



SOMEONE
else

**A BODY THEFT
STORY COLLECTION**

IMMORTALS

Someone Else

by M. Wills

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Substitute Teacher

“What makes you so sure this will work?” Will mumbled around a mouthful of chips, spraying crumbs onto the couch he was sitting on.

“Oh, gross!” James sputtered, dodging out of the way of his tubby friend's crumbs and wrinkling his freckled nose at Will's manners.

“There was something about the whole store that seemed magical,” Greg answered without looking up from the basement floor where he was carefully using a piece of red chalk to draw a series of triangles set inside a larger circle.

“Right,” Seth said, “A magic store in the middle of the world's most boring mall.”

“World's *biggest*, most boring mall,” Will added with a derisive snort, stuffing another handful of chips into his mouth.

“Gimme one of those,” James said, holding out his hand for Will's bag of chips. Will handed the bag over and James plunged his hand in and came up empty. “Hey!”

Will snorted laughter as James threw the empty bag back at him.

“Ok,” Greg finished the last line and stood up, his lanky body unfolding slowly. He ran a hand through his thick shock of black hair as he compared the drawing he'd made with the diagram on the scroll he'd purchase from the magic shop. Finally, he nodded, satisfied. The large chalk circle had been split into four semi-overlapping triangles, with a smaller circle in the middle.

“Isn't it supposed to be a pentagram?” Seth asked, adjusting his thick glasses. “I thought all magic used pentagrams. All black magic anyway. And that's what this is. Isn't it?”

“Does one of us have to sell our soul or anything?” James asked.

“Not it!” Will shouted.

“The instructions said souls weren't necessary,” Greg replied.

When Greg first told them he'd found a spell that could transfer one person into another person's body they were all skeptical. But he'd been oddly insistent. The others had humored him throughout the week as they discussed who they would possess and what they would do. The consensus finally landed on Elizabeth Packard, their math teacher.

She always seemed so prim and proper, with her long, dark hair tied back in a tight bun and her shapeless, flower-print dresses that every so often would cling to her figure, hinting at the voluptuous body beneath. She seemed younger than most of the other teachers, probably in her late

twenties, and all four of the guys had a crush on her. She had a stunning oval face with dark brown eyes, full lips and a straight nose. Her ample bosom could sometimes be seen pressed against the fabric of her dress when she walked. Rumor had it she used to be a cheerleader throughout college and all four of the guys had satisfied themselves to thoughts of her at one point or another.

It had seemed like a joke, the idea of possessing her body. But now, standing in the basement looking at the carefully drawn figure on the floor and the wrinkled scroll in Greg's hand, it all suddenly seemed very real. Even Will, normally the clown of the group, was subdued as he stared down at the chalk marks on the basement floor.

"What do we do now?" Seth asked.

"We put the picture in the middle. And we chant. The spell should last four days...so until midnight Tuesday." Greg turned to Will. "Do you have the picture?"

Will shuffled around and pushed his flabby hand into a hip pocket, withdrawing a creased sheet of paper and handing it to Greg. James stood and looked over Greg's shoulder at the picture.

"You can't even tell that's her!" James complained, looking at the blurry picture.

"I had to take it quick while her back was turned. My mom would be real pissed if she confiscated another phone."

"It's her," Greg said quietly, "I recognize the dress. It looked less blurry on Tuesday, though."

"You wanted a picture, I got a picture. Excuuuse me if it's not a perfect headshot."

Greg placed the picture in the smaller circle and directed the others to sit inside one of the triangles. Once they were seated he passed around copies of the paper onto which he'd transcribed the words from the scroll they were all supposed to chant.

"So who's going to...uh...you know?" Seth asked, pushing his glasses up his sweaty nose once more. He looked around at the others but none of them met his eye. Either they didn't want to or they were too afraid of what the others would think if they volunteered.

Finally, Greg shrugged. "We'll just see what happens."

With that, Greg started chanting the words on the paper and the other guys joined in. As they read, a wind seemed to seep into the room out of nowhere, buffeting their clothes. They held tight to the paper and

continued chanting, a look of wonder spreading across each face as it dawned on them that this could actually work. When they reached the end of the chant the wind suddenly ceased. Greg looked up. Will was gone.

Will felt himself being flung through the air, though he didn't seem to have any physical form. He was being pulled at a lightning pace towards some destination. Houses and streets and other people whizzing by in a blur, more sensed than seen. And suddenly he slammed to a stop and gasped, his body—for he had a body once more—lurching up, his hands bracing against soft sheets.

He was in a dark, unfamiliar bedroom. The figure of a man under the covers next to him turned his head and sleepily asked “You ok?”

“Yeah, I'm--” Will paused, hearing his teacher's voice coming from his lips. “I'm fine. I just need...a drink.”

He shuffled to the floor and stood unsteadily on long legs. He could feel his hair whispering across his face, and a long t-shirt draped over his body that fell down to his thighs. It brushed against his legs as he made his way crookedly towards the dim outline of the bedroom door. He felt strangely off-balance and there was an unfamiliar weight hanging from his chest that wobbled at each step.

Half feeling his way out the door and down the hall, he soon found the bathroom. He padded in and quietly shut the door, then flicked on the light. When his eyes had adjusted to the sudden brightness, he gaped into the mirror and saw Elizabeth Packard staring back at him. She wore an old t-shirt that left her slender arms free and barely reached her thighs. Her mouth was halfway open in surprise.

“Ho-ly shit,” he said, watching the mirror image of his teacher mimic his every move. “Wh-hoa, I'm fucking hot,” he giggled, hearing his prim and proper teacher swearing. He brought his hands up to his face and felt the smooth contours of her soft features. He looked down at the shirt he was wearing, at the two bumps pressing against the fabric on his chest, then quickly pulled the shirt off over his head and dropped it to the floor, freeing his breasts. Now he stood, topless, in his hot teacher's body, wearing nothing but a pair of blue lace panties that tapered between his slim thighs. His tits seemed massive, even bigger than Will had imagined them, though maybe it was just viewing him from his new perspective. Taking them in each hand he found they were plump but firm. The small, pink areolae stood out against his pale skin. He pushed one of his tits with a slender finger and watched it wobble hypnotically. He swayed his chest from side to side and watched his tits bounce against each other, sending gentle ripples across the wide expanse of creamy skin. He

whipped his chest back once, too fast, and a quick flash of pain hit him as his breasts slammed against each other.

“Oww,” he grabbed his breasts. “Sorry, ladies,” he smiled down at them. He ran his hand across his trim tummy. Will thought his new body's weight was better distributed than his old, and briefly wondered why Elizabeth always wore such shapeless, baggy clothes in school. Then he reflected that if she wore anything that showed off her figure the teenage guys would never get their work done. He looked back up at Elizabeth's pretty face in the mirror. She had a cute face, with a straight nose and slender, arched eyebrows. Now that Will had her alone, there was one thing that he'd always wanted to do.

Will noticed her bottle of body lotion on the counter, the coconut scented moisturizer that always reminded him of her. He'd found out which brand she used and bought the same one, using it whenever he took himself in hand and thought of her. He didn't need it now that he had the real deal, but he picked it up anyway and, still naked but for his panties, quietly carried it further down the hall, into the living room and away from Elizabeth's sleeping husband.

He turned on a corner lamp so he could see his new body, then lay down on the couch and squirted some moisturizer onto his long fingers before massaging it onto his breasts. God, that felt good as he made Elizabeth's fingers gently squeeze and press her own firm tits. He circled his fingers over and around his weighty flesh until his skin was shiny with the oil and his nipples perked out. A fire began burning between his legs. He looked down at his long body stretched out on the cushions of the couch. He was such a hotty; the body he'd spent so much time—too much time, perhaps—fantasizing about was now his to do as he wished. Will was glad he was the one chosen. The other guys were going to miss out. For now, anyway.

Will cupped one enormous breast and pushed it towards his face. By bending his head down he was able to take Elizabeth's plump nipple between his lips and suck on her tender skin. He let his teeth graze gently against his swollen nipple, sending runners of pain down towards his new sex where it mingled with the warmth and spread throughout his body. With the finger and thumb of his other hand he squeeze his other nipple, gently at first, but increasing the pressure, his body getting off on the pain as he wriggled his ass into the cushions. A sigh escaped Will's lips as delight flared bright through him and he felt a delightful itch

growing deep inside him.

Still suckling one nipple, he slid his other hand beneath his panties, his searching fingers landing first on the coarse trail of Elizabeth's pubes, which he followed over his mound and down into his pussy. His fingers slid onto his already swelling clit and he gasped as he entered himself for the first time and felt his warmth surround him.

Will let his fingers push against his clit, following the rhythm of his body as he grew wet for himself. He moaned around the nipple in his mouth and pushed another finger inside his body, then another, rubbing his aching clit harder and harder, each thrust only making him hornier, hornier, until finally he crested and groaned as he climaxed hard. Unlike his male orgasm, this was a full body experience as pleasure washed through him and he writhed and moaned, his entire body on fire with lust as he chased the pleasure through him until it was gone.

This is going to be awesome, he thought, pulling his fingers out of himself and staring down at his beautiful exposed pussy. He stretched and made his way to the kitchen, admiring the way his new body moved and swayed. Opening the fridge, he saw several bottles of amber ale.

This just got even more awesome, he thought, grabbing one and settling Elizabeth's sexy, mostly naked body onto the couch to watch some late night television. He fell asleep with the taste of beer on his lips, and his hand down his panties, stroking his soft, new pussy.

"Liz. Liz." a man's voice called softly to Will. He was being gently shaken by someone.

Will opened his eyes and saw a strange man leaning over him. He was dark featured and his two bushy eyebrows were furrowed in concern. Will jolted awake, forgetting for an instant what had happened, until it all came tumbling back along with the strange wobbling on his chest. He looked down and saw his beautiful breasts. He grasped them in both hands.

"Oh, right," he said.

"Are you ok? You didn't come back to bed last night." The man said.

Will wished he had Liz's memories to guide him. He assumed the man standing over him was Elizabeth's husband.

"I just, uh, couldn't sleep," Will said, running his tongue around his dry mouth. Even his mouth felt different, the shape of his teeth and his

different sized tongue all conspired to make a heady mix of new sensations.

The man glanced at the three empty beer cans on the coffee table, then back at Will. "There are better ways to get to sleep. Anyway, you're going to be late for work."

"Right. Right." Will sat up and placed his feet on the floor, then struggled to stand. "His" husband grabbed his arm and helped him to his feet. Will couldn't help but notice Liz's husband's gaze flicking down to his bare breasts. Will had never had anyone admire his body before and it felt nice in a way, even though it wasn't really *his* body. He'd always been the fat, funny one that girls would laugh at but never look at. Being desired for his body was something Will thought he could get used to.

As he turned to walk back down the hallway towards his bedroom, Liz's husband gave him a playful smack on the ass. Will gasped and turned to face him, blushing wildly.

"What?" the man said, "You've got a cute butt."

Will closed his mouth and smiled, then sauntered down the hallway, amplifying the swaying of his body to cartoonish proportions, bouncing off each wall as Liz's husband laughed behind him.

After brushing his teeth and his hair, Will stood with his hands on the hips and stared at his teacher's makeup. Powders and brushes and tubes of all sort were set out on one of the bathroom shelves and Will had no idea where to start. He was interrupted by "his" husband's head poking through the door.

"Aren't you going to be late?"

"I'll be fine," Will said, waving him away.

"Ok. Bye." his husband said, then darted in and kissed him on the lips.

Will was taken aback at having a man kiss him for the first time, but it was over before he could really register what had happened, leaving only the lingering scent of a woody cologne. He heard "his" husband walk out the door as Will continued to feel the ghostly imprint of his stubbled cheek.

I really should find out his name, I can't really call him 'Mr. Packard', Will thought and chuckled softly at the idea, his nose wrinkling up in delight. Will gave up on the makeup—he was pretty enough anyway—and searched through the bedroom and the study for something that had his

husband's name on it, finally coming up with an electricity bill in the name of "Chris Packard". That answered one question at least. By now it was getting late in the morning and seemed too nice of a day to go to school. How did teachers call in sick?

He found Liz's phone on the nightstand and unlocked it with his slim thumbprint. Flicking through the contacts he found one for the school. He dialed it and after a few rings it was picked up by a woman. He recognized the gruff voice of Mrs. Weathersby, the principal's assistant. Will had heard her loads of times while sitting in the outer office waiting to be called in to talk to the principal for one reason or another.

"Hi, Mrs. Weathersby, it's Mrs.-- Liz-- Elizabeth. Packard." What did teachers call each other?

"Good morning, Liz," Mrs. Weathersby replied, much more pleasantly than how she'd ever spoken to Will in his own body.

Will tried to remember how Liz spoke and attempted to take on some of her proper affectations. "I'm terribly afraid I shan't be able to make it in to school today. I have a bit of an illness." Here he coughed, daintily into a tiny fist. It was perhaps laying it on too thick, but Mrs. Weathersby didn't question it.

"Oh, I'm sorry, dear. I'll take care of your sub."

"Thank you," Will said.

Skipping class as a teacher was much easier than skipping as a student.

Will wandered through his teacher's house, still topless, rummaging through her drawers and exploring her life while he occasionally played with his new tits. In the backyard he found a pool, then ran inside to find a swimsuit, his breasts bouncing painfully up and down due to the absence of a bra. In one of Liz's drawers he found a black two piece bathing suit. He slid the bottoms on and arranged them over his ass, sliding his finger around to pull the slick fabric out of the crack of his ass and then adjusting his breasts in the top. He stood in the mirror and a shiver of excitement shot through his body as he gazed at his normally prim and proper teacher clad in a bathing suit that revealed her trim stomach, her bubble butt and her ample breasts. His friends needed to see this.

Will tried to text his friends, only to realize that he didn't know any of their numbers. They were all stored in his own phone. After some thought he signed in to his email. It took several tries—when was the last time he had to put in his password?—but eventually he got in and emailed James, Greg and Seth, pausing to search for his teacher's address

on her phone, before telling them to come over and bring their bathing suits.

It wasn't long before he heard their voices outside the door, followed by a tentative knocking. No doubt they'd ditched school and, why not? Will could just write them notes now.

"Hello, boys," Will said as he opened the front door to let his friends in.

His friends all let out excited cries of astonishment as they tromped in and circled Will, ogling his body. Three pairs of hands pinched his ass and wobbled his breasts as he smiled, letting them touch and manipulate his teacher's body for a minute or two as the bulges beneath their bathing suits grew.

"What does it feel like?" Greg asked.

"Wobbly," Will laughed, jiggling his breasts.

"So, you can get, like beer and stuff?" James chimed in.

"Beer's in the fridge. Help yourself, then let's go get wet!"

“Cannonball!” Will shouted in Liz's high pitched voice as he held his knees to his chest and splashed into the pool. He came up laughing and swam backwards to the side of the pool, his bare breasts glistening in the sun. On the requests of his friends, he'd shed his bathing suit some time ago.

When his friends failed to respond to his antics he looked up and noticed they'd gone deathly quiet.

“What's going on here?” A deep male voice boomed.

Will clung to the side of the pool and looked up at Liz's husband, Chris, who was striding quickly towards him.

“Liz, what are--?”

Chris paused, his mouth dropping open and his eyes going wide as Will grabbed the ladder and hauled himself out of the pool, revealing his completely naked body. Water sluiced down his breasts and pooled at his feet as he lifted his arms and squeezed the water out of his hair, jutting out his breasts in the process.

“Hey, honey,” Will smiled.

Chris's eyes went from his wife, to the other boys standing around the pool, then back to his wife.

“Have you gone crazy? Get dressed,” he hissed, grabbing her hand.

Will pulled it away. “No.”

“You are naked in front of your students. What the hell are you thinking?”

“Oh, geeze, man lighten up. They're just tits. And you know what? I'm not your wife, so you can't shame me into doing anything, either.”

“What?”

“You think Mrs. Packard would do this?” Will asked, spreading his arms to present his bare body. “We found a spell to take over her body. So, I think you better let us keep having fun here, or maybe we'll have to find other ways to have fun with your wife's body.”

“It's okay, Will, we'll go home,” Greg said.

Will turned to him. “No! You're staying here, man. It's my house. Chris, if you want your wife back, you better get on my good side. You can start by going getting us some pizzas. I need some food in my belly! And some more beer, this one's tapped.” Will chugged the rest of the can near his pool chair and tossed it into the bushes. He slapped his bare stomach as Chris turned pale, but he did as he was told.

Greg, Seth and James looked at each other nervously. Will turned to them and put his hand on his hip.

“Guys, chill the fuck out. I got an idea to calm you down.”

By the time Chris returned with pizza and beer, Will had moved the other guys inside. It was funny, he didn't know whether they responded to his authority as being their teacher or to his sex appeal. Whatever it was, they didn't question him and he had their undivided attention whenever he spoke, even without trying to crack jokes. He liked being the center of his attention, which is why, when Chris returned, Will was spread out on the couch with the other guys around him. He was still naked and his fingers were gently stroking Liz's pussy as the other guys looked on, their attention splitting from the TV to their nude friend. When Chris came around to the front of the TV he saw they were watching a threesome in some low budget porno.

“You can't do that!” Chris cried.

Will looked up at him. “Or what? You'll call the cops? Tell them someone took over your wife's body? Who do you think will get in trouble when they come in here and see a teacher masturbating with some students? Go hang out in your bedroom if you don't want to see it. Leave the pizza here though. Thanks. I love you.”

The bedroom door banged shut as Chris slammed it behind him. Will returned his attention to the porno, where a guy was banging some girl as she ate out another girl. Will's fingers slid around his gently warming sex. He liked watching the girl on girl action, but there was something about the guy's cock he couldn't look away from. He didn't really have an interest in guys, but his eyes kept drifting back to the man's snake as he pounded the woman and thoughts kept intruding into Will's mind about how good it might feel to be pounded like that.

He grew wet beneath his fingers and his clit budded out as he continued watching. His other hand slid down across his chest and over his breasts, circling and squeezing. Will looked over at Greg, who was sitting down by Liz's feet with his cock in his hand, slowly sliding his fingers up and down his shaft. But Greg was ignoring the movie, his eyes fixed on Will's luscious body. Will continued circling his fingers inside himself, felt Liz's moistness growing as his fingers dipped into his wet warmth. He stared at Greg and bit his finger coquettishly. There was a deep desire in Greg's

eyes that was driving Will wild. Will's pussy ached as he stroked it harder, his ass wriggling gently as he tried to scratch the familiar itch within his body.

There was movement out of the corner of Will's eye and he turned his head to see Seth and James were now standing over him, staring down at him and stroking their cocks. The bulging heads were pointed at Will, their attention and desire focused on his body. It made Will so hot being so sexy, so desirable. He slipped another finger inside himself and his other hand came back down to his breasts, squeezing each nipple until they grew erect. His friends continued stroking themselves above him, their cocks pearled with pre-cum. They were getting off on this, getting off on watching him play with his pussy.

Will's body burned and he thrust deeper, moans escaping his lips as his fingers flew faster and then the itch was at his fingers and he cried out as he came, digging into his cunt as a full body pleasure burned through him, making him writhe and moan on the couch. He released his breast and wrapped a slender hand around James' cock. It was warm beneath his fingers, with a pleasant soft-hardness. And then Will's friends grunted, their hands flying faster up and down their cocks and their legs buckled and they came, Greg first, followed quickly by James and Seth. Will directed James' pearly essence onto his laughing face while the other two spurted their hot seed across Will's breasts, his stomach, his face. He bathed in their seed, rubbing it across his face and over his nipples, moaning as the long, slow orgasm blasted through him and out, until there was nothing left but the memory of the warmth, and the stickiness up and down his body.

His friends grinned sheepishly as Will smiled Liz's prim smile up at them. Their cum dripped down his body in slow streaks and he could see the desire, latent now but still present, in their eyes.

After Will's friends left, he showered off and slipped into a pink night-dress before lying down in bed. Chris's back was to him and he didn't say a word.

The next morning, when Chris realized Will was going into school as Liz, he pleaded with him to get out of his wife's body. In truth, Will was almost ready to leave but he had one final thing he wanted to do in his teacher's body. He reluctantly agreed to leave her body after today, pretending as though the spell didn't have an end time, which was all the comfort he allowed Chris to enjoy.

With a few online tutorials Will managed to make himself look gorgeous. He combed his straight, black hair and slid a hair band topped with a blue ribbon into his hair before slipping into one of Liz's flowered dresses. He looked cute and innocent, prim and proper. The dress covered his large chest and billowed out down from his stomach to brush against his legs with each step. Will nodded at his appearance and set off to class.

Will managed to stumble through the lessons using the notes Liz kept in her desk drawer. He did a passable imitation of her, differing only in the way he singled out the kids he didn't like for ridicule, getting chalk on his dress when he let his breasts accidentally press against the blackboard, and occasionally pulling his G-string out of the crack of his ass. When Greg, James and Seth filed in for their class Will made a big show of greeting them, and a smaller show of changing their grades. When Karen, the class brown-noser, missed a question on her homework, Will took great pleasure in telling her and the entire class how disappointed he was. The bell finally rang to signal the end of school.

As everyone threw their books into their bags Will called out: "Greg, Seth and James. Can you stay after class a minute? I need to speak with you."

The rest of the class eyed them and quickly filed out of the room, leaving the foursome alone.

"The spell expires tonight at midnight, right?" He asked Greg. Greg nodded and Will continued. "Good, then we need to take advantage of our last day together. Get out your phones, we're going to make the best film ever."

Will locked the classroom door and pulled down the blinds as the others scrambled for their phones. He turned around and brushed back Liz's dark hair from his eyes, then sauntered towards Greg, who was seated at a desk in the front row and aiming his phone at Will. Will leaned over on the desk in front of Greg, allowing the neck of his dress to fall open. Greg gazed down Will's top to his teacher's fulsome breasts as her cute face beamed at him.

“Greg,” Will said, batting his eyes, “Do you want to earn some extra credit? My husband's so old, he just doesn't do it for me. I was thinking I need someone younger...” here Will giggled girlishly and stroked Greg's face with a gentle finger, “Would you let me suck your cock?”

Greg nodded as Liz's face beamed. Will knelt in front of his friend and unzipped his pants. Greg's erection sprang up in front of his friend's feminine face and Will wrapped his slim fingers around it. Greg's cock was wonderfully warm as Will stroked it, letting it run through his slender fingers as Greg stared down at him. Greg's cock pulsed beneath Liz's tiny fingers. He brought her face closer until it was inches from his friend's cock. He smiled up at Greg, then stuck out Liz's tongue and slowly drew it up Greg's shaft, tasting Greg's deep musky skin. When he reached the head he opened Liz's lips and wrapped them around his friend, pushing her lips back down and filling her mouth with his friend's dick, withdrawing and returning as his friend gasped and continued recording. It was so hot holding this young stud in her mouth, his warmth and the slightly salty taste of his pre-cum on Liz's tongue.

Will felt his dress being pulled up from behind and then a hand landed on his smooth ass. He stuck his ass in the air as he continued sucking Greg's cock, sighing every now and then. The hand caressed his smooth butt cheeks and trailed down over his puckered asshole beneath his panties, before sliding underneath towards his stomach, slipping beneath his panties and finding Liz's wet pussy. Will moaned through his full mouth as the fingers pushed inside his wetness and danced across his clit. Will sensed movement nearby and paused in his blowjob, raising his head find James's cock in front of his face.

“Mmm, yummy,” he said, opening his lips and swallowing James's dick as his fingers wrapped around Greg's saliva-slick cock and glided up and down.

He continued stroking Greg in one hand as he sucked on James, Liz's body growing ever warmer as she was used by these two young studs. Fingers entwined through his hair and pushed his mouth down the shaft. James's cock was long and Will felt it hit the back of his throat as his nose pressed into James's pubes. He choked and tried to pull off but the hand on his head gripped him and held him down, forcing him to continue sucking as his eyes watered. After a few seconds he was released and he pulled up, choking and grateful. He looked up at the cameras and smiled, spit running down his chin.

He stood and Seth pulled off his dress from behind, then unclasped his bra and tossed it away. His hands came around Will and grabbed Liz's tits, squeezing as he pressed against his teacher's back. Seth was so warm against Will's tender skin and Will sighed happily in Liz's light voice as pleasure flitted through him. Greg slipped his hands between Liz's smooth legs and pressed against Will's panties. Their lusty attention, their young bodies felt so good in Liz's slender form.

Will leaned back down and wrapped his lips once more around Greg's cock. This was where he needed to be, what his body wanted, surrounded by horny young men and filled with their lust. Behind him Seth pulled his panties aside and Will felt the head of Seth's cock press against his sopping wet pussy. Will straightened his legs and arched his back before returning his lips to Greg's cock. The head against his pussy pushed, pushed, and then slid in. Will moaned around Greg's dick, sucking faster as he was filled from both ends. Will's other hand came up to stroke James and he moved his lips back and forth between the two guys, sucking one then the other as he continued to get fucked from behind. Seth plunged in deeper into Liz's dripping cunt and Will moaned like a whore, tossing his teacher's hair back and closing his eyes as pleasure burst through him.

Seth gripped Will's plump ass and pushed himself deep inside, filling Will with his hard-softness, pumping in deep and sending spirals of heat through Liz's soaking wet cunt. Will quivered, clenching his pussy around Seth's cock as James pushed Liz's head down and suddenly he was full, front and back. The two worked him in a rhythm, in and out, first his mouth, then his pussy, and just when Greg seemed about to burst, James grabbed Will's hair and yanked his head up painfully.

"Not yet, you little slut," he said.

And Will needed it so badly, he was hovering on the edge, just needing completion.

"Please, please, please," he moaned in his teacher's voice.

James dropped Will's head and pushed Seth aside. The boys all switched positions and suddenly it was Seth pushing Will's head onto his cock. Will could taste Liz's musky scent as he licked himself off his friend while James plunged into him from behind. Will was dripping now, willing to do anything to satisfy the burning need in his body. He wanted them to come, *needed* them to fuck him like the whore he was. Instead, they continued switching, until each one was dripping with his juices, had been

inside both his holes. His lips were locked firmly on James now and when James tried to pull him off, Will looked up angrily.

"No," Will scowled, "Fuck me hard, you assholes."

They didn't need to be told twice. Greg slid deep inside Will's aching cunt as James let go and allowed Will to suck to his heart's content. Their teacher's lips flew faster, up and down James's shaft while Will continued stroking Seth with his other hand. And then Will felt James jump in his mouth an instant before Liz's tongue was flooded with the salty taste of James's seed. James moaned above him at the same instant that Greg sunk into Will and came, pumping himself into Will's aching pussy and suddenly Will was full of the delicious cum he craved from both ends. When James had mostly finished, Will raised his lips and swallowed Seth, needing all his friends could give. It didn't take long before Seth, too, came hard. The salty essence rushed across Will's tongue and hit the back of his throat. He swallowed it all, choking and sputtering but never releasing the cock from his lips until his friend was empty.

They all pulled out and Will stood, feeling his friends dripping down his thighs, his chin. He wiped a drop away with a finger and sucked on it, looking straight into the camera.

"Mmm, thank you, boys," he smiled. His body was finally, *finally* sated.

Elizabeth woke the next morning to find Chris staring at her with worried eyes.

"Elizabeth?" he asked.

"Yes?" She murmured, sleepily.

"Oh, thank god," he cried wrapping her in his strong arms. She wasn't sure where this was coming from but she enjoyed her husband's weight on her. She licked her lips; there was a strange taste in her mouth.

"I love you, babe," he said, trying to forget about the link to the video he'd been emailed. He only hoped Liz never found it, never discovered what her body had been up to during those missing days.

Keeping Up Appearances

Ben yawned again. The line at the checkout had ground to a halt; the little old lady in front of him was apparently paying with nothing but pennies and insisted on counting them out one by one. As the seconds dragged on Ben considered just leaving his Red Bull and walking out, but he had papers for Quantum Mechanics 202 and Multi-variable Calc due on Monday and an awesome GPA to maintain. He needed fuel. He sighed and waited.

“Hey, Ben.” He turned to see Rasheem (classmate, frat guy, man most likely to fail Mathematical Methods 202) join the line. Rasheem patted him on the back. “It’s been a while. Haven’t seen you at any parties.”

“Don’t really do parties,” Ben shrugged. “too busy studying.”

Rasheem gestured to Ben’s drink. “You know that stuff’s poison right?” Then he grabbed a celebrity gossip magazine from the rack by the register.

Ben nodded at the magazine. “So’s that.”

“Shut your mouth,” Rasheem replied, grinning.

Ben quickly scanned the cover: Kowolskys. An entire family famous for—what, exactly? Big asses and sex tapes? They were all overly made up and airbrushed to perfection: dark hair, dark features, ruby lips and bright white teeth grinned out of over-tanned faces from the photo. What was the collective noun for a group of Kowolskys, anyway? A vacuum? A skank? A conceit?

He shook his head in disgust. “How can you read that crap?”

“Dude! Have you not seen Kourtney’s ass?”

“Yeah, but it’s the rest of her that’s the problem. She’s so fucking vapid. Possibly the most worthless human being on the planet.”

“Harsh!” Rasheem turned the page to a picture of Karly: short dark hair, massive sunglasses, a scowl, thicker than the rest of her siblings in more ways in one.

Ben snorted. “I’m wrong. *She’s* the most worthless human being on the planet.”

“What’s wrong with Kar?” Rasheem asked.

“At least Kourtney has the ass. Why does Karly walk around like she owns the place? What’s her contribution to society: singlehandedly propping up the fast food industry?”

Rasheem laughed.

Ben’s eyes wandered over Karly’s picture. “Seriously, she’s so fat, when

she's at the beach, whales started singing *We are Family*."

Rasheem was still laughing when the old lady at the front of the line *finally* finished counting out her money. But apparently she still wasn't done holding them up. She turned to Ben. "I heard what you said, young man, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Ben looked her over in disdain. "Umm, I was having a private conversation with my friend, lady."

She just glared at him. "How would you like it if people said that about you?"

"Well, I'm not a moron or a tragic porker, so why would they?"

She wasn't letting it go. "Someone ought to teach you a lesson."

"Oh, what are you going to do?" Ben laughed. "Call the police?"

"No," she said implacably, and then held out her hands towards him. For a brief moment—just a hint of a second—Ben could have sworn he saw little sparks, tiny pulses of energy, erupt from her fingertips.

He shook his head, confused.

She picked up her bags. "When you wake tomorrow, you will start your lesson. You have a lot to learn." With that she turned and walked away.

Rasheem stared after her with raised eyebrows. "Ok, weird!"

Ben shrugged. "Whatever."

Ben stirred but didn't open his eyes at first. The silk bedding felt alien against the bare skin of his legs. He stretched and ran an idle hand down his thigh. A jarring thought struck him: where's my leg hair? Followed by another disconcerting thought: these aren't my sheets!

His eyes shot open. He was in a completely unfamiliar room; a giant, jewel-toned room dominated by an ostentatious chandelier and a bed the size of a swimming pool.

"What the hell?" And then his hands jumped to his throat.

His voice was high-pitched, feminine. Ben looked down at his body and was met with the sight of a large pair of breasts filling out a peach colored camisole. He grabbed his tits in shock. They were fleshy and heavy. Without a doubt they were real. He watched his slender trembling hands as he slid them down his new body, discovering smooth skin, the swell of a belly, the soft flesh of his new ass.

Heart pounding, his hand slid around to his panties, to the obvious absence he could feel between his legs. His fingers brushed against his panties and pressed lightly up against the lips of his pussy, before pulling back in shock.

Ben shot off the bed, his eyes darting wildly around the room, and then charged through a door into the en-suite bathroom. His body jiggled and shook in strange ways as he ran. There in the mirror he saw his new reality. A woman was staring back at him, barely concealed under a silk camisole and panties. A tall woman, too tall. A woman with round hips, full thighs and the curve of a belly. A woman with dark hair and a plain, arrogant face. Ben was staring at Karly Kowolsky and she was staring right back at him.

He couldn't look away, his eyes flitted over the mirror, catching on the bewildering details: the line of his collarbone, his eyelashes, the swollen curve of his lower lip, the soft skin of his inner thigh.

God, my thighs are just grotesque.

For a moment Ben looked about, searching for the source of the voice, but he was completely alone.

Ugh, I need some make-up, like, immediately.

He realized that the voice was silent, sounding only in his head. He must be picking up on some of the body's lingering thoughts.

For minutes he was lost in a fog of disbelief. The only halfway rational

thought that broke through was: if I had to turn into a Kowolsky, couldn't I at least have become one of the hot ones?

I wish I was one of the hot ones.

He had to get a grip, start dealing with the situation. So, he was a woman—a fat, vapid one, sure—but still it was an opportunity. After all, how many guys got to experience this?

Defiant, he grabbed hold of Karly's tits. They were huge in his hands, heavy, the flesh swelling between his splayed fingers. He jiggled them, watched them bounce in the mirror, the curves jiggling over the top of the lace neckline of his camisole. He squeezed his new tits, pinching his nipples through the silk. Little jolts of electricity pulsed under his fingertips, sparking through his body, his belly, down to his clit.

Ben watched himself in the mirror...or watched Karly in the mirror. Watched her nipples pebble under the camisole, watched her breath hitch in her chest, watched her pull her panties down one thick thigh to reveal the perfect 'V' of her pubic hair, watched one hand slide down her body, over her mound and across her pussy. His fingers slipped inside and he rubbed himself gently.

There was an odd kind of...fullness as he forced Karly's fingers inside herself. Her body became somehow both looser and more tense. Involuntarily his fingers sped up, circled his clit, little sparks trailing in their wake. The hand on his breast tightened, squeezed his nipple between his thumb and fingertip. The gentle tingle in his new pussy spread slowly through his body. He grew warm and dipped his fingers down further to land on his dew.

The phone ringing in the bedroom broke his concentration and he snapped his head away from his feminine mirror image.

The phone was lying on the bedside table. It was encrusted with thousands of small diamonds, gaudy and ridiculous, just like the family he was apparently now a part of. Hesitantly, he pushed the answer button.

“Hello?”

“How are you enjoying your lesson so far, young man?”

Ben recognized the judgmental, old voice immediately. “You're that woman, from the grocery store.”

He could hear the smirk in her voice. “Yes, the one you dismissed out of hand. Regretting that decision yet?”

“What the hell did you do to me?” he demanded. “Undo it you evil old

bat!”

“No, you’ve got some learning to do first.”

“Learning? What is it I’m supposed to learn? How to deal with having a massive butt? How to maneuver an extra hundred pounds around with me?”

“Why so cruel, Ben?”

“Not cruel. Honest,” he snorted. “She’s the one who chose to live on donuts and daiquiris. Why should I be the one to drag around her bulk?”

“Okay, now listen,” said the woman. “I’m going to—”

“No!” Ben snapped, “You listen! Give me back my body now, or, or...”

“Or what?” she laughed.

Ben paused, searching for something, anything, he could threaten.

There was a vicious little laugh from the phone. “I’m waiting.”

Ben gripped the phone tighter in his tiny hand and said through gritted teeth: “Fine. What is it I’m supposed to learn?”

“You must understand the difficulties she faces every day. You must learn to sympathize, to empathize, with Karly Kowolsky,”

He adopted his most conciliatory tone. “Yeah, you’re right. I mean, she’s a big girl in a cruel world. That must be really... hard.” His voice turned pleading, “Can I change back now?”

“No,” she laughed. “It’s not *that* easy.”

“Fine!” A terrifying thought occurred to him. “Hey, what about my body, what about my exams?”

“Don’t worry about that,” said the old crone with a hint of malice. “I’m sure Karly will be fine.”

“What do you mean Karly will be fine? Is she in my body?” he shouted.

“Please, tell me she isn’t!”

“She is. And, if you want it back, I suggest you listen,” she snapped. “It’s perfectly simple: when you and Karly both truly empathize with each other; you can meet up, shake hands, and wish to be back to your true bodies.”

“And what if I refuse?”

“Then you’d better get used to carrying around an extra hundred pounds,” she laughed.

The phone went dead before Ben could say another word. He grunted in anger and threw the device on the bed. For now, at least, he’d have to play along. He would have to live the day-to-day life of Karly Kowolsky. How hard could it be?

The next few weeks were a living hell. Stepping outside the house was a nightmare. Paparazzi swarmed, following his every move, recording every outfit, every move, every stumble. Ben once made the mistake of running into Dunkin' Donuts for a treat and the tabloids went crazy. Six different publications had pictures of Karly with glaze smeared on her lip and tears in her eyes.

Worst than the paps, was TMZ. They ran the pictures with the addition of cartoon piggy ears and a tail. Then the TMZ assholes howled with laughter and moved on to a story about Kourtney's amazing new sponsor. Ben found himself crying more easily and more often:

When another site picked up the pictures.

When someone commented online: 'have another donut fatty'.

When she found the Guess Karly's Weight Today website.

When Karly's mom suggested she should do the lemon juice cleanse.

When Karly's tiny voice in his head piped up and reminded him that nothing ever changed.

The only place the paparazzi didn't follow him was into his own house, but his new house was an entirely different kind of nightmare. Family dinners with the Kowolskys were an exercise in humiliation. There was a pecking order and god help those at the bottom.

Kourtney was the clear favorite. She brought in the most money, had the most award-winning smile and the most bankable body. Everyone else was measured against her, their earnings tallied and compared. Most painful were the endless helpful suggestions: the nightly strategy sessions on how best to monetize Karly's less-than-bankable assets. What feature could they use? What could they change and improve? What diet might work? What trainer might be willing to take on the Herculean task of sculpting Karly's ass into Kourtney's?

Ben started eating, just fucking gorging himself on junk food. His new body craved it and he gave in. Of course, the family freaked out. Karly's mom, Kendra, found her demolishing a bag of Doritos and accused Karly of sabotaging the family's image. Kourtney tried gentler methods, removing all of the junk food from the house and replacing it with raw vegetables. She put on her bubbliest smile and informed Karly that: "The whole family is going raw paleo vegan! Exciting huh?"

In response, Ben bought a new massive candy stash—TMZ posted an itemized list—and hid it in his new room. His misery was so consuming, he did not know how to crawl out from under it. The world laughed at

him. His family treated him like crap. Most of all, he couldn't stand Karly; hated her body and her weakness and her constant soul-crushing failure. In the back of his mind, coloring everything was the knowledge that he had no hope of ever finding and destroying the old bat who had made his life completely intolerable.

For the third day in a row, Ben didn't leave the house. He was lying in bed and hiding from the world, when there was a knock at the door and Kourtney arrived in all her luscious glory: her black hair cascading down her back and her make-up on point. Even the simple tank and boy short pajamas she wore were sexy as hell. Ben's eyes latched onto the tight little peaks of her nipples poking through the material of her top. The one, the *only* perk, of this body swap nightmare was getting to see Kourtney's bra-less tits every morning.

Obvious to his gaze, Kourtney flopped onto the bed, her boobs bouncing and her perfect hair falling over her shoulder. "So, how's it going Karly?" He glared. "Fine."

"Good, because it's the Heat photo-shoot this afternoon—"

He couldn't suppress the groan. "Another photo shoot?"

"Yes, and for once, could you at least try to make an effort?" For a moment, Kourtney softened. She squeezed his shoulder, peeped winningly through her lashes and said beseechingly, "You know how important it is that we're all there."

It was pointless to try to resist; they just tortured him anyway. He sighed, "Fine."

Kourtney reverted to form and rolled her eyes. "You're lucky. You'll just be background anyway; you'll be out of there in, like, an hour. *I'm* the one who'll be stuck there all afternoon." She stood and headed for the door. "You coming to the gym?"

In a small act of juvenile rebellion, Ben grabbed a Kit Kat from the bedside table and shoved it into Karly's mouth. "No."

Kourtney winced. "Ugh, that's so gross, Kar." She cast one last withering glance in Karly's direction. "And can you at least take a bath? Your hair is beyond rank."

The door slammed behind her and Ben wondered idly if she'd locked it as well. It wouldn't have surprised him; control and entitlement was pretty much the family's motto. He sighed and sniffed at his hair, maybe he did need a bath.

He pulled off Karly's clothes and was heading for the bathroom when

Karly's phone dinged. He tapped the screen with a manicured finger and opened the email. Then winced. BigTits.com wanted Karly to do a porno. Hating himself for being faintly flattered, he didn't immediately hit delete.

His body spoke up: *'Why not? At least they want me front and center.'*

For weeks the world had lined up to tell him exactly how unattractive he was. For weeks his new family had told him what to wear, where to go and how to act. For weeks he'd been told that the only way to measure up was to shrink down. Now someone actually asked *wanted* this body, wanted him.

'Bet we could give a better performance than Kourtney did in hers?'

Maybe this was the chance to crawl out from under the low expectations and show everyone what this body could do. For a moment he felt a tiny shiver of hope, the thrill of actually make a choice for himself.

He glanced into the full-length bathroom mirror. Karly was staring back at him. Could this body do porn?

Her breasts were round and real, dusky pink nipples jutting out. Her face was plain but her lips were full, her skin dewy and golden, her eyes huge and flecked with hazel and jade green. Glancing down, his eyes faltered on the flesh of her belly and the swell of her thighs. That was what everyone focused on, that's what everyone saw when they looked at her. Fat. A Failure. Background filler in her prettier sisters' lives. He couldn't do it, couldn't let the world see this ugly, shameful flesh. *His* ugly shameful flesh.

He filled the giant tub and lay down in the bubbles. The water was hot. Steam rose and filled the room with heat and the sweet scent of soap and perfume.

'Fat. Failure. Filler. Fat. Failure. Filler. Fat...'

The words reverberated through his mind. Desperate to block out the hopeless drone he sank Karly's head under the water. And for just a moment he wondered: what would happen if I just stayed under? If I just escaped this body forever? Would Karly's family mourn or would they simply compete to see who could weep most prettily at the funeral? He imagined the scene at the church: his brave sisters, their black, pencil skirts hugging their perfect curves, and their tasteful veils nearly hiding their exquisite tears as some skeezy TMZ photographer looked on from behind a bush.

Would he go back to his old body, to his old life? A life of dull laser focus

studying, writing assignments, living alone and existing on pot noodles and energy drinks.

He was running out of air, lungs tight and burning. And then the epiphany dawned on him: maybe this wasn't a punishment, maybe this was an opportunity. He was a dedicated student. He knew how to work, how to study. He knew how to outsmart the system.

Pulling himself out of the bath, he wiped the water from his face and turned to the mirror. For the first time, he saw Karly smile. He threw on a robe and marched straight downstairs into the den, still soaking wet. His mother looked up from her magazine and Ben felt her eyes moving over his body critically, assessing the dripping hair and the make-up-free face with disappointment. Kendra grimaced.

"We leave for the photo shoot in an hour you know."

Ben watched the water drip from his hair onto the expensive beige carpet and said, "I'm not going."

Kendra barely reacted, just dropped her eyes back to her magazine and said, "Of course you are."

"I'm not."

Karly's tone must have surprised her because Kendra glanced up in shock. "We've already been paid for it."

He smirked. "That's your problem, not mine."

Kendra's eyes narrowed, her tone suddenly shot with steel. "You don't speak to me like that."

"What should I do? Just shut the hell up and do whatever you tell me to? Hide in the background while everyone fawns over Kourtney? Fuck that," he answered, releasing the weeks of pent up rage. "You don't give a shit what I do. You never care about me except when it makes the family look bad. I'm taking charge of my own life."

"Sweetie," her mom said coldly, "Look at you. You're...let's face it, you're fat. You don't take care of yourself. How do you think that makes *us* look? You've proven yourself entirely incapable of handling your own affairs. Let your father and I handle your life."

"No, not anymore. Things are going to change."

Ben turned and walked away, ignoring his mother's commands to stop. The conversation had only made him more grimly determined to prove them all wrong. He'd be the best Kowolsky ever. Admittedly a low bar... but still.

The press, as ever, was camped out at the mansion gates and they went absolutely wild when they saw Karly's blonde locks. Ben gave them exactly what they wanted: a smile, a wave and a shot straight down Karly's top as he bent over to pick up his strategically dropped keys.

The past few months had been hell; dominated by his sadistic new personal trainer and his even more sadistic nutritionist. It was the hardest he had ever work at anything: training and sweating for hours every day on a thousand calories. Some days it almost killed him... but the results were worth it. Ben watched a photographer strain forward, desperate for another shot of cleavage. He smiled and waved, whipping back his hair and posing briefly. The attention was amazing. A huge ego boost.

He climbed into Karly's car and checked his reflection in the mirror. Glossy blonde locks, newly-emerged cheekbones and a flirty twinkle in his huge eyes. He dragged the tip of his tongue over his lower lip. Ben felt his pulse hum a little faster: he'd fuck this woman. Fuck her in a heartbeat. No wonder the photo shoot offers were pouring in. And now they were coming directly to Karly. He was in control and Kendra didn't pick and chose any more.

Perhaps the biggest change though was that the voice had shut up. The nagging little commentary of self-doubt and self-loathing had finally been shut out entirely. It had happened bit by bit; grown a little more faint with every magazine cover offer, with every time he'd told Kendra to go to hell, with every hungry stare he'd got from a man on the street who couldn't drag his eyes from Karly's tits.

Life was sweet and so was his new Beemer. Ben grinned and pulled out of the driveway. For a moment his mind drifted and he wondered about his old body. How was Karly handling it? Had she flunked all his exams? Had she made any big changes to his life? Perhaps she had and, since they weren't likely to be good, he decided not to think about it. Besides, he had better things to think about. Tonight, he was taking his new body out.

Ben walked Karly's body through the diamond-studded facade and into the club. He could see the crowd out of the corner of her eye, turning and gazing as he headed for the VIP area. He could feel the stares, the men's eyes trailing over his long, lean body as he slid into a seat.

They could look all they wanted. They could drool and flatter and buy him dirty martinis all night. But Ben was still a man underneath his tits and he was here for the women that filled the VIP room. Women in dresses pulled tight across perky tits and perfect little asses. Women writhing on the dance floor to the pulsing music. Women with long hair glinting under the kinetic lights.

Ben scanned the room, watched the bodies move and could feel Karly's pussy tingling in anticipation at the thoughts rolling through his mind. As Ben, he'd never had much luck with women but his luck had clearly changed.

The girl was across the room. She was sexy as hell, dancing alone and staring right at him. Their eyes met and the girl didn't look away, just bit her lip and gazed at him through her lashes. As he stood and headed towards her, the girl moved to the music, her eyes never leaving his.

She was wearing a scrap of a dress, a tube of gold glittery material that barely contained her boobs and stopped an inch below her sculpted ass. It glinted under the lights, catching and sparking over her curves. Her hair was jet black and flowed down her back in waves. She moved with utter confidence; the hottest girl in the room and she knew it.

Ben stood in front of her and watched a flirty smile flit across her face. He smiled back at her. "You wanna dance?"

She giggled and leaned in close, her arm around his neck and her breasts pressed tight against his. He could smell the flowery perfume on the soft skin of her throat and feel the heat rising off her tight, little body. She put her lips to his ears and said, "No, I wanna fuck instead."

Fame and money were the best aphrodisiacs.

Her name was Anna, and they ended up back at Karly's house within a half hour. It was safe and secure, and the tabloids would go wild for rumors of hot Kowolsky lesbian action when they watched Karly step out of the car with another woman. Ben somehow managed to make it into the house before pulling Anna in for a kiss.

Anna's soft lips pressed against his own and her tongue flicked out until Ben opened for her, welcoming her inside. Ben sucked on her tongue. Her hands entwined through his hair and she pulled him back towards the stairs. She was shorter than he was but strong. She tripped on the bottom stair and managed to grab the banister to soften her fall. Ben fell on

her, both of them laughing and still kissing, hungry for each other. She wanted Karly's body and her desire for his new body was making Ben even hornier.

He straddled her knees and grabbed her face gently with his hands, his blonde hair flicking down against his face as she kissed. Ben rocked back and forth, rubbing his pussy against Anna's knee as they made out. He stood just long enough to slip out of his dress and she did the same. Ben stared down at her lithe body, the white lacy bra and panties contrasting wonderfully against her bronzed skin. She ripped his panties down and buried her face between Karly's legs. The musky smell of himself hit his nostrils as she licked slowly, letting her tongue slide slowly inside his cunt, tasting him.

He clasped her head to him and sighed. Her other hands circled around his ass and squeezed his firm flesh as she continued to lick and suckle Karly's tender sex.

Ben was dripping now, his whole body on fire. Anna's tongue slid around and pressed firmly up against Karly's clit, undulating softly as he moaned above her. Anna brought a hand between his legs and slid two fingers into Karly's wet heat. Ben cried out as she entered him, her tongue continuing to dance across his clit as her fingers curled in and around towards the rough hidden pleasure of Karly's G-spot. Ben knew as soon as she landed on it, because his knees buckled and he cried out, falling against the wall for support.

Anna drove her fingers up inside him again, pressing hard up against him as she continued licking. Her fingers and tongue worked to the rhythm of Karly's body. He grew tense around her, his legs straightened and then there was a long, loud gasp as he came. His entire body vibrated as the orgasm flooded through him.

When he finally came down he stared at the beautiful raven haired woman looking up from between his legs and smiled. The rest of that week, they hardly came out of Karly's room.

The night he shared with Anna was all over the news the next morning. Ben didn't shy away. Instead he invited the press inside and planted a lingering kiss on Anna's perfect mouth as the camera's flashed. One of the Kowolsky girls fucking another girl, in a supposed lesbian relationship? He became a sensation, a loud voice of the lesbian community.

A year after he found himself in Karly's body Ben published his first book. The story followed Karly's transformation from ugly sister to sexy, society Cinderella. And it detailed all the grimy deeds of the family: the money-grubbing, the entitlement, the vapidness. The stories about Kourtney's stupidity made it a hit; the brutal, poignant stories about Kendra's cruelty made it an award-winning instant bestseller.

The world was learning not to underestimate Karly but they were still stunned when she enrolled in NYU and topped the class in Multi-variable Calculus. He might look like an Amazonian goddess but he was still Ben, and Ben knew how to ace Calc. He also knew how to manipulate the tabloids. His face was on every cover for two weeks.

Ben hooked up with many women of all shapes and sizes. But as he became comfortable in Karly's body he noticed a change in his desires. Gradually the lesbian relationships tapered off and he found himself becoming more and more attracted to men.

One thing that didn't change from when he was Ben was his fixation with basketball. He'd grown up loving the game, and as a lanky teen had even tried out for some school teams to no avail. Now, as a slender, famous woman in her prime, he could get front row seats to any game he wanted. Ben became a fixture at the Knicks, sitting right behind the team at every game. He'd laugh with them, sometimes rag on them for shoddy fouls, or stupid shots. As a hot celebrity, he had carte blanche to get into the exclusive owners and players bar inside the stadium. It was there that he first met Reyvon. True, he'd been yelling at Reyvon for the first half of the season, but they hadn't ever talked.

Reyvon cleaned up well after he game. He wore a crisp, tailored button down shirt and slacks and he beamed an award-winning smile at Ben. It didn't take Ben long to end up back home with Reyvon. This time they avoided the press, waiting until the garage door had completely closed before Ben hopped out and threw himself into Reyvon's firm hands. Reyvon gripped Karly's cute, wide butt in both of his hands and easily carried him into the living room. Ben guided him around to the couch in

between kisses, Reyvon's stubble scratching against Karly's smooth cheeks. The house was dark; Ben vaguely recalled the rest of the family planning a trip to Los Angeles to open a public restroom in Hollywood for some reason. Anything for a buck.

Being held so easily, being wanted by such a beast of a man made Ben grow wet. He moaned into Reyvon's mouth as Reyvon gently placed him on the couch. Looking up at Reyvon's rock hard physique from his tiny body made Ben feel more delicate and feminine than he'd ever felt before. He wanted Reyvon inside him, wanted to be filled, to be penetrated by a man—this man—for the first time in his supple body.

As Reyvon stood over him, Ben unzipped Reyvon's pants and pulled them down his solid legs. The bulge beneath Reyvon's underwear was right in Ben's face. He slowly pulled down the elastic band, unwrapping Reyvon like a present. Reyvon's cock sprang out upon Ben's warm touch, the bulging head pointing right at Karly's plump lips. Ben gently kissed the head of Reyvon's cock, then let his tongue trail down the veiny shaft. Reyvon's deep, musky odor was intoxicating and Ben closed his eyes to better savor it. Ben brought his hand up to glide down the thick cock. He opened his mouth and took Reyvon in, pushing his head down the warm shaft. It brushed across his tongue and filled his mouth. Ben felt so full but there was still more of Reyvon to take.

Ben slowly bobbed his head up and down the shaft, leaving a trail of saliva as he sucked Reyvon's dick. His mouth went deeper and deeper each time. He focused on breathing slowly, on guiding the head deep inside him until his nose pressed against Reyvon's curly tuft of pubic hair and he held the giant cock in Karly's mouth.

Reyvon groaned above him and ran his hands through Ben's hair. Ben withdrew, then dropped his lips down again, speeding up his rhythm, enjoying the control he had over the powerful athlete with just his tongue and lips. Up and down the shaft he bobbed as Reyvon's breathing grew faster. The salty taste of precum landed on Karly's tongue and he knew Reyvon was close. Ben used his tongue to lick the underside of Reyvon's shaft, increasing the pressure, the sporadic sucking from Karly's lips the only sound in the room.

Then Reyvon's grip on Ben's head increased, he groaned, and the cock spasmed inside Ben's mouth. Ben sunk down deep onto him as Reyvon exploded into his warm mouth, filling Ben with his hot seed. Ben drank down every drop, sucking for all he was worth, letting it spill down his

throat and into his stomach until Reyvon slowed and then stopped. Ben pulled out, licking the last drops from Reyvon's cock, then looked up into Reyvon's handsome face and smiled.

“Goddamn, girl,” Reyvon breathed.

And that's how they started dating.

Not long after, Ben was once again left alone while the rest of the family went out to sell their souls shilling various products. It had taken a little while after Ben had put his foot down for them to realize that he was serious about the whole 'taking charge of his career' thing. Now they actually asked him if he wanted to participate and respected his wishes if he declined.

A call came through on Ben's phone from the guard at the front gate.

"I just wanted to give you a heads up that the police are coming here for a guy at the gate. It's nothing to be alarmed about, he seems harmless. But get this, he claims to be you! Says you swapped bodies or something. You believe that?"

"Ha. Yeah. Crazy. Hey, what's he look like?" Ben replied.

"Hang on, I'll get a picture."

Just as Ben thought, the picture the guard texted him was Ben's old body, looking very much the worse for wear.

"Hold on. Escort him inside."

"Uh, you sure?"

"Positive."

The guard entered with Ben's old body in tow. Ben ordered the guard to wait outside the study as he went inside with Karly in tow. Ben closed the door and turned to face his old body. It looked gaunter and sicklier than he remembered. Evidently Karly hadn't taken to his life like he'd taken to hers.

"Ben?" she asked tentatively.

For a moment Ben didn't realize this, well, this stranger, was talking to him. Then he nodded and flashed a beaming smile.

"You like what I've done?" He asked, spreading his arms wide and spinning around so Karly could take in her transformed body.

"Oh my God," Karly covered her mouth, "I've seen the pictures and stuff, but...oh my God."

"Yeah, I'll admit, I thought you were just a fat, vapid bitch when I first ended up in your body. But then I realized, no, I'm Karly fucking Kowolsky. I can do whatever I want. I can enjoy this body. Look at me, you miss this?" He ran his hands down his body, which was clad in a tight white top and jeans that were practically painted on. "You miss these?" He bobbed his breasts back and forth. "God, the things I've done in your body. It's been amazing. But enough about me, how are you?"

"Please," she started to beg. Ben could see the tears behind his old eyes, "Please, I can't be you anymore. It's awful, I look...You gotta switch back!" "Hmmm," Ben pretended to think. She hadn't seemed to learn her lesson. She was just the same old Karly Kowolsky in a worse body with a worse life. "Admit I make a better Karly than you."

She didn't say anything.

"Admit it. Admit that you were worthless and I made your body and your life something to be proud of," he said.

"Okay," she blubbered, her face screwing up and the tears falling down, "Okay, okay. You're a better Karly than I ever was. Please, I'll give you anything."

But Ben already had everything he possibly wanted. Well, almost everything.

"Tell me why I'm better. Look me in the eye." He slipped a soft finger under his former chin and gently lifted his old face until Karly was staring at him.

"You're not fat anymore," she whimpered, "You're sexy, and you're an icon, and everyone loves you."

"You really were worthless, weren't you?"

"Yes." She was crying now.

"That's right," Ben said, "And that's why I'm going to stay in your body."

"What?" she looked up at Ben, her eyes swollen and red. "But-- Please... please!" She dropped to her knees and begged him. And that was what he wanted. Now that he'd seen her grovel he truly did have everything.

He opened the door and motioned to the guard. "Get him out of here. I've had my fun."

"Yes ma'am."

The guard slung Ben's arm behind his back and marched him towards the front door.

"Oh, one last thing." Ben called.

The guard stopped and Ben ran up to his old body. He kissed Karly on the cheek.

"I want to thank you," he said, "I've never been happier."

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