kid who walks all the dogs on the street."

"You see? It's obvious." Caspian settled back in his chair and said with a hint of condescension, "Claire, if you don't want to do something - pay someone to do it for you."

"I do," she protested. "I mean, I already pay a trainer and a nutritionist and yoga instructor and—"

Caspian snorted derisively. "But you're still the one doing the work." He stood and crossed to a large cabinet that filled the back wall of the room. Pulling open the an array of cabinet drawers, he started taking out a series of little metal pieces: cogs and screws and tiny brass rivets. He turned back to her and said smugly, "I think we do a little better than that."

Two years he'd been coming to the Slattery's walking the family's border collie and hanging out with Dave and Evan still found their house totally intimidating. It wasn't just the size, it was the perfection of the place. Every object, every surface, was pristine. Every appliance was top of the line. Every person who lived there was polished to perfection. Even the dog was cool. It was intimidating as fuck.

Heading round the side of the house, Evan unlocked the gate and headed into the yard.

Bending down, he gave the collie, Milo, a couple of indulgent scratches behind the ears before letting him off the leash. It was total favoritism, but Milo was a dream client. Evan was currently walking a dozen different neighborhood dogs and Milo was clearly the best: perfectly trained, great on the leash and, best of all, he loved to run. They'd done a 6 mile jog that afternoon before Milo had even started looking bored. And it did rather add to Milo's appeal that the Slatterys tipped better than anyone else on the street.

Speaking of Slatterys, Evan looked up to see Dave Slattery emerging from his pool, water dripping down his washboard abs. Jesus, thought Evan jealously, the whole family was perfect. Dave scrubbed his hair with a towel and called over, "Hey dude. Call of Duty?"

Evan waved a hand over his sweaty jogging gear. "Kinda gross here."

But Dave shrugged dismissively. "We'll go in the pool house."

“Sure.” Evan gave Milo a final pat and followed Dave to the building on the other side of the garden. Calling it a pool house was disingenuous. It was a pool frickin mansion, complete with chill out room, full kitchen, wet bar, and elaborate home gym.

Dave led the way inside and powered up the Xbox. Tossing a controller to Evan, he said, “You load the game; I need a sec to get changed.” And he disappeared back out in the direction of the main house.

Waiting for the game to load, Evan headed for the fridge and started rifling through the soda stash.

“Oh.”

The feminine voice startled him, and Evan swung back around to see Dave’s mom emerging from the gym room, clad in little scraps of lululemon and looking as milf-tastic as always. The first time he’d seen Dave’s mom, he’d actually laughed. Literally, burst out laughing. Because she was a total MILF cliché: sexy face, smoking pilates bod, blonde hair in perfect blown-out waves, pristine wardrobe and a flawless manicure. A textbook corporate wife and the most insanely hot mom Evan had seen in his life.

Two years visiting the Slatterys and he’d stopped actually laughing when he saw her, but he still couldn’t stop himself staring. Especially when, like today, she arrived unexpectedly wearing nothing but a teeny pair of running shorts that was practically underwear, showing off her shapely golden legs, and a thin racerback tank that hid a glorious cleavage glistening with sweat. He forced his eyes to stay locked onto hers. “Hey Mrs. Slattery.”

“Hi Evan.” She smiled serenely. “You just bringing Milo home?”

Her adorable voice had a way of tickling Evan’s body just right and he tried to memorize for playback later when he was...alone.

“Yeah.” He tried to discreetly wipe his sweaty face, make himself a little more presentable. “And Dave and I are gonna play some Xbox.”

She nodded dismissively. “Ok, let me know if you need snacks.” She turned to walk out and then stopped abruptly. Tuning back, she looked over his jogging gear and observed, “You workout.”

“Yeah, I run.” She was still staring at him, so he babbled awkwardly, “That’s part of why I do the dog-walking. I can get a run in and earn some cash at the same time.”

“Not many jobs that let you do that,” she replied, cocking her head slightly to one side, her little blonde tresses bobbing delicately. She was still peering at him intently, one hand on her hip.

Evan shifted uncomfortably. The staring was getting weird. And she wasn’t leaving, she was just standing there observing him with an odd sort of clinical detachment.

The awkward silence lingered until she suddenly asked, “Do you know your way around a gym?”

“Umm, well, yeah,” he replied. “I’m on the rowing team so we spend a bunch of time in the gym. I mean, when we’re not out on the water and—” She cut him off. “And you like earning extra cash?”

Thrown by the non-sequitur, Evan shrugged and said, thoroughly confused, “Well... sure.”

There was a little smile teasing at the corners of her mouth. “What do we pay you for dog-walking? \$20 for the hour?”

“Yeah,” Evan confirmed.

“I’ve got another job for you.” Her smile grew. “Pays \$50 an hour. You interested?”

“Yeah,” he responded instantly. There was (virtually) nothing he wouldn’t do for fifty bucks an hour. “What do you need?”

She opened her mouth to respond, but shut it again immediately when Dave’s footsteps sounded outside the door. Dropping her voice, she murmured quickly, “Meet me here. Saturday. 6am.” And breezed out the door.

At 5:53am, Evan let himself into Slattery's yard via the back gate and headed for the pool house. Mrs. Slattery was already there (in her habitual workout gear). Her black lululemon yoga pants hugged her incredible ass and her matching lycra top seemed somehow to accentuate the soft swell of her breasts. Her blonde hair was tied back in a wavy ponytail. And she was waiting for him.

At 6:04am she finished her little spiel her clearly prepared rundown on what his new 'job' entailed and he stared at her, totally perplexed. When he finally found his voice, he managed, "Hang on. You want me to... to what exactly?"

She repeated herself. Slowly. "Nothing that taxing. Just, every once in a while, I'd like you to take my body through a workout."

"And we'd..." He couldn't quite believe he was saying this. "We'd be switching bodies."

"Yes," she said, a touch of impatience creeping into her tone. "You just take my body to the gym, do my usual routine (making sure, of course, that no one notices the switch) and come back here when you're done." She nodded with a hint of finality, sending her little ponytail dancing.

"Easy."

"But," he protested, "I'll be... you."

"Only for an hour or so. Gym and back. That's all."

A thought occurred and he felt his eyes narrow suspiciously. "And what will you be doing while I'm at the gym."

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" he parroted unconvinced.

"Yes, nothing." She waved a hand at the chill room. "I'll sit on that couch and do absolutely nothing. I'll watch Netflix. A whole show, start to finish, without simultaneously scheduling Marcus's social calendar." Her eyes lit up. "And I'll eat."

"Eat?"

She crossed to the kitchen, opened the cupboard and started rifling through Dave's enormous stash of snacks. Holding up a bag of Doritos, she asked excitedly, "Do you eat these? I mean, are you on a special diet for anything for rowing?"

"Umm, no." he said, bemused. "I'm an eighteen-year-old guy. I eat everything."

She waved the Doritos bag triumphantly. "So you eat these?"

"Yeah."

"And junk food?"

"Yeah."

"Chocolate?"

"Yeah."

"McDonalds."

"Yeah," he admitted, "like, almost every day."

She gave an excited squeak. "Make it \$75 an hour." And with that she reached into the concealed pocket in her yoga pants and pulled out a little brass device. It looked sort of like a cigar cutter: a strip of brass with finger-sized holes at either end. Peering more closely, Evan

saw that, connecting the two holes, was a circular mechanism composed of a dozen tiny cogs and levers.

Turning the device over in her hand, Mrs. Slattery said, "First job starts now. An hour and a half tops. Just my usual Saturday routine: drive to the gym, do my circuit training class, come home. Same as I always do." Holding out one end of the device towards him, she asked, "You in?" He nodded. More than \$100 for an hour and a half of work; it was essentially a foregone conclusion. Stepping forward he crooked his pointer finger and looped it through one of the holes. Mrs. Slattery curled her finger through the other hole and pulled.

The cogs moved, pins dropped into place.

And then, without fanfare or effort, he was in Mrs. Slattery. He watched fascinated and freaked as Mrs. Slattery (in his body) gulped and gaped, clearly as shocked as he was.

Taking a wobbly breath, he was just starting to get a handle on the situation on the fact that it had in fact happened; they'd switched when he made the mistake of glancing down. And found himself looking at a set of lycra-clad tits. Beneath he could see her or rather, his trim stomach and could feel the tight yoga pants clinging to his supple body.

"Oh, wow," he said, hands coming up to his new lips at the sound of Mrs. Slattery's adorable voice coming from her lips. The voice that always sent a delightful tingle down his spine was now his. His fingers rested on his soft lips and he felt the breath from his tiny new nose hit his fingertips. He brushed a hand experimentally through her fine, blonde hair, shifted his weight on legs that seemed altogether too dainty and long. Suddenly, he was acutely aware of everything about his sexy new body, including the startling absence between his thighs.

He resigned himself to a few more minutes of elaborate freaking out.

But Mrs. Slattery was apparently made of sterner stuff. Giving herself a visible shake, she announced, "Ok, great. Now, class starts in 15 minutes. It's circuit training, but the trainer assigns personalized exercises, so you'll be guided through it all." Even could hardly take it all in, still stunned at seeing his own body moving completely outside his control and hearing his voice through Mrs. Slattery's ears. It sounded deeper than he'd remembered. And strange, almost like listening to a video of himself. Grabbing a designer gym bag from the table, she thrust it at him.

"Everything is in here: gym membership card, locker key, towel."

"Ok, sure," Evan managed, blindly grabbing the bag with hands that were impossibly delicate. Then she handed him a Mercedes key fob. "Gym's on Wesley Ave. You know the way?" She pulled his phone out of his pocket gave him that as well. "Text me if you run into any issues." Not sure what else to do, he nodded blindly his little ponytail jiggling across his neck and headed for the door.

Every single thing was surreal. Just walking out of the pool house to the connecting garage was unfamiliar. He felt too light, too lean, too flimsy. He could physically feel his new absence and attributes: the lack between his legs and the new weight on his chest, which bounced gently on each step. His slender hips swayed back and forth with each step and as he ran his tongue around his lips he couldn't help but think that it was actually Mrs. Slattery's mouth and he was basically tasting her with each swipe.

Opening the Merc GLE, he found he had to stretch to climb in, his cute little ass poking out as he did so, before sliding into a seat on a but that was more padded than he was used to. He

gave himself a minute to get his breathing under control. This is just a job, he reminded himself. A way to make a ton of cash before school. It was freaky as hell, but he could do it. He grabbed the rearview mirror to adjust it and found himself looking into Mrs. Slattery's baby blue eyes. Her honey-blonde, meticulously plucked eyebrows arched enticingly, the bridge of his nose wrinkling slightly as he smiled at himself. This close he could see the faintest hint of freckles. He'd never looked been this close to her before. Hell, he might never be again. And, fuck, she was hot. Except it wasn't her, it was Evan who was now the hot mom.

He repeated his mental lecture like a mantra on the drive to the gym: This is just an easy way to make some cash. Just a workout. Pretend to be Mrs. Slattery. Do the exercises. Avoid making anyone suspicious. He could do it.

It turned out to be relatively straightforward. He parked underground at the gym, rode the elevator up, put Mrs. Slattery's bag in her personal locker and headed out into the gym. As soon as he arrived, a perky-looking trainer with a name tag reading Megan, waved him over. "Hi Claire. Let's get started with a five minutes warmup on the treadmill." Evan willingly let himself be led. Evan was mostly just surprised at how different Claire's workout felt. Less weight, more reps, more cardio, waaay more resistance work. This body was all new limitations and abilities: less strong but more agile and infinitely more flexible. He actually yelped in surprise during cool down stretches. He reached forward for his toes expecting to barely graze his toes like he always did and instead felt his new body stretch out smoothly, his hand sliding past his trainers. Trying to cover his weird yelp with a little laugh, he wrapped his delicate hands around his feet and held the stretch, enjoying the pull of perfect elongated muscle.

It was with an odd sense of victory that he finished up the class. The finish line in sight, he grabbed Claire's bag from her locker and was extracting her car key when a brunette he recognized from the circuit class sidled up to him.

"Jesus!" she exclaimed, opening up the locker beside him. "Megan was on the warpath today."

"Um, yeah." He cast about for something to add. What the hell did middle-aged woman talk about when they were together? "Those oblique plank crunches were brutal."

"I know," the brunette agreed. Taking a glug of her water, she added, "You're coming to yoga, right?"

For a moment, he panicked. Was he supposed to? Was that Mrs. Slattery's routine? No... she'd said one class. Right? He bought himself some time, replying, "Um, not sure. I've, umm—"

"Come! You know you always relent eventually, Claire," the brunette insisted as she headed for the door. "I'm going to hit the elliptical, then I'm coming back to get you. Don't make me do yoga alone."

The second she left the room, Evan took the opportunity to call Mrs. Slattery. She picked up on the second ring. "Everything ok?"

"Got to be quick," he said quietly. "There's a bossy woman with dark brown hair and a giant pink rolex asking if I'm going to yoga. Am I supposed to go?"

"No, don't do yoga. It's full of people I know. And all they do in that class is gossip. They'll know something is up."

"Should I just leave then?" Evan asked. "Run past the woman before she tries to twist my arm some more?"

"No," Mrs. Slattery said thoughtfully. "She's Deb Klein, the wife of one of Marcus's biggest clients. I don't want to risk her seeing you sneaking past and feeling insulted."

“What then?” he pressed.

“Just lay low until yoga starts.” Her voice brightened as an idea clearly came to her. “Hit the showers; she won’t follow you in there.”

“The what?” he yelped. She wasn’t honestly suggesting he take her body into the shower.

But Mrs. Slattery just ignored his squeaky question and was already rambling off a plan, “Take a shower and change. By the time you come out, she’ll be safely ensconced in the yoga room.”

“Umm, ok.”

“Everything’s in my locker.”

The locker room was more of a spa than the basic gym locker room Evan expected. White and gray marbled floors gave way to sleek, wooden shelves. Everything was pristine and shiny.

Evan grabbed a warm towel from the rack and then dropped his bag into a polished oak locker that looked brand new. He slipped out of his shoes and padded on dainty feet towards one of the shower stalls, his heart hammering in his chest with excitement.

The stalls, like the rest of the room, were impressive: full size enclosures with floor to ceiling doors. Each one less a stall than a room of its own. Again, each was pristine and included some tiny bottles of shampoo, conditioner and body wash.

Evan grasped his top, took a deep breath, and peeled it off. He could feel the weight shift on his chest as his breasts were freed, and he dropped the top to the floor and gazed down at his friend's mom's breasts. Fuck, they were beautiful. Not overly large, but perfectly shaped, light teardrops that hung from his chest, swaying slightly with his every motion. The skin was smooth, the nipples two silver-dollar sized strawberry pink circles. He could just about cover each one with his hand, and he did so, taking the opportunity to feel up the gorgeous body he'd spent the last hour inside. He squeezed lightly, enjoying their soft-firmness, the way the skin flexed and jiggled beneath his manicured fingers. It was incredible watching Mrs. Slattery felt herself up from his new perspective, watching her hands grasp and fondle her tits, and a prickle of warmth began between his legs.

He rolled his yoga pants off, revealing thicker thighs and a more cushioned ass than he was used to, as well as long, gorgeous legs. A ghostly whisper of a stretch mark here and there is the only telltale sign of her age. And then there was his pussy. Evan gazed at himself with wonder, his eyes traveling across the perfectly trimmed 'v' of Mrs. Slattery's caramel colored bush, her slit just visible beneath. When he kicked the pants off he could feel the lips of his pussy sliding together, already lubricated from the sight of himself.

He turned on the shower and stepped in, his body jiggling in strange and wonderful ways now that he was naked. The water was hot on his skin and felt amazing as it sluiced down between his breasts and over his plump little ass. He ducked his face into the spray and wiped his face, fingers trailing across the light contours of his tiny upturned nose and smooth cheeks. He let his hands play over Claire's face, touching her sensually, enjoying his new softness as the yearning inside her body grew ever more urgent.

Evan picked up the body wash and squirted some onto his hand. It smelled of apricot and honey, a perfectly girly scent to spread on his new body. He took his time soaping himself up, fingers running over his breasts, picking them up and dropping them, watching them bounce against his chest. He turned around and felt up his ass, hands sliding over the gentle curve and down between the crack of his cheeks. His hand continued along Claire's ass, over the back of

one thigh and then between his legs, resting on the scratchy hair of his new pussy. It was calling to him, a burning desire to touch himself. He knew he probably shouldn't but his body needed it so much and he soon gave in, fingers dipping lightly into his pussy.

He knew Mrs. Slattery was hot but, Jesus, her body was amazing, especially as he watched her fingers disappear in between her pussy lips and felt them press up against his clit. A sigh escaped his lips and his other hand came up to his tits. He wrapped his hand around one and pinched the nipple between thumb and forefinger. Little pulses of warmth shot through him as he played with Mrs. Slattery's body, letting one hand wander where it wanted across her tits as the other remained inside him, pressing, rubbing, soon finding a rhythm that matched his body and urged him on.

"Fuck, look at that little pussy," he whispered in awe.

Hearing Claire's voice say that made him even hornier. He slipped another finger inside his velvety folds, massaging Mrs. Slattery's little pleasure button. The heat shot through him, a quick fire that drew a gasp from his lips and made him rub faster, tension burning through him.

"Oh, play with my little cunt," he moaned and shivered at the sound of Mrs. Slattery's voice, rubbing himself harder until the tension burst and he burned with orgasm, his entire body tensing and releasing as he cried out in a high pitched voice, eyes shut tight to enjoy the pleasure spilling through him.

Evan continued rubbing himself, fingers wetter than water inside his pussy, squeezing a tit so hard the pain spiked and caused the pleasure to rumble through him once more. He cried out again, Mrs. Slattery's high pitched voice competing with the splashing water and echoing in his ears. Hearing her cum made him so horny he came again, a rumbling full body orgasm that made his knees weak and he collapsed onto the wooden bench beneath the shower.

Holy shit, that was incredible. He pulled his fingers out of himself and washed himself off, then shut off the water. He toweled himself off then tied the towel around his chest and returned to the main bathroom. Looking in the mirror, he saw Mrs. Slattery's adorable face was flushed, her eyes bright, her hair a wet, tangled mess. He brushed it out and tried to blow dry it but couldn't quite get it to look the way it used to. How did she get it to flow down her back in such perfect waves? In the end, he tied it up in a messy ponytail and got dressed, taking his time to enjoy the sight of Mrs. Slattery's naked body. He didn't know when, or if, he would ever be able to see it again.\

Arriving back at the Slattery's pool house, Evan was absolutely sure she'd be able to tell. That the second they switched back, Mrs. Slattery would just know what he'd been up to in the shower. But they each hooked their fingers through the little brass device and pulled... and it was fine. She simply smiled as she landed back in her body and gave him a little nod of approval. "I can feel a little muscle burn. You must've put in a good workout."

"Yeah," he said, still not quite trusting his luck. His deep voice sounded strange in his own ears, "Gave it 110 percent."

"Well," she replied, reaching for her purse and pulling out a stack of C-notes. "Thank you, Evan." It seemed totally unbelievable. She was giving him a shitload of cash for doing a single workout (and getting off). It was like taking candy from a baby. Feeling slightly guilty, he asked, "Did you, umm, have a good time?"

Her sudden smile was huge and completely genuine. "It was wonderful. I got to... well veg out. Just sit and do nothing but watch bad TV and eat crappy food. It was perfect." Her smile turned a bit self-conscious. "Probably sounds silly."

"Nah," he said generously. That explained why his stomach felt so full. Then he amended with a grin, "Well, a bit. Vegging out and eating crappy food is kinda 80% of what I do. Seems like a lot of effort just to do what teenagers do most afternoons."

"Well," she replied, giving him a little smile, "we don't all have teen metabolism, do we? Anyway..." she continued, handing him his money. "Thank you. And I'll be in touch."

Resisting the urge to actually fondle the money, he said "Later, Mrs. Slattery." And headed out the door.

He had only just made it through the gate and back out onto the street when his phone pinged with a text: Mrs. Slattery: Are you available tomorrow morning?

It was genuinely insane. Each day, he fronted up at the Slattery's before school, switched into Mrs. Slattery's body and headed to the gym. Each day he'd bring her body home, switch back and pocket a wodge of cash. He earned way more in one week than he usually did in a month. And the perks of the job weren't bad either. He got to drive a Merc, got to play around on the sleekest and most expensive gym equipment he'd ever seen, and he got to take her body into the shower every day. The intense orgasms outweighed the guilt of what he was doing to a body that wasn't his. On the second morning, he'd returned to her locker after his workout and discovered that the gym had a laundry service: next to Mrs. Slattery's locker there was a neatly folded stack of clothes.

Heart in his mouth, he'd made the split second decision to 'assume' that the clean clothes meant he should shower. Just like the previous day. He'd been too scared to touch her body, too sure that she'd be totally pissed that he'd got her naked without her explicit permission. So he'd simply stood under the hot spray and stared in the mirror. Itching to touch but paralyzed with worry. Fuck, he was getting so wet just looking at himself, and not just from the shower. Then he'd pulled on clean clothes and raced back to the Slattery's, furious at himself for taking the risk and convinced he was about to get fired.

But Mrs. Slattery didn't seem to comprehend the significance of him returning her body in a freshly-showered state. Did she not get that he had stripped her naked and rubbed expensive body scrub over her tits? Did she not get that by not complaining she was essentially offering him her naked body on a platter, giving him carte blanche to look and touch?

Did rich people delegate so much cooking, cleaning, exercise, diet, hair, wardrobe, makeup that they lost all touch with reality, and were willingly letting minions delve into the nitty gritty, physical details of their lives? Did she think of it like getting a bikini wax? Some stranger was touching her pussy but it was totally legit and professional?

Well, if she thought he was being cold and clinically detached about it, she clearly knew nothing about teenage boys. There wasn't a moment while he was in her body that he'd didn't think about her tits. And, if he was honest, the best thing about the short drive in the Merc was that the tinted windows meant he could play with her nipples the whole way to and from the gym. The fact that she didn't notice that she thought he just did her dirty work like an emotionless, dickless automaton was completely dehumanizing. But it did let him feel her up with impunity... so, he kinda figured - fuck it. They fell into a routine: he earned a bunch of cash, she got to eat McDonalds for breakfast. But, after a week, she shifted things up, sending him to run a 10k charity race for her on a Saturday afternoon. She looked smug about it too, like she was getting extra bang for her buck by sending him in her stead: getting a workout and earning humanitarian points... while she sat on the couch and watched Real Housewives.

He was pretty sure her running outfit cost more than his car: top-of-the-line sneakers, expensive clothes, and a rose gold runner's watch that clearly clocked in at over a grand. Waiting on the start line of the race, he did some stretches, running his hands down his long, lean legs. Every time he stood up he checked the clasp on the watch. No way did he want to pay to replace it if it fell off.

As he was moving from one stretch to another, out of the corner of his eye Evan caught a guy

looking at him and turned.

The guy was certainly Mrs. Slattery's type: darkly handsome and square jawed, with a muscular physique and an outfit that probably cost as much as hers did, complete with the latest Apple watch and ear buds. The guy met his eye and smiled with a roguish charm.

"You ever done one of these runs before?" He asked, his voice a deep baritone.

"First time," Evan said. "I hope I can make it."

"I'm thinking the same thing," he paused and seemed to register what he just said, "About myself, I meant."

Evan smiled graciously. "Yeah, I got it. You can tag along with me, that way if you drop out I can feel better about myself and vice versa."

"Deal." The man held out his hand. "Richard."

Evan took Richard's hand. It enveloped his own, with thick fingers and a surprisingly light touch. "Claire."

It was nice talking to a stranger in Mrs. Slattery's body. Even wasn't constantly second guessing himself about how much the guy really knew about Claire or if Evan would blurt out something inappropriate that would make its way back to her.

A few minutes later the starting gun rang out and the large crowd took off, soon thinning into small groups as everyone separated and fit into their paces. Evan matched pace with Richard, each step causing Mrs. Slattery's breasts to bounce in her sports bra. Evan and Richard urged each other on, grunting encouragement at the bottom of each hill and celebration at each crest. Evan didn't know if Richard was deliberately slowing his pace to match him, but it was nice having someone with him cheering him on.

After a seemingly never ending run of peaks and valleys, they crested the last hill and saw the beach laid out below them, the finish line flags waving in the breeze surrounded by a small crowd of friends and family. Evan and Richard crossed the line together and slowed to a walk, making large circles as they caught their breath. Richard's gray shirt was dark with sweat and little drops glistened on his forehead. Mrs. Slattery's body was shiny with sweat as well and Evan's legs burned with exhaustion.

"We did it!" Richard heaved through deep breaths.

"Hooray!" Evan cried, wrapping Mrs. Slattery's arms around Richard's thick trunk before he realized what he was doing. His nose pressed into Richard's shirt and he could smell the rich, masculine odor of the man's body. A part of Claire's body responded to the man's nearness and Evan felt something click over in his mind and a light heat race through his body. He pulled away suddenly when he realized how intimate he was being with a stranger and looked up into Richard's eyes. Richard looked down at him with a smile that was equal parts charming, surprised and seductive.

"If that's my reward or finishing it was well worth it. Do you want to go jump in the ocean real quick or is there a... Mr. Claire you need to get home to?"

"No," Evan replied, staring up into Richard's steely blue eyes and resting Mrs. Slattery's hand lightly on his chest, "I'll go get wet with you."

They peeled off their shoes and tossed the contents of their pockets onto the sand before splashing into the water. It was amazingly clear and calm, the water just cold enough to make Evan shiver, a delightful finish to a long race. Evan splashed Richard, then ran away laughing as Richard tried to splash him back. Richard's gray shirt clung to his muscular body as he

chased Evan, finally catching him and dunking him underwater as Evan squealed with delight, his long limbs splashing about in the clear blue water.

When they got out Evan felt wonderful, except for the fact that he was soaking wet.

"Well," Evan said, brushing his hair back and ringing it out, "Now I've got to get on the shuttle back to my car sopping wet."

"I've got a towel in my car and I can give you a lift back if you want," Richard offered.

"Ok," Evan nodded and followed Richard back to his car.

Evan was unsurprised to find Richard drove a BMW just as new as Mrs. Slattery's Mercedes. It was parked on the outskirts of a parking lot in a shaded space. Richard opened the trunk and tossed a towel to Evan, who dried himself off as best he could.

"My clothes are soaking wet. I don't want to get your car all wet."

"So take them off," Richard suggested.

It was half in jest, half seeing what Evan's reaction would be. Evan looked around, saw no one else anywhere nearby. They were shielded from the parking lot by Richard's car, and from the beach by the thickly vegetated sand dunes and scraggly beach trees. Evan peeled off Mrs. Slattery's top. The cool breeze brushed against his nipples, making him shiver lightly as they grew hard. He ran a finger lightly around his breast as he stared at Richard.

"Your turn."

Richard smiled and peeled off his own top, revealing a perfectly sculpted chest and arms of steel. The sight of him made Mrs. Slattery's body go all funny, a warm hunger building inside. Evan had never been interested in guys before, but being in Mrs. Slattery's body was different. It felt right somehow being in such a delicate female form and desiring the solidly built man standing before him. Evan smiled and motioned with one finger for Richard to drop his pants. Richard peeled his shorts off, followed by his underwear and Evan gazed at the thick cock swinging between the man's legs. It dangled at half mast from an unruly patch of dark pubic hair.

"Your turn," Richard said, desire in his eyes.

Evan held Richard's gaze as he shimmied out of his running shorts then stood, letting Richard admire Mrs. Slattery's body. It felt so good to be wanted, to share Richard's lust for this body. And then Evan ran towards him, Richard's arm snaking out behind Evan's back and crushing Mrs. Slattery's lips to his. Richard's fingers ran down the smooth curve of Evan's buttocks, gripped the fat flesh and squeezed as Evan slipped Claire's tongue into Richard's mouth. Evan's breasts were pressed up against Richard's solid chest and he felt Richard's cock rising between their bodies, growing hard in fits and starts.

Evan ran his tongue along the inside of Richard's mouth, devouring the man's deep oaky scent, his little nose pressed against Richard's rough stubble. Evan slipped a slender hand between them and grasped Richard's dick. It was so hot and hard in Claire's tiny hand as he wrapped his fingers around it, sliding up and down the shaft as his own body grew wet. Richard's other hand came up to Evan's cheek, fingers twining through his hair as his thumb brushed against Claire's face. Evan slid his free hand down Richard's back, over the tight muscles of Richard's butt, hardly daring to believe how much Mrs. Slattery's body needed Richard right then. He mashed his pussy up against the hard ridge of the cock, rubbing himself on the underside of Richard's shaft, the head pressing up against his tummy. They held each other close, kissing hard and urgent, hands wandering across warm naked flesh.

Evan was torn, in his intention to not mess up Claire's life, the desire coursing through his veins, and the hesitation in having sex in Claire's body for the first time. He dropped to his knees on top of the pile of clothes, his hand still on Richard's cock. Now the head was aiming at Evan's eyes, he could see every vein on the shaft, the huge glans nearly touching his little nose. He opened Claire's mouth and swallowed Richard's dick, tongue running along the underside of the shaft as he welcomed it into his mouth. Goddamn, it tasted so good on his tongue, the heady mix of sea water tinged faintly with Richard's masculine musk made Evan weak and he trembled as he swallowed the cock, closing his eyes and moaning as his lips slid down, lower and lower. Finally he held Richard's dick fully in his mouth, Mrs. Slattery's little button nose burrowed into Richard's pubic hair, the head of the cock pressing against the back of Evan's throat. He fought his gag reflex, wanting to enjoy the sense of fullness as Richard groaned above him.

Evan slid his lips up, revealing the glistening shaft inch by inch, then back down, slowly at first, enjoying the taste of Richard on his lips, letting his tongue undulate gently on the underside of Richard's dick. Richard closed his eyes and leaned back on the car as Evan forced his lips back down, his body hot and restless, intoxicated by the power he held over Richard just by holding him in his mouth. Evan's body was restless and he slid his lips up and down faster, on the hot dick wanting to please Richard, wanting his reward. Richard moaned, his hips grinding slowly up to meet Evan's lips, pumping gently into Claire's mouth. They remained like this, continuing their rhythm together, the little slurps from Evan and the grunts from Richard the only sound, until suddenly Richard gritted his teeth and thrust up. Evan felt his cock throb and pushed his lips all the way down, just in time to feel the hot, creamy spurts of cum fill his mouth. Richard's jizz splashed across Evan's tongue, salty and spicy, and Evan swallowed it down eagerly, taking it all in as Richard's cock slowed and soon stopped. It tasted divine and Evan savored it as he swallowed, moaning in Claire's tiny voice.

Evan slid his lips off Richard's dick with a wet pop and stood, one hand still on Richard's dick, fingers lightly clasped around the thick head that had given him so much pleasure. Richard opened the passenger side door.

"Well, I guess--" Evan began.

Richard turned around and picked Evan up and placed him in the passenger seat, Claire's long legs facing outwards. Then Richard knelt and burrowed his face into Evan's already sopping wet pussy. It was a welcome surprise and Evan bit his lip and moaned as Richard's tongue found his swollen clit and began lapping gently, circling inside Claire's folds and quickly growing Evan's already brightly burning lust. Evan grabbed his tits and squeezed, watching as Richard's tongue slid up and down his swollen pussy lips. Evan came suddenly, unexpectedly, his hips thrusting up to meet Richard's face and Richard pressed hard against Evan's clit. It was painfully pleasurable, nearly too much, and Evan cried out with lust as he came, a fiery, full body orgasm that left his toes tingly.

Richard kept going, sensing that Evan's body held more, and he was right. In no time he made Evan cum again, a toe-curling, white hot orgasm that blasted all thought from Evan's mind. He squeezed Mrs. Slattery's tits tightly, holding on as he cried out and came, hips flexing, entire body convulsing delightfully around Richard's tongue. It seemed to last a beautiful eternity. When he finally came down he wiped his blonde hair out of his eyes and stared down at Richard. Richard looked back up from between Evan's legs, his face shiny with Mrs. Slattery's juices.

Evan guided Richard's face towards his and kissed him, tongue slipping inside Richard's mouth, the musky taste of Evan's own pussy filling his nostrils and making him ache with horniness. Richard drove him back to his car and left him. They both understood this was a one time fling, a physical satisfaction that couldn't be duplicated. Evan stopped at the gym to shower and change into clean yoga pants on the way home. Mrs. Slattery didn't like her body returned dirty, and Evan also needed to hide his misdeeds.

He could still taste it, subtle but specific, the lingering flavor of the guy on his tongue. Would Mrs. Slattery taste it too? As he pulled into the Slattery's garage, he reached into the Merc's center console, grabbed a sugar-free mint and shoved it into his mouth.

Climbing out of the car, he headed into the pool house. And ran right into Dave. The words were out of his mouth before he could stop them: "Holy shit, dude. You scared me."

Dave raised an amused eyebrow. "Dude?"

"Umm, right," Evan scrambled. "I just..."

"So," his own voice piped up from across the room, drawing his attention to Mrs. Slattery standing there awkwardly in his body. "I was just explaining to Dave that I got confused about the schedule. For dog walking."

"And decided to watch TV in our pool house?" Dave asked, his tone somewhere between bemused and skeptical. "On an evening when my dad's away for the night?"

"I'd figured, I'd wait..." Mrs. Slattery said feebly, "just to make sure I wasn't supposed to be, you know, walking Milo."

Dave opened his mouth to ask another question and Evan realized he had to act quickly. They needed to get away from Dave and swap back ASAP. Blasting past Dave, he announced, "Funny you should mention the schedule, Evan, I wanted to talk to you about changing it up. Come on, I'll walk you out and we can discuss it." With that he swept out to the pool house and down the path by the side of the house.

Mrs. Slattery appeared a moment later. She pulled the switching device out of her pocket and frantically jabbed it towards him. "We need to hurry."

Looking down at the device, he realized that her hands were shaking. Clearly almost getting caught loaning her body out to her kid's friend was nerve-racking. Trying to reassure, he said, "It's ok. There's no way he knows."

"No," she agreed, snippily. "But he's not stupid, and now he's suspicious." She shook the device at him. "Come on." It was an odd tone of voice to hear from his own body.

"Yeah, but now he's suspicious of me." Evan said, placing a hand on his chest for emphasis and quickly removing it, awkwardly aware that he'd just touched Mrs. Slattery's breasts in front of her. "Or you know...that body."

She just shook the device at him. Evan looped his finger through his end and pulled. Mrs. Slattery yanked from her side. Too hard. Evan watched (still unswitched and in Mrs. Slattery's body) as a metal cog pinged off and flew through the air.

"Oh god!" Mrs. Slattery dropped to the ground and began searching frantically for the tiny piece of metal. "Oh my god! What do we do?"

Evan got down on his hands and knees and joined her searching on the ground. "We'll find it."

"And then what?" His former voice was getting hysterical. "Can you fix it?"

What was it, he questioned silently as he scoured the ground, that made middle-aged women think guys could just 'fix' any machine? Did they think all guys were inherently imbued with advanced mechanical, engineering and DIY skills? He resisted the urge to reply sarcastically: 'No, actually, I can't fix a mysterious and hugely powerful device made up of a dozen or so

miniscule pieces.' Instead, he said as calmly as he could, "We'll find the piece and then why don't you take it to wherever you got it to be repaired?"

"Right," she said shakily. "I'll just go see Caspian, he'll know how to fix it." She started babbling again. "But where's the damn piece? It can't have gone far, right? What if we can't find it? But, well, Caspian must have spare pieces, right? Right?"

She kept looking at him like he had the answers and it was hard not to point out that she was the one who bought the damn device and knew who this Caspian guy was. He was just the muscle in this scheme of hers. She was right about something though: the missing piece couldn't have flown that far. It had to be somewhere on the ground. They didn't get any further chance to search though because a voice sounded from down the path, "What's going on?" Evan looked up and saw Dave over by the gate, staring down at them suspiciously. And with good reason. Evan was on his knees facing away from his own body, his tight little ass in the air mere inches in front of his former head. Evan jumped to his feet and said breezily, "I dropped an earring. But it doesn't matter, I didn't like it much anyway. Thanks for helping me look, Evan." Dave looked only slightly mollified. "Right." His eyes traveled suspiciously over the pair of them and Evan felt a wave of sympathy for the guy. The downside of being a teenage guy with a smoking mom is that you knew damn well that every one of your friends had fantasized about banging her. With a mom as hot as his, Dave probably spent every day fearing that someone would make a move. He took a small step away from his former self, placing some distance between Evan's body and Dave's mom.

But Dave clearly wanted Evan gone. His tone firm, Dave said, "See you round, Evan."

Mrs. Slattery stood up shakily and turned fractionally away from Dave. Under her breath, she said, "I'll go to Caspian's. Cover for me."

And, in that moment, Evan happened to glance down and see a tiny piece of metal lying in the crack between two paving stones. He was just about to grab it and hand it to Mrs. Slattery when she hissed, "Please cover for me. I'll double your rate."

\$150 an hour? There was nothing he wouldn't do for that. And the longer she was away, the better in his opinion. Subtly, he slid his foot over the glinting piece of metal and, barely moving his lips, he replied, "Sure."

Mrs. Slattery turned and hurried away down the path and out into the street.

Evan reached down and snagged the tiny cog. Looking up at Dave he smiled. "Let's go inside, shall we?"

The Slatterys, he assumed, probably had a evening routine like most families. He just had to look for clues, try to follow the pattern, and earn his cash. Luckily, for the most part, it was easy enough to improvise. As they walked in from the back yard into the kitchen, Dave turned to him and asked, "So, what's for dinner."

For a second, Evan scrambled, then his eyes fell on the neat little stack of takeout menus discreetly tucked into a cubby by the phone. Smiling in what he hoped was a maternal fashion, he said, "Takeout. You can pick."

"Cool." Dave grabbed a menu from the top of the pile. "Chinese?"

"Sure," he agreed. Then, realizing had no idea what to order or how to pay, he added, "You call it in. Get enough for both of us."

Dave's eyebrows rose to his hairline. "You're eating Chinese? Calorie-laden, MSG-ridden Chinese?"

"Umm." Apparently Mrs. Slattery didn't eat Chinese. "Yeah, just this once."

Dave grinned. "Way to rebel, Mom." Pulling his phone out of his pocket, Dave started dialing. Evan took the opportunity to escape.

He headed up the stairs and found his way to the palatial master bedroom. Closing the door, he started to pace and plan. This, he told himself, was totally doable. Eat some dinner, make some conversation with Dave, then hide away until Mrs. Slattery came back with the repaired device. He felt a bit guilty about the little cog he had concealed in his pocket and wondered if finding a replacement part made repairs that much slower. Sure the extra cash a delay earned him would be nice, but he didn't like thinking that he was purposely duping Mrs. Slattery out of money. Not that she couldn't afford it... But, still, it was kind of a dick move.

Pulling his phone from the pocket in his yoga pants, he checked for messages. Nothing. If the missing part was a huge problem, Mrs. Slattery would text right? Not wanting to get caught with 'Evan's' phone, he switched it to silent slid it into Mrs. Slattery's nightstand drawer.

With nothing else to do, he resumed pacing. He didn't stop up until the doorbell rang and Dave yelled up the stairs, "Food's here, Mom."

He came down to find Dave holding a full carrier bag of food, the rich aroma of noodles wafting over and making Evan aware that he hadn't eaten in hours. Dave looked over and asked, "Where are we eating?"

Evan considered for a moment. If they ate in front of the TV, they'd be less need for conversation and less chance he'd screw something up. He pointed to the Slattery's giant media room. "Why don't you pick out something to watch."

Dave's eyes bugged out, comically shocked. "Are you feeling alright? You wanna eat in the media room?"

Evan resisted the urge to physically wince at having apparently committed yet another character break. "One time deal," he squeaked. Then added, in the hope that it was the sort of thing Mrs. Slattery would say, "And no spills."

They watched Brooklyn 99. Evan doing his best to pretend he'd never seen it before. Even harder was trying not to cram food in his face. He was frickin' starving but he was pretty sure Mrs. Slattery wouldn't inhale springs rolls in a single bite. Instead, he tried to take delicate bites of moo shu chicken.

But, regardless, Dave apparently found the behavior odd. He glanced over and noted, "So weird to see you eating real food for once." He looked away and added quietly, "You're usually so... regimented."

Deciding to roll with it hell, Dave clearly already thought his mom was having a wild night he said, "Dessert?"

They ended up watching three episodes in a row and sharing a tub of Ben and Jerry's. Mrs. Slattery would probably disembowel him for sullyng her perfect body with Chunky Monkey, but he figured he made up for it by getting her so many brownie points with Dave.

After putting the dirty dishes in the dishwasher that was a mom thing, right? he headed upstairs to the bedroom to check his phone. There was a text from Mrs. Slattery:

Caspian needs a couple more hours to source the missing piece. Apparently he doesn't keep

spares in the Beverly Hills office. Meet me in the pool house at 11pm.

He ought to text back immediately. Ought to announce that he'd found the piece and would rush it over... but he'd started calculating: 11pm meant five hours at \$150 an hour... not to mention the hours he'd spent at the charity run. A thousand dollars for a day's work and it wasn't like the work had been a chore. So far, he'd driven a luxurious car, had an orgasm that he'd felt down to his damn toes, eaten free Chinese food and watched TV in a kick-ass media room.

Before his conscience could talk him out of it, he texted back: OK. 11pm.

And then another potentially lucrative thought crossed his mind and he turned, pondering and distracted... and almost ran into Mr Slattery.

"Fuck!" Evan yelped in surprise at the handsome blonde man standing before him.

"Surprise!" Mr Slattery grinned. "You miss me?"

"Umm..."

His tone was teasing. "I fly home early to see my wife and all I get is 'umm'?" He reached out and took Evan into his arms.

"Of course not. I mean... Welcome home, umm..." He struggled frantically to recall the guy's first name. "Welcome home, Marcus."

Marcus pulled him into a kiss and Evan had no choice but to acquiesce, standing up on his toes and placing a hand on Marcus's chest for balance. It was different from kissing Richard. The desperate fiery hot passion of that afternoon was replaced with a smoldering desire as Marcus enjoyed the taste of his wife. Marcus's hands were steady but firm on Evan's hips as he pulled him forward and Evan felt himself sinking into Marcus's grasp. He was suddenly aware of the hard chest muscles beneath Marcus's immaculate white button down shirt, of the hands around his waist that were even now circling towards Evan's ass, of the faint hint of sandalwood cologne.

Evan slipped his hand beneath two buttons, fingers landing on warm pectorals, gently stroking Marcus's skin.

Marcus pulled back and stared down into Evan's eyes. He smoothed Evan's hair back behind his ears, taking his time, clearly enjoying the sight of his little wife. And Mrs. Slattery's body clearly enjoyed the nearness of her husband. Evan searched Marcus's dark brown eyes, saw the deep lust within. The lust for the body that Evan inhabited.

"I missed you," Marcus whispered.

And then their lips were together again, Evan's arms around Marcus's neck as Marcus practically lifted him in the air. They kissed desperately, passionately, Mrs. Slattery's body aflame for her husband. Evan needed no excuses this time. He was experienced enough in Mrs. Slattery's body to know that he would enjoy everything that came next.

Their mouths crushed together, their lips exploring each other, Evan hurriedly unbuttoned Marcus's shirt, his fingers trembling with excitement. He pulled apart the two sides and kissed his way across Marcus's chest as Marcus slipped out of his shirt and tossed it to the floor. He had an impressive chest and his spicy scent was intimately familiar, touching primal areas of Mrs. Slattery's brain and making her body moist with want.

Marcus backed Evan towards the pristine king sized bed, both of them pausing from their kisses only long enough to disrobe, tossing pants, underwear and bras to the floor before falling into bed naked. Marcus's muscular body lay atop of his wife, his heavy weight so comforting, a reminder of just how much more powerful his body was than Evan's. Marcus's hands played

across Evan's breasts, squeezing greedily. He lifted his face away and stared down at Evan's body as his fingers traced the line of Evan's bicep, tickling him. Evan giggled softly and Marcus grinned, smitten with the gorgeous woman beneath him.

Marcus kissed his way across Evan's jaw and then down his neck. Evan raised his head to let Marcus's teeth graze the tender skin just below his ear, sending shivers through Mrs. Slattery's body. Evan was so wet, could feel his pussy lips swelling and rubbing together as he writhed beneath Marcus. Marcus's hot breath trailed down Evan's breast bone, landed on one nipple, sucking gently, swirling his tongue around as Evan's body danced with delight, his nipple spiking up inside Marcus's mouth as a breathy sigh escaped his soft lips. Marcus kissed his way slowly across to the other breast, teasing that one with his mouth, taking his time, clearly enjoying Mrs. Slattery's body. Marcus's solid cock brushed urgently against Evan's thigh with each motion, making him dizzily aware just how close Marcus's dick was, and just how badly Evan wanted him inside.

Evan took Marcus's head in his hands and raised his head up. "Stop teasing and fuck me already," Evan moaned, spreading his legs and revealing his pussy, dripping and glistening with lust. Marcus grinned and crawled up Evan's body. The head of his cock pressed up against Evan's sopping wet opening and the pressure built, built, and then released all at once as Marcus slid inside.

Evan's breath hitched in his throat as Marcus's cock penetrated him, slipping through the warm velvety walls of Mrs. Slattery's cunt and sending sharp signals of desire straight to Evan's head. Evan took Marcus in inch by inch, slowly filling him as Evan hardly dared to breath. He watched down between them with wide eyes as Marcus's dick disappeared inside Evan's pussy, until Marcus was pressed against him and Evan was oh-so-full. Marcus slid out slowly, leaving a brief emptiness, before sliding back in and making Evan moan.

"God, it feels so good to be inside you," Marcus whispered in Evan's ear, hot breath swirling across Evan's cheek.

Evan moaned in response and wrapped his legs around Marcus's muscular torso, helping drive him forward ever deeper, harder. And, oh fuck, his body was meant for this, meant to hold this man's shaft deep inside, to feel the relentless thrust of Marcus's thick cock. Evan wrapped his arms round Marcus and cried out "Oh, yes, fuck me," in a girly voice tinged with lust that just made him that much hornier. His only thoughts were a desire for more of the delicious dick that was pounding inside him.

"Yes. Oh yes, fuck me." He begged in a desperate, girly voice.

Marcus grew faster, each thrust making Evan's entire body shake and his breasts to jiggle. He was a machine, pounding into Evan's center with a ferocious intensity and Evan could only hold on, grip his legs tighter and moan for more, urging him on until he grunted and came, thrusting deep inside to release his seed and, oh God, Evan came with him, moaning as his pussy was filled with his husband's hot cum, filling him deliriously full as Marcus thrust deep and long, an animal groan of desire as Marcus buried his cock inside his wife and Evan took it all. His entire body roared with pleasure, his fingernails scraped across Marcus's back as his toes curled and he threw his head back, eyes shut tight and moaned in a breathy, desperate voice he'd never before heard from Mrs. Slattery but had always imagined.

Marcus finished before Evan, and stayed inside him as the last of Evan's convulsions melted

away. He pulled out, leaving an aching emptiness inside Mrs. Slattery's body. Marcus rolled over and held Evan from behind, spooning him, his dick pressed up against the curve of Mrs. Slattery's beautiful ass. Evan felt Marcus dripping out of him, feeling sated and used in a delightful way.

At 10:55, Evan carefully leaned over and checked that Mr Slattery was asleep. Slipping out of bed, he pulled on his discarded clothes, grabbed his phone and headed for the pool house. Mrs. Slattery was already there, pacing in the darkened room, her face fraught.

She looked up as he entered and held out the newly-repaired device. She didn't bother with a greeting. "Come on." And thrust the device at him.

He walked towards her. "You should know... your husband came home early."

"What?"

"Yeah, he just showed up." He watched her gulp, then he added, "Don't worry. I did what I needed to do to cover. He didn't suspect." He wasn't going to elaborate any further. The important thing: if Mr. S revealed what happened, Mrs. Slattery couldn't really say Evan hadn't informed her. She just nodded, clearly unable to process any new information, and held out the device. They each looped their fingers through, pulled and landed back in their own bodies. Mrs. Slattery gave a sigh of relief, practically chunking the device away down on the couch. "We are never doing that again."

"Right." He'd guessed as much but it still sucked. He'd miss daily access to her tits. And he'd miss her cash. Speaking of which, he hated to ask when she was clearly still reeling but...

"Umm, my money?"

"Oh," she replied, still flustered. "How much is it? I'm not sure I have..."

He knew he sounded mercenary but a deal was a deal: "It's \$1,087.50."

"Yes, well I think I have \$400 and I can get the—"

And the idea that had begun to percolate earlier that evening took shape. As casually as he could, he gestured to the discarded device and said, "Or... you could just give me that."

Mrs. Slattery just stared at him quizzically.

"I mean," he added, "if you're done with it... We could forget the grand you owe me, and I'll just take that." It took him three months to build his business. It wasn't difficult. After all, diet and exercise were \$70 billion industries and he was offering the ultimate service: workouts without the work. He learned early that setting exorbitant prices was key. He charged a ridiculous premium... and the rich corporate wives poured in. They even handled his advertising for him: corporate wives, it turned out, were all about word of mouth.