

Reunion

A M2F Body Possession Story

by M. Wills

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Reunion

Max sat glumly at the long picnic table in the backyard of the beach house, wedged in between Uncle Mortimer and a second cousin once removed whose name Max had forgotten. Uncle Mortimer was telling some convoluted story likely involving how things were better when he was a boy. Max wasn't really listening. He hadn't even wanted to come to this family reunion in the first place, knowing it would be dominated by the women from his mom's side of the family and relatives he hadn't seen since he was a baby. He'd thought that his one consolation was that Teagan, his cool older cousin, would be here to shake things up, but apparently she'd opted to skip it this year. The rumor was she'd gone to get yet another tattoo. The older, conservative relatives were outraged, which was just how Teagan liked it.

The rest of the family was chatting loudly, and gradually growing drunker as the afternoon progressed towards evening. A peel of laughter erupted from the far end of the table, where Aunt Sarah was telling some—probably wildly inappropriate—joke to one of her nieces. Aunt Sarah was fat, no two ways about it. She had huge doughy thighs and arms, a big, round belly, and fabulously huge breasts squeezed beneath the pink top she was currently wearing. She always kept her long blonde hair immaculately styled and usually had a boy toy on one arm, though this year she'd come to the family reunion alone. She was fun, and always the center of attention for her outrageous humor. Probably why she was considered the black sheep of the family.

Max sipped his drink quietly and just watched the rest of his family as the reunion raged around him. He saw his mother slide open the back door and step out onto the lawn, his stepfather, Gene, right behind her. Gene reached out and pinched his mom's ass when he thought no one was looking. She jumped and swatted his arm playfully. His mom's face was flushed. They were still so in love. In fact, Max had been awoken last night by his mom crying out during their love making session, begging for Max to—shudder—do things to her harder. Gross.

A sudden absence of conversation down the table drew Max's attention back to his aunt Sarah. She was staring right back at him, her mouth agape. A few other relatives followed her gaze. Max had no idea why he was suddenly the center of attention but he gave a little wave and tried to hide behind his drink. A minute later, Sarah pulled her phone out of her bra and held it to her ear. She then pushed back from the table and waddled into the house. No doubt her boy toy was calling to see where she was.

When Aunt Karen began setting up the karaoke machine, Max knew it was time to get out. He pushed himself away from the table and slipped out the back gate. He followed the sandy track down to the beach, the sound of the reunion receding into the distance, replaced with the soothing sound of the wind and waves, punctuated by an occasional cry from a seagull wheeling overhead. The beach was a rocky cove, protected by a curving seawall that stopped the biggest waves from crashing onto the shore.

Max walked down to the shoreline, his hands in his pockets, and stared out at the ocean. He picked up a rock and tried to skip it out across the water. His first attempt wasn't very good—two skips. He was about to pick up another one when his phone rang. He pulled it out of his pocket and saw it was a video call. Weird. Max frowned and answered it.

Cousin Teagan's smiling face appeared on the screen. Teagan had a long face that lent her a striking beauty, though most people would be distracted by her many piercings. Her current hair color was a light blue and her body was adorned with various tats. In the past she would have been called a punk, though she preferred “alternative”.

“Hi Max!” she laughed, the hint of her tongue ring flashing between her white teeth.

“Hi, Teagan,” Max replied. He didn't even know that Teagan had his number.

“Miss me?”

“Well, it would be more fun if you were here.”

“Oh, you'll see me soon enough. Check out this new tat I just got.”

The camera panned down from her face, seemed to stop briefly over Teagan's white shirt and linger on the swell of her huge breasts pressing out beneath the fabric—though the pause could just have been Max's imagination—before zooming across her scandalously tiny shorts and landing on her thigh. Her legs were achingly beautiful - strong and slender, taut muscles and smooth skin. There was a new tattoo etched on her thigh showing a rose in full bloom, a small snake darting through the center. The tat was obviously brand new as the surrounding skin was still raw.

“You like it?” Teagan asked.

“Nice,” Max agreed.

There was a pause as someone on Teagan's side spoke to her. “Oh, um, ok,” she said, then back to Max, “I have to go. See you soon.”

The call ended, leaving Max a little perplexed. He slipped the phone back into his pocket and picked up another stone. He slung it across the water. It bounced across the top of one wave before sinking into the sea.

This whole family reunion was incredibly boring. Max had no intention of returning as long as the karaoke machine was there. No doubt some drunk relative would try to cajole him into going up onstage and embarrass himself. Max searched the ground for a good smooth stone for skipping. He soon found a promising one half buried in the sand. It stood out as a dull pink color, not a creamy sandstone like the others. It was also a little warm to the touch as he picked it up.

Max reeled back, gauging the timing of the waves so he could skip it across their tops. God, he wished that the family reunion was a lot more fun.

And suddenly he was no longer on the beach.

Max found himself back at the long table in the midst of the family reunion. Only now his seat had shifted across and down, because he was no longer next to Uncle Mortimer. Instead, he was facing one of his nieces. She was shrieking with laughter, but her mother, seated beside her, was shooting Max a dirty look.

“How did I--” he began, and quickly stopped, bringing his fingers to his mouth in shock when he realized the voice coming from his lips wasn't his own. It was feminine and brassy. The lips beneath his fingers were plump and full. In fact, his whole face was rounder, softer than before.

Max looked down at himself and was met with the sight of two immense breasts, each of them probably bigger than his head and barely tucked beneath a pink top. A huge tummy poked out beneath and his arms were thick and meaty. Long, stylish blonde hair draped over his shoulder, tickling him in the breeze. There was a glass of wine on the table in front of him, showing the warped reflection of the body he now inhabited: Aunt Sarah.

Max looked down towards the end of the table to where he had been sitting and saw *himself*. His former body was sitting glumly in silence. Max's chubby new mouth gaped open and he was aware that the people beside him were following his gaze. His former body turned, saw him staring, and gave a little wave before trying to hide behind his drink. It was exactly how events had unfolded that afternoon, only now he was seeing things from his aunt's perspective.

He had to get away from everyone, find somewhere private. He noticed Aunt Sarah's cell phone peeking out of her bra. He pulled it out, wrinkling his nose as the simple act caused his huge breasts to jiggle like jelly. Aunt Sarah's body was so gross. He held the phone to ear, pretending to take a phone call as he pushed back from the table and began the process of extricating his huge bulk from the chair. When he was finally up, he waddled back into the house, thighs rubbing together beneath his tight jeans, the fat flesh of his ass and tits wobbling with each step. He felt heavy and ungainly. His only thought was to retreat to Aunt Sarah's room to be away from the staring relatives and try to figure out what the hell was going on.

He bounced painfully up against the wall, unused to the weight distribution of his new body. Every step was a struggle in Sarah's fat, jiggly body. After a few minutes, he'd made it down the hall and into the guest room where Aunt Sarah was staying. He closed the door behind him and heaved a sigh of relief. The short walk had already left him breathing hard from lugging this huge bulk around. This had to be a dream.

He waddled over to the mirror hanging above the dresser, keenly aware of how his fat thighs swished together and his big ass jiggled behind him. In the mirror, the face of Aunt Sarah came into view: pudgy cheeks, impeccable makeup, soft, golden hair...truly enormous tits. He looked down at them.

Surely she needed a sherpa to haul all this extra weight around, he thought.

Max laughed at the snarky thought, his aunt's throaty laugh escaping from his lips. His tits were straining against the pink top and it looked as though it was about to split at the seams. This had to

be a dream. No way was he *really* in Aunt Sarah's body. And because this was a dream, there was no harm in checking himself out.

He peeled the pink top off his body and tossed it to the floor. Now there was just an immense pink bra and a chubby tummy. With an effort, he unhooked the bra and dropped it to the floor. He flicked his head to toss his light blonde hair behind him, and the motion cause his entire body to jiggle. Max looked down at his massive tits resting atop Sarah's pot belly. He scooped up a breast in each hand. They were marshmallow soft and heavy as hell, capped with huge, pale pink areolae. But fun to play with. He squeezed them, admiring their heft, pulling them apart and letting them thump back together, causing his fat skin to ripple in a way that was becoming more delightful by the second.

Max jiggled Sarah's tummy, watching her rolls of fat squish and jump beneath his hands as he squeezed his soft flesh. His fingers slid down over his pot belly to his jeans. He unzipped them and pushed them down his thighs. God, it was an immense relief to free this body from the confines of his clothes. His huge tits jiggled down into his face as he pushed his pants and panties down and stepped out of them. Now he was naked in his aunt's body. Her huge breasts and fat belly hung down, obscuring the view of his aunt's pussy. Only by angling the mirror and stepping back to look at his reflection could he get a view of his thick thighs and the beautiful slit right between her legs. Aunt Sarah kept herself shaved completely clean, her bald slit so intriguing.

He twisted and jiggled his ass, the rolls of cellulite shifting as his huge butt wiggled. He gave it a little smack, heard the satisfying sound of his hand on his own flesh and watched his ass jiggle. The more he looked at Aunt Sarah's body, the more he liked it. She was a lot of woman, but that just meant there was more to enjoy.

Max waddled over to her suitcase, hands holding his tits so they wouldn't bounce painfully with each step. His fingers dug into his soft flesh, enjoying the touch of his aunt's tits, rolling them between his fingers. He bent over her suitcase, big ass waving up in the air, as he dug through her clothes. He came up with a sheer nightie – gorgeous, flimsy and huge. Max wondered who Aunt Sarah was trying to impress at the reunion, then realized it was just for her. She was a woman who enjoyed how she looked, owned the fact that she was a BBW and liked to feel sexy.

Max slipped the nightie on, excited at how the delicate material wafted about his body, settling on his curves, half-obscuring his flesh. He returned to the mirror and a sexy smile crossed his face as he turned and posed for himself. Max couldn't tell whether his aunt's face was really so stunning or if she was just really good with makeup. Either way, seeing her lips curl up into a smile as he tucked some strands of blonde hair behind an ear was enticing.

Despite being so huge, the nightie felt so girly, so delicate. It really set off his immense flesh and, as Max posed, he felt himself growing warm with delight. He was actually enjoying being her, playing with her body, squeezing her skin. He returned to her suitcase, digging back through it see what other outfits he could come up with. There were a lot of spaghetti tops and lacy blouses that he imagined would barely hold back Sara's tits. And finally, tucked way down at the bottom of the suitcase, was a pink oblong thing.

Max grabbed the object in Sarah's fat fingers and stared at it for a second before realizing what it was: Aunt Sarah's dildo. It was vaguely dick shaped, with a long shaft and a bulbous head on one end. It looked impossibly thick. Surely this was a novelty, right? As Max held the dildo in his hand, thoughts swirled through his head. He'd already gone this far, why not try it out? He was excited at the prospect. A warmth began winding its way through his thick form even before he'd lay down on the bed and spread his legs.

Max propped himself up on some pillows so he could stare down at his aunt's body. Her enormous tits fell across her protruding belly and draped down her side. He pushed a flat hand into his belly, sinking into his pillowy flesh and squishing it down so he could see the mound of his pussy. With

his knees in the air, he brought the dildo against the top of his slit by feel and began rubbing the head of it slowly up and down his pussy. It felt weird not having a cock, not seeing his instant response to arousal. But Aunt Sarah's body grew aroused in a different way. The warmth between his thighs spread up through his body, circling through him, bringing with it a pleasant tension, while at the same time his pussy lips seemed to grow looser. He could *feel* himself growing wet, the lips of his pussy opening, slipping against the dildo.

He pressed the dildo against the top of his pussy and a tingly warmth ran up his spine. He continued in that spot, pressing and rubbing gently. A sigh escaped his lips as his body shuddered. He was wet now, his pussy opening for the dildo. The head of it slipped inside, pressed up against his clit. Fuck, it was so weird feeling this thing inside him, having his pussy wrap around the thick heavy dildo. And, what's more, it felt good, wonderful even as he penetrated Aunt Sarah's wet folds. His fat body jiggled back and forth and he slipped the dildo inside deeper, felt the walls of his pussy gripping the smooth shaft as he entered himself.

With his other hand, he grabbed a doughy breast and pulled it up to his lips, easily able to suck on his fat, pink nipple. Aunt Sarah's skin tasted lightly salty and he caught the faint scent of her orange body lotion. His tongue flicked his nipple, tasting himself as his pussy parted further, growing wetter, the tension humming through his body, building towards an immense apex. He continued sucking on his heavy tit as he thrust the dildo deeper inside him, feeling every solid inch as it slid into the wet walls of his pussy. In and out, in and out, going deeper as he grew wetter, until he was thrusting hard, his body demanding he fuck himself faster with the rubber toy. He moaned around the tit in his mouth, trying to cram it in more while he fucked himself harder, wringing every bit of pleasure he could from Aunt Sarah's wonderfully fat body. Now the dildo was deep inside him, pressing hard up against his center as he slammed it in and out, legs spread wide, his body jiggling as he writhed and moaned. The pleasure spilled through his body, the tension winding tighter. He pushed his head back into the pillow and cried out, his hand squeezing his fat tit as he thrust the dildo faster and faster into his huge body until the tension snapped and an immense orgasm flooded through him.

Max cried out in a throaty, sexy voice, digging his fingers into his fat flesh and thrusting his hips up to meet the dildo coming down, impaling himself on the toy, over and over. The slippery sound of his sex hit his ears and he could smell the delightful musk of his aunt's pussy. The sights, the sounds, the feel of his body being penetrated drove him over the edge again and he came hard once more, thrusting wildly, pounding himself with an urgent desire to fill, until at last he was satisfied and he slowed and then stopped, leaving the dildo sticking out of his cunt. He was breathing hard, heavy tits rising and falling, so big they spilled off his chest and nearly rested on the bed. Max stared down at his aunt's fat body in satisfaction, determined to spend the rest of the dream enjoying himself the same way.

And suddenly he was no longer in his aunt's room.

Max was sitting in a cushioned chair in a brightly lit room. Psychedelic artwork adorned the walls and pictures were painted on every visible surface: angels, mermaids, a heart that said 'mother'. There was a steady, high pitched whirring sound filling the room. A sudden sharp pain in Max's thigh made him flinch.

“Whoa, careful,” said a man's voice from down by his thigh.

Max looked down to see a burly stranger kneeling beside his chair. The man had a handsome, dark featured face and a vine of tattoos circling his huge biceps. His hands were clad in blue surgical gloves and one held a tattoo gun. As Max watched, the tattooist resumed his work on the nearly completed rose on Max's thigh.

Though, calling the thigh Max's was technically incorrect.

Max found that he was in someone's body who was wearing scandalously tiny jean shorts that had been pushed up so the tattoo artist could get to the top of one smooth, golden thigh. And, god, those thighs. The skin looked so soft, slender but with taut musculature beneath. One thigh was already adorned with the tattoo of a snake, coiling around his hip and down to his calf.

The pain in his thigh had been enough to distract him from the sight of his chest, but looking down at himself he didn't know how he'd ever missed it. Max was wearing a tiny white shirt that barely covered two amazing breasts. They thrust out beneath the fabric, stretching it tight. When he looked closely—and he was now looking *very* closely—he could see the outlines of his dark areolae, the two nipples indenting the white fabric. The high cut shirt left his belly uncovered, allowing him to gaze down at his trim form. An amber belly button ring flashed from his tummy. His arms, like his legs, were gorgeously feminine with taut muscle and adorned in tattoos. As Max shifted his head he felt something tickle down his neck and he reached up to grab his hair, pulling it around in front of his face. He was unsurprised to find that it was dyed a light blue. This just confirmed what he already expected: he was definitely inside the body of his cousin, Teagan.

It was utterly different from being his aunt. The mass was completely gone. If anything, he felt the opposite: young and spry and full of energy. He'd also secretly harbored a crush on his cousin and just sitting there in her body was already turning him on. Was this a dream? It felt so real. Especially the pain. But still, he couldn't wait to get Teagan's body alone so he could explore it more fully.

Max gripped the arms of the chair to steady himself as the tattooist finished up the last rose petal in a final burst of bright pain. When the tattooist was done, he stood and asked, “What do you think?”

Max recognized the tattoo. His cousin had just showed it to him on his phone. But now, here it was, newly tattooed on his own flesh. He had to know if this was a dream. He picked up the cell phone lying on the small table beside him, assuming it was Teagan's. Sure enough, it unlocked at the touch of his new thumb. Max dialed his own number for a video chat. If this was a dream, surely he wouldn't be able to talk to himself. After a few rings, the video snapped on. Sure enough, it was Max. At least, it was his old masculine body. Judging from the sand dunes in the background and

the sound of waves hitting the shore, it seemed his old body was still at the beach.

“Hi, Max!” Max laughed at the stunned expression on his former face.

“Hi, Teagan,” The old Max replied, his voice tinny through the speakers.

“Miss me?” Max asked himself. There was a distinct sense of déjà vu as Max realized that the conversation was playing out exactly as he remembered it, but from the other side.

“Well, it would be more fun if you were here.”

“Oh, you'll see me soon enough.” Teagan/Max laughed. “Check out this new tat I just got.”

Max panned the camera down his body, letting it linger for just a second on his breasts, before landing on the new tattoo of the snake darting out of the rose.

“You like it?” Max asked.

“Nice,” Old Max agreed.

Max wondered whether he could do something to break out of this cycle. Maybe show his former body Teagan's tits. That would be a sight to remember. But before he could do anything the burly tattooist spoke up.

“Ok, that'll be two hundred dollars. Cash only, of course.”

“Oh, um, ok,” Max said, then back to her phone to the old Max, “I have to go. See you soon.”

He disconnected and sat the phone down. A search of his minuscule pockets came up empty and, unlike Aunt Sarah, Teagan didn't keep a wallet or anything down her bra. Hell, she wasn't even wearing a bra. That was a fact that was making Max very uncomfortable and he desperately wanted to finish this transaction so he could play with his magnificent new tits. There was no wallet on the table. It was an inescapable fact: Teagan had no money to pay for the tattoo.

The tattooist, seeing Max's increasingly worried look, said, “I'm guessing you want to put this one on credit again.”

Relieved, Max nodded. “Yes. Let's do that.”

The tattooist grinned, revealing sparkling white teeth. “Come on into the back room and you can give me your down payment.”

Max followed the man into the back office. He hoped that whatever forms he had to fill out would be over with quick. There was no telling when he would jump out of Teagan's body. The tattooist opened the door for Max and followed him into the sparsely furnished inner office. A ragged rolling chair sat behind a rickety wooden desk. Max was racking his brains trying to come up with Teagan's personal info for the paperwork, so he was completely stunned when the man locked the door behind him, turned, and unzipped his pants.

“On your knees,” the man ordered.

“Wh-what?” Max asked.

“You wanted the usual credit arrangement, right? Or did you suddenly find two hundred dollars cash on your way into the office?” The man said, his bulge growing ever more prominent. “Now, on your knees.”

Trembling, Max obeyed, dropping to his knees in front of the man. Was this how Teagan paid for every tattoo? Max pulled the man's pants down and was suddenly staring at the man's cock, a thick monster of a semi-hard on protruded from an unruly mass of dark pubic hair. Max had never been

attracted to men, but now, staring at this cock as it pulsed just inches from his nose and with his mind deep in the body of his cousin's feminine body, there was something just so *enticing* about it. The tattooist's cock jumped to attention as Max wrapped Teagan's slender fingers around it and began slowly stroking, running his hand gently up and down the man's shaft as it grew in his hand, throbbing, hot and urgent, the bulbous head straining up towards Max's lips. When it was fully extended it seemed huge and intimidating from Max's smaller perspective.

“Now start sucking,” the man commanded.

Teagan's body responded before Max's mind could process the command. Being ordered around like this was making him wet. With a new eagerness, Max stuck out Teagan's little pink tongue and licked the head of the man's dick. The slight saltiness of the man's skin tasted surprisingly nice and Max was rewarded with another burst of warmth from between his legs. Suddenly, he *needed* to suck this huge cock in front of him. He opened his mouth and wrapped his plump lips around the shaft, slowly forcing his head down to swallow the man's cock. The hard-softness slid across his tongue, pressing against his tongue and the roof of his mouth, so full Max thought he would choke before he got even halfway down. He pulled up and withdrew, leaving a trail of his saliva linking the throbbing cock to his lips.

“Uh uh,” the man ordered, “Deeper than that, bitch.”

Fuck, his cousin loved being ordered around. The lips of her pussy grew swollen and wet beneath Max's shorts and he slid his hands underneath his pants and slipped a finger into his wetness. Jesus, she was tight. Max pushed his finger into his slippery folds and began fingering himself at the same time as he opened his mouth and slid his cousin's lips down and up the man's dick, going a little further each time, taking the man's cock deeper into his mouth until finally his little nose was buried in the man's pubic hair and his dick was hitting the back of Max's throat.

It was amazing holding the man's cock in his mouth, tasting the tangy precum and feeling oh so full of dick. He'd often imagined his cousin sucking a cock, only he *never* imagined it would be him in her body sucking someone else's cock. But damn if she didn't still feel so good from the inside with the man grunting and moaning above him. Max felt so powerful holding this cock in his mouth, controlling this man with just his tongue. He continued fingering Teagan's body, urging pleasure through his supple form as he sucked and licked the beautiful dick in front of him, enjoying the way he treated Max rough, like the cocksucking whore that he was.

“Yeah, suck my dick you little bitch,” the man sighed.

Suddenly, the man's hands gripped Max's hair and he forced Max all the way down his cock. Max nearly choked as his head was pushed down, the cock striking the back of his throat. And then the man gripped Max's head with both hands and began fucking hard. He was in charge now, slamming his cock into the back of Max's throat, jerking Teagan's head up and down his dick, using Max as his fuck toy. Max was just a wet hole to him. Max concentrated on not choking every time the dick plunged into his mouth and against the back of his throat. It was all he could do to hold on and continue sucking as the man grew fiercer, faster. Saliva dripped from Max's lips as he swallowed the cock again and again. Somehow, he was now dripping wet, his own finger pressing faster into Teagan's velvety folds, fucking himself even as he sucked the man off.

“Fuck yeah, you little cunt. Take my dick. Suck it.” The man grunted between gritted teeth.

Max was so wet from this treatment. Teagan's body was enjoying being toyed with, being submissive. And then the man groaned and came, plunging Max's head all the way down his cock and jetting cum down Max's throat. Max spluttered and choked around the dick but his head as forced down. He swallowed as much as he could, taking greedy gulps around the shaft in his mouth, but hot cum dripped out from between his lips. The man came for what seemed like an eternity, each throb sending more delicious hot jizz into Max's mouth and down his throat. Max drank

greedily, his pussy on fire with desire now as he swallowed each drop.

Finally the man released him and stood back. "Thanks. I'll see you around."

"Oh, no." Max stood and wiped his lips. "You don't get to go yet. It's my turn."

The man's eyes grew wide. Without warning, he yanked down Max's shorts, then picked Max up. Max wrapped his limber legs around the man's waist, felt the cock pressing urgently against his sopping cunt. He wrapped his arms around the man's back, holding him close, Teagan's tits resting on the man's solid pecs.

The man turned and sat him on the desk easily. He was amazingly strong and Max felt an undercurrent of fear that made Teagan's body even more delightfully wet. Max lay back and the man grabbed Teagan's legs and spread them apart. They both stared down in awe, both excited to see Max's pussy, the pink folds spread wide and glistening. Now it was the man's turn to kneel and put his head between Max's knees. His tongue landed on Teagan's cunt and began licking greedily, running up and down Max's warm slit, sending him crazy with anticipation before finally dipping inside. Max shivered as the man tasted him, found his clit, licked long, broad strokes as Max dripped down onto the desk and oaned.

Max brought his hands up to his chest, yanked up his top and began fondling his cousin's breasts. They were firm in his hands, wonderfully bouncy and eminently squeezable. Staring down between his tits to see the man licking his pussy was an amazing sight and gave Max a small orgasm. He gasped as pleasure flitted through his body, disappearing quickly and leaving him hornier than before.

The man between his legs was enjoying himself, face deep in Teagan's pussy, chin shiny with her desire. The man's tongue grew fast and furious against Teagan's clit, making her body reverberate and shake with a building lust. And then Max felt two fingers slide into his cunt, penetrating his horny new body. God, the man's fingers felt so good, thick and strong, as they slid inside Max's petite body, slipped through Max's tight hole, then crooked around and angled up towards his center. When the fingers landed on the dimpled nub of Max's center he howled in pleasure, hips bucking up, thrusting against the fingers penetrating so deeply. The man continued licking as he fingered Max, driving Teagan's body higher and higher until the pleasure was too much to contain and Max exploded, crying out in Teagan's lust soaked voice, begging the man to fuck him harder. He thrust his hips up towards the man's fingers, again and again, driving them deeper into Teagan's body. Max's own fingers dug into his tits, torturing his cousin's body, as the orgasm roiled him. He squeezed his tits, driven wild with lust while the man pressed his tongue hard and flat against Teagan's clit. Max's head dropped back and he cried out, as a final pulse-pounding orgasm hit him.

Finally, Teagan's body seemed sated and warm, and Max lay back on the table, breathing hard. He closed his eyes to enjoy the warmth flitting through his body, felt the wet pool of his juices beneath his tight ass. God, that was amazing.

And suddenly he was no longer in the office.

Max found himself in the master bedroom of the beach house. A king sized bed took up most of the middle of the room. Through a door he could see the tiled floor of a bathroom and he quickly made his way towards it, eager to see who he'd become now and already planning what pleasures he would enjoy in this new body. He could already tell he was a woman once again, with long legs and heavy breasts that swung pendulously with each step beneath his black terrycloth robe.

With mounting excitement he entered the bathroom and threw open his robe so he could see his new body in all its glory. Max was completely unprepared to find the reflection of his mom staring sternly back at him. He was now a compact woman, with short gray hair that fell across the back of his neck. Max and his mom normally shared the same shape of nose and similar ice blue eyes, but now they shared everything. Max froze for a second, his robe held wide open, long enough for the image of his naked mom to burn itself into his brain. Her elderly, wrinkled face stared back at him, reflecting his own surprise. Large, flat breasts flopped down over a slightly doughy mid-section, the gray hair of his bush just visible between his thick thighs. Here and there were light dimples of cellulite, and the jagged lightning of stretch marks. He had an ample butt, and his curves were soft.

Max wrapped the robe around him, covering his mom's naked body. His face grew flush and his heart was beating wildly in his chest as he stared at his mom in the mirror. On the one hand, it was his mom, and the very thought of being inside his mother's body, of having the vagina that he came out of between his legs, was disgusting. But on the other hand, she did have quite a cute face, and he could feel her soft tits beneath the robe as he gripped it closed. And on the *other* other hand there was something about the gentle swell of her ass sticking out behind him that was quite appealing in a feminine kind of way. But back to the first hand: ew.

He turned and fled into the bedroom, stumbling into Gene, Max's stepfather. Gene caught Max in his arms and held him, a lascivious smile on his stepdad's handsomely lined face.

“Everyone else has gone to bed. And I thought...since you were undressed anyway...”

Gene stuck a finger in between the folds of the robe and tried to gently tug it open, but Max held it tight and turned away.

“Uh, I should probably get an early night tonight.”

Gene wrapped his arms around Max's body, hands coming up to gently grip Max's heavy breasts, holding him still. Gene pressed himself gently but insistently against Max's back, and Max felt the hardness of Gene's cock against the curve of his ass.

Max was panicking now. No way was he going to fuck his stepfather while in his mom's body. If there were two people he least wanted to see naked in the world, Max himself was now one of them. And the other was fondling his tits. Max moved to push away but Gene gripped him harder.

Gene kissed Max's neck lightly. And again. Each time sending a tiny shiver of warmth through Max's body. God help him, Max was getting turned on by his own stepfather, and he found himself bending his neck away and releasing his robe to brush his hair up out of the way so that Gene could kiss him some more.

“Mmm,” Max murmured, closing his eyes as Gene's kisses traveled down his neck and across his shoulders. The warmth that had grown so familiar from his last two bodies was gathering between his legs. His mom's body was surprisingly sensual and responsive, and Gene knew exactly how to turn her on. Max's urge to run was overcome by the urge to feel more of what Gene was doing. Max let Gene gently pull open his robe and heft his mom's tits in each hand. Gene's fingers caressed the warm skin, thumb and forefinger surrounding Max's pink nipples and squeezing lightly.

Max sighed and let the robe slip down his shoulders, off his arms, crumple to a heap on the floor. He turned around and wrapped his arms around Gene's neck and kissed him. Max's stepdad smelled so wonderfully spicy, tasted so delicious. And soon they were making out slowly, like lovers, tongues entwined, exploring, entering and gently tracing the contours of each other's mouths. Gene's hands continued to fondle Max's pancake breasts, gently kneading his soft flesh, tweaking the tiny nipples. The warmth reverberated through Max's mom's body as his new nipples stood to attention. His entire body hummed with a hidden energy.

They enjoyed each other, hands circling each other's bodies while Max slowly helped Gene out of his clothes, until his stepdad was standing naked in front of him, his cock large and erect between them. Max grabbed Gene's dick and stroked it gently, felt the urgency throughout Gene's body. Gene pressed him closer, his kisses growing more insistent, until he broke away and led Max over to the bed. This was so much different than with Teagan. It was slower, more sensual, a deep, familiar lust that made Max's entire body flush with warmth.

Max let Gene lay him back on the bed and stared down at his mom's body, stretched out naked before him. Her tits flopped down his side and he grabbed them in both hands and pushed them together, squeezing them lightly with his slender fingers, just enjoying his mom's body. She was soft and slightly saggy in places, but she felt so wonderful. His mom's slit was just visible beneath her wild gray bush, but he didn't have to see it to know how wet she was. He'd heard that old ladies didn't get wet anymore, but he was proving those rumors wrong in a major way. Fuck, if anything he was even more wet than when he was Teagan.

Gene leaned over him and sucked on his breasts, his cock pressing hard up against Max's mound. Max reached between their bodies and grabbed his stepdad's cock. He knew this was wrong, but it felt so wonderful he didn't care. He guided Gene's cock against the slick lips of his pussy. Gene pushed, pushed, and then slipped inside. Max gasped as he felt the head of his stepfather's cock plunge into him, filling him slowly. Gene sighed into Max's ear as he entered him, whispering to Max about how wonderful he felt, about how he wanted nothing more than to be inside Max's body. It was incredibly intimate, incredibly erotic, and Max grew ever wetter, his mom's voice escaping from his lips in sighs and soft moans as Gene worshipped his body.

His stepfather plunged in and out, holding himself up off the bed so he could stare down at his wife in utter lust. Seeing Gene above him, knowing the desire was for his body, made Max smile. He slipped a hand against his stepfather's cheek and guided their lips back together, just wanting to taste this wonderful man. Max's body was so hot, so wet, and Gene's cock was perfect, sliding in and out, filling him, fitting him just right. Their breath grew faster as Max approached the precipice. He wrapped his mom's gorgeous legs around Gene and pulled him closer, urging him deeper inside his sopping wet body. “Oh, fuck me harder, harder,” he moaned, and Gene obeyed.

Max was crying out now, his voice rising as Gene pounded Max's horny, elderly body. They stared into each other's twinkling eyes, kissing now and then, passionately, sharing their twin desire. Max's voice was a series of high pitched moans and now he begged Gene to cum inside him, hardly believing it was his voice crying out for his stepdad's cock.

And then Max came, a white hot pleasure shooting through his body as Gene grunted and pushed deep, deep, into Max's soft body, lodging his cock inside Max's center where it throbbed wonderfully. Gene's cock spurted into Max's pussy, each throb sending another shudder through

Max's body as he orgasmed, clenching the walls of his mom's pussy around the perfect dick in his body. Fuck, there was no one on earth he wanted more at that moment than Gene. Sweet, perfect Gene with his sweet, perfect dick.

They came down slowly, Gene resting on Max's plump body, their heartbeats racing as one. Gene twitched once inside Max, and Max could feel the cum oozing out of his mom's pussy. Max wanted to go again. He didn't care that he was his mom. He didn't care that Gene was the man who practically raised him. All he cared about was filling his aching cunt with more of Gene's seed.

And suddenly he was no longer in the bedroom.

Max was back on the beach. He was still holding the strange, pink stone in his hand. He paused and looked down at it. It seemed slightly translucent now and as he tilted it in the dying rays of the sun he thought he could catch glimpses of his aunt's body, or his cousin's tattoo, or his mom's face deep in the stone. Though maybe it was just a trick of the light and the pattern of cracks inside. Just in case, he held it tight and wished that his family reunion, already more fun now that he'd experienced being some of the female members, was even better.

And suddenly he was no longer on the beach.

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Thank you!

Thank you for reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it please leave a review. They really help. Also, be sure to check out some of my other stories below. You can always email me at bodyswapstories@gmail.com or visit my website for weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

Visit www.bodyswapfiction.com for weekly captions and the latest stories or to hire me to write a story for you.

If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available wherever ebooks are sold:

Small Town Girl (M2F Possession)

I've always had the ability to possess other people's bodies and control them, but I haven't used it in so long. Until the day I find Cassie. She's irresistibly gorgeous and I have to hop inside her right away. I'm going to intimately explore her body and help her become comfortable with her sensuality, while having my own fun in the process.

Madam President (M2F Transformation)

Jeremy is about to become a body double for the first female African American president of the United States. He's got to learn to cope with being the most powerful woman on the planet. And for Jeremy, enjoying her shape, her smooth ebony skin, her stunning curves, and her amazingly responsive body is just one of the perks of the job.

The Princess Proxy (F2F Body Swap)

When brilliant but plain Michelle swaps bodies with the gorgeous, snobby cheerleader, Brianna for a week in order to take her tests, both students have to adjust to very different lives and explore very different bodies.

The Mix Up (Mother/Son M2F Body Swap) – Smashwords exclusive!

When my mom and I swapped bodies I hated it at first, but I soon came to love being her and exploring the full pleasure of my mom's body.

Training Days (M2F Body Possession)

A man possesses the body of a woman at the gym in order to enjoy her physical pleasure and to change her mind to suit his needs.

Girl Next Door (F2F Body Theft)

Tricia was a good looking ebony woman with a good job, a good life, and a wonderful husband. And then the neighbors' daughter, Alyssa, stole Tricia's life by using a strange machine to swap their bodies. The key to swapping back may lie with Alyssa's boyfriend, and Tricia's going to have to use her new body to discover all his secrets.

Student Teacher (M2F Body Theft)

Chris is a teacher who's figured out a way to swap bodies with a hot young cheerleader and tries to trick her into going along with his plan until he can make the swap permanent.

Get in Here (F2M Body Theft)

Emily's handsome boss is utterly reliant at her while completely dismissive of women in general. When Emily gets handed a code to a website that lets her swap bodies with her boss, suddenly she gets to play the role of alpha male and teach him his lesson while also having the time of her new life.

Time for an Upgrade (F2F Body Theft)

Kendra still holds a grudge against Dave for the way he dumped her for Lucy as soon as life started looking good. Now her work at an experimental lab has given her the chance to get her revenge, and upgrade her own life in the process.

Stripped (M2F Transformation)

Three young men make an idle wish and are swapped into the bodies of strippers. In order to return to their own lives, they're forced to compete against each other to see who can pleasure the most customers in a single night.

The MILF Pill (M2F Transformation)

When Greg finds his stepfather's pills that allow someone to transform into a MILF, their previously cold relationship gets a lot hotter as Greg enjoys his temporary form.

And you can find the synopsis for the rest of these on my website:

Running Around (M2F Body Possession/Mind Share)

XXX Factor (M2F Transformation)

Dancer's Body: A BodyPossession.com Story (M2F Body Theft)

Be My Neighbor (M2F Body Theft)

Little Pink Pill (M2F Transformation)

Deep Undercover (F2F Body Theft)

Substitute Teacher (M2F Body Theft/Voyeur)

Primed for Takeover (F2F Body Theft)

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body (M2F Sibling Swap)

Mirror Mirror (F2M Forced Transformation)

Ticket to Ride (M2F Possession)

BodyPossession.com (M2F Possession)

Controlled by the Bully Trilogy: Switched Up, Filled Up, Fed Up [Smashwords exclusive]

Becoming His Crush

Transformed

Family Affair [Smashwords exclusive!]

Mystery Man

Taboo Swaps

The New Mom

Watch Me

Potions

Boldly Coming

Young Again

Coming Together

Pleasureville

Demon Seed

Hostile Takeover

Ghosted

Mind Games

Someone Else

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

In the Doghouse

Thought Experiment

Possessive

Alternate You

The Price of Wishing: A Revenge Transformation Story [Smashwords.com exclusive]

Switching Campus: A Multiple Body Swap Story

Into Her Body

The Swapping Stone (Book 1)

And check out these sexy story collections:

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

Changing Minds

Taking

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