

A woman with blonde hair is shown from the waist down, wearing a vibrant red, form-fitting dress with a deep V-neckline. She is in a dynamic, low-to-the-ground pose, with her legs spread wide and arms raised, suggesting a dance or fitness routine. The background is a bright, minimalist studio with a wooden floor and a white wall.

POTIONS
BODY THEFT
EROTICA

MWILLS

Potions

by M. Wills

Copyright 2018 M. Wills

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be resold or given away to other people.

Disclaimer: These fictional stories contain graphic descriptions of sex and are intended for a mature audience. By proceeding past this disclaimer you agree that you are legally allowed to read adult materials in the country where you reside. All characters depicted in these stories are aged 18 or over.

Cover image © Can Stock Photo / chaos

Table of Contents

Prologue

I

II

III

IV

V

VI

Epilogue

Also by M Wills

Prologue

Travis sat at his teacher's desk, staring down at her body from behind her eyes. Her breasts were even more wonderful than he'd imagined and he stared down into her cleavage, shaking his chest back and forth to watch them wobble gently beneath the bra. He slipped his hands across her smooth, warm skin, made her feel herself up, gently pinching her own breasts, her ass, running his fingers through her long, golden hair and across the soft contours of her lovely face.

It was incredible, unreal to be inside her mature, curvaceous body. Her body, that he'd dreamed off since she first started at the school last year, was now his to enjoy. He could make her do whatever he wanted. Travis had already enjoyed a mighty orgasm upon seizing control of her. His panties were still wet with his pleasure. His friends would be arriving at any moment, and they could continue their explorations together.

I.

Someone—probably Patrick—had christened it The Track Stop in junior year and the four guys had been hanging out there every day since. It wasn't much to look at: a couple of crappy benches tucked behind a tree at the far corner of the track field, but it did have the advantage of being ignored by the rest of the student population and completely hidden from view.

Patrick, Rob and Jim were spread out across the benches. Patrick was idly peering through the gap in the tree at the girls training on the track. They seemed to be spending as much time stretching as actually running laps. He wasn't complaining.

Rob was watching the time, pulling out his phone every minute or so to check. The bell was going to ring soon and he hated being late for chemistry.

Jim was doing crunches. He'd managed four and a half so far but was rapidly losing interest in making it to five. Crunches it turned out were (a) boring and (b) more difficult than they looked.

The fourth member of their group, Travis, was late, which was both annoying and completely par for the course. Chronic lateness was pretty much his defining characteristic. Well, lateness and serious gullibility. The previous month, Travis had shelled out two hundred bucks for invisibility powder from some shady online 'magic' dealer and had been genuinely shocked when it didn't work.

Still, precedent notwithstanding, Travis had made a big deal about them all needing to meet up before class and the guy still hadn't showed, which was more than a little annoying.

Rob checked his phone again. "Bell's gonna go."

Patrick yawned. "Travis'll be here."

"He's late," Rob pointed out.

Jim abandoned crunch number five and sat up. "He's Travis, of course he's late."

"Anyone know what this is about?" Rob asked. "Last night, Travis seemed kinda..."

"Insane," Patrick interjected.

"Strange," Jim countered.

Patrick snorted. "That's the polite way of putting it."

Travis appeared suddenly, pushing through the gap in the bushes. "Dudes, you won't be calling me insane when you see what I've got for you." He opened his backpack and pulled out a small rosewood box. His voice laden with awe, he announced proudly, "Check it out."

Patrick was seriously underwhelmed. "Travis, it's a box."

“Patience.”

Travis carefully undid the leather straps that held the box closed and opened it to reveal four vials, packed neatly inside a layer of foam. They were filled with a dark blue viscous liquid with a strange inky sheen that danced in the light. Travis carefully pulled out a vial and held it aloft, as if he were an archaeologist revealing a priceless relic from an ancient civilization.

“This is magic,” Travis announced, oblivious to the complete lack of awe from the others.

“That’s um, that’s...” Jim struggled and failed to find the appropriate term.

Patrick folded his arms. “I’m sticking with insane.”

Jim, ever the peacemaker, turned to Travis and added, “But interesting.”

Patrick grabbed the vial from Travis and peered at it critically. “I’m still waiting to hear what the hell it is.”

“This, gentleman,” Travis snatched back the vial, “is a body swap potion.”

Patrick was immediately doubled over with mocking laughter. Even ever-polite-say-no-evil Jim burst at out laughing at the stupidity of *that* pronouncement.

Rob dropped his head into his hands in weary amusement, “Travis, you’re delusional.”

“No, no, no. This one's totally legit. I used bitcoin and everything. Drink this potion and you will be able to possess the body of another person,” said Travis in the voice of a true believer. “And lucky for you guys, I bought enough for all of us.”

Patrick grabbed a vial from the box. “I repeat, you’re in-fucking-sane, dude. Where did you even get these?”

“There’s this dealer I heard about. He’s a world renowned authority on the mystical and unexplained. It took me months of searching to—”

“Some rando on the dark web?” Rob asked. He grabbed a vial of his own and examined it carefully. “That’s where you got them?”

Travis nodded eagerly. “Not just any rando. Randy the...rando.” The guys stared at him. “Ok, when I hear it said out loud he sounds like a fake person.”

Rob held the vial up to the sunlight. “How much did you pay?”

“About a hundred dollars a vial.” Travis shrugged. “Plus shipping.”

Rob gave a sarcastic snort. “Man, did you get ripped off.”

Travis shook his head. “Nah, I mean you should see the reviews on this stuff. They’re like—”

Rob cut him off. “Travis! This liquid, it’s methylene blue.”

Travis looked completely confused. “What?”

“It’s like a totally worthless, everyday chemical. It’s used for medicines and dye and stuff.”

Travis clutched his vial protectively and shook his head. “No, you’re wrong. Randy's website is serious business. He wouldn’t mess me around.”

Jim picked up a vial, uncorked it and sniffed. “Dunno, when it comes to boring chemical shit, Rob knows his stuff.”

Travis voice was rising into the ‘crazed zealot’ pitch range. “Listen, just trust me, this potion will work.” He glanced around wildly at the three guys. “Don’t you want to experience what it does?”

Patrick, who had never missed opportunity to do something ill advised on the mistaken assumption it was a display of bravery, turned to Travis. “I’ll do it, but only if you drink yours first.”

Travis grinned, overjoyed to have his first convert. He popped the cork on his vial and knocked it back in one gulp.

For a minute, they all watched him, waiting for him to puke or start foaming at the mouth or something. Instead, he just looked at Patrick imploringly.

Patrick shrugged and knocked back his vial. “Ugh, that’s nasty... and yet somehow I’m still in my own body.”

“Give it time.” Travis turned and smirked at Jim and Rob. “See guys, nothing to worry about and you do *not* want to miss out on—”

Jim cut him off, “Ok, chill!” If experience had taught Jim anything, it was that trying to talk Travis out of anything was pretty much impossible. Sometimes it was just easier to go along with his crazy schemes. He turned to Rob, “Is this meth-whatever blue stuff dangerous or anything?”

Rob shook his head. “Nah, totally harmless. It’s actually used as a placebo. They give it to gullible idiots”—Rob gave Travis a pointed look—“who believe they’re getting treated just because it turns their pee blue.”

Jim shrugged. “Fine.” And downed the contents of his vial.

They were interrupted by the sound of the school bell from across the other end of the track. Travis stared at Rob beseechingly and said, “Come on! You don’t want to be the only one left out of this, do you?”

Rob sighed, “What the hell.” And, with a defeated eye roll, he uncorked his vial and drank the liquid. Grabbing his backpack, he added, “Let’s get to class.”

Travis was beaming as they headed towards the school building. “This is gonna be epic! Let’s catch up after school and see who we’ve become.”

Patrick shook his head and said sarcastically, “Yeah, that’s exactly what we’ll do.”

Travis was undeterred. “I’ve got math last period in the old trailer all the way out back. Meet there at the end of class.”

They peeled off and headed their separate ways.

II.

Patrick kicked it up to a jog as he rounded the corner into the main hallway. It wasn't that he minded being late... it was that, if he were late one more time, his English teacher was going hand him his ass on a plate. Peering through classroom doors as he jogged past, he could see that many of the students—pretty much all of them—were already sitting at their desks. He was officially late and officially screwed.

“Shit!” he muttered and picked up the pace, mentally cursing Travis and his damn time-wasting potion.

Then, out of nowhere, he was hit with a jarring head spin. He slammed on the brakes as his vision turned blurry and suddenly simply standing up was an issue. He dropped a hand to the wall and managed to prop himself upright.

At that moment another student came around the corner. He recognized the long, straight violet hair immediately. Shit, it was his sister, Kaitlyn. If she saw him like this she'd be sure to tell mom and dad he was getting high again. Yet, Patrick couldn't muster the energy to push himself away from the wall.

“Patrick?” Kaitlyn asked, approaching him warily. She carried a flute case in one hand. Her hair was dyed violet in an attempt to make her look like a rebel, but she was really just a class A nerd. She wore a tan vest over a white blouse, her slender breasts pressing against the tight fabric in a way that drew Patrick's eye, despite his best efforts. A modest skirt covered her legs. She was tiny, at least a head shorter than Patrick, with deep blue eyes set in a cute, round face and a timid look about her.

He could feel Kaitlyn staring at him, her hair partly obscuring her eyes, the way she liked it styled in order to hide behind because she was so bashful. But Patrick didn't have time for bashful right now... because he was pretty sure he was about to pass out and could already feel himself starting to slip down the wall.

He looked over at her desperately. “I need...”

She rushed over to him as he began to fall and he found himself heading right for her, his full weight hurtling towards his sister's small frame. She let out a short, terrified yelp, right before they collided. Then, inexplicably, he felt his body sink right through hers, as if she were made of air. He collapsed onto the hallway floor.

Patrick rolled onto his back and lay still with his eyes closed as he let the last confusing waves of dizziness pass. Sucking in a breath, he opened his eyes, ready to face his possibly injured sister, followed by a race to class and a seriously pissed off English teacher. Instead he looked down and—where his body should have been—was a prone girl with her skirt flipped up on her legs, revealing her cute pink panties.

Eyes widening, he stared down the length of his new body and recognized it instantly; it was Kaitlyn. It was impossible to mistake: her long violet hair, the uniform stretched tight over her slender chest, the flute case clutched in his feminine fingers. He *was* Kaitlyn.

Utterly stunned, he gasped, “What the hell!” And then had to deal with the total mindfuck that was hearing Kaitlyn’s voice emerge. His hands flew to his lips and he felt the soft contours of his sister’s mouth and cheeks beneath his touch.

The only sensible explanation was that he was hallucinating. Whatever was in that blue potion was seriously powerful. He slid a hand down his body to fix his skirt and felt every curve, every soft stretch of his sister’s skin, all completely tangible and solid. His mind reeled as he stood up and tried to figure out what to do next.

His indecision was interrupted by someone calling from down the hall, “Kaitlyn!”

Patrick turned to see a group of students approaching; each one was carrying a musical instrument of some sort. Most of them Patrick didn’t know but he did recognize the guy with the red hair, Jordan. He’d sometimes hang around at the house with Kaitlyn.

Jordan picked up Kaitlyn’s flute case from the floor and handed it to Patrick. “Whatcha doing? We’ve got to get to music class.”

“Music class?” There was possibly nothing in the world Patrick felt less capable of doing right now than going to class, particularly music.

But Jordan grabbed him by the hand and pulled him down the hall after the other students. Patrick’s mind was still reeling. *They* treated him like Kaitlyn. This whole thing had to be real. Should he try to act like her or run screaming from the school? In his indecision, he found himself being led along as if on a leash, until he was sitting in the middle of a school orchestra with a flute case open on his lap and a bunch of totally incomprehensible sheet music on the podium in front of him.

Patrick had never touched a flute before, let alone played one. He let his sister do the nerdy shit, he’d always stuck to the cool stuff like Pokemon and Dungeons and Dragons. Patrick stared at the various bits that made up Kaitlyn’s instrument and considered his first problem: how did he even put the flute together?

He must have looked confused because the girl next to him—also with a flute—leaned over and asked, “Everything okay, Kaitlyn?”

“Y-yeah,” he stumbled. “Just, um, just... I’m fine.”

Patrick could feel the eyes around the room focusing on him as he took out the various flute pieces from their box. Feigning confidence and trying to steal a glance at the completed flute of the girl next to him, Patrick connected the pieces in what seemed like the right way, carefully rotating them to line up the keys. It didn’t seem quite right, as if his body held a muscle memory that Patrick, in his confusion and nervousness, was fighting against.

Looking up, he found the girl next to him staring at Kaitlyn’s flute with a crinkled brow. “Why’ve you put the foot joint on like that?”

Patrick wanted to explain that (a) he didn’t know what a foot joint was and (b) he didn’t care but instead found himself ducking his head to let his hair swing down over

his eyes and saying quietly, “Oh, just wasn’t paying attention.”

He was saved from saying anything more by the door opening and the music teacher walking into the room. He turned to the students, “Ok, let’s get started. It’s L’Arlesienne Suite No.2 everyone.” He eyed Patrick’s section of the orchestra. “Your chance to shine in the introduction, wind section. Need your A game.”

Patrick felt his stomach sink; this was the moment that he was going to be revealed as a fraud... and his new dutiful inner voice was inconsolable at the thought of criticism and censure.

Then teacher turned directly to him. “Oh Kaitlyn, since you’ve got the solo on this one, I figured you’d appreciate some time to practice alone. You can use one of the solo rooms down the hall.”

“YES!” Patrick replied a little more emphatically than he meant to. Giving a tiny embarrassed laugh, he amended quietly, “I mean thank you. I’d appreciate it.”

Patrick gathered up Kaitlyn’s things and bolted for the door.

Soon Patrick was in front of a row of heavy-looking soundproof doors and ducked inside the small practice room behind one of them. Shutting the door also shut out all the outside sounds. Some considerate student had covered the only opening—a small window inset in the door—with a piece of notebook paper. For the first time since finding himself in his sister's body Patrick was alone. He could relax and think about what the hell had happened. The only explanation that made sense—as much as any of this could make sense—was that Travis's potion had worked and he was now inside Kaitlyn's body.

Patrick tucked his silky purple hair behind an ear and let out a deep sigh. “Shit.”

He giggled hearing Kaitlyn's tiny voice swear. She was the nerdy, prudish type, always dressed primly and properly. He used to tease her that she was so proper she'd crack in half if she swore.

“Fuck.” He said again, amusing himself at making his sister swear. “Fuck, shit, ass, bitch!” He stuffed a tiny hand in his mouth as he giggled, the light strawberry scent of his sister's hand lotion filing his nose.

Patrick sat in the hard plastic chair in the middle of the otherwise empty space and stared down at his new form. Kaitlyn's small chest rose lightly with each breath beneath her white blouse and tan vest. A simple black skirt covered his thighs, ending at the knee and revealing slender, feminine calves. His socks were pulled up his calves and he wore unflattering school-girl shoes. Patrick was acutely aware of the breasts pressing against the fabric of his blouse, of the air wafting beneath his skirt and playing against the emptiness between his thighs. He'd known his sister had breasts but he'd tried not to think too much about them. Only, now that they were hanging directly below his line of sight, they were impossible to ignore.

Patrick was still a man in his head, and Kaitlyn's delicate body, while modestly dressed, was quite attractive. He was a teenage guy, alone in a soundproof box with a

cute, willing girl. Yes, it was his sister, but she was alone. There was nothing untoward.

With only a slight hesitation, Patrick raised his slender fingers to his vest and undid the buttons, then did the same to his blouse. He pulled the fabric of the blouse open slowly and stared down at Kaitlyn's bosom. The bra across his chest was a simple white number and held his two petite breasts in place. The gentle curves disappeared beneath the fabric of the bra and they looked perfect and beautiful.

Patrick slipped his vest and blouse off, then reached behind his back and struggled with the bra. It took a little while with the awkward angle and doing it by feel, but eventually he managed to unclasp it and free himself. He shrugged out of the bra and dropped it to the floor before staring down at his sister's bare breasts and sucking in a breath. Amazing. They were small but perfectly formed, with gentle, sloping curves and little strawberry-colored areolae.

Patrick ran his fingers across his skin, dancing around his new tits and sending goosebumps down his spine. Every caress was turning him on, a full body warmth that emanated from his nipples as he manipulated them and spread down his tummy, his full butt, his creamy thighs and concentrated within the new sex between his legs. His tits moved so perfectly as he played with them, bobbing and dancing them beneath Kaitlyn's own tiny fingers. His nipples grew hard and more sensitive, so that squeezing them gently caused a wonderful ache to build within his body.

Patrick unzipped her skirt and scooted it down to the floor. His sister's bare legs were thin and smooth, with pale, creamy thighs. The dark, unruly hair of her waiting womanhood was just visible beneath the sheer fabric of her white panties. He dipped his thumbs beneath the hem and rolled the underwear down his legs, revealing the dark trail of pubic hair that led to the pitch black darkness between his clasped legs.

Kaitlyn's bush was thick and wild. He slid his fingers through it, admiring the coarseness, the smoothness of his new sex. Patrick forced himself to relax, let his legs ease apart and spread the hair out of the way to examine his new slit for the first time. It was beautiful, the rounded lips already parting gently from the manipulation of his breasts. Kaitlyn was such a prude Patrick doubted she had ever masturbated, had ever seen her body for the achingly adorable form it was.

He was about to change that.

Patrick slipped two of her fingers down across her slit and pushed gently into her virginal body. He stared, entranced, as the lips of his pussy swallowed his fingers and he felt himself from the inside, so warm and wet. He rubbed gently, trying different angles, different pressure, until he landed on the hood of his clit and released a breathy moan. God, she felt so wonderful, looked so wonderful, sounded so wonderful.

His other hand returned to a breast and he fondled his perfect tits as he let Kaitlyn's fingers circle inside her body. Watching her masturbate from her own perspective, holding his own breast, pleasuring his own clit, made him moan again, louder this time, as a wave of warmth passed through him. He never realized how beautiful his sister was, how sexy her body could be. Now, looking down from behind her eyes, he

soaked in every smooth inch of it. The fingers inside his velvety folds sped up, pressing harder and urging the lust through his slender form.

He grew wet and dipped his fingers down to spread his dew across his velvety folds. His breath came faster, his tits heaving up and down as Kaitlyn's own moans filled the room. His cries grew faster, louder, as he led himself towards the final precipice.

He dug his fingers deep inside, sinking ever so deep into her wetness as he spread his legs and cried. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." His sister's girly voice was swallowed by the soundproof room as he rocked back and forth on the chair, pleasuring himself as hard and fast as he could until the chair grew wet beneath his tiny butt and he cried out in one long, loud wail as the pleasure exploded through him, carrying him away as he squeezed his sensitive tit and penetrated his new body, reaching in deep towards his center. It was a full body pleasure, curling his toes and forcing his eyes shut. And then when he came down he instantly wanted more.

He came twice more like this, each time easier, quicker than before. His body was a sensitive trigger set off by the least touch, blasting delight through his tiny body and making him screw his eyes up tight and just hold on. When he was done he came down slowly, head thrown back, body splayed across the chair, fingers still inside his wetness. Kaitlyn's musky fragrance filled the room. A beautiful smell. *His* smell.

Still warm and oh-so-calm, he pulled his fingers out of himself and slid his panties and skirt back on. He couldn't figure out how to get the bra back on so in the end he left it off, cramming it into his flute case, before putting his blouse back on. His tiny nipples poked out beneath the fabric, clearly visible. The vest covered them somewhat and Patrick didn't think anyone could tell he wasn't wearing a bra. Not that he had much choice.

He waited in the practice room with the door cracked just enough to let in some fresh air while he waited for the sound of the bell signaling it was time to go to the next class. With a start, Patrick realized he had no idea where Kaitlyn's next class was. Hopefully one of her friends would lead him there.

III.

Jim was feeling...off. Could be the fact that he'd skipped breakfast. Could be the fact that he'd knocked back a shot of some random bright blue chemical before 9am. Could just be that he had gym; gym first period was enough to make anyone feel queasy.

But it didn't really explain why he felt kinda dizzy and he could feel his skin vibrating. It was like a dull physical hum and it was driving him crazy.

It was also hugely distracting... which is why he didn't see the big yellow sign warning him about the wet floor outside the gym. He skidded across the floor, barely managing to stay on his feet, and collided with the sign.

A voice called, "You OK?"

Jim looked up and saw Zoe emerging from the girls' locker room. He gave a self-deprecating grin. "Yeah, I'm fine. Ironically, the only part that actually hurt was hitting the sign."

On the outside, he was grinning. On the inside, he was wailing and gnashing his teeth.

It was just fucking typical! Of all the people to have witnessed his ignoble skid, it had to be Zoe. Zoe! Zoe with her cascade of perfect blonde hair that seemed to glint with flecks of gold. Zoe with her muscular yet frankly *obscenely* feminine body. Zoe with her athleticism and skill and poise and determination. Zoe, the girl he'd had a crush on since freshman year. Zoe!

Apparently, she'd decided he wasn't badly injured because she gave him a small dismissive smile and turned for the gym doors.

Desperate to prolong the first exchange he'd ever actually had with her, he ignored the increasingly high-pitched hum in his body, and blurted out, "Great game last night." She paused by the gym door so he played his advantage and added, "I mean, you basically held them scoreless in the second half."

She turned back to him. "Thanks. Yeah, we've been working really hard on defense this season."

"It shows. You've looked sharper every game."

She studied him a little. "I don't think I've seen you in the crowd."

"I've got a very generic-looking face." The hum was getting worse but he ignored it and gave a self-deprecating smile. "It tends to blend into a crowd."

And then she smiled back. At him! They were having a conversation and she was smiling! And that was—of course—when the humming turned to a screech and he found himself doubled over in pain.

Zoe headed over to him and asked, "Is everything okay?"

“No,” he replied through gritted teeth. “My advice is don’t drink a shot of unidentified blue goo for breakfast.”

“What?”

“Long story. I was trying to be a good friend and now I think I’m probably dying.”

He felt her hand touch his back in concern and then, in the same second, he found himself standing in the empty hallway with one hand hovering in the air in front of him.

The fact that Zoe had disappeared was alarming. Equally alarming was that his hand, the one now randomly hovering, wasn’t his hand. It was Zoe’s. He could’ve recognized her hand anywhere: the long fingers, the pale skin, the alternating nail polish in school colors.

Jim’s breathing became erratic as he ran his new hands up and down his new body skimming small, soft breasts and a taut muscular stomach, and then burying them in Zoe’s fine, soft hair. Needing to be sure, he dropped one hand down between his legs... and he was convinced. Unbelievably, the potion had worked; he was Zoe.

“Hey, Zoe.” Someone from inside the gym was calling for him. “You out there?”

Without even thinking, he called back, “Coming.” Then bounded into the gym with a serious spring in his step. This body clearly wanted to move and Jim’s curiosity overwhelmed his reluctance.

* * * * *

Jim shot across the court and stole the ball. Seeing an open teammate down the court, he lobbed the ball with perfect precision and watched the girl sink an easy layup. He suppressed the urge to grin like a fool, pivoted and got his ass back on defense. It was only warm up but he felt on fire.

His new body was singing. Every inch felt shot through with strength and power, as if there were nothing he couldn’t achieve. He was pretty sure he’d never felt this fierce, this alive and this exhilarated before in his life. This body was a piece of perfect engineering and life was good. All he had to do was let Zoe’s instincts take over and go with the flow.

Of course, it didn’t hurt that he was surrounded by the girls’ varsity basketball team. A dozen lean bodies with gently curving muscles and long legs and boobs that bounced with every step they took. He was pretty sure he jerked off to visions of every single one of them at some point and now he was posting up against them, their thigh jammed against his and bodies pressing together.

A voice called out, “Ok, girls, I need a minute.” Jim looked up to see Abby, the team captain, on the sidelines waving the team in. “Get in here and huddle up.”

Jim joined the group of girls, sliding in beside Abby.

Abby threw an arm around his shoulder and pulled him all the way into the huddle.

“So, I just wanted to congratulate everyone on an amazing game yesterday.” She gave Jim a squeezing hug. “But in particular, I wanted to give a special shout-out to Zoe who last night set a new school record for steals in a season.”

The girls around him whooped and he felt himself dragged into a group hug. He was enveloped in a cloud of warm skin, lean arms and the delicious scent of a dozen different girls.

Abby eventually broke up the hug and said, “Ok, let’s get back out on the court, ladies. We’re starting with a fast break shooting drill.”

Abby threw the ball to Jim. He caught it without hesitation and, for a moment, he stopped to marvel at the simple action. It was like his body knew exactly what to do. Jim looked down at his new toned and muscled form in awe. His senses were heightened, his reflexes lightning fast. He knew—logically, conversationally—how to play basketball, but his old male body had never been so proficient. Now, as Zoe, he felt lighter, able to turn on a dime, able to see every dimple on the basketball as it came towards him. Her hours of training had trained her body, and all Jim had to do was let go.

For the next hour, Jim knew what it felt like to be unstoppable. He knew how to dribble, pass, shoot, fake, sprint, steal. By the end of practice he truly understood the power of the body he was in. He felt the confidence pulsing through it and felt the fierce determinism that drove Zoe to be the best.

The team was putting away the last of the equipment when one of the girls approached him. “Hey, Zoe. You were killing it today.”

Jim grinned. “Just having fun.”

“Fun for you maybe.” The girl smiled ruefully and wiped the sheen of sweat from her brow. “Rest of us were just trying to keep up.”

Jim beamed then began to fidget. This body might have the muscle memory to play basketball but he was getting no hints about the post practice routine might be. “So, umm, what now?”

“Well, now we shower.” The girl pulled up her shirt and wiped her face. “Us mere mortals get a little sticky guarding the likes of you.”

“Showers. Right.”

On the outside he managed to pull it together, but inside he was screaming. Soon he would be naked in this body. Surrounded by the rest of the team. All. Completely. Naked.

He followed the rest of the girls into the locker room.

The other girls casually stripped naked and lined up for the showers. In seconds Jim was surrounded by lovely female bodies. Breasts and asses of all different shapes and sizes were on display all around him. He tried not to gape but it was hard, every time he looked up there were more tits on display. Some girls modestly tried to cover

themselves with a towel, but for the most part they were brazen, strolling around completely naked, chatting and laughing, without a care in the world. Fuck, watching them was doing things to Zoe's body, making him tingly warm.

The lockers weren't marked and Jim had no idea which one was Zoe's. He turned to the girl who'd spoken to him just moments before.

“Hey, uh, I forgot where I put my stuff. Do you know...?”

“Um, in your locker like always?” She pointed at a locker and gave him a strange look. “Are you feeling okay?”

“Yeah, sorry, just...tired,” he mumbled, moving towards his locker, which was sandwiched between a muscular black student and a freckle faced twig of a girl.

Jim stripped off his own shorts and top. He pulled his sports bra up over his head, causing his breasts to bounce on his chest. He rolled his sweat-soaked underpants down his long, muscular legs and came face to face with Zoe's pussy. His long, blonde hair fell over his face as he gaped at his delicate-looking new sex.

Jim pulled himself together and stood up, trying to act casual. Inside he was freaking out. He had Zoe's naked body right here and he could make her do anything he wanted!

He calmly opened his closet and gathered her toiletries. It felt weird rummaging through her bag, like he was invading her privacy. But, hell, he was in her body. He wouldn't get much more invasive than that.

He joined the other girls at the showers, his breasts bouncing with each step. His body was long and lean, every movement was graceful. God, how he wanted to explore her body right there. He made do with ducking under the hot spray and letting the water wash down him. On the pretext of soaping up his body he ran his fingers across his skin, grabbing his breasts and pulling them up, only to let them drop down as he stared at them. The water sluiced between his shallow cleavage, forming a river of water that spilled down his trim belly and over the shapely, dark-blonde hair of his pussy.

He responded to the other girls' conversation in monosyllables, unsure of what to say and distracted by the silky feel of his new body. The hot shower only served to rev him up, making his thoughts race with excitement and sending warm waves of desire through him. Jim soon shut the water off, toweled himself off, then retreated into a bathroom stall.

As soon as he locked the door his hands flew to his tits. Zoe's breasts were firm and tanned, with wide, pink areolae topped by tiny nipples. He lifted a breast towards his face; by bending his head forward and sticking out his tongue he was just able to lick one of her nipples. Her skin tasted so clean, the peach body wash hitting his taste buds as his hot breath danced across his body. As Jim licked, he felt Zoe's nipple growing erect beneath his tiny pink tongue, sending delightful shockwaves through him.

He danced his tongue around his tit, licking Zoe's body as he'd always dreamed. He did the same to the other nipple, until both were standing out from his body like pin-

pricks. God, his tits were amazingly sensitive. Slow waves of pleasure washed through his entire form. He let Zoe's hand run down her belly, slip around and grip her ass. He turned and looked at his backside to admire Zoe's buttocks, muscular and perfectly proportioned. The soft butt cheeks were covered in a fine layer of peach fuzz. If only he could bite his ass! He settled for pinching it instead, taking great handfuls of Zoe's ass and squeezing, forcing warmth through his body as he teased and prodded himself.

Jim let Zoe's strong fingers slide up and down over her ass, running them along every inch of her bare flesh. His fingers slid in between his cheeks and circled his tiny asshole. Oh, god, that was so sensitive. He teased Zoe's body, drawing circles around her puckered hole as her body shivered. His other hand came back to his tits and he lifted them once more to his wet tongue. He leaned against the wall and shoved his ass out, the hand around his ass slid around the front of his legs to glide in between his thighs and slip against his tender pussy. He was wet already and slipped easily inside Zoe's waiting body.

Jim bit his lip to stifle a moan as he plunged his fingers inside himself. Zoe felt so good, warm and wet. His breath came faster around his breast as he penetrated Zoe's body harder, enjoying her inside and out. The slick, sticky sounds of her wetness reached his ears and he urged himself onward, pinching his nipple hard until the pain joined with the pleasure and he came. He released one gasp before catching himself, his fingers working furiously inside as his legs twisted against each other. He struggled to contain the pleasure silently, shutting his eyes tight as the orgasm wound its way through his body and out.

Jim let go of his breast, freeing his tit and was hit with a dull throbbing of pain. He'd been squeezing too hard and now it ached. But it was well worth it.

He flushed the toilet to try to cover what he'd done, but when he stepped out he still thought he caught a few looks. His cheeks were flushed and his nipples were still red and raw. He returned to Zoe's locker and dressed in her clothes as if nothing had happened.

It was odd putting on a stranger's clothes, slipping into someone else's panties. He still wasn't completely comfortable in her body, but maybe that would come.

IV.

Rob scanned the lunchroom again but the guys definitely weren't there. There wasn't anything unusual about Travis' absence—he had the second lunch shift and they typically didn't catch up with him until the end of the day—but Jim and Patrick always came to the cafeteria. They'd had the same routine all senior year: grab whatever vile concoction the cafeteria was serving for lunch, choke it down as quickly as possible and head for The Track Stop.

But lunch was already mostly over and there was no sign of the guys. Rob had checked the lunch line, the Track Stop, the library and then swung back round to the cafeteria and... nothing. He decided to widen the search, partly because it was just strange that they were *both* missing, and partly because he literally had no one else to hang out with.

He headed out of the cafeteria and into the quadrangle. Glancing left and right, he saw pretty much the zenith and the nadir of academic achievement in their high school. To the left—surrounded by diligent student who were making use of their lunch break to get in some extra study—was Molly Messner.

Everyone knew Molly. The trophy cabinet in the school's main foyer was essentially a shrine to all things Molly: academic trophies, school newspaper awards, debate trophies. Academically, she was the school's shining star and the school admin made sure Molly's face and academic record were plastered across nearly every piece of literature the school turned out.

Rob barely spared Molly and her group a second glance; the chances of Jim and Patrick hanging with Molly's crowd were slim to none.

He turned to the group on the other side of the quad: a crew consisting of the finest the school had to offer in stoners, petty criminals and dismal academic failures. At the center of the group was Leo, a senior with an eyebrow ring and an attitude problem. He was known primarily for shoving another kid's head into the chem lab door on the first day of tenth grade. The dent was still there; it was Leo's only tangible contribution to the school.

Rob moved on. Jim and Patrick were definitely not hanging with Leo's crowd; neither one of them had a death wish, a weed habit or a desire to end up impaled in a cheap wood panel door.

Rob turned towards for the nurse's office on the other side of the quad. He didn't want to entertain the idea, but there was the distinct possibility that the guys' absence was linked to the random liquid they'd downed earlier. Rob felt an uncomfortable wave of guilt; they'd only drunk the stuff because *he'd* said it was harmless.

He reexamined the liquid in his head. It *had* looked exactly like methylene blue—it was exactly the right shade—but, he conceded, that didn't mean it didn't contain something else as well. A drug maybe? Or something poisonous?

He was sure he was getting paranoid, but as he crossed the quad, he started to feel strange. Kinda lightheaded with a weird buzzing sensation under his skin. As he passed Molly's table, the buzzing changed pitch and became a frantic hum. He stopped and braced himself against the school's flagpole, barely managing to stay standing.

"You ok, Rob?" Molly called out. "You don't look so great."

Even hunched over, he towered over her; the girl was frickin' tiny. Tiny and annoyingly good at chemistry... and the fact that she'd beaten him in the science fair three years running was in no way coloring his judgment and making him wish she wasn't heading his way.

Another wave of dizziness washed over him and he accepted that now wasn't the time for academic jealousy. He was pretty sure that, without the support of the flagpole, he'd be face down in the dirt. He could, perhaps, use her help.

He grimaced and said, "Yeah, suddenly I'm feeling sorta dizzy."

Standing on her tiptoes, she peered up at his face. Her dark ponytails bobbed as she cocked her head to one side and said, "You're really pale. I think you need to sit."

And then she took his arm, apparently intending to lead him to an empty chair. Instead, the universe seemed to bank and flash before his eyes.

Four things happened at once. One, Molly disappeared. Two, he was suddenly not hunched and hanging onto the flagpole. Three, his lightheadedness cleared. Four, it became apparent that he was now in Molly's body.

Scientifically, theoretically, quantifiably it was impossible of course... but that didn't alter the fact that he was—demonstrably—now a tiny woman with silky inky-black hair and perfect tits wearing an over-starched girl's school uniform.

Rob glanced around, wondering if anyone had seen the weird phenomenon, but the other students were all still absorbed in their phones and chatter. He stood frozen, trying to figure out his next step. Panicking seemed a pretty reasonable option. Totally losing his shit was also looking like a perfectly acceptable response.

The bell for the end of lunch interrupted his frantic indecision. The students around him started gathering up their stuff and peeling off towards classrooms but Rob elected to stay right where he was. He felt a little twinge of guilt—perfect-Molly was probably going to miss class for the first time ever—but there was no way he was going anywhere until he had a solid plan.

The quad was nearly empty; only Leo was lingering, seeming to take forever to grab his bag and get moving. Then Leo looked directly at him and called, "Hey Molly. You ready?"

Rob's mind reeled; there was simply no activity he could imagine that would include both goody-two-shoes Molly and let's-break-the-Chem-door-down Leo. They weren't likely to share a class.

He asked warily, “Ready for what?”

Leo grinned and headed over, his spiky white-blond hair glinting in the sunlight. He took his time—Leo did everything at his own pace—but eventually, he made it across the quad, ending up inches from Molly’s body.

Leo leaned in and murmured, “Let’s start with a smoke and go from there.”

With that, Leo grabbed Rob’s hand and started tugging him towards the exit gate. Too confused to resist, Rob let himself be led along, out of the quad and towards the maintenance buildings. “Where are we going?”

Leo stopped and stared at him, clearly perplexed. “Smoke break. You feeling alright?”

Not entirely sure why he was acquiescing, Rob replied, “Umm, yeah. All good.”

Leo gave Molly’s hand a tug. “Come on then, the guys are waiting.”

As they walked, Rob was mentally making a list. Lists were helpful, calming... the only sensible option when the universe threw up curveballs like body swapping and the fact that Molly Messner apparently skipped class to go smoke with Leo on regular basis.

Rob started compiling data points:

One: Travis’ potion had actually worked and apparently the vast majority of scientific laws were effectively in the garbage.

Two: He was a girl. He had—and there was really no ignoring them—breasts. Perfect, firm, breasts that bounced gently as he walked.

Three: Molly was definitively *not* the girl he thought she was.

Four: Leo wasn’t letting go of Molly’s hand.

They turned the corner and arrived at a grubby patch of grass tucked away behind an unused building. Rob recognized a couple of Leo’s friends—all guys who spent fractionally more time in detention than in class—lounging against the wall smoking. Leo managed to extract a cigarette from a packet and light it without letting go of Molly’s hand. If he hadn’t been freaking the hell out, Rob would probably have been impressed at the dexterity but mostly he was just wondering what strange compulsion was making him stay.

Clearly, no one was going to class. For the next half hour they stood around smoking and bitching about things about which Rob knew nothing: which nu metal bands were best, the easiest stores to shoplift from. That kind of thing. Luckily, he didn’t have to contribute much beyond the occasional nod of agreement and conspiratorial laugh. Mostly he concentrated on not choking on the cigarette that Leo occasionally passed to him.

Molly’s body seemed to remember how to smoke which was good because Rob had no clue. He made himself relax and let Molly’s muscle memory take over the action of inhaling and exhaling. Her body knew what it was doing. Knew how to blow smoke

rings and stand on tiptoes in heels to reach the cigarette held up in Leo's fingers. Her body also knew exactly what it liked; knew it liked the slow progression of Leo's hand as it slid slowly down to her ass and squeezed.

Molly's body knew what came next, anticipated and wanted it.

Rob could feel his new body humming and primed but was still shocked to his core when Leo wrapped his arms around Molly's body from behind, dragging Rob in front of him. Leo pressed the length of their bodies together, his hardening dick solid and nudging against Rob's back.

Leo turned to others. "Piss off for a bit, guys."

Rob wanted to call the others back. He didn't want to be left alone with Leo's dick and Leo's suggestive smile and Molly's body feeling oddly warm. But he didn't get the chance because he was spun around and Leo's lips were suddenly pressed to his, his warm breath filling Rob's mouth, tasting of cigarettes. Leo's warm tongue forced its way into Rob's mouth, skating over Molly's lips and teeth as Leo wrapped his hands around Molly's slender body, roaming up and down, squeezing Rob's tiny curves. Rob managed to get his hands up between himself and Leo and push away. Leo towered over him in confusion.

"What gives, babe? You on the rag or something?"

Charming, thought Rob.

"No, I just..."

Leo smiled. There was something roguishly handsome in that smile. Leo traced a finger softly over Molly's breasts as he stared into Molly's eyes, desire etched across his face. Rob had never had anyone stare at him as intensely, as Leo was doing now. Wrapped in Leo's arms Rob suddenly felt small and vulnerable...and very warm.

"Funny. You're usually the one dying for it."

Rob could believe that. With the way his body was feeling, burning bright and aching to be touched, Rob could believe that Molly really wanted it. Could understand how playing the part of the good girl all day got old, stressful. Sometimes Molly just needed a release.

And then Rob was on his tiptoes, reaching up to wrap his arms around Leo's neck and kissing him. Rob pressed Molly's tiny body against Leo's muscly mass, Molly's tiny nose pressed against Rob's bristly cheek. Rob was acutely aware of every inch of his body, of his tiny fingers twined around Leo, of his heavy breasts pressing against Leo's chest, of his short legs and toes, reaching up to press himself against Leo.

Leo hoisted Rob in the air, easily lifting him onto the nearby picnic table as they continued making out. Leo's hands slipped across Rob's smooth face, down his neck, across his breasts and around his waist, then down over his legs. Rob let Leo gently part Molly's legs, spreading first one, then the other, as Molly's skirt slipped up around her knees.

Still kissing, still ravenous for each other, Rob felt Leo's hands whisper across Molly's thighs and press against Molly's panties. Rob sighed softly into Leo's mouth as Leo's fingers pressed against the delicate fabric. Leo was surprisingly gentle for such a tough guy. His fingers teased Rob, slowly moving across the fabric of Molly's panties, pressing lightly into Molly's warming pussy, stoking the embers of desire through Molly's tiny body until Rob was vibrating with pleasure.

Rob was imagining how it would feel to be penetrated, yearning for it. He shifted his ass on the hard picnic table and felt the dampness of his panties. Goddamn, he just wanted to be fucked *right now*. As if reading his mind, Leo pulled away, unbuttoned his pants and pulled out his own meaty cock. Rob watched in awe as Leo slipped his thick dick under Molly's skirt. Pulling aside Molly's panties with one hand, Leo guided his cock against Molly's waiting sex.

Rob felt the head press against him, the pressure building slowly, and then suddenly Leo was inside him. The bulbous head penetrated him and slid in, slowly filling Rob's tiny cunt. His pussy wrapped around Leo's shaft, the massive girth seemed impossible to take in Molly's small body and still Leo was pushing inside him. Finally, Leo stopped and Rob waited, breathlessly full of Leo's dick, so warm and full, until Leo withdrew slightly. He thrust back in almost immediately, drawing a gasp of pleasure from Rob's lips.

Leo gripped Molly's waist tight in each hand and leaned his forehead against Rob as he started a steady rhythm. "I need to fuck you so badly," Leo murmured as he continued thrusting in and out, pounding Molly's body. Each thrust drove another burst of pleasure through Rob, each burst building on the next and soon he was being pounded. Rob threw his head back and moaned, gripping Leo hard and urging him on with tiny cries of longing that grew in pitch and intensity until the waves collapsed and pleasure pulsed through him. It was like no orgasm he'd ever had, a full bodied surge of pleasure radiating through him, capped by the glorious feeling of Leo throbbing inside and grunting, spurting his seed into Molly's tiny body. Rob's mouth dropped open, paralyzed in pleasure as Leo sank deep and came, squirting his seed deep into Molly for what felt like a glorious eternity, until Leo was empty and Molly was full.

Leo pulled out, leaving Rob with an aching emptiness. Leo zipped himself up and looked at Rob almost apologetically. Rob surprised himself by leaning forward and kissing Leo on the lips once again. Rob's body was so wound up and he still craved Leo's touch, his closeness. In a few minutes they'd return to class and Rob would have to try to fit in inside this unfamiliar girl's body. But for now he enjoyed the remnants of heat still swirling through him.

V.

Travis never doubted the potion would work and he planned accordingly. The whole day he touched no one. It was a tough ask in a crowded building with a thousand other students, but he was nothing if not determined, and he knew for a fact that April didn't arrive until the next to last period. He had a serious incentive to be patient.

April was the teacher Travis had a crush on. She was in her late thirties. A full bodied blonde with sharp model features and an adorable smile. She often wore dress that showed off her thick calves and Travis spent most of his classes imagining himself crawling up beneath her dress and licking her heat until she screamed. But her breasts. Oh, her breasts! Huge and bouncy, just begging to be kissed and caressed. If Travis could just suckle her breasts all day he'd be a happy guy. And he was about to be a *very* happy guy.

He waiting until lunch and then, giving everyone he passed a wide berth, he headed for the trailer at the back of the school—temporary now for going on four years—that held her classroom. Travis knew that April taught at several schools and used the period beforehand to set up the class. That would give Travis plenty of time to explore her body and prepare the after-school surprise for his friends. He only hoped she was alone.

He opened the door to the trailer and peered inside. Sure enough, it was empty, except for April. She had her back to him and was writing something up on the whiteboard.

For a moment, Travis got distracted and just stopped to enjoy the view: Curly white-blond hair that cascaded down and around her shoulders, a wonderful hourglass figure with a luscious, rounded bottom.

“Hey, Miss Tanner”

She straightened and turned her sweet face to him, her wide, green eyes focused on his. Her face was perfect, crafted by an angel, with gentle curves and sexy, dark features. “Hi Travis.” Glancing at the clock on the wall, she commented, “You're a little early for class.”

“Yeah, I had a question... about the homework.”

“Of course, come in.” She fixed him with a dazzling smile. “What was the issue?”

Heading towards her, he said, “It...” And trailed off. There was no way he could even pretend he'd done the homework. He changed tack, to hell with subtlety.

“Miss Tanner?”

“Yes?” He reached out for her. “I've been wanting to do this since the moment I saw you.”

Before she even had time to register his words, he ghosted a hand down the smooth skin of her chest and dropped it into the deep V of her silk shirt. A fraction of a second later her was standing in April's body. He took a startled step back as he adjusted to

his sudden change of perspective. His rotund ass pressed against the whiteboard and his tits bobbed beneath him.

“I knew it would work!” he smirked and then whooped in triumph, April's voice spilling from his own lips.

Travis wasted no time in unbuttoning her top with her own tiny fingers; he'd been dreaming about this moment since forever. He pulled his shirt open and gazed down into the heaving bosom that he'd imagined but never seen. He slipped out of her top and dropped it to the floor, then reached around and undid his bra. He shrugged out of it and let his breasts bounce free. They were massive and heavy, filling his tiny hands as he caressed himself, his fingers sending pleasant goosebumps across his arms.

A thought struck him and he hurried to the door of the trailer, his breasts swaying pleasantly with each step, his long skirt brushing against his slender legs. He locked the door; it wouldn't do to have someone interrupt him in his moment of triumph. He stood in front of his own desk and fondled his breasts, gripping and squeezing the fleshy skin. How could she not constantly be doing this he wondered?

A yearning grew between his legs. He needed something, a pressure to fill him. He pulled up his skirt up and threw one leg across the side of the desk, straddling it so the edge pressed against his panties. He rocked slowly, pressing the solid desk against him. Rather than soothing his need it intensified it. His hands played with his breasts, smacking them gently and sending them rocking back and forth beneath him. Her fat nipples dimpled out, growing engorged and sensitive with his lust.

He pressed down harder on the desk, rubbing faster, riding it, pushing it deeper into himself. A small sigh escaped his lips as he grew wet. The delicate lips of his pussy opened, the hard edge pressing against his clit. A fire raged within him, urging him onward. April's cries of lust, the pleasant pain of his nipples, driving him on faster, harder.

Travis rocked on the desk, everything forgotten except the physical pleasure of his body, a roar built inside his head, he squeezed his eyes shut as the feeling overcame him. He threw his head back, April's soft hair cascading over her back, reminding him of the body he inhabited and he cried out, sliding his dripping pussy against the desk as he climaxed. The roar escaped his lips, April's cries swallowed up in the empty classroom as he shivered and came. He pressed down harder as the orgasm racked him, his teacher's body a slave to his command, her pleasure his to enjoy, her body his to do as he pleased.

At last he came down and rested on the desk, his breasts heaving with each breath. When he finally stood he saw his desk was shiny with his lust and his panties were damp. He smiled to himself and dug through his backpack for the cameras. Still topless, he set up the room for the after-school surprise. He remained topless, stopping every now and then to squeeze off a picture for himself.

When he was finished he glanced up at the clock hanging above the whiteboard at the front of the room. His free period was almost done. He reluctantly dressed April's body with five minutes to spare and was about to slip out of the classroom when

someone tried to open the door. They fumbled at the handle and then began knocking. Travis opened it to find a small crowd students who had arrived for Advance Calc.

“H-hi,” Travis stuttered, “You’re early.”

The student at the front, Melissa, a gawky, stick thin brunette, spoke up. “The bell rang a minute ago.”

The line of students surged forward and Travis stepped back to let them fill the room. Shit, the damn clock must be slow. Now here he was, stuck in April’s body and having to teach her class. Travis walked to April’s desk, his mind racing as a steady stream of students filtered into the room. For a moment, he considered just bolting for the door but he was held in place by a sudden sliver of guilt. The thing was—now that he was facing a roomful of students—he realized that, if he just deserted the class, it wasn’t going to look good for April. He didn’t want to get her fired, just have some fun.

Of course, that left Travis in something of a tight spot. He didn’t have the faintest clue how to teach the class. Hell, his best grade this semester had been a C+ and he had the feeling that that was just because April was trying to be generous and not give him yet another D.

Apparently he’d been silent too long. The diligent students in the front row were starting to fidget, clearly ready for him to start imparting knowledge. The fact that they all left him in the dust academically was a something of a sticking point though.

And therein, he realized, was his answer.

Clearing his throat, he said, “Ok, if you got over ninety on your last test, please raise your hand,”

Four students popped up their hands, eager to show off.

“Good,” he said with a smile. “You’re going to be teaching today.”

The four looked up at him warily but he plowed on.

“Come on now, quickly.” He pointed to the whiteboard and they reluctantly trudged up to the front of the room.

A girl whose name he couldn’t remember asked, “What should we be teaching?”

Travis hesitated, desperately trying to remember anything mathematical from their previous lessons and drawing a blank. Truth be told, he hadn’t concentrated on anything except April’s tits since the semester began.

“Umm...” He sat down on the desk, only just remembering in time to cross his ankles and not flash the whole room. Travis turned to the shy-looking kid at the end of the whiteboard and asked, “What were we learning in our last class?”

The shy kid was looking at him like he had lost it. “Miss?”

Travis whispered conspiratorially, “It’s a test.”

“Advanced Calculus,” another kid piped up.

“There we are then.” Travis moved to one of the empty chairs and sat his perfect ass on the seat. “Show me what you’ve learned.”

Miraculously, it actually worked. Every time one of the ‘teachers’ turned to him with a question he just replied, ‘You’re the teacher, figure it out.’ After about ten minutes, they got the message and left him alone. The pressure off, he let a hand drop to his lap and slowly ran it along the length of his thigh, still feeling the dampness of his panties from his earlier excitement. Just like when he was a student, he could hardly wait for the bell to ring.

VI.

Travis sat on the corner of April's desk in the empty trailer, admiring his slender hand, how the fingers tapered to gentle, rounded points, how his nails were colored a light pink and perfectly manicured, how his skin was soft and hairless. And, of course, he kept letting his slender hands return to his chest.

The door opened a crack and Kaitlyn's head poked in. Travis looked up and smiled.

“Hi, come on in,” Travis said.

“Oh, I was, um, looking for someone,” Kaitlyn mumbled, swiping her long, purple hair out of her eyes.

“I told you my potions would work,” Travis said triumphantly.

“Travis?” Kaitlyn said.

Travis nodded. “Who are you?”

“Patrick.” She said, as she stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

Travis laughed, “You didn't believe me and now you're your own sister!”

Kaitlyn's cheeks flushed pink with embarrassment. “It's not all bad. She's pretty.”

Travis circled Patrick's body, his eye grazing over Kaitlyn's breasts, the way her skirt hung gently over her ass. He reached out and pinched her butt, laughing as she jumped.

“Yeah, ok. Well, we'll see.”

Zoe entered a few minutes later, Jim still bounding with confidence in her athletic form. Rob, in Molly's body, was the last to appear, having finally managed to shake himself free of Leo. They were a little hesitant until Travis convinced them of who he was, at which point he saw them relax and they all started examining each others' bodies. Travis started the cameras recording as each of the guys excitedly ran their dainty hands over the others, turning round and posing with their tiny asses out, raising their skirts to reveal their delicate new sex.

It didn't take much for Travis to really get things rolling. He started with Molly, the perfect student. He'd been itching to get into her panties and now here was his chance. Travis slipped his teacher's fingers across Molly's cheeks and guided their lips together. Teacher and student kissed, their soft bodies pressed together, hands roaming up and down each other's forms.

Not wanting to be left out, Jim walked Zoe's statuesque body briskly towards Patrick/Kaitlyn and grabbed her around the waist. He pushed his tongue into Kaitlyn's mouth, forcing himself on this tiny, adorable slip of a woman.

Hands roamed across skin, tongues tasted the sweet lipstick, noses pressed against lightly flowery scented skin as the two pairs of women made out. In no time, clothes

were torn off, thrown to the floor in reckless abandon. Jim/Zoe's hands flew to Kaitlyn's tits, roughly squeezing her sensitive body. Jim's lips soon followed, sinking over Kaitlyn's tiny nipples and flicking with his tongue, sucking roughly as they stood out erect inside Zoe's wet mouth.

Travis sent April's fingers exploring across Molly's perfect form, wandering down until they pressed between Molly's legs. Molly/Rob shifted, opening himself up for April's fingers and she found his wetness. Rob felt that familiar ache of longing, Molly's horny body already revved up and ready for more. He gripped April's ass and pulled her towards him, standing on tiptoe to reach up and continue kissing his teacher's full lips, feeling the press of her heavy breasts against his petite form.

In minutes, Molly/Rob was on her back on the floor while Travis/April knelt over him. Travis sank April's lips against Molly's warm wet pussy, inhaling her wonderful musky scent as his tongue slipped inside her unfolded lips and he tasted her. Molly sighed beneath him, Rob forcing her hands to play over his new breasts as Travis pressed April's fingers deeper inside, driving upwards as Molly's folds parted for him and his fingers pressed hard up against Molly's clit.

Suddenly, two small hands grasped April's ass from behind and spread her perfect cheeks. A gasp escaped Travis's lips as a tiny, warm tongue licked its way across his teacher's sensitive asshole. Travis glanced behind him just long enough to see Kaitlyn's face wedged between his cheeks, before Molly's hands reached up and guided Travis/April's face back down to her aching cunt.

As Kaitlyn brought her fingers across April's pussy, Zoe lay on her back and scooted herself beneath Kaitlyn. Jim/Zoe wrapped her muscular arms around Kaitlyn's waist and pulled Kaitlyn's dripping cunt onto her face, licking and sucking, pressing Zoe's mouth and nose deep into Kaitlyn's fragrant warmth. One of Zoe's hands made its way down between her own legs and Jim made her fingers play with her own cunt as he continued licking his friend.

The four women writhed and moaned in a line on the floor, as they pleased each other. Molly on her back squeezing her tits, April kneeling between her legs, Kaitlyn behind April, her tongue circling her teacher's asshole, while Zoe was last, fucking herself even as she licked Kaitlyn's dripping cunt. Their cries and moans filled the room, each urging the other on, pleasure rebounding through them and they cried out as they orgasmed, sometimes the high pitched cries of one girl alone, sometimes joined by another as they pleased each other, climaxing again and again, each one harder, higher than the last.

After some time—minutes, hours?—they slowed and came to a stop. They nestled together on the floor, bodies entwined, arms draped over thighs, lightly caressing breasts, asses. The guys giggled as they came down from their high, hardly believing that any of this was real, that they had made these bodies fuck and suck each other, had forced the sweet pleasure through their forms. Eventually they rose and dressed and parted ways, each going home to take part in their temporary new lives.

Epilogue

Waking up the next morning, Travis ran a hand down his body and sighed. All trace of April was gone. He wondered idly if the other guys were waking up and doing much the same thing. Were they all trying to rationalize and explain away yesterday's experience?

Patrick, who was never one for over thinking things, had probably already dismissed the whole thing as a bad dream.

Rob was probably trying to find a logical, chemical explanation for the experience... a bad trip perhaps.

Jim, who was the most open minded and the most ready to roll with the punches, had probably just chalked it up to 'weirdness' and moved on to some other topic in his head.

Travis glanced over at the camera on his desk. One thing was certain. Next time any one of the guys called him gullible or dismissed one of his ideas as crazy... he was breaking out the camera files.

Also by M. Wills

The story in this book comes from commissions from readers like you with names and details changed to protect the innocent...and the not so innocent! Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions and to order a customized story.

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories:

Boldly Going

Young Again

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

I Stole My Mom's Body (and I Stole My Sister's Body)

In the Doghouse

Enchanted

Just Passing Through: A Body Possession Story Collection

Inside: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowing Her Body: A Body Possession Story Collection

Her: Stories of body theft and possession

Stranger Inside: A Body Possession Story Collection

All Mine: A Gender Swap Story Collection

Swap With a Friend (and excerpts from other stories)

Changing Minds

Taking

Possessive

Just Visiting: A Body Possession Story Collection

Stolen: A Body Theft Story Collection

Borrowed Lives: A Body Theft Story Collection

Hopped: A Body Hopper Short Story Collection

Quick Change: 5 Gender Swap Short Stories

Thought Experiment [*Smashwords.com exclusive*]

Alternate You

The Price of Wishing [*Smashwords.com exclusive*]

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)