

BODY THEFT ♦ BODY POSSESSION ♦ BODY SWAP ♦ AGE REGRESSION

STEALING
Her
YOUTH
JIMMY ZAPPA

Stealing Her Youth: Body Theft

By Jimmy Zappa

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the following people:

Bailey, Alex, Lewis, Patrick, Zach, Danny, Coleman, Greg, and Blake.

Thank you all so much for your years of support and friendship! You guys are the best!

About the Author

Jimmy Zappa is a Canadian author living in Vancouver, British Columbia. After working for private companies in a variety of different fields for years, he pursued his passion for writing short stories and books during the global coronavirus pandemic. His interests and hobbies eventually led him to writing full time. His desire to entertain his audiences with erotica is what drives him forward.

He currently operates Zappa & Company with a group of past coworkers and current students. His company is a small but growing small business specializing in ghostwriting, technical writing, and marketing.

For access to his mailing list, free captions, and announcements, check out his website at www.jimmyzappa.com!

Rebecca Christenson

Rebecca felt disgusting in her grimy white blouse and favorite denim jeans. Sweaty and covered with dust, her nose felt irritated even with her N95 facemask that she wore in vain. The place was relatively clean, yet she still managed to feel gunk on her fingers. She thought she came prepared enough to not feel so gross. *I can't believe I'm doing this*, she thought miserably. *I should've brought gloves too.*

Just seeing the photos of Mark Henderson and Amanda Henderson smiling and enjoying life made Rebecca feel like crap. Apparently, the wife was in a horrible car accident on a busy highway that killed multiple people. Tragically, she was six months pregnant. Mister Henderson was understandably distraught, so Rebecca's mom insisted on helping an old friend out. Rather than do it herself, she sent her daughter along to help.

Thankfully, Rebecca was able to convince her boyfriend to help. Sitting in the farthest corner of the bedroom beside the bed, Stanley was sifting through a pile of CDs and placing them neatly in a box. She was glad that she brought him along since he was fairly fast at packing from his shipping and receiving job. He was also eager to have some alone time with his girlfriend, especially since it was her who hinted at having a room to themselves.

For the past month, Rebecca and Stanley had moved back with their parents. Since their families were always home, neither of them could really do anything intimate. They tried fucking in the car, but people would always be walking by the alley that they chose before peering inside. They considered a motel, but that was too expensive. Finally, they tried spending the night at their friends' homes, but their families were also always home. Things kept getting in the way, and Rebecca was determined to finally have

some sort of intimacy with Stanley. "We have an entire apartment ourselves," she had promised him before they left. "We can literally do anything. *Anything.*"

Rebecca looked over to her boyfriend and laughed. There was dust all over his dark brown hair as he looked up at Rebecca with a goofy smile on his face. Raising his brow, he held up a black dildo from out of nowhere. "Who do you think this is for?" He asked.

"Put that away," Rebecca said.

"Don't worry, I will," Stanley said. "I'm just surprised that these guys have something like this. I saw another vibrator in one of the boxes. I think there was also a strap on somewhere. For a bunch of Catholics, these two were really kinky."

Such a dork, she lovingly thought. She began laughing uncontrollably. "That was in a dead person, though. You know that, right? That was inside of his wife. Keep that in mind." Rebecca could see Stanley shriveling up. "Yes, a dead person. How do you feel about that?"

"Terrible," he murmured.

Rebecca giggled as she returned to packing up Amanda's random books and magazines. "Don't worry," she said. "We'll still do what I promised. I'm not pissed or anything." She was just about to tape the box up when she saw a peculiar red book. It was a thick object that looked tattered and thick. *Encyclopedia of Spells*, Rebecca quietly read in her head. She was about to reach into the box to grab the book out of curiosity before there was a knock at the bedroom's door.

"Thanks again," Mister Henderson said meekly from the doorway of the room. Stanley's head jerked up. "I didn't mean to scare you. Just wanted to stop by before I head out for work." Freshly dressed in a charcoal grey suit, he leaned into the doorframe with his arms crossed. He was a broad-shouldered man with short brown hair and a sharp, white smile. He was surprisingly really hot for a middle-aged guy. *If*

Stanley could get a little more built, then he could easily look like a younger Mister Henderson. Rebecca bit her lower lip just thinking about it. "I haven't had a chance to box most of this crap up. I can't believe I left it to the last minute."

"Don't worry about it," she said. "You should be grieving, not worrying about getting your belongings to the new place."

"I know," he said sadly. "Still, four days is pushing it. Especially since I'm moving further into the countryside. That's a really big change for scenery from the downtown core."

"When are you coming back from work?" Rebecca asked shyly while giving Stanley a look. "I just want to know when we should be done. That's all."

He nodded. "Just after six," he said. "But don't rush it. Sure, we've got four days, but it's a lot of stuff. Don't want you guys breaking your backs over our things." Mister Henderson abruptly snapped his fingers. "I promise that I'll get you guys something good for dinner. You guys like Thai food, right?"

"I'm more of a sushi guy." Stanley said.

"We love Thai food," Rebecca interrupted before her boyfriend could say anything else. "We've had Japanese food for the past three days. Let's switch it up."

Mister Henderson laughed. "Good, that makes things easier for me. I'll get it at the train station down the road – it's a really good place. I'll see you two later. I'll also leave the key on the kitchen table in case you two need to step out."

We won't be going anywhere, she thought. "Sounds good," Rebecca said. "We'll see you later, Mister Henderson!"

Once she heard the front door closing, she rubbed at her dusty hands and looked across the room. Stanley was looking at her waiting for some sort of response. Rebecca

had crouched down over the box and felt conflicted with what to do. The entire point behind having Stanley help her was to have alone time. But, after speaking with Mister Henderson, she felt her conscience pulsating painfully. The amount of suppressed sexual tension felt heavy around Rebecca as her heart began racing.

The sheer idea of fucking in a stranger's home without them knowing was something Rebecca had never fantasized about. But just thinking about what the two of them could do until Mister Henderson returned made her bite her lower lip again. She stared longingly over to Stanley and could almost hear his thoughts. *He wants me to make the first move*, she thought. *He's not saying anything. Or is he also having second thoughts?*

Surprisingly, he actually said the first word. "I'll be right back." He got up from his corner and walked out of the room with a wink. He was going out into the hallway to lock the door for Mister Henderson. Rebecca darted through the room and partially closed the bedroom door. She removed her face mask and threw it into a corner of taped up boxes.

A loud click from the front door's lock echoed throughout the apartment. Her heart was racing even faster now when she heard his footsteps coming back down the hallway. Once his head poked through the door, she immediately sprung into action.

Rebecca felt like a wild animal while she pushed her entire body up against her boyfriend. He was taken by surprise as she kissed his lips and cheeks. They still managed to make out over the past few days, but there was something missing up until now. The fiery passion and the unquenchable lust that they were looking for had finally blossomed. They were alone with no disturbances. She felt his hands over her ass and lower back, and her fingers squeezed at his warm arms as they loudly smooched. They had an entire apartment to themselves, and the sexless month left them hungry for love. The sexual tension was finally blossoming into a potential release.

Rebecca lightly bit down on his neck and sucked at his skin. She felt the hardness of his cock pushing up against her jeans while she grinded into him. "Stanley," she moaned quietly. "Fuck, I missed this so much."

"You know ... I was thinking about doing this in the living room or the balcony. You don't feel bad about doing it in their room?"

"No," she whispered. "I don't care. I think this is the perfect place to fuck."

The couple stumbled through the room of boxes before falling onto Mister Henderson's bed. It was a comfortable, almost naked mattress covered with folded blankets and clothes that they still had to pack. Stanley knocked the majority of the items to the floor between kisses. She could feel their hearts pounding together in unison when she stretched over Stanley's stomach.

It was a troubling thought at first. But, the more she looked at Stanley and visualized Mister Henderson instead of him, the more turned on she became. His wife had been an incredibly beautiful brown-haired woman with bright green eyes and a wonderful smile. The thought of stealing her husband away made Rebecca's womanhood throb with endless, naughty desire.

Stanley remained on his back, his wonderful fingers reaching around her and caressing her lower back through her blouse. Her skin felt invigorated with waves of ticklish delight. She grinded slowly against Stanley's boner with a naughty smile on her face. Rebecca giggled as the sensations flushed through her entire body like a wave of lust that stroked at her mind. Her throbbing clit only got worse as time went by. His touches were intoxicating, and she could tell that his crotch was enjoying her movements.

She closed her eyes, his boner grinding up against her pussy before he suddenly flipped them both over. Stanley was on top of her now. She unbuckled her jeans while

he eagerly pulled them off. He prodded at her red panties with a single finger, and a surprised moan droned from her gaping lips. *God, I've been wanting this for so long*, she thought when he felt his kisses against the fabric that shielded her honeypot. His shivering kisses sent waves of pleasure through her body as her tummy arched upwards. "Right there," she moaned desperately when he slipped a finger beneath the fabric. She felt her slit oozing with anticipation and delight as his finger slipped inside of her. "Oh my god, yes! Stanley!"

His finger felt like fire as he kissed her clit. By now, her panties felt completely drenched. She unbuttoned away at her blouse and forced it off her body before looking down between her red bra and cleavage. Removing his finger from her inner lips, Stanley slowly slid her panties off and kissed her sensitive clit. Rebecca let out a surprised gasp as the sensitivity overtook her body. He kissed at her legs and flat core before kissing at the roundness of her chest. *Right there*, she thought. *Worship me*. Every single one of his kisses sent sparks of euphoria throughout her body while her legs unconsciously wrapped around his lower back.

Rebecca felt her wetness gathering around her boyfriend's legs. "I can't believe how wet I am," she moaned. "I want you inside of me so badly." She rubbed her lower body into her boyfriend while she stared into his dark brown eyes. Her eyes fixated upon him while she felt the hardness of his cock through his pants. She felt the hardness pushing up against her naked slit.

"I've never seen you this horny," Stanley said quietly into her ear before kissing at the side of her neck. His voice felt like sweet poison that made her body melt with submission. Rebecca's hands wrapped behind his neck and kissed at his lips. "We need to take breaks more often."

"No, we shouldn't," she whimpered with desperation in her voice. "Don't even joke about that."

Stanley began unbuckling his belt. She loosened his grip around him so he could stand at the side of the bed. While he pushed his pants and underwear down, she eagerly unclipped her bra. Her boyfriend returned to the bed with a condom he grabbed from his pants. He tore it open and slid it over his dick. "Ready?" He asked her while throwing aside his white T-shirt.

Staring at his skinny body and mouth watering six pack, Rebecca excitedly nodded and watched Stanley hover over her body. His warmth engulfed her while she waited. She spread her slim legs out and felt the full force of his length slamming into her crevice. *Oh my god!* He shoved his entirety aggressively, and she let out a loud moan as she gripped the leftover clothes that were still on the bed. At first, she was worried that the neighbors would hear her. As he plunged into her body with a strength she had not seen in weeks, she stopped caring. The only thing she cared about was getting fucked.

"Fuck," he groaned.

"Stanley! Oh my god!" She moaned.

His lips brushed up against the side of her neck again. "I love it when you sound like that," he grunted. "I forgot how good it sounded. What else can I make you do?" Suddenly, every second of her month away from Stanley came rushing out of her. She used every ounce of strength to push her boyfriend out of her and eagerly flipped over.

"Take me from behind," she ordered. Now on her hands and knees, she could feel a hardness pushing up against her leg and folds. Stanley flicked at her inner lips with his dome before breathing in deeply. There was a silence before the storm, and when it finally hit, she felt like she was getting split into two. She felt his powerful hands gripping her hips and her ass cheeks spreading. Rebecca moaned passionately when she felt the full force of his cock thrusting into her.

Nothing mattered at that point now. The job they had, the spell book in the box, and the dirty mess they were leaving behind on Mister Henderson's mattress were unimportant. The thrill of finally being with Stanley made the release of her sexual energy even more satisfying. The only thing that mattered was the pleasure she got from him as he reached around her neck and tucked at her straight brown hair. She felt him tugging hard between every swing of his hips. He moved even faster now while she reached up with a single hand and cupped her breast.

"God, I missed how you look from here," she heard him say.

"Fuck me harder," she said breathlessly. The tip of his cock brushed the furthest reaches of her crevice as she kept her knees together. She was as tight as humanly possible now. She felt the shape of his body ravaging her insides while one of his hands reached around her waist. She could feel his finger circling her clit, and that was all she needed to feel the pressure inside of her starting to burst. "Right there," she cried. "Oh my god!"

Stanley finally found a consistent hard, deep rhythm. He was moving like a piston as he wildly thrust into her. The sound of their wet skin smacking together drowned out the sound of the traffic outside. His breathing became short and loud. *He's so close*, she thought while the finger against her bud erratically became faster. She closed her eyes when he released her hair and felt the mattress against her face. Stanley maintained his speed and continued fucking her while her forehead rubbed against the bed.

Rebecca let out one final long, passionate moan as the month of sexual suppression finally exploded. She felt her entire body uncontrollably shivering as she gripped the side of the bed. She felt her boyfriend trying to hold her down by the waist, but her orgasm physically overwhelmed the both of them. Suddenly, Stanley began moaning as well, and she felt his length pulsating strongly against her moist walls.

"Fuck!" She whimpered when the end of her shaking finally came. Stanley pulled out of her and collapsed beside her. Breathless and exhausted, he turned his gaze to look at her. She smiled at him when he brushed messy strands of her hair over her ear. "That felt amazing. I can't believe we waited this long."

Stanley slowly slid the condom off and tied it up. "Look at this load."

"Okay, that's just gross," she said. "You killed the mood."

"Sorry," he said while throwing it across the room.

"Babe, are you serious? Pick that up. Throw it away in the garbage."

Stanley snickered and kissed her forehead. "Now you care about cleaning up," he said. "Don't worry, I'll throw it away." He looked down at the mattress and laughed. "You know that's going to be a pain to clean up right?"

Rebecca's eyes widened. She looked down at the mattress. Some of the clothes appeared damp, and there was a puddle stain beneath her gaping opening. "There are a few towels around here," she said. "I think I can blot it dry."

"Leave it," her boyfriend told her.

"Are you crazy?"

"It's not yellow," he said. "It'll dry up, don't worry. You've done that tons of times at my house, and I've just left it. I was referring to the messy clothes - we have to fold them again." He breathed in deeply while he wiped at his sweaty forehead. "The condom, on the other hand, I won't leave behind. I'll throw it in the trash bin in the hall outside." He rolled off the bed and began pulling his clothes back on. Still panting from the sexual excitement, Rebecca did the same.

While she did feel gross, she also felt a sense of satisfaction from all of this. There was a little bit of guilt for doing it in a stranger's bed, though. When she thought about it some more after Stanley left the apartment, she shook her head. She needed something like this. She needed to get fucked, and she got fucked good.

Patting at her hair and combing through it with her fingers, she looked back at the task at hand. *Since I don't have to clean the mess up, I guess I'll keep working,* she thought. She picked up the box full of books that she was working on earlier. She carried it down the hall and into the main living room where much of the furniture was gone. The only things left were boxes upon boxes of random things that the movers would help carry to their van over the next day or two.

Rebecca set her box down just beside the glass sliding door. She rubbed at her shoulders as she stared out into the ocean. The view was absolutely gorgeous from where she was, and for a moment she completely forgot about the illicit sex she had in the dead wife's bedroom. *I can't believe he's choosing to move away from here,* she thought glumly. *Such a waste.*

She looked over her shoulder and listened carefully. When she heard nothing, Rebecca crouched down and opened the box she had just set down. At the top of the pile of books was the ominous book that she spotted earlier. She picked it up and observed its red leather cover. The cover's letters shimmered with a golden ink. She opened its tattered pages and tried to read the writing. Everything was in red and black handwriting. She felt goosebumps moving along her arms while she read each word for some reason. *What the hell does this all mean? What language is this?*

Suddenly, Rebecca almost dropped the book into the cardboard box when the front door slammed shut. Grunting loudly, Stanley walked into the living room. "Hey," she said. "Babe, take a look at this."

She threw the book at Stanley, and he barely caught it. "What the hell!"

"Open it," Rebecca said.

The look on Stanley's face said it all as he turned through the pages. "What the hell?"

"Kind of creepy, right? I found it while I was putting books away. A lot of the books in this box are cook books or romance novels. That book was with these same books, so I'm thinking it belonged to Amanda."

"Do you think her car accident had something to do with magic?"

"Maybe," Rebecca said. "I don't know the details. All I know is that this is weird as hell." A smile crept over her face. "Do you want to test it? If it's really an encyclopedia, we could try reading the spells."

"I don't know. This probably isn't something that we should be playing around with. It belongs to a dead person. Let's just put it back and tape the box up. We still have loads of work to do."

"You're not curious?" She asked. Stanley shrugged and continued flipping through the pages. She could tell that he was just as curious. He read line by line until he finally started sitting on the floor. He crossed his legs and read another page before whispering something. "Wait, are you trying it right now?"

"Nothing happened," he said while throwing the book over to Rebecca. "It's just a book with random shit in it. Sorry to spoil everything for you."

She caught the book and began looking down at the pages again. "I think I know what you did wrong," she said. "What were you just reading?"

"The first paragraph," he said nonchalantly. "I think we're just wasting our time."

"There's red and black text. Did you read the black part?"

“Well ... yeah. Why?”

Rebecca cleared her throat and began speaking. She chose the first red sentence that she could see. “*Dimitte animum meum. Emitte animum meum.*” There was a brief silence as she looked at Stanley. He rolled his eyes and was about to go back to the bedroom when she twitched. Suddenly, a sharp pain surged through Rebecca’s chest. She fell to her knees and groaned loudly. She dropped the book as she winced in agony. The book slamming into the ground sent echoes throughout the apartment.

“Rebecca? Hey, are you alright?”

She felt her body jerking and writhing in pain. Her back arched back uncomfortably when she tried speaking. The only thing that came out of her mouth was foam as her eyes rolled to the back of her head. She let out one final shriek, and she eventually felt like she was falling from a high spot in the sky. The last thing she could hear was a hissing sound while a gas seeped out of her mouth.

Stanley McCallister

Throbbing with intense pain, Stanley found himself in a dark void. Air rushed all around him as he fell into a deep blackness that hummed ominously. The pain worsened with every passing second while his skin felt alive with fire. It was like something hot was crawling beneath his skin. He screamed a noiseless scream while he writhed in hellish agony. When Stanley stared back down into the abyss, he could see lit streetlights and houses scattered across the flat horizon. Before he could do anything else, the ground quickly moved upwards and engulfed his entire body.

A somewhat familiar bedroom materialized around him. Between his legs was a satisfying sensation that weakened his limbs. It was a constant throbbing sensation that felt hot and euphoric. Dozens of different noises echoed in his mind as he became surrounded by heat and wetness. Something soft and squishy pushed up against his back while he jerked and panted. Flashes of Rebecca's face sent chills down his spine while he heard her arousing moans repeating in his mind. Pleasure surged through him while he moved himself on to his hands and knees. Thinking his scrotum was just itchy, he let out a surprised gasp when he reached down and reached for his balls to scratch them.

What the fuck? He thought when he looked down between two full and firm breasts. His fingers prodded against a glistening mound as sparks of desire surged through his slim, feminized body. He moaned again, his finger slipping through his dripping slit and fondled at his feminine essence. Long, brown hair fell down his face as he closed his eyes, the pleasure becoming too much as a powerful wave of euphoria consumed his entire body. It was like he was in a lucid dream world without a care in the world. Collapsing on to a bed of white blankets, he let out a scream when he collapsed and writhed in shivering bliss.

This is Rebecca's room ... how did I get here? His smooth legs squeezed against his hand while he repositioned himself onto his back. His entire body twitched and shivered when his fingers fondled at his inner lips and clit. His delicate flesh felt hot and damp to the touch. Stanley spread his legs out, his heart loudly racing with blank desire, and looked down at his naked chest. *Wait ... these are Rebecca's breasts,* he realized when he softly pinched at her light pink nubs. His fingers felt wonderful against his areolas before he cupped himself tightly. He closed his eyes and breathed in deeply. *What the hell is going on?*

When he finally opened his eyes, the dark room began spinning around him. He suddenly remembered what happened before he lost consciousness. He recalled trying to go to his collapsed girlfriend when a ghostly fog shot out of her gaping mouth. It slid down his throat, and he found himself being forced out of his body. He remembered hearing screams and whispers flooding his mind when he finally became surrounded by the black, humming void. "Rebecca, I'm here!" He screamed.

A surge of intense pain shot through him while her intoxicating moans repeated in his mind. It was like a stabbing sensation in his arms, legs, and chest. Covered with sweat and bubbling with confusion, the world was a blur as he pushed himself up from the cold ground. His legs felt weak, so he sat on the ground and looked across the room. He was no longer looking at Rebecca and the glass sliding door of the nearby balcony. Instead, he was looking out across the living room towards the dark hallway leading to Mister Henderson. To his surprise, the person groaning in front of him was not Rebecca. It was himself.

"What the fuck?" He said with Rebecca's voice. It wasn't a dream? He immediately looked down and saw round breasts poking out through his white blouse. He reached up and squeezed his chest briefly. His soft hands and freshly painted red nails dug into the fabric until he felt a slight pain. He let out a surprised gasp upon releasing his girlfriend's breasts. "What the fuck." He ran his hands down Rebecca's slender frame

and felt her thigh through her jeans. "This isn't cool. I like how hot you are, but still ... I don't ... Rebecca?"

He looked at his old body, and there was a completely bewildered look over its face. "Stanley?" His voice asked. "Jesus, please tell me you saw what I saw. That was crazy."

It was definitely Rebecca. The book had actually done something magical. Staring down at the ground where the now closed book had fallen, he reached down with a gulp. Picking up the book with widening eyes, he looked back at Rebecca and sighed. "Okay, this is freaky. This is really freaky. I had the weirdest dream before I woke up inside of you."

"I did too," she admitted. "Were you ... with your ex?"

"I was alone," he said quietly. "I think I was in your bedroom. You weren't controlling me – I was doing ... stuff." He felt his cheeks flushing. "Really intimate stuff. Nothing too weird ... but different. Really different."

"You can tell me," Rebecca giggled. "I don't mind. You're my boyfriend. Besides, it was just a dream ... I did weird things as you too."

Flashes of what he saw quickly appeared before his very eyes. He cradled his head against his hands. The images were more detailed than before. While he experienced his bliss in his dreamlike state, the world seemed dark and less detailed. Now, he could visualize every detail. He could see his girlfriend's bedroom and the sound of her laptop's porn blaring through the speaker. The intense feeling between his legs while he fondled himself was more than just a dream – he was actually pleasuring himself. The images made his throbbing clit feel more intense when his hand began inching down to his crotch.

But he stopped when he realized that his girlfriend was still watching. Smirking, Rebecca slowly rose up from where she was sitting and looked down at her jeans.

There was a faint outline of her boner poking through. He felt a heat rushing to his cheeks again when Rebecca noticed him staring at her crotch. "S-Sorry," he stammered. "For staring, I mean. Not the boner. Well ... yes. Sorry for the boner."

Rebecca snickered and sat back down. "You know you don't have to feel embarrassed. This is your body."

"I know," he said quickly. "This is all just weird. Why are you so calm about this?"

"No use in freaking out." Her face contorted as Stanley watched her struggling to sit in a comfortable position. "So, this is what being a guy feels like. I don't see that much of a difference. The only thing I've noticed is the boner." She looked at Stanley and observed him from head to toe. Her eyes immediately darted away. "Wow, I get why men are pigs now. Your eyes literally can't control themselves."

"We can with a little more self-control," Stanley insisted when he moved slightly closer to her. They were both now sitting in front of each other. "You can't blame my body, though. You're really hot. But ... is the boner really all you've noticed? You don't feel aggressive or manly?"

"Not really," Rebecca said. That hit Stanley hard. "I feel pretty normal. Then again, my mom did call you feminine at some point, didn't she?" She laughed and stared at her old body's breasts. "I didn't realize how good I look from the outside, though. I don't know why I've been so self-conscious. How does it feel in my body?"

"I don't see that much of a difference," Stanley said. It was a complete lie for him to say that. There was a constant, throbbing heat emanating from between his legs. He looked at the ground and tried to distract himself, but the constant throb and the intensifying heat made him want to do terrible things. *Her body still feels so horny.* The constant flashes of naughty images were also starting to bother him as he fidgeted

uncomfortably on the ground. There were so many things that he wanted to do at that moment to his girlfriend's body.

"Not much of a difference," Rebecca said weakly. She seemed visibly hurt as she finally got back up. She paced around and clearly was not hindered by her hardened cock now. She took a deep breath. "This is really bizarre. I didn't think it would work when I tried it."

Stanley looked back at the book and opened it. He examined the tattered pages and tilted his head. His heart was racing when he realized that he had no idea which spell she had used. *I hope she remembers*, he thought. "Do you want to switch back now, babe?" Stanley nervously watched Rebecca still pacing around. She seemed lost in thought as she kept looking back at Stanley. He could feel his heart racing when he realized the hesitance in her eyes. *She wants to test things out*, he realized. She was always a curious girl, but this was something Stanley wanted to fix right away.

"You don't want to try things out?" Rebecca asked meekly. "You're not curious?"

The area between Stanley's legs began to warm up. He was surprised at how he was so ready for sex despite having already had it. As a male, it always took a while before he could finally get aroused after ejaculating. Seeing the outline of his wholesome dick through his pants, he was surprised at how quickly his male body had recovered. *She wants to go again*, he thought.

Stanley gulped. There was suddenly a strange heat flushing over his body as Rebecca stared deeply into his eyes. It was like his body's stare was doing something inside of Rebecca's female body. It was strange for him - they had seen each other naked so often, but looking at himself through feminine eyes really made him realize just how handsome he looked. A slim jaw, soft hair, and a clear facial complexion were things he never noticed before. Sure, he was not jacked and overly dominating, but there were attractive qualities in him that Rebecca's body clearly liked. He caught

himself inching closer and closer to her like a magnet. Suddenly, he took a deep breath and moved a step back.

"We shouldn't," he finally said. "We don't know what we're dealing with. What if the spell can mess things up for the swap back? It's magic - we don't know if logic or realism will make sense. I'd rather just switch back right away."

"I guess you're right," Rebecca said with disappointment in her voice. Stanley handed her the book. "You're positive that you don't want to just try things out a little bit?"

"I'm just afraid that I'll like it better in here. What if I get stuck?"

"Oh, the horror," she said while rolling her eyes. Her eyes suddenly widened. "Wait, I don't know what spell I read."

Stanley's heart dropped. "Are you fucking serious?"

"Hey, don't get mad at me," she said defensively. "This entire book is in Spanish or Latin. Or French. I don't know any of these languages." She reached into her pocket and pulled out Stanley's phone. When she tried to swipe it open, she glared at the lock screen before holding it out to him. "Can you put in your pin?"

"You're joking right now," Stanley whispered. He took the phone and punched in his password. "Are you doing this just because you want to fuck in my body?"

"No," Rebecca yelled angrily. He flinched fearfully. "Sorry, but I'm not doing this because I want to prolong the switch! I swear to fucking God!"

"Stop yelling, then," Stanley said while handing his phone over to Rebecca. "What were you planning on doing?"

"I'm taking a picture of every page," she said. "I'll try running the pictures through an OCR app and get the text that way. Then, I'll Google Translate everything."

"That's going to take hours," Stanley groaned. "Besides, this is handwriting. What breakthrough apps do you know that can accurately decipher it? I can barely read it."

"Oh, do you have a better idea?"

Truthfully, Stanley was at a loss for words, so he shook his head. Something like this had never happened to him before. Magic was a fictional concept. While he watched his girlfriend taking photos of every single page, he noticed golden text on the back of the textbook. "Gretel's Magic Shop," Stanley read aloud. "There's an address."

"Sorry, what?"

"Gretel's Magic Shop."

Rebecca glared at him as she put the book down. "I heard what you said," she snapped. "I'm asking for more context." Stanley pointed at the back of the book and she peered at it. "That address is on the other side of town. Do you think they're still around?"

Stanley took his phone back and did a search for the store in question. "It's still around," he said. "Really bad Google Reviews, but it's been around for a long time apparently. Some of these reviews are from ten years ago. They also have a phone number. I guess we can call ahead to ask about the book." He tapped on the phone number and began calling them.

"Do you think Mister Henderson or his wife bought it from the shop?" She asked.

"They might have. I hope they can give answers before we go asking Mister Henderson for help."

"Wait, hold on, why don't we do that? What's the worst that can happen?" Rebecca asked.

Stanley let out a frustrated sigh. "That'll turn out really well. He'll be wondering why we were snooping through his dead wife's books. If he even knew about the encyclopedia, then he would have hidden it from us, don't you think?"

"Okay, sorry, it was just a question. I don't know why you're attacking me."

"I'm not," he snapped. "Just shut up, okay?" Clearly pissed off and in a foul mood, Rebecca was aggressively flipping through the encyclopedia. She seemed to be reading every single page on her own while the phone kept ringing. When the store did not pick up, Stanley tried calling them again. And again. And then again.

"Still nothing?" She asked.

"Still nothing," Stanley said while lowering the phone from his ear. "Maybe they're not actually open."

Rebecca shook her head and playfully ran a finger along Stanley's arm. Pleasurable chills ran through his body. She leaned forward, and her masculine voice immediately clouded Stanley's mind with horny lust. "I may as well just say every single one of these spells. We're bound to find the right one eventually."

"What is it?" A woman's raspy voice yelled through the phone. Stanley and Rebecca both jumped with shock. "Hello? How can I help you?"

"H-Hi," Stanley stammered. "My name's Stan- Rebecca. We have a book called the *Encyclopedia of Spells* and found your address on the back of it. Is it possible that you sell these?"

"I'm sorry, can you repeat that? You were breaking up."

"I have an *Encyclopedia of Spells*," he said. "Me and my girl ... my boyfriend were helping clean out a place and found it. It's in a weird language that neither of us know – we think it's Latin. We wanted to know more about it."

There was nothing but silence for what felt like minutes. Rebecca tilted her head while she stared at her boyfriend. Then, there was a sudden cackling. The loud cackling sent shivers down Stanley's spine as he moved the phone away from his ear. "I'm closing in twenty minutes," the raspy voice said. "But I'll be here all night. Please come by my store. I can tell you more about it."

"We'll be over as soon as possible," Stanley said.

Gretel Turner

After hanging up on her mysterious and annoying caller, she returned upstairs to her bedroom where Igor was waiting for her. They had been lost in their carnal embrace until the phone ruined things. She was so close to finally climaxing before the ringing ensued. She tried to ignore them, but the noise eventually drove her over the edge. Now that she was finally back, Gretel was not annoyed or pissed off. No, she was ecstatic about what was about to happen. *Things are finally starting to work out*, she thought to herself. *Maybe God does exist after all.*

Igor remained on the side of the bed on his knees as she gracefully stretched along her damp sheets. She motioned for him to go on to the bed. "Continue," she ordered calmly. "We'll have to cut the session short for now. I have a meeting soon, so it'll only be me who gets to cum." He towered over her, his chiseled and wide chest flexing and gleaming in the dim lighting as he moved along the bed.

"Yes, ma'am," he whispered tirelessly.

"I'm sorry that this is so last minute. They called me just now, and it's extremely important. You're not mad about this, Igor?"

"I would never be mad at you. You know that."

Still on his knees, he lowered his wide jaw towards her welcoming cunt and planted his wonderful lips against her damp inner folds. She let out a moan and coughed violently. Despite her slightly older age and declining health, she was still a cougar that men sought after. Igor was her star employee, and she treated him as such by giving him permission to satisfy her sexual needs. Few people were as physically perfect as Igor, and she used him as best she could. Now that the disturbances were out of the way for now, they could finish the last of their session.

"How does this feel?"

"Oh, yes! Igor!" She moaned happily. "Move your tongue faster!" Igor loudly slurped at her moist walls as she moaned even louder. The pressure was finally building up like before. She felt her entire body beginning to jerk uncontrollably. She felt like life was finally turning out right as her employee circled her clit with a single finger. She could feel her face contorting before finally feeling her hardening nipples radiating with her overwhelming pleasure and desire. The sensations were enough to finally make her toes curl. "Oh, Igor! Igor!"

"Miss Turner," he whispered into her dripping slit. The vibrations made her eyes widen while her body tensed up. Gretel gripped the sheets as she looked down between her sagging breasts. She squeezed them with her right hand while her left hand tightly gripped Igor's red hair. She felt her legs squeezing down against his head when a wave of euphoria completely rocked her entire body. Shivering uncontrollably, she screamed and felt her neck involuntarily craning in every possible direction as the sheets became drenched in her musky filth.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" She moaned. Igor kissed along her flabby tummy and hardened nipples. Gretel was still trembling when their lips finally met for what felt like minutes. "Good boy. It's a shame we have to cut this so short." She explored for the young man's tongue again before he finally pulled away.

"It's fine, Miss Turner," he finally said while rolling off the bed. She could still see the hard outline of his dick through his underwear. One of the things she was trying to teach him was discipline, and that meant abstinence. He was not allowed to experience the intense pleasure that she felt. He was only allowed if she let him. "I work tomorrow, so I guess we can do this again."

"We'll do this again," she agreed. "But not tomorrow. I want you back here tonight."

"I thought you said you were having a meeting, though?"

Gretel nodded her head. "I do, but I want you here for something extra special. You said you'd do anything for me, yes? It's a wonderful reward."

"Of course."

"I'll hold you to that," she whispered. "Run along. Come back in an hour."

"Why can't you just tell me now, though?"

Gretel took a deep breath and walked across her dim room. She picked up her clothes at the center of the room before looking back to her lover. "That would ruin the specialness of my surprise," she said. "It'll be better once you come back later."

"Whatever you say, Miss Turner."

Pulling on her black bra and panties, she looked at her smooth legs and smirked. Things were definitely changing tonight, and Igor would be a great help if she could rely on him. Even though she was in her late forties, she could see the thirst behind Igor's pale blue eyes. All men are the same, she thought. But not my Igor. The handsome man could only stare at her aging beauty while she kissed at the air. "Back here tonight. Don't forget."

He nodded eagerly. She understood why he liked her so much. Igor insisted that she had the "MILF" look that so many men craved. She chose this body well, though it was starting to become difficult to satisfy her sexual needs and urges. She pulled up a long, black dress from the floor and made sure to push her sagging breasts up to make them look firmer in her bra.

Standing at the foot of the bed, she admired her figure in the mirror along the back wall behind her bed's wooden headboard. She pulled her long, blonde hair back and tied it into a ponytail. But will he still love me when I tell him the truth? She wondered. It

was always like this when a body was becoming too old for her liking, yet there was nothing she could do about that.

"You look beautiful," Igor finally said when she was done. "Have a good time, Miss Turner. I'll be back soon."

"I'll see you soon, my love," she whispered. She watched his incredible physique from behind as he disappeared from view. She stared with a saddening look before grabbing a pack of cigarettes from underneath her bed.

Gretel moved across the room and opened the glass sliding door leading outside. She began standing at the edge of her shop's second floor balcony and placed the cigarette in her mouth. She picked up a golden lighter that she left on the small balcony table and lit the cigarette. She sucked in and exhaled the poisonous smoke and peered out into the darkening city. It's only four o' clock - is this an ominous foreshadowing of what's to come? She thought happily. I can feel the rain in my joints. A storm is coming, and my bad luck finally ends.

A dark grey sky now loomed overhead as small drops of rain began falling upon the city. A smirk spread across her face again when a distant streak of lightning cut through the sky like a knife. Such a beautiful afternoon, she thought. Such a wonderful time for destiny to come knocking at my doorstep.

After years of being unable to practice magic, Gretel steadily grew restless and cranky. Sex could no longer hide her declining mood. Her spell book containing hundreds of different spells was everything to her, and after it was stolen from her by a team of paranoid witch hunters whose identities she never discovered, she lost her ability to cast her spells. The book served as both a wand and a source of magical power, and she was unable to do anything without it. Knowing the magical words and phrases was not enough – she needed the actual book.

When the young woman phoned her about the book, Gretel knew that this was her final opportunity to extend her life. Since she was significantly older now, her body was slowly starting to fail her. Jumping from body to body was time and energy consuming. The separation from her book also meant an accelerated aging of her current body. She still looked relatively young, but her joints and back were starting to tighten and ache. Her intended age was always in her twenties to early thirties, so she missed the flexibility of a young female body. She always hopped to a new body by her forties when she had the spell book in her possession, but the missing spell book meant no spells.

Twenties to early thirties was the peak age for her vessel's physical beauty and health. It was the age where men chased after her the most and where her body truly screamed with pleasure beneath the sheets. Everything was significantly easier. Sex still felt incredible in her current body, especially with a sexy employee like Igor, but it was time for an upgrade. She waited in her current body for too long now. Soon, she would be able to make the switch again upon regaining her spell book. But first she needed to determine who had stolen her book in the first place, and Rebecca was the person who had all the answers.

A red car appeared down the road by the time Gretel finished her cigarette. It slowly drove by her store before parking in the parking lot to the side. She beamed at a young man and a beautiful brunette walking out of their car. My oh my - she's a young one. A very young one. Gretel left her unfinished cigarette in her balcony ashtray before stepping back into the building. She'll be perfect. God, I can't believe how convenient this is!

She wheezed as she walked through her cramped room. Half of the room was a kitchen, and the other half of the room had her bed and a short bookshelf with her favorite mystery novels. Technically, Gretel was not supposed to be living in the building that she was leasing, but the property management had no idea about her living

quarters. To hell with them, she thought. Soon, I'll be able to leave this life of retail behind.

The middle-aged woman walked to the right side of the room before hearing the sound of her call bell ringing downstairs. She moved to her doorway, and straight across from her was a spiral stairway leading to the rest of her store. Holding on to the metal railing, she carefully descended the steps and found herself behind a cashier till and wooden counter. The familiar site of her small magic shop came into view with its aisles of party supplies, sparklers, and fake potion ingredients that nobody cared to buy. Her store had lost a significant amount of business over the years - she was lucky to get more than three customers per day. Standing on the other side of the counter were two young people and a familiar red book sitting on her counter.

One of them was a tall, skinny man with brown hair and a crooked nose. There was a goofy, gaped smile on his face as he nervously swayed left and right. His pale hand wrapped around the beautiful, slender woman's hand. She had a white blouse that hugged her frame perfectly, and her designer jeans made her look so shapely. There was a knowing smile over the woman's light pink lips as her light blue eyes studied her.

"You must be Rebecca," Gretel finally said. She ran a finger along the spine of her spell book. She immediately felt the coldness of its magic running up her spine. I missed this so much. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She savored the whispers that called to her before looking back to Rebecca to admire her straight brown hair and beautiful face. She's perfect up close too, she thought. In all these years, she just might be the prettiest victim. "Thank you for coming so late. And thank you for bringing my book back to me."

"We have so many questions," the man said. "I'm Rebecca. This is Stanley. We accidentally switched bodies, and we don't know how to switch back."

The middle-aged woman frowned as she stared down at the book. Her encyclopedia was full of extremely unique spells, but a body swap spell was something she never tested. She preferred the possession and soul extraction spells that allowed her to absorb a vessel's original soul. It was the easiest way to steal another person's identity, though it always required a second person to assist her. Please, Igor, don't turn me down.

"You simply find the spell and read it aloud," Gretel said. "It's a unique book. The book's an ancient tool used by magic users who are unable to naturally utilize soul path energy."

"Soul path energy?" Stanley asked with the woman's sweet voice.

"It's an energy source that witches use to cast abilities," Gretel explained. "All witches are born with it naturally, but some practitioners who want to use magic have to resort to this. It's something I used to use many years ago. Have you tried reusing the spell to switch back?"

"That's just the thing," Stanley began to say nervously. "We don't actually know what spell it was. Rebecca was holding the book when the spell was cast, and she immediately fell to the ground. She dropped the book when the swap happened."

"Did you both fall to the ground?" The older woman asked.

Rebecca nodded. "We both did. I think we were out for a few minutes."

"That's going to cause problems then," Gretel lied. "It sounds like you used the permanent body swap ritual. The other body possession and swap spells don't usually result in a loss of consciousness. Even if we find the spell, then the spell isn't going to switch either of you back. It's strange since that spell usually requires both people to read the spell out loud."

"We both said it out loud," Stanley said with widening eyes. "Wait, so this isn't reversible?"

"Stay calm," the older woman laughed. "I have one or two tricks up my sleeve. I know exactly how to do this, though it'll require a more aggressive type of spell." She opened the spell book and moved through its familiar pages. *It feels so good to be with you again*, she thought. Every page she turned brought back fond memories of all sorts of spells that she used to play around with. When she found the right page, she quickly scanned over it. "Yes, this is the one. It's a soul extraction spell."

"Soul extraction spell?" Rebecca asked anxiously.

"When you both swapped bodies, there was a spiritual switch. The switch bounded your souls to your bodies like glue. This soul extraction spell will remove that glue so that I can use another spell to manually transfer you into the correct bodies. The process shouldn't take too long. It can take up to an hour to prepare."

"Hold on, I have a question," Stanley blurted. "You mentioned manually transferring us. What if you make a mistake?"

The older woman cackled at the boyfriend in his girlfriend's body. The look on his face looked absurd. "You don't trust me."

"It just sounds really intrusive," he said. "Is there really no other way?"

"Babe, she's just trying to help us. Are you really going to be suspicious now? She's our only lead."

"Sorry, this magic stuff is just really scary. I don't want to make things worse."

A smile crept over Gretel's face as she nodded. *They're both desperate*, she thought happily. *The poor boy has every right to be afraid. His distrust is justified.* "I'll do everything in my power to ensure a complete transfer," she assured them. "You will definitely have to

trust me. Suppose you leave today - you won't be able to switch back. You're trapped in your current bodies forever unless you find the right spell. I know we're strangers, but neither of you have very many options."

"I suppose we don't," Stanley murmured. "I guess we can go ahead with this. Honestly, you're the only person who really knows anything about the book."

The older woman nodded. "I am. But there's just one thing I wanted to know. One thing that you may be able to clarify."

"Anything," they both said.

"Where did you find my spell book? How did you come across it?"

"We were helping pack up a family friend's apartment," Rebecca answered. "His wife died recently, so he decided to relocate. We found it in a pile of books while we were packing their things. Well ... I found it. That was when we tried the spell."

"I see," the older woman said quietly. *Getting my revenge might be harder than I thought. But he just might be a good start. I just need her memories.* "Such a shame - I expected something more exciting than an accident. Well, now I'm happy that this is finally back in my possession. Here, follow me. Let's go upstairs. We'll prepare the spell there."

They hesitantly followed her up the steps, and Gretel entered her cramped bedroom. Even while she led them further into her home, she could smell the distrust. There was anxiety and fear in the air, and her chest throbbed with excitement. *There will be no escape soon, she thought. Once they heed my words, I'll be able to have what I want.* They both waited by the doorway while Gretel placed her spell book on her messy bed. Igor's cologne still lingered in the air. "I'm sorry about the mess."

"This place is cleaner than my room," Stanley said. "Don't worry about it. The place is nice. I just didn't think you had an actual apartment suite up here. Is this even allowed?"

"It is allowed," she lied to the keen boyfriend. "Come on in." The older woman watched them staying at the doorway as if a wall was preventing them from entering. She could see goosebumps running along their arms. They were not magic users, yet they were able to sense the darkness coming to consume them. She needed to come up with a lie. "I can see that you're afraid. Don't worry. This is completely normal - this room has had a lot of magic. You're sensing the remnants of spells from years ago. It's like dust that has collected."

The older woman's eyes looked down at the spell again when they hesitantly entered the room. Stanley walked up to the glass sliding door to the far left of the room while Rebecca observed the half kitchen. "You have everything up here," Rebecca remarked.

"It's a wonderful home," Gretel said. "I've lived here for decades, and I wouldn't change it for the world." *Until I get my next life.* She read the words over and over again in her head to make sure she understood them. She was going to extract their souls from their bodies, so she needed to make sure everything went by smoothly. The spell itself was nothing too extreme or unfamiliar, since she frequently used this spell to hop to her next vessel. Upon extracting their souls, Gretel planned on initiating her plan on stealing Rebecca's body with Igor's assistance.

Taking a person's body was one thing. Stealing their life was the most difficult part if it was not done right. Thankfully, after doing this for hundreds of years, Gretel knew exactly what she needed to do. The spell would extract their souls for transfer, but Gretel had more in mind for Rebecca's soul. Rather than leave it to the side, she planned on using her soul to absorb her memories. By absorbing her memories by devouring the poor girl's soul, she could easily slip into her new life with ease.

She happily turned to the couple and nodded. Her heart was racing as she held both of her hands out for them to grab. "Take my hands and close your eyes," she ordered. "We're going to start the spell now, if you're really ready. The only other thing I need is a willingness for your souls to leave your bodies. I can't pull you out without consent."

"Do we just say that out loud?" Rebecca asked.

The two young people foolishly stepped forward and grabbed her hands. "No, just repeatedly say it in your mind," she told them. "Keep telling yourselves that you want to leave your bodies. The spell will do the rest as long as you remain relaxed and don't fight back. I just need willingness."

"Okay, we're ready," they both said.

Gretel stared into Stanley's beautiful female face. Rebecca's body was unbelievably sexy. She was slim and had weight in all the right places. Her white blouse hugged her torso comfortably while her breasts looked deliciously firm and squeezable. They were smaller than the older woman's breasts, but she could get used to them with time. Gretel smirked. "*Animas eorum suscipe. Da mihi eas. Release!*"

A sudden surge of white light blanketed the room, and she knew that she had succeeded. Stanley and Rebecca screamed at the top of their lungs as their eyes and mouths glowed with the blinding light. They tried pulling away at this point, but it was too late for them now. All the older woman needed was a brief second of willingness. Gretel cackled, her grip around their hands tightening while a heat boiled at the three of them. She held on to them even as they collapsed onto the ground, and she excitedly watched as a white pearl rolled out of each of their mouths. The light dimmed while thunder roared loudly in the background.

"You silly fools," she laughed. Gretel released her female victim's hand and took hold of the glowing pearl that served as Stanley's soul. She placed it in front of the male

body before taking hold of Rebecca's soul pearl. It shimmered beautifully when a streak of lightning blanketed the room with light again. She stared out into the darkening city with the pearl seemingly screaming at her. *Hush. It will be over soon.*

Rain was heavily falling against her store as a streak of lightning cut through the sky. Laughing to herself hysterically, the older woman brought Rebecca's soul up to her lips and swallowed it whole.

Igor Pisano

The Catholic Church was the primary organization in charge of keeping all things magical under control. Witches were among these magical things, and they were the most despised and hunted individuals that Igor knew. Centuries of burning and executing led to an eventual war between religion and witchkind. After centuries of war against witches, the church finally chose a peaceful solution. Igor understood it as controlling the dangerous witch population through monitoring, but after working with Gretel, he saw it as oppression. It was not right for him.

He was a typical witch hunting agent who went through all the right lessons and propaganda. It felt like the right thing to do, and the money was better than what he could get on Canada's east coast. After being assigned by the church to observe Gretel as an employee, he figured that it was going to be a simple enough assignment. She was a witch who relied solely on a spell book, and since she no longer had it, she was the easiest possible witch to monitor.

The years of working with Gretel eventually led to him falling in love with her. She was an older woman with a nearly twenty-year age gap, but she was still extremely beautiful. Her shapeliness and seductive personality made him crave her with every passing day. It was the fiery passion between them that really drove Igor insane for her. Her store had fewer than ten customers a day, so they frequently had opportunities to enjoy each other's company. Igor was a spy who fell in love for Gretel's beauty and personality, and it was an easy enough decision to make.

But when he finally returned to Gretel's store that rainy, late afternoon, he was surprised to see two unconscious people lying on the floor. One of them was a tall, skinny male with messy brown hair and goofy looking limbs. There was a pure white pearl sitting beside his face. The girl beside him was an extremely pretty girl with a clear

complexion and long, straight brown hair. The unconscious people were lying to the left of the balcony doorway where wind and some rain blew through. Standing on the balcony with the sliding door wide open, Gretel had a cigarette in her mouth as she looked over her shoulder.

"I'm back, Miss Turner." Her stare and smile melted his heart immediately.

Gretel turned completely to face him. An ominous streak of lighting cut through the distant skies when she exhaled one final plume of smoke. Even against the gloomy background behind her, Gretel still looked unbelievably beautiful to him. The roundness of her breasts and her sharp smile made him feel rock hard. She stared at him from head to toe before putting out her cigarette. Leaving it in her ash tray, she stepped back into the room to kiss him.

She quietly moaned into him before moving away from him. Her eyes longingly stared as she grabbed his large hands. "I have a confession," she said. "I understand if you'll be angry. Or weirded out. If you don't agree with it and want to leave me, then I'll understand a hundred percent. I won't be mad at you."

"I won't be. Who're these two?" Igor finally asked. She tugged at his hands towards the bed. There was an open book with hand written symbols written across its cream-colored pages. Every page seemed withered and old as she ran a finger along the left page. *Is that ... her spell book?*

"They're a young couple who brought one of my prized possessions," she said. "Many years ago, a group of people stole it from me. You know how I run this magic party store? At some point in my life, I actually practiced magic. Real magic." She paused and studied the look in his eye. He tried to fake his cluelessness. "I know. Yes, I'm a witch, but I can't use magic without my spell book, so I wasn't able to use magic for this long." There was genuine sadness in her eyes. "For years, I've used the book to extend my life. I normally switch bodies before I get to my age, but I wasn't able to do it

without the spell book. And for years I decided not to do it ever again, even with the book."

"A witch? You can actually do magical stuff?" He still pretended to play stupid. His heart was racing violently.

Gretel nodded. "But I'm dying," she said. His heart immediately dropped. "My soul can only remain attached to a vessel for so long."

"What happens? Do you detach from your current body?"

She shook her head. "Not just that. The body consumes me when it realizes that I'm too weak to stay. It's a natural defense mechanism. And the more I think about it, the more I'm not okay with it. Now that I have my spell book back, I have a chance to stay here. To stay here with you." She lightly kissed his cheek. "But I can't do it on my own. I need your help. If you refuse, then I'll find another way. But I want this so much. And I know that you do too."

"Miss Turn--"

She kissed his lips. "Don't you?"

Igor was unable to move now. A strange uncertainty gripped his chest as he debated on whether or not to help her. While his loyalty to her was unbelievably strong, he still had a job to do. Gretel regained her ability to cast magic, and so she was suddenly a high-risk target. His job was to protect humans from abusive witches, but his love for her was overriding his duty. *I'll put a stop to it*, he thought to himself. *I'll mess the spell up. I'll save them.*

"I'll do it," he struggled to say. "You know I'd do anything for you."

Gretel kissed his lips and held her arms around his neck. The glee in her face made him have second thoughts. She was too happy about this. "You don't know how happy that makes me," she said with a slight crack in her voice. "I don't want to leave you."

"You're not going to leave me," he felt himself say before looking over to the girl on the ground. "Is that going to be your new body?"

"Yes," she said happily. "Do you like her?"

"She looks pretty," he answered.

"God, I'm so excited," Gretel said before pulling away from him. "Just before you came, I absorbed her memories. All I need now is for you to move my soul orb once I cast the spell. The spell is going to extract my soul from my body. What you have to do is place the orb against her body until my soul attaches to her. Once the orb is absorbed, I'll be in her body. Forever until I decide to leave."

"What will happen to your current body, though?" He asked.

"I'll seal it away for later," she said. "There won't be complications with searching for me. I'll be reported missing, and we'll adjust her life accordingly. And yes, I'll be letting the boy live. Getting rid of him isn't beneficial. It would cause too many issues to arise."

"Why?" He asked despite knowing.

"There are organizations that seek to kill or control witches," she told him. "Having a missing warehouse worker will raise questions. While I'll be able to live on as her now that I've absorbed her memories, there are spells out there that can extract my current thoughts. If I'm questioned, I'll fold."

"I see. What if that guy talks, though?"

Gretel gushed with laughter as she pointed at the pearl on the ground. "The last thing he remembers is me extracting his soul from his body," she said. "He won't know that I've taken over his girlfriend's body." She walked forward and wrapped her arms around his neck and smiled at him. His cock hardened as she enthusiastically pushed up against him. "All he'll remember is switching bodies with his girlfriend."

"What about us, though? Are you going to stay with him?"

The older woman shook her head and gave him a reassuring kiss against his cheek. Her arms around him tightened comfortingly. "No, dear, I love you too much to do that," she said. "You're the man for me. I don't want to leave you. I don't want to die. Once I'm in her body, I'll do what I need to do to adjust her life accordingly." She kissed his neck and whispered into his ear. Her confident voice sent chills down his body. "And that means staying with you."

Igor was at a loss for words. She slowly stroked at his bright red hair. "Miss Turner..."

They embraced each other for what felt like minutes before Gretel finally broke away from him. She moved to the book and looked at him. "Are you ready?"

"Ready when you are," he said. "That's all I have to do, right? All I need to do is place your soul orb against her body until she takes you in."

"That's all you have to do," she said. "You can imagine how hard it would be to do that myself. I'd be trapped as an orb for an eternity."

"Let's do it. I'm ready."

Gretel looked down at the book and took a loud, sharp breath. "*Animas eorum suscipe. Da mihi eas.* Release!"

A flash of white light made Igor look away. He could hear evil whispers and his conscience intermingling. Guilt and fear gripped his chest. His heart was racing violently by the time the light faded away. *I'll stop it*, he kept thinking to himself. *I'm not going to do it*. The ground shook violently when Gretel fell to the ground. Her head smacked against the hard floor with a sickening crack as a black pearl rolled along the ground from her mouth. He crouched down and picked it up with wide eyes, the surface of the blackness feeling hot to the touch. It felt like whispers were emanating from the pearl as he walked across the room. *I'm not going to do it*.

He stared down at the couple with conflicted feelings. This was his opportunity to end her potential terror. A witch out of control with power beyond reason was just cause for a witch trial or execution. He could call the church and request for assistance. He could also ask for local witch hunters to help try to remedy the damage caused by Gretel.

But seeing the witch's unconscious body barely breathing on the floor sent pain surging through his chest. This was the woman he loved. This was the person who he dedicated himself to. After working with her for so long and becoming obsessed by her personality, he found himself wanting to go through with the soul transfer. There might have still been a chance to save whoever this girl was. There might have still been a chance to reverse the damage caused by Gretel.

The longer he stared at Gretel's new body, though, the more he realized that they could stay together for an even longer period of time. Nobody would ever know if she had the girl's memories. With the older woman getting a young and new body, she would no longer have to worry about dying and leaving him. *I don't want her to leave*, he thought while inching closer to the young girl's body. He lowered himself to her and could smell the faint rose perfume emanating from her white blouse. *But this sleeping beauty doesn't deserve to have her life stolen away. Does she?*

Igor looked at the small white orb beside the boyfriend. He tried to envision himself in his shoes and losing Gretel. If somebody stole Gretel away from him by force, he would be distraught. He gritted his teeth and felt unable to make a concise decision. Everything he trained and lived for was crashing all around him. His conscience felt heavy with the decision he was about to make, but the intense passion he shared with Gretel outweighed everything. *Nobody will ever know except for us.* He pushed the black pearl up against the unconscious brunette's body, and the girl's light blue eyes immediately opened up.

Gretel Turner

Gretel sat up from the ground and felt a rush of heat through her new body. Steam rose from where Igor had pushed her soul pearl up against her body. She looked down at her slim legs and ran her fingers along the curves of her denim. While she stood up from the ground, every inch of her body felt painless. She looked down at her stolen breasts and lightly squeezed them. *Smaller than my old ones, but firmer. Softer.* She ran her hands down her flat tummy and waist. *I feel so fucking perfect.*

She looked at the mirror behind her bed's headboard. She moved to stare herself from the side and back. Surprisingly, despite Rebecca's slim body, she was still quite shapely. Her jeans hugged her perfect ass without a single wrinkle. Gretel rubbed at her thigh and hips before finally running her hands through her hair. It felt soft and smelled wonderful.

"Miss Turner?" Her lover asked uncertainly.

She looked back to Igor and stepped closer to him. She was so lost in her new reflection that she briefly forgot about him. He initially took a step back until her lips drifted right in front of his face. He stared down at her luscious mouth when she giggled. She finally leaned forward, the smell of his cheap cologne flooding her nose. He took her kiss, and their tongues intermingled as his arms wrapped around her slim waist. Gretel whimpered quietly into him, the rush of heat and lust pulsating from her throbbing crevice while she nuzzled her head against his large shoulder. *He isn't resisting,* she thought. *He still wants me just as badly. He knows it's me - it's just not in a body that he's used to.*

"Thank you so much," she finally said. "You don't know what this means to me." He studied her for a time. His grip around her tightened while she squeezed at his biceps. "Do you like what you see?"

"She looks even better with you in there," he said before nuzzling his nose and lips against the side of her neck. Waves of desire shot through her while her body fidgeted against him. "You look incredible."

Sparks of burning desire fluttered through her young body. She felt the heat between her legs intensifying with every passing second. Her new body was by far the most sexually reactive. Normally, it would have taken at least double the time to get her turned on. Now that a young, powerful man was touching her, she felt her womanhood alive with sexual yearning. Her heart was racing, and the throbbing of her clit against his rigidness made her want more of him. She felt unbelievably wet despite having been in her new body for only a minute or so.

"Igor," she moaned against him. "I can't believe how horny you're making me. Your touch always felt good, but her body's significantly more receptive." She bit her lower lip. "I want to test this with you. I *need* to test this with you."

Igor urged her through the room between steamy kisses. She felt his rough hands gripping her waist. His rigidness repeatedly pushed up against her crotch as she moaned weakly into his lips. Despite not being inside of her, she felt his animalistic thirst and power pushing up through her clit with an invisible cock. The anticipation and pressure felt wonderful. She moaned louder now as she fell on her back across the bed. She closed her eyes between every wet kiss while he unbuttoned at her blouse.

She stared down when he began pulling the blouse away. He began planting kisses against her cleavage while she removed her bra. The air felt cool against her nipples. Igor threw aside the blouse and her bra, his hot tongue flicking along her light pink nubs while he gently groped her natural and smooth breasts.

"You're so perfect," he said weakly. "Holy fuck, Miss Turner. You really chose a good person to be."

"Oh, Igor," she moaned. "I'm so happy you like it just as much as me. You have no idea. But it wasn't just me. It was all luck for her to come. I just jumped at the opportunity."

Waves of pleasure shot through her body when she closed her eyes. Flashes of Rebecca's intimate memories with Stanley and her previous boyfriends began appearing before her very eyes when Igor pulled down her jeans and panties. She remembered the intimacy and the passion with every man. She remembered all their faces, but the only man who could come close to deserving her was Igor.

She felt his kisses against her damp nub when she looked at him. He was sliding his shorts and underwear down as well. His hard, perfect cock stood fully erect and ready to conquer her stolen body. "It's about time we finished what we started earlier. Wouldn't you agree?"

"Miss Turner," he whispered while pressing the tip of his naked rod against her glistening, bald folds. He flicked at her crevice with his dome, the shimmering and wet musk dampening his powerful tip. She playfully squeezed at her breasts again while she watched him removing his shirt and throwing it to the side. His muscular body looked perfect while she rested her ankles over his wide shoulders. Suddenly, he slid into her upon kissing her naked ankles and calves, and she felt the full force of his manhood as her breasts rippled upwards.

She felt her head craning upwards with every wonderful plunge. She moaned loudly, his grunts and thrusts making her grip her bedsheets. The bed creaked noisily while she absorbed every inch of him. In her old body, she required a lot more lubrication and foreplay. With Rebecca's young body, she could go straight into action without any prep work. Just seeing such a perfect man made her body feel sexually ready.

Their bodies were lost in a wet mess of lust and love. After she spread her legs out to her sides, Igor kissed her neck and breasts between every plunge of his body before he abruptly gripped her slender waist. He pulled her up into the air and got off the bed. He stood at the foot of the bed with a grunt. She felt his tongue against the side of her neck again as her dainty legs wrapped around his massive back. His hands rested at the base of her ass while he let her sink down onto his cock. She felt his entirety absolutely conquering her sensitive inner lips. With a grind and a release, he suddenly thrust into her again and again.

They were facing the balcony sliding door as Gretel looked to the right. She stared into her perfect vessel's reflection from the mirror behind the headboard of the bed and moaned excitedly. They looked so perfect together. Igor's dick felt incredible in her new body, and she felt unbelievably sexy as he roughly slammed into her. She dug her nails into his back when she began to climax. "Igor, you're going to make me cum already," she moaned.

He was grunting loudly, his handsome face gleaming with sweat and contorting with the same pleasure she was feeling. Her grip around his body tightened. "Miss Turner," he groaned.

She could feel their chests rubbing against each other until she finally came. Igor held her in the air as she shuddered against him violently. She tried to suppress it while his manhood remained inside of her, but the overwhelming desire grew too much. The sound of water splashing against the floor made her squeal delightfully while she felt the wetness bursting from her trembling cunt.

"Fuck!" She cried. Moaning with endless lust, she struggled to hold on to him when they both fell back on to the bed. Her legs and arms loosened around him when his grasp finally left the round curves of her ass and legs. She kissed at him and repositioned herself. This time she was on top of him.

"How'd that feel?" Igor panted.

"Absolutely wonderful," Gretel answered. She looked down at where his dick intersected with her gorgeous body and bit her lower lip. Leaning her hands against his shoulders, she pinned him to the bed while she rode him slowly.

He remained locked underneath her spread out legs when she leaned forward to gaze at his mesmerized face. With her long, brown hair falling along the sides of his head, he looked up at her and began groaning when her hips quickly bounced up and down along his body. His face twisted with euphoria when he finally whispered, "Miss Turner, I'm ... going to cum."

Her hips moved faster. "My name isn't Miss Turner," she said through gritted teeth. Her inner folds felt sensitive after experiencing her first orgasm inside of Rebecca, yet her body kept forcing her onward. Deep down, she wanted his essence. She wanted to feel his seed filling her up. "Rebecca..." She stared down at her man with nothing but a fierce stare of triumph and control. "Say my name as you cum inside of me, Igor. Say my name while you fill me to the brim!"

"Rebecca," he struggled to say. "Oh, fuck, Rebecca, I'm cumming!" His steely-eyed seemed lost in his desire for her when she rode him faster. "Rebecca!" Suddenly, she felt his cock twitching and pulsating deep inside of her stolen body. She stared victoriously, her stolen body still riding him slowly, and felt his hands roughly pinching at her thighs as he planted his seed deep inside of her. As a hotness erupted inside of her, he groaned with each of her smallest movements.

Gretel watched as his seed oozed out of her ravaged slit. She felt deliriously full with every inch still twitching inside of her. She milked him with a smirk on her face when she felt his fingers weakening around her thighs. Lying down over his perfectly chiseled abs and chest, Gretel kept his softening shaft inside of her and lightly kissed his lips. Living the rest of her youth as Rebecca was going to be a wonderful experience. She had

successfully stolen a flawless and perfect vessel, and she was going to get the most out of her stolen life. "I love you, Igor."

"I love you too, Rebecca..."

Epilogue

When he returned to his apartment using his spare key and carrying two plastic bags of takeout food, he was expecting a lot of packed up boxes and a warm welcome. To his surprise, he found a dark home without a soul in sight. An ominous grumble of thunder shook the room.

"Rebecca," he called out. The sound of rain deafened the apartment, so he raised his voice. "Stanley! It's me. I've brought the Thai food that I promised. Are you guys still here?"

The key that he left for them was no longer there, so he guessed that they might have stepped out for a break. He set the plastic bags down in the kitchen and walked down the hallway. "Rebecca?" He purposely left the lights off as he frowned in silence now. The hairs along the back of his neck were rising to attention, and his heart was pounding with fear and adrenaline. There was something off in the cold air, and he had no idea what it was.

Suddenly, a pain gripped his chest. He fell to his hands and knees when a high-pitched screeching noise echoed all around him. He winced painfully and finally collapsed onto his side as he struggled to get back up. Looking around wildly at the surrounding darkness, he saw black tendrils reaching out from the darkest corners of his home. The shadowy tendrils tightly wrapped around his ankles and wrists when he tried to scream for help. He felt helpless and vulnerable as the pain only worsened.

He heard a nearby doorway opening and a foot slamming down on his chest. He groaned and looked up, the high-pitched noise only worsening when he saw a barrel-chested man with bright red hair. It felt like the tendrils were biting into his skin at this point. "Six o' clock, just like you said," the man said while looking over his shoulder. He

stomped on Mark's chest and laughed. "He even brought us dinner. What did you say it was?"

"It's Thai food. I'm sure you'll like it." A familiar woman's voice cooed. There was another person a few feet away from the man. The figure flicked on the light switch, and the hallway lit up brightly. The man was a person who he did not recognize, but the woman was his friend's daughter.

"Rebecca?" Mark asked.

"Such a shame," she said. "I was expecting more of a fight from a witch hunter."

"A what?" Mark asked confusedly. He sat up, but the other man immediately kicked his chin. He remained on the ground writhing in unbelievable pain as the tendrils tightened around his wrists and ankles even harder. Letting out a surprised cry of pain, his limbs felt stiff now. He could see Rebecca deeply kissing the man when he finally managed to regain his composure. "R-Rebecca..."

"Igor, dear, be gentle," she said. "I want answers from him."

Mark's heart was racing even more. *Who is that guy?* His breathing sharpened when he finally asked, "where's Stanley?"

The laugh from Rebecca was the most unnatural thing. He recognized it as her laugh, but the hysterical cackling sent chills down his spine. When he looked into her light blue eyes, there was a sinister look as her pink lips curled into a devilish smile. The man wrapped an arm around her waist and kissed her neck. She closed her eyes, and Mark was forced to watch them. His face uncomfortably lingered against her body. Igor finally pulled away from the young woman and stood over Mark with a smirk.

"Stanley's safe," she said dreamily while Igor kicked Mark in the ribs. "I'd be more worried about you."

"Wait, so you two are together?" Mark struggled to ask her. When he tried to struggle against his shadowy restraints, he felt a kick against his chin that left him dazed. He felt blood and a shattered tooth as tears flooded from his eyes. He let out a howl until Rebecca whispered a sentence he could not understand. Suddenly, he felt the tendrils straightening his arms and legs out even more. He felt like the tendrils were ripping him apart. Now, he became immobile with a cluster of tendrils wrapping around his lips. All he could do was frantically scream into the tendrils.

"Much better," she laughed while sauntering closer to him. Mark noticed that she had a familiar red book in her arms. She crouched down and ran a delicate finger along his forehead. Holding the book tightly, she whispered another sentence that he could not understand. A burst of green light flooded the hallway, and then there was a look of disappointment on her face when the light faded.

"What was that?" Igor asked.

"A mind reading spell. Such a shame. It must have been his wife who stole my spell book. You know about it, though, don't you?"

Mark screamed into the tendrils, but nothing came out. He did know what the book was, though his wife never really translated it. He was told that it was a children's book about magic. Since she taught preschool earlier in their relationship, a lot of that made sense, especially since she could speak so many different languages. *But an actual spell book? Is Rebecca going to kill me over a children's book?*

"I can still hear your thoughts," Rebecca laughed. "You're such a pitiful man. Your wife's 'children's book' was what gave me this body. Two kids who were too curious about it ended up using it. All it took was them seeking my help." She kissed the air in front of Mark's face. "I tricked them and stole her body. Don't worry, I'll let Stanley live. You, on the other hand..."

"What're you going to do?" Igor asked. She stood up above him before straightening the flimsy collar of her white blouse. A roar of thunder deafened Rebecca's voice while she said something to him. Igor planted a kiss against her cheek once the roar ended. "Please, Miss Turner, let me do it."

"My name's Rebecca now," she reminded him while stroking his arm. "Anyway, since this is my final opportunity for vengeance, I'm going to be the one who does this." She cackled and shoved her lover away. "Since it was likely his wife who did this, and since the bitch is dead, I'll have my own little fun with him. Stand at the front door, dear. Make sure nobody comes in."

"As you command," Igor droned before disappearing behind her.

Wait, but I didn't do anything! The last thing Mark could hear was Rebecca's sweet voice before he felt the shadows forcing their way down his throat and nose. He stared wildly around him, his body raising up into the air while the tendrils tightened against his insides. When he looked down at Rebecca again, he could see his stomach beginning to swell. He somehow managed to let out one final, muffled scream as the world went dark.

More Erotica by Jimmy Zappa

Tribal Masks

Rachel Lee is a young and attractive college student with a broken heart and crippling self-esteem issues. An old teacher with a dark past plans on permanently swapping bodies with her. With assistance from a young man lusting for them both, the old woman prepares the girl in secrecy as her next vessel. A combination of an ancient ritual, deceit, and demonic artifacts provide the parties with the tools and the means to conduct the swap. Can Rachel break free and stop the old woman from completely succeeding, or will the old woman successfully steal her body forever?

A Perfect Student

Amber and her best friend, Tianna, are certain that they failed Mrs. Nay's final exam. They decide to use a spell book Tianna's dying grandfather has in his study to temporarily take over Mrs. Nay's body. They plan on fixing their grades through her body. A big mistake with the spell occurs, and rather than Tianna possessing Mrs. Nay, Amber accidentally takes control of her body. As these events unfold, Tianna's grandfather takes the opportunity to try stealing Tianna's body. Will Amber make it back in time to save her best friend, or will it be too late?

The Witch's House

Madame Cynthia is a dying old witch that wants to be young again. Alex is a transgender woman that wants to be a real female. The two decide to work together to target two new potential vessels that will serve them as their permanent bodies. The old witch begins training two young girls on the basics of magic in order to prepare their bodies for transfer. The two girls begin learning advanced forms of magic. Will the two of them realize the trap ahead of them in time, or will they succumb to this horrific body theft plot?

Making Her Mine

Makenzy is enjoying her vacation with her friend, Katie, whose Uncle Roger is letting them stay at his island home. However, Roger is spending a lot of time uncomfortably watching Makenzy. A village mystic claims that darkness will soon consume her. The two girls also discover that Roger has been taking photos of Makenzy in secret. Along with the photos is a witch's spell book about body possession. Afraid that the man is secretly trying to steal her body, Makenzy decides

to try leaving the island, but a horrific body theft plot begins to take place. Can Makenzy and Katie break free from their trap in time before it's too late?

Inside My Seductive Mother

Josephine is a young college girl who hates Adriana, her new stepmother. With the help of a witch who also does not like Adriana, she decides to possess her stepmother's body to ruin her life. Josephine does things to ruin Adriana's life forever, but there seems to be more lurking beneath the shadows as a secret affair is discovered. The longer she stays in Adriana's body, the more she wants to forever be her. As she ruins her stepmother's life, will her growing love for Adriana ruin her own life in the process?

The Skin Stealer

Elise is an extremely competitive saleswoman that keeps flirting with her boss. The problem is that her boss is married and has a deadly secret. A witch hunter and his transgender girlfriend are also interested in his deadly secret when it's revealed that her boss wants to steal her body to wear her skin. Can the parties get together in time before a dark plan initiates, or will it be too late to save Elise?

My Obsessive Ex

Leela, Cassandra, and Florence have just finished high school, and they're looking forward to their adult lives. Triston, a seventy-year-old body hopper, is Leela's ex-boyfriend in a stolen teenage body with a troublesome temper. After Leela told everybody about his odd sexual habits, he makes it his mission to ruin her life. Using his body possession necklace, he decides to attempt stealing Leela's body as punishment for ruining his life during a night with her friends. Once inside, he does everything he can to make the possession permanent. His ex begins to fully lose control. Will Leela be able to break through his magical spell in time?

Becoming A Real Girl

Krystal, Zack's girlfriend, is a transwoman interested in having Gender Restructuring Robotics done to her body to help her transition into a biological female. Zack is supportive but also suspicious of the cheap operation. Doctor Biang accepts her request and performs the gender transition immediately, but Krystal soon learns that the operation is not what it seems. She is slowly losing herself in her new body. As this happens, Zack realizes that there is more lurking

beneath the shadows. Can Krystal's boyfriend uncover the wicked plot behind Doctor Biang's team in time?

An Adulterous Student's Body

Knowing that she's going to die from brain cancer, Evangeline visits an old friend who has studied the paranormal to get advice on how to live the last portion of her life. Her friend provides her with a cursed necklace that has the ability to "temporarily" possess any body she wishes. Using this power, Evangeline decides to try using it on her cheating and abusive husband to ruin his life before she passes. Soon, she realizes that she has the potential to make her possession permanent. Now in the body of the woman trying to steal her husband, will she decide to ruin her husband's life or try to be his next wife?

Let Her Inside Me Book 1

Stephanie's best friend Priya is celebrating her birthday. Instead of an ordinary present, Priya asks if Stephanie would be willing to swap bodies with her for a day with the help of a witch. Priya is a transgender woman, and she wants to see what it's like to be a real girl. Intrigued by the thought of seeing real magic and having a cock, Stephanie eagerly agrees to switch bodies with her friend. But what dark path lies beneath an honest request?

Let Her Inside Me Book 2

Amita Rai was an old woman who stole Stephanie's young and beautiful body through magic. Months have passed, and she has slipped into her new life and made herself better in every way. Everybody loves her, and her life seems absolutely perfect. Over the months, Priya has grown jealous and decides that she made a mistake in helping Amita secure her new vessel. Stephanie's life is literally ticking away as her memory slowly fails her in Amita's body. Priya desperately enlists the help of a friendly witch and Stephanie's boyfriend to help reverse the spell that gave Amita a second chance at life. Now that she has the means to banish Amita from her stolen body, can she save her friend in time before it's too late?

A Bad Girl's Permanent Lesson

Katarina is an incredibly mean girl with a bad attitude. Now on vacation with her boyfriend, her old Aunt Velma decides to teach her a lesson after watching her make everybody's lives miserable. She decides to swap bodies with her with the help of a village witch and runs into a problem. She likes being young a little way too much.

Deep Inside My Ex

Ronald is a homeless man with an unfortunate past. His cheating ex-wife, Kylie, took his children and money away. A family friend lets him sleep at her home to help him get back on his feet. Suddenly, his friend uses some sort of magic to allow him to possess his ex-wife's body. Now in her body, he can hear his ex-wife's trapped voice in his mind. Ronald struggles to adapt to the life of a woman while he seeks answers from his old friend. But he soon learns that the longer he stays inside of his ex's body, the more he wants to stay.

My Naughty Tutor

Victor is struggling to pass a difficult class. His final exam is less than 24 hours away, so he hires Tiffany to help tutor him. He is unable to grasp the material from the legendary tutor, so Tiffany suggests another tutoring service. With the help of a witch and money, Tiffany switches bodies with Victor to take the exam in his place. Everything seems to go smoothly until their bodies and hormones uncontrollably get in the way. To make things worse, a sinister plot begins within the shadows that will turn their lives upside down.

Becoming My Coworker

At Martin R&D, Fred is a lead researcher on a mission to help study the human brain and mental illness. Alongside his elderly boss and mentor, Brian Martin, they create and implement a prototype known as the Mind Projection System, where a person can control another individual through a complex computer network. On one fateful Friday night, Fred activates the system and successfully uses it to possess another researcher at the company, Marina, whose husband is in town showing her a good time. The experiment is a success, and Fred can feel everything a real woman can feel. Brian Martin and his old wife are ecstatic for sinister reasons. There seems to be more than meets the eye at Martin R&D as the Martins begin their quest for immortality.

Inside His Naughty Wife

Elliot and Kyra are newlywed teachers on vacation. While there, Elliot books a room in a great hotel and accidentally buys a body swapping necklace from Carlos, a bitter souvenir shopkeeper who wants a better life. When the couple arrive at the hotel, their world turns upside down as Kyra, after wearing her new necklace, finds herself in the body of an old man. Now inside the body of the young woman, Carlos does everything he can to enjoy his new life while a spiritual healer seeks to put a stop to his dark plans.

Becoming The Girl Next Door

Maggie is a young English student struggling to get through her summer semester. Conveniently, two married English teachers move in just two doors down from her apartment and befriend her. But, there's a dark and deadly secret that the couple refuses to share. The wife's body is physically ill and decaying, and she needs a new body to continue living. Her husband is a witch with the magical means and motivation to do so. As the couple prepare Maggie's young body for the transfer, she starts uncovering secrets behind the wife's true identity. Will she be able to react to their attempts in time, or will she lose her body forever?

Making His Girlfriend Mine

Looking to start over, Mark Ivanov is an old man with an enormous debt and an unprofitable store. When a male tourist with an incredible physique and wealth comes into his store, Mark decides to make it his mission to steal his body for himself. He sells the young man a body possession bracelet in order to do this. With the help of a witch, Mark becomes a spirit and attempts to take the tourist's body by force through the bracelet. Instead, he accidentally enters the tourist's girlfriend. Trapped in the body of Annie Corvo, Mark struggles to come to terms with his mistake as his hormones and lust for the boyfriend begin to worsen.

My Tenant's Cute Daughter

Trisha Johnson is a massage therapist with a secret. She's a witch that uses magic to fix pain. When her magic is unable to help Alphonse's chronic pain, she offers a solution. Her tenant's boyfriend, Cory, has an incredibly healthy body. She offers to transfer Alphonse's mind into Cory to permanently fix his pain. Unfortunately, the spell messes up, and Alphonse finds himself in the body of the tenant's daughter, Ashley. Struggling to cope with his predicament, he finds himself losing his self-control to the beautiful girl's hormones. Bubbling with sexual energy, the witch's friend begins to lose himself to his lustful desires.

Inside Her Perfect Student

Amy Williams is an old college teacher who is dying. A past student and ex-lover visits her with a potential way to avoid death. Using mind transferring tiaras, she tricks her teaching assistant into giving up her young and athletic body. Amy takes over Samantha's body and struggles to maintain control. A problem during the transfer causes a wide range of issues. The young girl's strong mind begins to slowly overpower the old woman's mind. Will the young student manage to break free from the dying woman's control, or will she lose her body forever?

My Husband's Secret Crush

Priscilla Marcus is a young bookkeeping assistant who wants a change in her career. Her boss, Katherine Bell, is a disabled bookkeeper in a wheelchair who also wants a change. Unfortunately, she and her husband have their eyes set on Priscilla. Using a mixture of meditation and magic, Katherine tricks the young girl into switching bodies with her. Now equipped with her beauty and youth, Katherine excitedly sets out to make the swap permanent by any means possible. Upon gaining knowledge of the ritual used to steal her body, Priscilla does everything in her power to reverse the swap. But will the obstacles in her way make her lose her body forever?

Just In Her Head

Wanting to start life over again, Sabrina is a sexy and heartbroken transwoman with an impossibly large debt to pay. She goes to a longtime family therapist and asks for his help. Using his abilities as a witch, he begins preparing a new female body for her. Unfortunately, there are no willing body donors, so he gives one of his troubled patients a mood bracelet that slowly begins to erode her soul. The therapist encourages the anxious girl to keep wearing it even when she feels her body trying to fight back. On the night of a full moon, Sabrina begins the spiritual process of taking what belongs to her. Slowly but surely, the young girl begins to mentally struggle against the ensuing body theft plot.

Cheating With Her Husband

Lindsay is a housecleaner and a tenant to a wealthy British couple. She gets paid generously and has no issues with paying for university. But Lindsay has a secret behind her financial stability that she has been hiding from her family. Using a magical stone, she frequently switches bodies with Sammy, a transgender woman. She lets the couple satisfy their sexual desires while they let her have fun with Sammy's body on a temporary basis. Unfortunately for Lindsay, Terrance and Sammy Francis do not plan on a temporary body swap on the night of their anniversary. Sammy wants a permanent body swap, and the couple will stop at nothing to get what they want.

Making Him Mine

Sona and Ashley are office bullies that terrorize Klara, a transgender woman trying to do her job. Now that the bullies have the new HR manager under their control, the transwoman feels trapped. So, her best friend convinces her grandmother to help with Klara's vengeance by placing her soul into the body of Sona through magic. By controlling Sona, the transwoman knows that she can control Ashley. But something with the spell goes wrong, and Klara

accidentally finds herself in Ashley's young, sexy body alongside damning information that can ruin Sona's upcoming marriage. Klara's new female hormones begin to get the best of her as she struggles with a choice. If she waits too long, she risks getting trapped in her new body forever. She has to choose between temporarily enjoying her new body or permanently ruining her bullies' lives forever.

Sexily Young Again

Elinor is a caregiver that takes care of Michelle with her daily needs. When a salesman sells the elderly Michelle a soul relaxant potion and a ruby that can help her possess a new body to extend her life, Elinor gets asked to help execute the transfer. She accepts the deal for cash to be paid afterwards. Unfortunately, the old woman's sweet granddaughter, Angel, is the target, and the caregiver hesitates with the mind transfer after seeing how good of a person she is with her stud of a boyfriend. The caregiver begins having second thoughts on the transfer and tries to sabotage the body theft. But when the salesman suddenly appears on the night before the soul transfer, Elinor fearfully struggles against the dark magic consuming their lives.

Sharing My Girlfriend

Sex between Angie and Sam has gone stale, and the only thing keeping them together is their open relationship. But, after Angie ends up finding a spell book at a used bookstore, things change and spice up when she voluntarily switches bodies with her boyfriend. After making the best love together in months, they decide to live and experiment as each other with their open relationship. She gives Sam her blessing to have lunch with an old online friend, Danny, while she stays home to explore her new male physique. Unfortunately, as Sam leaves to enjoy his female body in a potential threesome, Angie finds herself struggling against the dark forces that sold her the spell book. An old African witch pays her a telepathic visit to steal her body, memories, and soul, and she desperately struggles for her life as her boyfriend becomes engulfed in his horny lust for Danny and his bisexual slut of a girlfriend.

A Feminizing Wish

When a mysterious salesman sells Ken a crystal that can grant him any wish, the middle-aged man jumps at the opportunity. But something goes horribly wrong with his wish, and he finds himself in the young, beautiful body of his neighbor, Alyssa, a woman who he absolutely hates. He desperately wants to reverse his wish, and the only person who can do that is the crooked salesman. However, when the temptation to test out his new body with Alyssa's hot boyfriend becomes too strong, he begins having second thoughts on regaining his masculinity.

My Slut Wife

Kate's wealthy husband is cheating on her, and so her marriage is falling apart. To make things worse, she has started sleeping with a coworker to get back at him. Her best friend forces her to take on marriage counselling, and so she begins seeing an old woman named Audrey for advice. Unfortunately for Kate, her counselor wants to do more than save her marriage. Audrey is heavily in debt, and she is literally dying for another shot at life. Kate's beautiful body and wealthy lifestyle leave the old woman jealous and desperate as a witch offers her services to get what she wants.

Prepare Her Body

When Cassie stepped foot in a reputable rehabilitation facility, she wanted to become a better person. Under the constant supervision of facility staff, they trained her body and mind nonstop for three months. The place is a living hell, and she desperately wants to finish as she reaches her physical peak. Unfortunately, the facility does not care about her progress. The only person they care about is their client inside of her. The facility is a body transfer business aimed at preparing attractive bodies for their new owners, and she soon discovers that she is first on the waiting list for an old woman wanting a second life.

Make Her Naughty

Annie is a young witch learning magic from her neighbor, and she has become hell bent on revenge. She sets her sights on ruining her coworker's life with her newfound abilities. Urged by her loving boyfriend and magic teacher, she takes possession of the troublesome supervisor and irreparably ruins her life for good. But she realizes that the more she uses magic for evil, the more taxing it is on her body. Her soul slowly darkens with every spell, and that's exactly what her weakening teacher wants. Carlene is an aging witch whose body is falling apart, and a corrupted soul is the perfect gateway into her new body.

The Witch's Mask 1

Kelly is an insecure girl who buys a magical transformation mask from an elderly woman. When she discovers the mask's ability to transform her into a beautiful bimbo, she finds herself using it again and again. For months, she seduces men and pleasures her transformed body. She's a skinny pale girl as Kelly, but she's a busty blonde with a body that turns heads as Lexi. Slowly but surely, the demonic mask corrupts her soul, and that's all the old woman needs to steal the young girl's body for herself.

A Feminized Agent

Edward is a sexist agent who belittles women, but a female empowerment event forces him to use the body of a beautiful woman to do his work. Using technology, he becomes what he hates the most in order to steal corporate information at an IT firm. He struggles to adapt to his feminine habits, and the longer the mission goes on, the more he feels his mind warping. He begins to enjoy the dresses, makeup, and boy talk with the other girls. Slowly but surely, Edward begins to lose his masculine side, and he fearfully realizes that he's having a little too much fun when a married man falls in love with him.

Fountain of Youth

The Northern Springs Resort has been a popular tourist attraction for years, and Polina has cleaned its halls and rooms for decades. Equipped with healing and invigorating hot springs, they've attracted all sorts of people. Caitlin and her boyfriend, two competitive college tennis players, get the chance of a lifetime when they're given restricted pass access to their own private section of the resort. Unfortunately for little old Polina, Caitlin bullies and threatens her throughout her visit. The cleaning lady glumly watches them enjoying the many amenities and a private hot spring together during their stay. Day by day, Caitlin's body loosens and relaxes, and so too does her soul. Eventually, a middle-aged chef sets her sights on the young woman's body as her new vessel, and the only person who can save Caitlin is the cleaning lady who she hates so much.

Inside Her Girlfriend

It's Becky's birthday, and her girlfriend, Haruka, hasn't figured out what to get her. When they come to school early to catch up on schoolwork, the wheelchair-bound girl asks Haruka for a very specific present. She asks her girlfriend if she would be willing to swap bodies for a week, and Haruka happily agrees. Becky has been in a wheelchair her entire life, and giving her a chance to walk for the first time is something Haruka would love to do. However, she is completely unaware that Becky is dying from cancer, and when the swap finally occurs, the once disabled woman wants more than just a temporary exchange. She's liking her beautiful body and mobility a little too much, and she's more than excited to make the transfer permanent with her aunt's help.

My Girly Husband

Darren has been cheating on his wife, and she happens to be the worst person to know this. Genie is an ex-witch with magic still left in her, and when she finally discovers that her husband has been sleeping with a transgender coworker, she decides to take matters into her own hands. She uses magic to transform her husband into the very thing he loves - a beautiful woman with perfect, sexy curves. Darren initially freaks out when he wakes up as a woman, but as he tries on clothes and tests his new body, he starts getting really comfortable in his new skin. Unfortunately, sex is what will permanently trap him in his new body, and that's the one thing Darren's constantly craving.

Living Inside Me

Two best friends use a body swap potion to temporarily switch bodies. Emily and Eun-je transfer all willingness and consent to live as each other for several days with the help and guidance of Doctor Susan Richter. After a few days of getting used to their new bodies, Emily attempts to do the unthinkable. She tries to convince Susan to make the swap permanent. Eun-je comes from a wealthy family of billionaires, while Emily works in retail and struggles to pay for her student loans. Doctor Richter agrees and decides to try helping her - but there's a catch. One of the two girls has a sexy body to die for, and this particular doctor has been waiting for this moment for a long time.

Inside My Head

Doctor Tran is an ex-surgeon that helps socially anxious people through his Life Simulator technology. By placing patients inside of a virtual world where nobody judges them, he sees record numbers of successful treatments throughout his career. So, when Kyra gets referred to him for treatment, she's more than excited once she actually explores the simulated tropical paradise. The longer she stays, the happier she becomes. But, not everything is as it seems. Slowly but surely, her ownership over her body withers away. To make things worse, a transgender wife is extremely interested in getting Kyra's young body for herself. She wants an upgrade, and Doctor Tran is more than happy to make the transfer permanent once certain conditions are met.