

Shocked
MtF Body Swap

by M. Wills

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Shocked

Even with his bedroom door closed and the headphones clamped firmly over his ears, Gabe had a hard time hearing his friend from the noise of his sister vacuuming the hall. Gabe sat at his desk, a huge monitor in front of him displaying the first-person shooter he was playing. He snuck his character through a bubblegum colored world, gun in hand while his radar registered shots in the distance.

The vacuum moved closer to his door, thumping into it a few times. Deliberately, Gabe thought. His sister, Brooke, trying to annoy him. She was such a pain in the ass. How in the hell could someone like *her* be *his* twin sister? Fraternal twins, but still.

Brooke had never bothered vacuuming before and was only doing it now because her new boyfriend, Miles, was coming over and she wanted to impress him. Like he'd care about cleanliness. Gabe figured Miles was just trying to get into Brooke's pants. Or at least down her top.

Gabe's sister had—and he shuddered to even think about it—the biggest pair of breasts he'd ever seen outside of a porno. In fact, their parents had scheduled a breast reduction for her later this year. It was really, when Gabe thought about it, emblematic of the unfairness of their situation. Brooke had the looks of the family and Gabe had the brains. At eighteen and deeply interested in the opposite sex who seemingly wanted nothing to do with him, Gabe would have traded anything to get the looks in the family. Brains certainly hadn't attracted women. If anything, at his school, it was the opposite. His mom said they were just intimidated. Ha. Right.

The two siblings were such stark opposites most people would never know they were twins. Brooke had glossy blonde hair that tumbled in waves down to her shoulders. Gabe had greasy brown hair that stuck up at odd angles no matter what he tried to do to it. Brooke had big sky blue eyes, a heart-shaped face and a perfect ski-slope of a nose. Gabe had muddy brown eyes, a blobby face and bulbous nose. Brooke was popular and athletic, a leader of the school's cheerleading squad where she shook her pom-poms and was tossed in the air as people cheered. Gabe had a few close friends, was a member of the computer club, and had built his own computer alone as the Star Wars soundtrack played in the background.

In the game over the headset, Gabe's friend squawked something – a warning? A celebration? – and then Gabe's character was peppered with shots from behind, the screen flashing red each time he was hit. Gabe jumped and dodged and tried to turn around. It didn't help that he could barely hear the sound over the damn vacuuming. By the time he'd located the enemies firing on him it was too late. His character was downed.

Gabe tossed his headset onto the desk and stormed to the door. Yanking it open, he found his sister outside in the hallway.

“Turn that damn thing off! You got me killed!”

Brooke had her earbuds in and was shaking her butt to her music—probably some sort of girly pop crap—as she vacuumed, her back to Gabe, oblivious to his entrance. She wore a pink sleeveless top, the neck cut low to let her boyfriend ogle to his delight. Gabe couldn't imagine their dad approved

of the shorts she was wearing, either. Tiny, jean shorts cut so scandalously small they were barely more than underwear. She might as well have been bottomless. Gabe shuddered at the thought.

Gabe stormed over to the outlet where the vacuum was plugged in. It was an old cord, slightly frayed. He yanked it out of the socket. The vacuum died. Brooke looked down at it. Flicked the switch a few times, then turned to follow the cord. When she saw Gabe standing there with the cord in hand she rolled her eyes and removed her earbuds.

“Um, I was in the middle of something,” she said snottily.

“Yeah, me too. I can’t hear anything with you vacuuming.”

“I’ll be done in a minute. If you weren’t so gross maybe it wouldn’t take so long.”

“Me?” Gabe squeaked, his grip tightening on the cord. “Miles isn’t coming into *my* room to try to touch *my* tits.”

She sneered at him, hand on hip. “Ew. You are *sooo* gross. Is that all you think about? Or are you just jealous because no one wants to touch your brains?”

“What does that even mean?” Gabe scoffed.

“At least I *have* a boyfriend. Not just my hand and some dumb bimbos on the internet. Which everyone can *hear* you watching by the way.”

The world flashed red in front of Gabe’s eyes. “You’re just jealous because you’re not even smart enough to be a dumb bimbo.”

“Plug it in, creep.”

“No. You’re done.”

“I said *plug. It. In.*” She glared at him.

“Make me.” Gabe stuck his tongue out.

Brooke let go of the vacuum and advanced on him. He stepped back, raising the cord above his head. She grabbed for him and he tried to twist out of her way. She managed to snag his shirt and yank him towards her. Her nails raked his skin as she clawed at his arm, practically climbing up his body until she grabbed his hand and pulled it towards her to pry his fingers open. The whole time Gabe kept trying to twist and dodge out of her grip but then she sank her nails into his arm and he yowled and dropped the cord.

Brooke gathered it up and plugged it in. Gabe yanked it out. Brooke punched him in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him, and grabbed the cord back. She plugged it in. Gabe went to pull the plug out and she grappled with him. The two siblings flailed and swatted at each other, each yanking on the cord, the prongs sliding in and out of the outlet. Brooke had her hand on the end of the plug, Gabe’s hand on top of hers, when she jammed it into the outlet and there was a bright spark. A flash of pain. A yelp. Then blackness.

When Gabe blinked himself back to consciousness, he found himself lying on his back, staring up at the light fixture of the hallway. Had he just been shocked because of his dumb sister? His chest felt heavy and he worried that there was something wrong with his heart. He felt her legs tangled up with his.

Gabe pushed himself into a sitting position. Something heavy shifted on his chest as he sat up. He looked down at himself and his eyes widened in shock as he found himself staring down a low-cut pink top into truly enormous cleavage. Two breasts crushed together beneath a bra, ballooning out into ungodly mountains.

His mouth dropped open and he froze. A sound somewhere between a gasp and a groan escaped his lips. He reached up to squeeze the tits on his chest. They dimpled beneath his touch. Warm and soft and so very real. He released them immediately and gaped at the hands that had grabbed them. *His* hands but not his hands. Pink manicured nails with rounded edges. Dainty fingers. Hairless knuckles. A woman's hands.

Something tickled across his forehead and he swiped at it, grabbing the silky strands and pulling them down in front of his eyeline. Light blonde hair. That strange gasping groan escaped his lips again, and now he noticed how much higher his voice was.

Someone else groaned and Gabe whipped his head to the left. Beside him on the floor was... himself? His body was lying there. Eyes fluttering open. Gabe gaped at his old body then back down at his new one, as once again gazing straight down at his...his...tits.

“What the fuck?” He muttered, hands flying to his lips at the sound of his voice.

And his face! Plump lips. Soft skin. Jesus. He was somehow in his sister's body.

His legs were entangled with his old body and as he started scooting them out he tried to ignore the creamy skin and solid thighs he now controlled. The legs nearly naked. The shorts so tiny they may as well not have been there. He felt practically naked. The thought that this was his sister's body he was trapped in made him shiver in revulsion. This couldn't be happening.

By now, his old body had started to stir. It blinked it's eyes open, saw him and screamed, backing up quickly against the wall. The scream gurgled into a wordless cry that turned into a gasp as his body's hands grabbed its own throat in surprise at the deep voice emanating from it. Brooke looked down at herself, at her hands, holding them away from herself as if they were something disgusting, shaking them as if she could get the wrongness off.

“Wh- what are—Why am I in your body?” Brooke finally asked.

“I don't know. I don't know.” Gabe whimpered. He felt tears coming to his eyes and blinked them away.

Brooke pushed herself up and lunged at him. He scooted across the floor until his back was against the other wall.

“What did you do?” She cried, standing over him and glaring down at him.

“I didn’t do anything!” It was nearly a sob. Why was he on the edge of tears all of a sudden?
“Maybe it was you!”

“Me? Why the hell would I want to be in your body?”

“Well, I don’t want to be in *yours!*” Gabe shot back.

He got to his feet, his breasts swaying with each motion. He felt so incredibly top heavy and made the mistake of looking down, only to find himself staring straight into his sister’s cleavage for the third time in as many minutes. Brooke stared at her new hands, wiggling her thicker fingers.

“No, no, no. I am *not* staying like this. What happened to us?” She looked at him.

“How should I know?” He shot back. He was trembling. Couldn’t think straight. No idea where to start. His brain pounded with fear that he’d be stuck in her body forever.

He held his arms away from his torso, not wishing to touch a single part of Brooke’s body. But when he took a step he felt his thighs glide together. He never thought it was possible to feel the *absence* of something until he felt his shorts nestle up against his crotch. It felt so wrong.

Brooke was investigating the cord and mumbling to herself. “Ok. We were wrestling for the cord and something happened. She picked up the cord and examined it. “A ha!” She cried, holding it out to Gabe. It was frayed, the copper wires visible from beneath a tear in the white plastic sleeve.

“A ha what?”

“I remember a big flash, which must have been a shock. We were both holding it at the time so I think that’s what made us switch bodies.”

“Ok. So what do we do with that information?”

She looked at him like he was an idiot and pushed her glasses back up her greasy nose. “We just repeat the experiment, dummy.”

He crossed his arms beneath his gigantic breasts and glared at her. “I’m not a dummy. Dummy.”

“Come on, grab the cord like this.” She took his hand and placed it on the frayed end, then put her hand on his. “Now we plug it in again and hope it works.”

They knelt and plugged the cord in again. Nothing happened. Brooke looked around and then smacked her head. “Of course. It blew a fuse. I’ll be right back.”

She ran down the steps, leaving Gabe alone. He shifted from one foot to another. Looked down at himself again. Sure, they were his sister’s tits but they were gorgeous. Heavy. Huge mounds nestled together beneath an equally immense bra. He’d never touched tits before. He reached up and slid his hand in between his cleavage, squeezing a breast as best he could. It was warm. Slightly squishy but also firm in a way. Standing there with a hand shoved in his cleavage he was aware that his body was warm and filled with a strange sort of restlessness. A yearning centered in his core. Before he could think too much of it his old body came pounding back up the stairs and he yanked his hand out of his cleavage before Brooke saw him.

“Ok,” Brooke said. “It’s back on. Let’s try this again.”

Again she grabbed his hand and they plugged it in. Again nothing.

“What does that mean?” Gabe asked.

Maybe it was the disorientation at finding himself in someone else's body, but he couldn't puzzle through this mystery. He relied on her to figure this out. She seemed like she was more with it. He just wanted it solved and was getting impatient.

She looked around, her gaze landing on the vacuum. "Oh, no."

He followed her gaze. Where the cord connected to the vacuum was a black patch of burned rubber.

"You broke the vacuum," he said.

"Ok. That's fine," she said, more to herself than him. "We'll just need to find another cord."

"And try to shock ourselves again?"

"Do you have a better idea?"

He didn't. But before he could think of a retort the doorbell rang. His former face turned ashen.

"Oh god. That's Miles!" Brooke moaned. "We need to switch back now!"

"Oh, so I'll just go tell him to hold on while we cut into electrical cords and try to shock ourselves because we've swapped bodies? That will go over well."

She looked to the stairs, then back to him. "You *have* to pretend to be me."

"What? And, like, make out with your boyfriend or something? No way."

She grabbed his shoulders. "You can't mess up my life. You won't have to make out with him. He wants to take me out but don't let him. Just...we can all hang out downstairs. I'll stay in the room with you so nothing will happen. We'll try to switch back after he leaves."

Gabe did not relish the thought of acting like his sister while her boyfriend tried to make out with her. But he also realized she was in a tough spot. "Ok. I'll do it. If you do all my chores for a year."

"No way!"

"Fine, then," Gabe smirked. "Then I'll just go tell your boyfriend to fuck off."

He took a step to the stairs and she grabbed his shoulders again. "Fine." She growled. "But you need to act like me. And be nice."

"Which is it? Act like you or be nice?"

"Gabe!" She hissed.

"Fucking fine. Just get off me."

He shrugged her off and went downstairs as the doorbell rang for the second time. Everything about this body was weird. The way his butt jiggled and his tits bounced at each step. The way his hips moved. The way his blonde hair kept whispering across his cheek. The way the whole house looked different from his slightly shorter perspective. And of course, the way that his cleavage completely swallowed up his view whenever he looked down.

Brooke followed closely behind and Gabe threw open the door. "Hi, Miles!" He chirped, a fake smile plastered across his face.

Miles filled out his red letterman jacket with his solid body. Brown hair swooped across his forehead and he carried a boyish charm. He could have been the classic hot jock on any number of teenage television dramas.

"Hey," Miles said, glancing Gabe up and down. "You look incredible."

“Thanks,” Gabe blushed. He’d been ignored, overlooked, ruled out and scoffed at his whole life, but never ogled. It felt...nice. Still, he didn’t want Miles to get any ideas so he opened the door wider. “This is my si—brother. Gabe. You know, Gabe, right?” Gabe doubted Miles remembered him.

“Hi,” Brooke said from within Gabe’s body, giving a little half wave.

Miles nodded to him and then turned back to Gabe. “You ready to go?”

“Uh...actually I thought maybe we could just stay here and hang out. My, uh, parents aren’t home yet.” Gabe hoped he sounded suggestive. It seemed to work.

Miles grinned and stepped into the house. Gabe led him down the hallway to the living room where he plonked onto the couch. Miles sat beside him, so close their thighs were touching. Brooke took up a seat on the arm chair next to the couch as Gabe picked up the remote and began flipping through the channels. Usually he had a command of the streaming app but he couldn’t figure it out today. Maybe he was still flustered but it didn’t make any sense which input he was supposed to be on. He remembered his sister also had this same problem.

“Oh, I don’t know how to work this thing,” he said, frustrated.

“Here,” Miles said.

Gabe gave him the controller and he managed to find their streaming options. Gabe let Miles choose, and he settled on some big budget action movie. Gabe sat upright as the credits rolled, too nervous to relax as Miles settled his arm around Gabe’s shoulders. Gabe also didn’t know where to put his hands. Resting them on his lap resulted in his hands splayed out against his sister’s bare thighs. But if he crossed his arms, her enormous breasts rested on them.

Brooke kept glancing over at them, and a few times Gabe caught Miles glancing back, cocking his head as if to say ‘get out of here’. Miles laughed at the movie a few times but Gabe couldn’t follow it, too busy counting the minutes until he felt it was okay to kick Miles out.

“Do you want to...maybe...go somewhere?” Miles asked Gabe. “You know...alone?” Miles rested his hand on Gabe’s bare thigh and Gabe jumped up.

“You want a drink?” Gabe chirped with false cheer.

“Uh. Okay. Do you have a soft drink?”

“I’ll help you.” Brooke said, standing quickly.

When they were in the kitchen Brooke hissed at him. “You’re acting weird.”

“If I act normal he’s going to want to make out with me and I do *not* want to make out with a dude. You can’t make me.”

“Sit next to him and act like you like him.”

“How?”

“I don’t know. Hold his hand or something.”

It was the first time Brooke had ever had a guy over to the house and she didn’t really know how to act. It was a combination of dad’s strict rules and probably the fact that most other guys were too intimidated to ask Brooke out. She was the...ugh...school hottie.

They returned to the living room and Gabe resumed his seat next to Miles. When Miles again tried to rest his hand on Gabe’s thigh, Gabe held his hand and twined their fingers together. As the movie went on, Gabe got into it and began relaxing, nestling into the couch. Then Miles leaned on him,

resting his head on Gabe's shoulder, and Gabe tensed up again. He could smell Miles's cologne. Gabe's heart pounded. That odd restless yearning made his body tense and he shivered.

Miles mistook his reaction. "You cold? Here, take my jacket."

Miles slipped out of his letterman jacket and Gabe put it on. It dwarfed him but the bagginess did help conceal his body. It was warm and smelled like Miles. Not a bad smell. Spicy. Masculine.

It was an awkward hour and a half sitting there in his sister's body with her watching him to make sure he behaved. Eventually Brooke checked her phone.

"Oh, mom and dad will be home soon." Brooke said.

"You have to go," Gabe said to Miles without preamble.

"Oh. Okay."

Brooke shot him a look and Gabe sighed. "But...before you do."

Gabe leaned forward, puckering his lips and closing his eyes. Miles didn't need any more invitation. Gabe felt his warm lips press up against him, felt Miles shift on the couch to face him, a huge hand gently stroking Gabe's cheek. Gabe counted to three then pulled away.

"Not in front of my brother," he said.

Miles nodded and Gabe saw him to the door.

"Can I take you out this weekend?" Miles said, pausing at the doorway.

"Yes. Great. Sure." Gabe agreed, eager for Miles to be gone. When Miles left, Gabe closed the door and leaned against it. "Well, that was no fun."

"God, you were so weird."

"I'm so weird? You're the one sitting there like a fucking chaperone."

"I'm surprised he even agreed to go out with you this weekend."

"I would say your tits have a lot to do with it."

She gasped. "Fuck you."

"Fuck you."

"Let's swap back so I can have my life back."

"You don't even know how to swap us back. What are you going to do? Keep shocking us until something happens?"

"Do you have a better idea?"

"Maybe I just won't give you your life back, how about that?"

"What?"

"Well, you haven't gotten any nicer to me. Isn't that what's supposed to happen with these body swaps? The bitch learns a lesson and they swap back?"

"What lesson are *you* learning then?"

"I'm learning that it's only fun to be you to see how pissed off you get. I'm going to *my* room."

Gabe stormed up the stairs. Brooke took a beat and then was hot on his heels. He ran to her room and slammed the door, locking it behind him.

“You come out right now!” She said, trying in vain to turn the handle before slamming her hand on the door.

“Or what? You’ll tell mom and dad?”

“You little asshole. Then I’m going into *your* room.”

He heard her storm down the hallway and slam the door to his room. He stood at the doorway for another few seconds, body full of conflicting emotions. He really didn’t want to be in his sister’s body but she was such a bitch it was fun giving it back to her. Plus, there was that weird hot restless feeling he’d had ever since he found himself in Brooke’s body.

The bed bounced beneath his little butt as he sat down. He stare down into his cleavage.

“Jesus,” he muttered to himself. “I’ve got some big tits.”

He laughed at hearing his sister’s voice talk like that. Her phone sat on a small nightstand beside her bed. He picked it up and flicked it to make a video. His sister’s image appeared on the camera and he pressed record.

“Hi. I’m a dumb bitch with big titties.” He laughed, bouncing up and down to make his tits wobble. “You boys want to suck on these things?” He reached up to grab a tit and squeezed. The feeling was so nice it made him gasp as heat shot straight to his core. It hit him then what he’d been feeling all day. “Holy shit, she’s *horny*.”

He set the phone down and looked back at his tits. The warmth still sat in his belly and made his breasts look even more delicious. He peeled his pink top off and tossed it to the floor, sweeping the blonde hair out of his eyes. Her bra was huge. Gabe reached behind himself, struggling to unclasp it, twisting this way and that. The sweet relief when it came off was immense and he shrugged the bra to the floor, allowing his sister’s tits to bounce down.

Good god they were huge. And heavy. Each of them bigger than his head. Round and buoyant and perfect. Capped with giant pink areolae. He wrapped as much of his fingers around each one as he could and squeezed, enjoying their heft, their plumpness.

He tickled himself, fingers gliding across his breasts as he gazed down at them. He fondled them, hoisting them into the air, squeezing them, pulling them to the side and then letting them bounce together. It was hypnotic the way his tits moved. He couldn’t stop staring. The heat in his core grew brighter, bringing with it a new tension, a feeling that he needed *more*.

He continued playing with his big tits, groping himself, trying to squeeze every inch of his sister’s soft flesh. His pink nipples spiked to attention and when he skated his fingers over them he gasped as heat rippled through him. His nipples were so sensitive. His entire body on edge. Maybe the reason Brooke was so uptight was because she’d never had an orgasm before. Well, he would enjoy her first.

Gabe played with his nipples some more, squeezing them gently as his core began to throb with need. He pinched each nipple harder between his thumb and forefinger until they were dark red and the ache pulsed inside him. Sliding a hand beneath one tit, he hefted it up towards his mouth and lowered his head until he could wrap his lips around a pink nipple. His hot wet tongue hit his skin and he shivered, closing his eyes to savor the myriad sensations pummeling his body. His sister’s breast felt so good as he sucked on her tit. He nipped gently at his nipple, tasting the salt of her skin, enjoying the warm sensations that continued to build the tension within him. He sighed softly as he

sucked on one tit, then the other, moving back and forth, growing greedy for the body he now possessed. Goddamn, playing with tits was fun. Especially when they were his own.

He lay back on the bed and shimmied out of his tiny shorts, then did the same to his sister's lace panties. Lying back on the bed, his head propped up on a pillow, he stared down at Brooke's delicious body. His tits fell to each side, allowing him to gaze at his mound, his legs, his toes. The light blonde thatch of hair between his legs called to him. Yes, it was his sister's pussy, but it wouldn't be gross to use her hands to touch it.

Gabe gathered a tit in his hand and fondled himself as the other hand crept down his stomach, over his mound, fingers finding and following the coarse trail of hair down to his waiting pussy. He landed on his rubbery lips, stroking up and down, feeling around. The revulsion at being in his sister's body was waning because it just felt so damn good.

He sucked on his nipple again as his other hand traced his entrance up and down, fingers slowly sinking inside himself until he felt the moisture of his slippery folds. He dragged his dew up and down his entrance. Heat roiled his body now, the tension winding him up almost unbearably tight, making him wiggle as he touched himself, body on the edge of exploding.

Gabe sank two fingers inside himself and gasped, eyes going wide with wonder as he slid into his slick canal for the first time, feeling himself penetrate and being penetrated. His fingers pressed apart his canal as he slid in up to the second knuckle, crooking his fingers and feeling around until he found a spot that made him moan with pleasure.

He fingered his new pussy, sliding in and out of himself, fingers disappearing into his sister's cunt, reappearing slick with her juices. He moved faster as his body demanded more. He nipped his nipple harder, squeezed his tit, fingered himself quicker, deeper. His cries began rising in pitch and he thrust his head back into the pillow, eyes clenched shut as the lewd sounds of his pussy grew louder. He was sopping wet, his body building with need, the tension rising along with his voice until he exploded.

The orgasm was sudden and tremendous, a sweet relief that blew through him. His body convulsed, twisting and turning as he cried out. Splashes of liquid wet his thighs and the bed beneath him as he enjoyed a gushing, roaring orgasm. Every inch of his body was filled with desire, the tension releasing suddenly and wonderfully as he came hard in the best orgasm he'd ever enjoyed.

It was slow to release him. He was breathing fast, his face flushed, his thighs soaked. He raised his head and saw the wet patch between his legs where he'd gushed out. Jesus, if that's what his sister's orgasms were like, maybe he didn't want to go back to his body right away.

Dinner was an awkward affair. Gabe had changed into some looser pants and one of the few tee shirts he could find that didn't hug his enormous chest. He hadn't been able to figure out the bra yet so his nipples poked up from beneath the fabric. Brooke kept glaring at him across the table but she didn't say anything.

Gabe had trouble in his new body, continuing to accidentally hit his tits and send them wobbling whenever he brought his fork to his mouth. Then his nipples would rub against the fabric and make a pleasant heat deep inside him. Plus, everything tasted different through Brooke's tastebuds. He couldn't quite copy Brooke's mannerisms and their mom remarked on how quiet he was tonight.

"Just things on my mind, I guess," Gabe said.

After dinner, Brooke pulled him aside. "Tomorrow afternoon when mom and dad aren't home we can try to change back. Here." She thrust a piece of paper at him. "Memorize this."

"What is it?"

"It's a list of all my friends and what they're like. Plus my class schedule and other things you'll need to know for school tomorrow."

Of course. Gabe should have thought of that. Though, in a way, he did. He giggled at the thought.

"What's so funny?" Brooke asked.

"Nothing. Okay, I'll look at it."

"And you'll need to do the same for me."

"What? Oh. Yeah."

Along with her class and cheerleading schedule, Brooke listed about fifteen names of friends, many of them on the cheerleading squad, along with their likes, their boyfriends, their favorite songs, plus her locker location in the change room along with the combination to the lock, her assignments, and her homework. It was so much information. Too much. Like something he might have done.

Gabe's was much shorter. Two close friends. Their names. Class schedule. Computer club. That was all he could be bothered with.

It was so hard memorizing Brooke's list that night. Gabe kept finding his mind wandering. That wasn't like him. Usually, *he* was the planner and the memorizer, and it was his sister that was the airhead. Maybe they hadn't just traded brains but had also traded brain, like, filling-up-ness. Gabe was sure there was a word for that but couldn't remember what it was. It struck him that it was a lot more trouble to think about things too deeply in his sister's body, and much easier not to. Besides, things usually worked out for her like that.

The next morning, Brooke helped him pick out an outfit. She chose some long jeans and a loose top, laying them out on the bed.

“How do I, uh, do the...” Gabe held up her bra.

Brooke rolled her eyes and gave him a quick demonstration on herself. Then she left him to do it on his own, somehow feeling it wouldn't be right to do it in front of him while in his body. He did as she showed him, clasped it in front then turn it around, slipped his shoulders into the straps, then lifted each breast into the cups and adjust it. As his nipples scraped the soft cups a little thrill went through him. God, Brooke's nipples were sensitive.

Afterwards, Brooke helped do his hair and makeup.

“If you're going to be me you should be the best version of me,” she'd said as she'd carefully traced each eye with dark eyeliner.

Her makeup routine seemed to take *ages* but when she finished he was radiant. Well worth it.

The siblings shared a car, so Brooke drove to school, trying to give Gabe some last minute pointers that went right out of his head. His leg jiggled nervously at the thought of going out in public and pretending to act like Brooke.

Miles met him at the school entrance and kissed him on the lips. Gabe froze, unsure what to do as Miles gripped his waist and held him close. Gabe closed his eyes and kissed him back. It wasn't as gross as he'd feared. Better than last night. There was something nice in the way that his new soft body fit against Miles's hard one.

As Gabe walked through the hall, heads turned. Brooke's friends came up to him and he tried his best to greet them and mention things that his sister had briefed him on. Miles left his hand resting easily around Gabe's waist, which was sort of distracting in a strange and wonderful way. But still, Gabe felt like an imposter and was slightly surprised that no one called him out for acting odd. A few times someone cracked a joke he didn't get but he pretended to laugh along. Once, one of Brooke's close friends and a fellow cheerleader began a conversation with him about hair care products that made his eyes glaze over. He may have been in his sister's body and had her...um... like, level of smartness...but he didn't have her interests.

It didn't help that Gabe's new body was a distraction for him. Every twist of his hips, the way the shoulder strap of the backpack brushed against his breasts, the way his hair fell down one cheek. It all served to remind him of his new gender and sent little waves of warmth through him.

Even taking a seat in his sister's first class of the day, the other gaggle of girls sat next to him and he had to pretend to engage. Only when the bell rang and the teacher called for quiet did Gabe have some time to himself. His mind wandered as his teacher began talking about some book they were supposed to be reading.

Now that he was still, he was aware that the restlessness had built back up within him. Jesus, was Brooke always this horny? Gabe slipped his hands down to his lap and between his legs, trying to subtly push the jeans up against his crotch and get some relief. It was the wrong angle. The wrong pressure. There was no relief but there was a jump in pressure inside him. Fuck, he was just teasing himself. He tried again but couldn't do much without being obvious about it. By the end of class all he'd succeeded in doing was to make his body practically vibrate with a desire that he couldn't sate.

He barely listened to Brooke's friends as they split up in the hallway and moved to their next classes. Gabe couldn't concentrate in his next class, either, his body so wound up, desperate for release. But when he walked he felt his slickness, his body ripe and ready. The final push just wouldn't come. No way could he do a whole day on the edge like this.

As soon as the bell rang for lunch Gabe hightailed it out to the parking lot, ignoring Brooke's friends. He got to the car before his sister and drove it out of the parking lot before she arrived.

Miles texted him on the road, asking where he was. When Gabe arrived at his destination – a small strip mall – he texted Miles back, responding with something bland and promising to be back soon.

The strip mall held a sex shop that was just opening when Gabe strolled in. He walked right up to the woman behind the counter. He had no shame. This was his sister's body so when she got back it would be her embarrassment to deal with.

"I'm looking for some toys I can use discreetly," he said.

The sales woman showed him around, offering a variety of products. She was only too happy to talk about clitoral orgasms versus deep stimulation. Quick or slow. Hard or fast. Gabe wasn't quite sure what Brooke's body liked. At the moment, it seemed *anything* would do.

He paid with Brooke's money and walked out with a bag containing a vibrator, a vibrating ass plug, and two silicone vibrating nipple clamps. All could be operated through several apps he downloaded to his phone. Gabe drove out to the nearby park, which was empty at this time of day. In the car, he opened the packages and set out the toys on the seat. Then he yanked up his shirt and slid a hand into his bra, squeezing each tit until his nipples spiked out and warmth seized him. He latched the two vibrating nipple clamps onto each nipple and tucked his shirt back down over the whole setup. The clamps bulged out awkwardly from beneath his shirt, but Miles's borrowed letterman jacket was suitably baggy enough to hide it without looking suspicious.

Gabe set the nipple vibrators to low and immediately soft pulses squeezed each nipple, lighting up his body with desire.

"Oh fuck," he sighed, easing himself back into the seat to enjoy the pulses.

After a few seconds he roused himself. He needed to get everything else ready before it was time to return to class. Next, he slid down his pants and teased his entrance with the tip of the vibrator until he was wet. It didn't take much before his sister's pussy opened for him. Slowly, he eased the two-pronged vibrator up through his slick canal, pausing every now and then, biting his plump lower lip and arching his back as the desire nearly crested and took him. Finally, one prong was lodged deep inside him, the other curved around to rest on his clit. Lastly, Gabe took the vibrating butt plug and gently eased it into his asshole. This took a little more work. He waited every now and then to relax before easing it in further, until just the broad base was protruding. He sat back down gingerly, the pressure of the seat pushing both vibrators up deeper inside him and making his body hum with electric sensations. God, everything about Brooke was so sensitive.

Gabe set everything to low power and sat back in the seat with a serene smile on his face as every part of him was stimulated at once. The pulses gently flowed from his nipples to his core and back up. It was difficult to drive back and by the time he reached the school grounds his body was about ready to explode.

Easing himself out of the car, he carefully walked back into school just as the warning bell rang signaling time to get to the next class. He took smaller steps, each motion of his body shifting the buzzing toys inside him. By the time he made it into his seat, he'd acclimated to the low buzzing and needed more. Shooting a glance at the teacher to make sure she wasn't looking, he slid Brooke's phone out of his backpack and bumped up all the vibrations. He'd intended to just slide them up one notch but the app was poorly designed and the slider small, so he accidentally set them all to high.

His entire body hummed, the vibrations making him freeze, his mouth dropping open, eyes closing as pleasure blasted through him, immediate and intense. Jesus, every inch of his body felt wonderful, sending him right to the edge of orgasm. He needed to reduce this or he'd never reach the end of class.

"Brooke. Hand me your phone."

Gabe opened his eyes to find his teacher, Mr. Macintyre, standing over him, his hand out.

“You know the rule,” Mr. Macintyre continued. “You can have it back at the end of the day.”

Mr. Macintyre plucked the phone out of Gabe’s hand. Gabe’s body was on fire and all he could do was mutter an ‘ooh’ that was half-disappointment half-lust. All the class’s eyes were on him and he gripped the desk, staring straight ahead, trying his best not to react as delicious fire burned through him. He didn’t even need to touch himself. The toys did it all for him. His nipples were sharp as diamonds, the pain throbbing through to join the pleasure in his groin. He could feel the slickness of his pussy lips whenever he shifted in his seat, the hard rubber filling both his holes, making more juices trickle down.

He couldn’t shut the things off, nor could he reach in and take them out. He was stuck with the vibrators on full blast while pleasure twisted through him, threatening to spill out from his pretty lips.

“Pop quiz,” Mr. Macintyre announced.

The collective groan from the class muffled Gabe’s moan of desire. The quiz was passed out, giving Gabe an excuse to lower his head so that his blonde hair obscured his face. His pencil poised uselessly over the quiz, he shut his eyes and bit his lip while pleasure hammered him from every orifice.

His sister’s body was awash in waves of pleasure, building and building towards a thunderous release. His nipples were on fire, painfully throbbing in a way that made his whole body ache. He loved it. He was powerless to stop it.

He gripped the desk with his free hand as the desire crested and first wave of orgasm thundered through him. He bit his lip harder, stifling a gasp as his body shook with pleasure. It was delicious. Like every nerve was awash in pleasure. He convulsed lightly, trying to keep himself still even as his legs jerked slightly and he felt gushes of hot liquid shoot from his pussy. He squirted hard as he came, unable to stop himself, orgasming in the middle of class.

Then when the first wave ended another began. He moaned, biting it off by gritting his teeth. He couldn’t help himself. A student to his right glanced over at him but Gabe studiously ignored him, focusing on his own pleasure. He didn’t care about the quiz anymore. He couldn’t think of anything except how much his body desperately needed another release.

His core wound up, the tension grown by the ache of his nipples and the throbbing in his ass and cunt. He felt so unbelievably, wonderfully full. Like his body *needed* to be stuffed with vibrators. He grinded himself harder against the seat, forcing the vibrator in his ass deeper, the one in his pussy to press up hard against his clit. This orgasm was more explosive and he gasped, bringing up one hand to bite his lip as pleasure washed through him again. Again he gushed, liquid soaking his jeans as he came hard and nearly silently. His body throbbed as the tension released and pleasure flowed through him.

And then another one. And another. He couldn’t shut off the toys. He was stuck in a cycle of nearly delirious pleasure. He wiggled in his chair, shoving the ass plug harder into his tight hole to try to fill every inch of his body.

So it went for the quiz. He barely was able to write Brooke’s name in shaky handwriting and there was no way he could even read the questions. He was stuck like that for the entirety of the class, barely able to pay attention as his body shook with one orgasm after another. At one point his eyes rolled back in his head and he nearly passed out from the pleasure.

When the class ended he was surrounded by Brooke’s friends, who ushered him to the next class. He had enough sense to hold his backpack in front of his crotch so no one could see the torrent he’d

gushed down his jeans. But that was the extent of his ability to think. For the rest of the day he came hard and repeatedly, until he was nearly boneless, his hair damp and clinging to his forehead with sweat. His jeans were so drenched that they'd turned completely dark which, he supposed, hid the fact that they were wet. His shoes squished at each step but he held his head high, pretending nothing was unusual. Maybe there were a few people pointing and laughing. He couldn't think about that. He had another orgasm rushing towards him.

At one point Miles met up with him in the hallway and pulled him in for a kiss. Their lips met. Miles was warm and firm and had an intoxicating masculine scent. Maybe there kiss was helped by the timing of yet another massive orgasm, but suddenly Gabe wanted everything about Miles and he slid his tongue into the young man's mouth and gripped his shirtfront to hold him close, their lips locked together. They made out deeply, heedless of anyone who might be looking, Gabe lost in the throes of pleasure, desperate for Miles to ravish his horny body.

When the final bell of the day rang Gabe slunk back to Mr. Macintyre's class and asked for his phone back. He could barely speak. His breathy voice no more than a squeak, lips clamping shut as another wave of orgasm crested through him. Mr. Macintyre looked at him strangely but didn't ask any questions. As soon as Gabe got his phone back he flipped open the apps and shut off all the vibrators. Sweet relief flooded him. He was calm and collected for the first time since he'd landed in her body. All he'd needed were a couple dozen orgasms. God, his sister's body truly was a delight.

Immediately after school, Brooke began sending texts demanding to know where Gabe was and telling him to meet at the car so they could get home and try to swap back. But Gabe was having second thoughts. A day of the most blissful orgasm had changed his mind about being in his sister's body. What was a few more days?

Gabe made a quick trip to the locker room and used the info Brooke had given him to find her locker. He yanked the wet jeans and his panties off and changed into the only clothes Brooke had at the school: her cheerleading skirt. He also took the opportunity to slide the vibrators out of his pussy and ass, and the nipple clamps from his tits. He caught sight of his sister's half-naked body in the mirror as he washed the toys and he laughed. The sight of her massive tits swaying down in front of him, her little bubble butt sticking out behind, was a delicious sight and made that ache begin in his core again. Damn, how horny *was* she?

Gabe dumped the jeans and the panties deep into the trashcan and left. The cheerleading skirt whispered across his thighs. He needed to be careful how he sat because, without panties, he'd be flashing everyone if he spread his legs.

Miles caught up with him in the hallway.

"Hey beautiful," he said, kissing Gabe on the lips. That pulsing tension returned with a vengeance. Fuck. He needed Miles.

Gabe responded to Brooke's increasingly angry texts with his plan to hang out with Miles. Brooke was livid.

[Make an excuse and leave] she texted.

[No. You told me to help your relationship so that's what I'm doing] Gabe replied with a smile as he slipped into Miles's Mercedes.

[I'll do it once we swap back]

[Too late I'm going home with him]

[Get back here!!]

"Who's that?" Miles asked.

"Just my bitch of a sis—brother," Gabe replied, fiddling with his phone in exasperation. "How do I silence her?"

Gabe could have sworn that he used to know how to do this. Working the phone used to seem so simple even an idiot could do it. Why did it seem so complicated in his sister's body? Come to think of it, his sister was constantly having trouble figuring out simple things on her phone. It was becoming more and more likely that, in addition to her body, he'd also swapped her dumb blonde brain.

"I'll show you," Miles offered.

At the next stop light, Gabe handed over his phone and Miles set Brooke to 'ignore'.

"You made it look so easy," Gabe laughed.

Miles laughed and stroked Gabe's bare thigh, making Gabe's body hum with pleasure. The memories of their orgasmic hallway kiss still filled him. Gabe had stuffed his sister's body with toys and hadn't had any interest in men. But now he wondered what it would be like to stuff his sister's body with something else.

Miles was handsome but a man of few words. That suited Gabe just fine. It meant he didn't have to pretend to know what Miles was talking about. Besides, Miles was enchanted by Gabe's body and Gabe was positive Miles wasn't dating Brooke for her mind. As Gabe was rapidly discovering, there wasn't a whole lot there to enjoy.

Miles lived in a stately home near the top of the hill, a gaudy mansion with sprawling wings to either side. It was easily twice as big as Gabe's house. Miles pulled into one of the four garages, next to a gleaming Porsche.

Miles led the way inside and Gabe grabbed his hand, twining their fingers together as they walked through the massive house and up the winding staircase to Miles's room. It was as huge and gaudy as Gabe had expected judging by the rest of the house. A walk-in closet bigger than Gabe's bedroom was at one end. A huge television screen affixed to one wall. The plush carpets were vacuumed in a zigzag pattern and everything was immaculate.

"Wow, do you really sleep here or is this just for display?" Gabe asked.

Miles laughed that rich, deep laugh of his that made Gabe's body pulse. Goddamn, that tension was already building inside him. It made Miles look even more delicious, with his chiseled jaw, thick shoulders and broad torso that screamed raw power. Brooke's body was insatiable.

"I really sleep here. The maids clean it every day." Miles dropped his backpack on the floor and turned his deep brown eyes to Gabe. "Do you want anything to eat or drink?"

"The only thing I want to eat..." Gabe purred, sidling up to Miles, "...is you."

Gabe's soft tits pressed against Miles's chest as he brought their lips together. Gabe opened his mouth and trembled as their tongues met, heat sparking in his center. The last time he'd kissed Miles his every hole had been stuffed and he'd enjoyed a tremendous orgasm as he inhaled Miles's masculine scent. As Gabe kissed Miles again, his body enjoyed that same response. It was like that dog that salivated at the sound of the bell. Named after some scientist whose name had forever escaped Gabe's sister's brain. Just the scent of Miles made Gabe tremble.

They clung to each other, Miles's strong hands tracing every curve of Gabe's body, down to his delicious plump ass where he squeezed. Gabe sighed into Miles's mouth, his own hands pressed against Miles's broad chest. Brooke's body was meant to do this. She was built for it.

As the heat inside him grew, Gabe's nipples hardened once again, becoming so sensitive as they brushed against Miles's solid body. Gabe moaned into Miles's mouth as they made out like lovers, savoring each other. Gabe felt Miles's desperation for him in the squeeze of his hands, the urgency of his kiss, and the soft groan that spilled from his lips.

Miles's hand wandered down Gabe's skirt, found his bare ass, and slid back up, squeezing both ass cheeks while Gabe giggled. An airy, encouraging sound. Gabe reached for his shirt and began pulling it up over his head. In a sudden flurry of activity, the two undressed themselves, tossing aside their shirts before slamming together again in another deep kiss. Gabe pulled away and held up his silky hair so that Miles could unclasp his bra. Then Gabe shrugged it to the floor and turned, enjoying Miles's look of utter longing as he gaped at Gabe's perfect tits.

Miles licked his lips and then dived in, plunging his head between Gabe's massive breasts, kissing and grabbing and sucking as much as he could. Gabe's tits bounced on his chest as Miles feasted on him, popping each pink nipple into his mouth and sucking. Gabe clasped him to his chest and sighed as sweet tension wound itself up within him, driving him on. It was so incredibly sexy to watch Miles worship his body, to stare down at the two proud tits, to know that they were his and they were delightful, to feel the buzzing heat as Miles caressed and groped him.

Gabe grabbed Miles's cheeks and brought them up to his own. They kissed again, Miles's hands still squeezing Gabe's breasts. Then Gabe laughed and gently pushed Miles backwards onto the bed. It bounced beneath Miles and he looked up with a happy grin as Gabe unbuttoned Miles's pants. Miles shimmied out of them, his cock rising proudly from beneath his underwear. Gabe yanked that down, too, and Miles's dick sprang up in front of Gabe's little nose. It looked so big from this perspective, the mighty head swollen and red, calling out to Gabe.

Gabe, his skirt still on, straddled Miles, trapping his cock between them so he could grind his dripping pussy along the swollen length. Miles moaned, low and guttural, as he gripped Gabe's hips. Gabe's tits dangled above Miles's face as he grinded back and forth on Miles's cock. Every time the head of Miles's dick hit Gabe's swollen clit made the tension within him wind up tighter. Gabe was so empty. He needed to be filled. His sister's body yearned to be fucked.

Gabe shifted, reaching beneath his skirt to grab Miles's cock and aim it towards his pussy, feeling the head slide up against his sopping wet entrance. The head parted his lips, inching inside him. There was a second where Gabe wondered whether he was ready for a man inside him, but then his sister's instincts took over. He *needed* this.

Gabe dropped down, sheathing Miles inside him to the hilt and dragging a loud moan from Gabe's lips. The warm shaft pressed apart his canal, sliding up through him, curving around to fit him perfectly until the head of Miles's cock rested against the dimpled nub of Gabe's pleasure.

Miles reached up to suck on Gabe's tits as he thrust up, their bodies joining in a rhythm, easing Miles in and out of Gabe. Gabe closed his eyes, savoring the thousands of sensations spilling through him, the deep pleasure rising up, the tension cresting. Miles nipped Gabe's nipple and Gabe came suddenly, a tiny 'oh!' spilling from his lips, like an accident, as his body shook, his cunt squeezing around Miles's cock as deep delight shook him.

They rocked together, Miles deep in Gabe's core, their mingled heat throbbing together, joined by the steady rhythm of their bodies. In and out, each time driving the tension higher again. Now Gabe clutched at Miles, begged for more.

"Fuck me," Gabe panted. "Fuck me, hard. Harder!" He demanded, driving down, his sister's voice needy, his body desperate to fill every inch of his slick hole with Miles's throbbing cock until the tension spiked within him and released him suddenly.

Gabe came hard, vaguely aware that Miles was coming with him. The cock inside throbbed, filling him with hot cum as Gabe panted and moaned, driving down, his entire body shaking, his cries uncontrollable as the orgasm took him away completely. He clutched at his own tits, suddenly greedy for them, squeezing hard and enjoying his own soft body as he came and rode the cock beneath him. Every inch of his body was awash in pleasure. It was all he wanted, all he needed, all his sister's body was made for. The orgasm was exquisite, lasting forever as he shut his eyes and savored each burst of Miles's dick.

When the orgasm finally released him, he realized he was utterly exhausted. He rolled off Miles and flopped onto the bed on his back, tits flopping down either side of his chest. They both lay there, legs entangled, breathing hard and gazing up at nothing.

Finally, Miles rolled over and placed his hand on one of Gabe's tits. Gabe turned his head.

“You’re amazing,” Miles breathed.

Amazing. No one had ever called him that before. No one had ever looked at him the way Miles looked at him now. A deep, penetrating gaze that hinted at a longing for every inch of Gabe’s body. He’d never been pretty. And he was enjoying it.

“You’re not so bad yourself,” Gabe smiled, shifting enough to kiss Miles once again. This kiss was slow. Sweet. They savored each other like the young lovers they were.

Gabe continued making excuses for not trying to switch back, continually putting it off or avoiding Brooke. He was having too much fun in his sister's body. He barely did his homework, frequently missed assignments, and failed tests he could have easily passed with his old brain. All because he was spending all his free time with Miles. And, frankly, because he now had his sister's lack of smarts.

Gabe and Miles took to fucking every day after school. Sometimes at Miles's house. Sometimes in Miles's car parked in a secluded spot. But Gabe was voracious and he even convinced Miles to start fucking him in school in between classes, dragging him into the toilets so Miles could plow him from behind, Gabe's tits swinging with each thrust of Miles's mighty cock.

Word got around school and people began talking. Brooke's friends began deserting him. He lost his spot on the cheerleading team for lack of practice. His frequent orgasms in class got him known as the orgasm girl. Gabe didn't care. Miles loved him. Miles had an amazing cock and used it to fuck him. Those were the only things he cared about.

After a few weeks in Brooke's body Gabe now thought of it as his own, but he still got just as horny looking at himself. Brooke had given up trying to swap them back. Or, at least, she stopped bugging him so much.

It was weird, though, after a few weeks his bras suddenly stopped fitting. After another tryst one day even Miles commented on how much bigger his tits were. Also his belly, usually trim and fit, was beginning to extend. It took way longer than it should have to realize he was pregnant. In fact, it was the doctor who was scheduled to do the breast reduction that had mentioned it to his parents. They couldn't operate on him when he was pregnant. Gabe considered it a victory. He liked his giant tits. They brought him so much pleasure, made others so jealous, and captured attention wherever he went. Now no one could take them away.

Miles did the right thing and married him, and they lived in Miles's parent's palatial house once Gabe's parents kicked him out. That was fine. He couldn't stand the sight of his old body giving him disdainful looks anyway.

Gabe had to drop out of school to take care of the baby, which was a chore. But Miles got him a nanny to do most of the work. On the other hand, Miles also enjoyed sucking on Gabe's fat, milk-heavy tits. For want of something to do during those long days when the baby was under care by the nanny and Miles was in school, Gabe took to the internet and found fame as an online model.

He enjoyed making dirty talk with his followers and doing seductive stripteases for money. Pictures were no problem. Gabe loved showing off his body. And the naked pictures fetched the best price. He shot up in popularity and all it took was getting naked and touching himself. Something he was going to do anyway. It was even hotter knowing there were strangers watching him and masturbating to his delightful body.

Brooke eventually found out about his new online job. She sent him a series of abusive texts. How dare you do that with my body. You're a slut. I hate you. Blah, blah, blah.

Gabe no longer had the brains for much, but he had the body for the internet. His fan base grew. He began selling merchandise. Signing deals with brands. People liked him. People enjoyed watching him.

Miles couldn't handle it and eventually they divorced. Finding another husband was easy, the hard part was finding the *right* one. Gabe had to fuck his way through quite a few men before he found one. He had another kid. Fucked around on the side with a fan for a massive payment and got pregnant again. Kicked out again. He was too dumb to reliably figure out birth control.

As Brooke went through college and gained prestige as a researcher, Gabe's body matured and aged. It still gave him pleasure. He still shoved the dildos into his gaping pussy and left them on all day to enjoy a hundred orgasms. But the fans gradually left for someone newer. He ended up working a low paying job where he got hit on by his boss, an aging ex-marine, and was too dumb—and too horny—to say 'no'. They fucked in his office, Gabe's cries ringing through the rest of the cubicles outside. Again, the whispers started. He was the office slut, the butt of every joke.

But Gabe never went back to his own body. Never saw the need. Whenever he was down about his new life all he had to do was touch himself. Squeeze his own tits. Sit in front of the mirror and watch his hands play across his sister's breasts. And then he would cum. Again and again. Until the depression was replaced with post-orgasmic bliss. It was better than therapy, and it was all he needed to be happy.

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Thank you!

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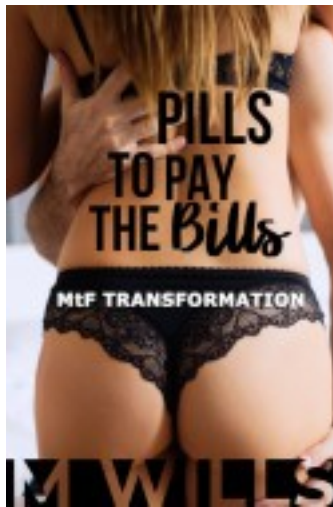
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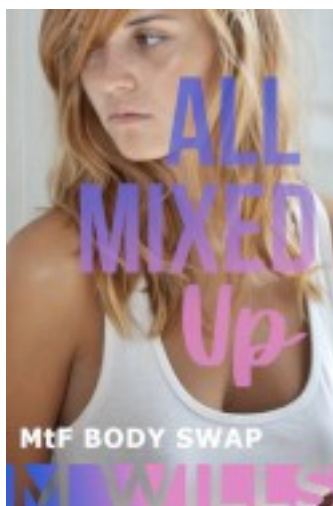
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