



**STUDENT**  
*Teacher*  
**M2F BODY THEFT**

**M W I L L I E S**

**Student Teacher**

***M2F BODY THEFT***

**by M. Wills**

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## Lauren

Something's felt off about my boyfriend all day. I first noticed it in his morning kiss right before class. It was perfunctory and half-hearted, like his mind was somewhere else. I pulled away from his lips and tried to read his expression.

“Are you okay?” I asked, shaking my head to toss a wave of blonde hair out of my eyes.

“I'm fine, Lauren,” Nick said.

He smiled, but his smile wasn't all the way, if that makes sense. After half a second's hesitation he reached out and grabbed my hand to pull me into class. This wasn't like him. We'd been dating nearly six months, which was practically forever. Much longer than anyone

I knew had ever dated anyone. I knew Nick's moods, and this was definitely a mood. He was distracted and fidgety, shifting back and forth in his chair as we both sat down and the rest of the class filed in.

I draped my pink Calhoun backpack behind my chair and looked over at Nick. He was turned slightly away from me, which gave me time to admire his face in profile – all chiseled jaw, rugged cheeks and perfect nose. How I loved running my hands over his face and through his thick, dark hair. My mom kept telling me that what Nick and I had was just a phase, just young love, but I knew I was going to marry Nick after we graduated in three months. He would go on to play basketball on scholarship in New York and I'd go with him. My modeling

career—currently limited to a couple local TV ads and a clothing catalog—would take off and we'd join all the happy perfect couples in the gossip mags. I was 18 years old and I just *knew* this was how the rest of my life was going to go.

I reached over to squeeze his hand, just wanting the attention of his huge, puppy dog eyes. Instead, he pulled his hand away and turned quickly, a look of—anger? sadness?—on his face disappearing before I could register.

“What's wrong?” I asked.

“Nothing. Stop being so clingy,” he practically hissed.

I pulled my hand away, felt my eyes start to water. I couldn't stand Nick being mad at me, especially when I

didn't even know what I'd done. He used to love it when I fawned all over him but he'd been calling me clingy more and more lately, like he couldn't stand being so close to me.

*I'm not going to cry in class. I'm not going to cry in class.* I repeated to myself and bit my lower lip until the pain chased the tears away. Then Mr. Foster started teaching and no one looked over at me. Not even Nick.

It was killing me not knowing why Nick was in such a bad mood, but I knew that writing him a note or pestering about it again was likely to escalate into one of our infrequent screaming matches. So instead, I pulled out my laptop and started chatting with my best friend, Amber, through Google docs. It's so much better than

texting because it *looks* like you're writing or taking notes and you can delete it all when it's done. It doesn't work if the teacher hovers over your shoulder, though. Fortunately, Mr. Foster always stayed at the front of the class.

Mr. Foster was a new teacher, brought in last year after Mr. Kingston had his nervous breakdown and started obsessing about Amber. Not surprising, really. Amber was a total hottie. Her dad was Japanese and her mom was white and Amber got the best of both worlds. She had a figure other girls hated her for—but still not better than mine!—a slightly rounded face with perfect cheekbones, fantastic skin, and dark, almond-shaped eyes. Anyway, Amber told me all about Mr. Kingston. Not that she'd do anything with him—he was, like, in his fifties and gross—but

he kept trying to get her alone and saying weird things to her and one day in class he just snapped. Just started ranting crazy stuff about how much he wanted Amber's body but also threatening to kill her. It was like he all of a sudden turned into some psycho creep. He had to be escorted out of the building and taken to a mental hospital or something. Amber changed after that. I mean, she was still my best friend and all but she started getting interested in different things. Like, maybe having a creepy older teacher perv on you turns you off all men.

*Something's wrong with Nick, I typed, He's acting like he doesn't like me. He's like a different person. I'm sooo sad.*

*He's crazy if he doesn't like you.* Amber replied. *And I know crazy.* I smiled as

she continued. *What's he doing?*

I told her what had happened and she commiserated, both of us trying to think of any reason for Nick's sudden attitude shift.

*Chris says teenager sometimes just change. Hormones or something,* Amber typed.

I rolled my eyes. Amber had been talking to Chris Harris, the art teacher recently. He was really laid back. Older, in his forties or something. And apparently kind of a psychiatrist/guru if I believed Amber. She seemed to talk to him a lot. I hoped this wasn't going to be another Mr. Kingston situation. Amber was always saying he gave really good advice and that he listened. That was one of Nick's shortcomings,

though from my experience it wasn't unusual for boys to not really listen.

My talk with Amber didn't really clear anything up but it was good to get it off my chest. By the time class ended I felt a little better just because I had someone on my side. She agreed to keep an eye on Nick and let me know if she could figure anything out.

Nick and I split up to go to our separate classes. I stood on tiptoes and gave him a kiss in the hallway and the way he kissed me back almost made me forget my worries. I savored the heady taste of him as I explored his mouth with my tongue. I leaned against him, feeling his solid body press against mine. When we finally pulled away he gave me a smile and ran his hand down my cheek like he always did. I

walked away, turning back just once to catch a glimpse of his perfect figure.

Nick and I always met up at the benches near the soccer field for lunch but when I arrived that day he wasn't there. It was just Amber and a couple other friends. There was no sign of Nick and he didn't answer my texts. I'd only sent a few. I was trying to be casual, not clingy, but his absence gave me an uncomfortable feeling in my stomach. I pulled Amber aside.

“Did you see Nick?” I asked.

“I saw him a few minutes ago. I thought he was coming out here.” Amber said. She ran her hand through her long, black hair and smoothed it out behind an ear.

“Well, he's not here,” I said, worry

making my voice small.

I turned and asked our other friends if they'd seen Nick but no one had. This wasn't like him to not show up without even texting or anything. With Amber by my side I walked off to take a quick look around school. I wasn't being clingy, I was just worried.

He wasn't at the basketball courts or the picnic benches behind the gym. We even checked the smoking trees on the off chance that he was out there smoking. The only one out there I knew was Justin, a guy who used to be on the basketball team with Nick but had dropped out and taken up with the smokers after some sort of family issues at home.

I walked right up to him. "Justin, have

you seen Nick anywhere?”

His eyes flicked to the side briefly. “Ummm,” he said, shuffling his feet. “No, not really.”

Justin was a terrible liar but a nice guy because of it. “Justin, please, this is important.” I stood close to him and put my hand on his shoulder. He smelled like cigarette smoke and I tried not to wrinkle my nose as I stared up at him with my best innocent eyes and thrust out my chest. Guys were always trying to stare at my boobs but sometimes they came in handy. I knew it was sort of mean, teasing him like this, but I *needed* to find Nick.

Finally, he mumbled, “I think he was going over to the stadium.”

“Oh,” I said, withdrawing my hand,

my eyes starting to water again. The stadium was what everyone called our sad excuse for a football field. It was also where people—like Nick and me on occasion—went to make out under the bleachers.

I mumbled a thanks and hurried towards the bleachers, Amber struggling to catch up. It didn't take long to find him. After peeking under a few rows, I caught sight of the back of his royal blue athletics jacket. I motioned Amber to be quiet and snuck closer. It was Nick all right. And he was kissing someone.

“What the fuck, Nick!” I yelled. It was all my worst fears come true.

They broke off the kiss and Nick turned to look at me. “Oh, hey

Lauren.” He said.

He wasn't even scared or anything. It was like he wanted me to see him. At least the girl he was kissing had the decency to look embarrassed. I'd seen her around school but I couldn't place her name. Some skinny redhead. She tried to withdraw but Nick grabbed her hand. He ran his hand through his hair in that way that made him look so vulnerable and cute, and the fact that I still wanted him in that moment made the whole thing even worse.

“We loved each other. You told me you loved me. How could you?” I raged, half coherent.

“Whoa, calm down--” Nick began.

“Calm down? I find you making out with someone else and you tell me to

calm down? How could you betray me like this?” I screamed, tears in my eyes now. It wasn't just the betrayal, it was that he was standing there so calm, as if my anger meant nothing to him. As if *I* meant nothing to him.

“Lauren. Lauren. Look...you were just too much, you know? We were moving too fast. You'd already married us in your head. I wasn't ready for all that. Sorry.” He shrugged.

“You're a fucking asshole!” I screamed, tears streaking my face. By now we'd drawn a crowd of students, all staring at the stupid girl who's boyfriend cheated on her. I couldn't deal with this. I ran back to school, pushing through the crowd as Amber called out behind me.

I didn't stop running until I got back to the school building and locked myself in a bathroom stall, sobbing. My whole life was over. I ripped off some toilet paper and tried to wipe my face but the tears kept coming. There was a soft knock on the stall door.

“Lauren?” Amber's voice.

“He's a liar,” I sobbed, “Everything he told me about how much he loved me...”

“Yeah,” Amber agreed, “That was a real asshole thing to do. I can't believe him. Oh, honey, open up.”

I unlocked the stall and rushed into her arms, sobbing onto her shoulder in great hitching gasps. She patted me on the back comfortingly.

“I know, I know,” she murmured.

I opened my eyes, saw my tear stained face in the mirror, my makeup streaking down my cheeks. “Oh, God, and everyone saw it. Everyone saw me like this. I'm so embarrassed. I can't believe...in front of everyone...I'm so stupid...God, I wish I was someone else.”

“It's okay,” Amber whispered, “Nick's the asshole. You did everything right. How could you know he was hiding things from you? You're so trusting, that's what I love about you. Don't let Nick destroy that.”

She pulled back, grabbed some toilet paper and dabbed at my face as I tried to get myself under control.

“Come with me,” Amber said, “I think

you should talk to Chris. He's really good with things like this.”

I sniffed and, still sobbing, let her lead me out of the bathroom and to the art studio. I would have agreed to anything at that moment.

## Chris

I spent a good portion of my lunch on my knees scrubbing the floor. Some students in the last class had managed to knock over several of the large paint jugs, spilling them across the floor. As high school students, they'd done a shit job of cleaning it up, which meant I had to either call the janitor and wait for a few hours until he deigned to reward me with his presence while the paint dried, or finish scrubbing the paint out of the cracks beforehand and spare myself the wrath of the principal at leaving the floor to get damaged.

Splashes of red and green paint had already dried on my pants and my shirt. This was my life now: barely making a living wage while cleaning up after overprivileged youths as I squandered

my arts degree. Plus, I was balding already and waking up in the middle of the night with thoughts of settling for my current girlfriend despite all our differences just so I wouldn't grow old and die alone. At least scrubbing the floor gave me time to think about where, exactly, in my life I had fucked up so badly. My only hope at that point was that Eric would come through for me. That would change my life forever.

I was deep into my cleaning when I heard the door open. I looked up and saw Amber leading Lauren into the room. Lauren's nose was red and her face was streaked with tears, but damned if she didn't still look like my perfect dream girl. I knew it was wrong to lust after students but I couldn't help myself. Lauren had a perfect figure, slender with curves in all the right

places and ripe pillowy breasts. Her face was delicately crafted with a tiny button nose and the deepest blue eyes I'd ever seen. She was innocent and alluring all at once. Seeing her bawling her eyes out I wanted to comfort her, wrap her in my arms and kiss the tip of her tiny nose and stare into her wide, trusting eyes.

“Hi, Chris, I thought you could help Lauren,” Amber said. “She's ready to hear from you.”

I got to my feet, heart hammering in my chest. That was my cue. I put my hand in my pocket and fiddled nervously with the tiny wooden idol hidden inside. My thumb traced the carved contours of its face, rubbing it like a talisman for good luck. I put on my best concerned face and

approached the two girls. Lauren looked up at me over her tissue through red rimmed eyes. I leaned on my desk, casual-like, as Amber led Lauren closer.

“It looks like you're doing it tough, Lauren.” I said, pulling a fresh tissue from the box on my desk and handing it to her. She took it gratefully and sniffed. “You know, sometimes it helps to talk to a stranger about these things.”

“Chris is good with this sort of stuff,” Amber chimed in as she took Lauren's hand. “He helped me sort out a lot of stuff with Eric-- I mean, Mr. Kingston, last year. Just tell him what you told me.”

With Amber's prompting, Lauren told

her story. I already knew about Nick and Lauren's relationship. I wasn't going into this thing totally blind. I was also up on all their other friendships and suspected this breakup was coming because I had a direct line to all the gossip around the school.

When Lauren got to the part about finding Nick making out with some girl she couldn't go on. She was getting herself under control, probably for my benefit. That was good, though she had no idea just how much I was going to benefit.

“I'm sorry that happened to you, Lauren.” I said. “Men, especially around this age, can be completely insensitive and brutish. I apologize on behalf of men everywhere.”

That got a smile as she dabbed at her eyes with the tissue.

“It's probably gone around the whole school by now,” Amber said, shooting a glance at me and setting off another wave of sobbing from Lauren. Amber grabbed my hand and placed it on Lauren's arm. “Tell him what you told me. About wishing to be someone else?”

“What?” Lauren said, confused at the change of subject.

I clutched the idol tighter in my pocket. “You wish you were someone else and that you didn't have to deal with this?” Amber prompted, needing the idol to hear the answer.

Lauren nodded. “Well, yes...”

A sudden wave of vertigo overtook me.

The classroom seemed to lurch beneath my feet even though there was no accompanying feeling of my body moving. Suddenly, I could feel wet streaks down my cheeks and I had a tissue pressed against my little nose. My fingers pressed against my cheeks and chin, resting against smooth skin unsullied by my usual stubble. My sob turned into a gasp and I pulled my hands away from my face to stare at my fingers. My hands were dainty, the fingers slender and tapering to rounded curves, the nails were coated expertly in bubblegum pink nail polish.

I'd done it. I was in Lauren's body.

A masculine sob cause me to look up back at my old body. My former face was twisted up in a tangle of emotions: part sobbing, part surprise, part

disbelief.

I brushed some blonde hair out of my face, pausing to rub it between two fingers, enjoying the silky softness. With mounting excitement I looked down at my body, saw a pink babydoll tee stretched tight across two phenomenal breasts. My jeans were tight, nearly molded to my legs, enhancing every gentle contour. And I could smell her perfume, a flowery, feminine scent that was distinctly Lauren.

Lauren, in my body, was looking down at herself, too. I saw my own baldness—worse than I thought—the way my face appeared so tired and gaunt, the way my sweater wasn't quite long enough for my arms and the way my clothes were smeared with daubs of paint. In short, I was glad to be out of

there and into this pristine, youthful, gorgeous body. My former mouth dropped open, working soundlessly as Lauren struggled to speak.

“What happened?” I cried in Lauren's wonderful voice. “L-Lauren?” I asked, looking back up at myself. “Why am I in your body?” I seemed to be selling the confusion well because my old face was still utterly baffled, staring me up and down.

At the same time my senses were being assaulted by the thousands of differences between my old body and this delightful new one. The slightly different shape of my mouth and my tongue—Oh, god, I was tasting Lauren from the inside with every motion of my tongue!—the light hint of strawberries from my lip gloss when I licked

my lips, the smells of the art room—the clay and paint—more intense to my sensitive new nose. The sound of Lauren's voice, as heard from her own ears was still beautiful but different. I was smaller and the perspective of the room had shifted. It wasn't just being shorter, it was about my entire sense of self being more compact. And of course the *other* physical sensations: the absolute awareness of my new breasts, and ass, and thighs, and the emptiness between my legs. All the physical attributes of Lauren I'd been coveting for so long.

“Are you okay?” Amber asked, looking back and forth between us. “Lauren? Chris?”

“I...somehow...” Lauren started, panic in her eyes as she stared at her best

friend.

“I think we swapped bodies,” I finished for her.

“What?” Amber asked, one dark eyebrow arching up gracefully.

“I'm Chris,” I said, putting my hand on my chest for emphasis and landing right on my new breasts. I quickly pulled away, acutely aware of how they bobbed so wonderfully beneath my bra.

“Oh my god,” Lauren said, gripping her new body all over, “I'm a guy.” Her hand hovered over her crotch and stopped. She dropped her arms to her sides and looked at me, a flush of embarrassment creeping into her cheeks.

“Is this some weird joke?” Amber asked.

“No,” I said, shaking my head and sending my waves of blonde hair tickling across my neck, “It's true. I'm Chris and he's Lauren.”

“But...how?” Lauren asked.

“I don't know,” I lied. “Which also means I don't know how we switch back.”

“Are you for real?” Amber asked, a note of awe creeping into her voice.

“I'm stuck like this?” Lauren asked me, her voice breaking. The furrowed brow on her middle aged face looked nowhere near as cute as it did on Amber's face. Or on my new one. She started shaking her hands in agitation,

drawing in quick breaths as the delayed shock reached her.

“Lauren, Lauren, stay calm, it's gonna be okay, we can do this,” I murmured, taking hold of my former clammy hand and leading her to the seat behind my desk. “Close your eyes and take deep breaths.”

I continued speaking slowly as Lauren closed her eyes and breathed in and out, eventually getting her tremors under control. Finally, she opened her eyes and looked up at me. While not exactly calm, she didn't seem like she was on the verge of collapse.

“Just pretend this is a play,” I said, patting her hand, “You're playing the part of Chris, the art teacher. You can't tell anyone what happened. No one will

believe this. They'll think you've had some sort of breakdown.”

“Like Mr. Kingston last year,” Amber chimed in.

Lauren looked back and forth between the two of us before finally nodding, lips tight.

At that moment the bell rang, signaling the end of lunch.

“Shit,” I hissed. “My next class is going to start soon.” Lauren's eyes went wide and I placed my hand on her shoulder. “Lauren, listen. You can do this.”

“What do I do?” Lauren asked, my masculine voice quavering.

Students began to file into the room.

“I guess you teach,” I said, dabbing at

my face with the tissue to wipe the last of the tears from my pretty face. "It's easy," I said off her panicked look. "There's a basic lesson plan in my desk, but really, just tell the classes to continue on with the projects they're already working on."

"What if they ask me about, you know, art stuff?" Lauren asked, biting her lip.

"Just make something up. That's what all artists do."

"And what about you?" Lauren asked.

"Amber here will help me be you."

Though I wouldn't need much help. I'd been planning this for a long time and was waiting only for the moment when Lauren would voluntarily trade her body, as per the limits of the magic

idol. And now I was going to get to be the innocent schoolgirl.

Lauren nodded. “Ok. We'll meet up after school.”

“Come on,” Amber said, “We have to get to class.”

“Ok. No. Wait. Shit. My girlfriend's picking me up today. Her name's Maddy, by the way. Meet her in front of the school at the pick up circle. She drives a blue Honda Civic. Text me, you've got my-- your number.”

Amber was pulling my arm by now as the class quickly filled up. The last thing I saw was Lauren rubbing her forehead and staring anxiously out at the classroom. I turned and matched pace with Amber as we quickly headed towards our next class. I could feel

every inch of my body, hyper-aware of the way my breasts bounced with each step, the way my blonde hair tickled the back of my neck, the way my thighs brushed against each other. I felt like everyone was staring at me, especially the guys. I couldn't blame them, really. I was gorgeous. I was Lauren.

It was hard to concentrate but luckily Amber was there to guide me to our next class. We sat in the back, chatting surreptitiously through the internet on our laptops.

*How does it feel?* Amber typed.

*Weird. Amazing. Exciting.*

I adjusted myself in my seat, hands plucking at my jeans. I rested my hand on one chin, picking up a hint of

Lauren's lavender hand lotion from the fingers directly below my nose. I caressed my cheeks absently as I typed one handed, Amber filling me in on everything I'd missed.

It was a good thing I'd been keeping tabs on Lauren, because in the halls between classes her friends came up to me, guys and girls alike, to offer their opinions on what Nick had done. Word had spread pretty quickly through Lauren's circle of friends and more than one guy came up to me armed with flattery and empathy, clearly feeling nothing more about the situation than self-interest from the fact that Lauren was now single. I replied noncommittally, trying my best to seem devastated. Inwardly, though, I was ecstatic at my new life and flattered, if not quite fully prepared, for all

the attention. I could hardly wait to get home and out of the public eye.

Lauren texted me a few minutes before school ended: *We need to get together and figure this out. Can we meet?*

I replied quickly: *What would it look like for a student and teacher to get together after school?*

Lauren: *I don't care. I need to see you.*

Me: *Take a deep breath. This thing we have is making me uncomfortable.*

Lauren: *Let's figure this out together.*

*Please*

Me: *Ok. Tomorrow morning before school in the art room. I'll say I'm finishing an assignment. Don't tell anyone.*

Lauren: *Who would I tell?*

The rest of school was a breeze. Lauren's classes weren't exactly challenging. I mean, I can bullshit with the best of them and running circles around the arguments of the other students in English was no problem. The main issue was not looking *too* smart. I was aware of Lauren's limits and for the moment decided to live within them. She was pretty but, frankly, not that bright. Maybe in the future I could show off my brains *and* my beauty. What a change from my dull, stuck-in-a-grind life.

Amber drove me back to Lauren's place after school in her Jeep. Neither Lauren's parents nor her brother were home. After loading up on snacks we retreated to Lauren's bedroom.

“Welcome home,” Amber said, flouncing onto the bed.

I looked around in awe. Lauren was such a girly girl and her room was decorated in soft hues of pink and cream. It was neat, everything tucked away. I pulled open a few drawers, took stock of variety of clothes waiting for me. The closet was full of dresses and skirts and blouses and tops all arranged by color. Lauren's room was like her: pretty but simple, devoid of anything challenging. Plenty of room for me to fill her body with my own personality.

“It looks just like your pictures,” I marveled, taking a seat next to Amber. She chomped on a strawberry and grinned at me. “This is going to be so easy. I can't imagine how hard it was for *you*

without knowing anything.”

“Well,” Amber shrugged, “Teenagers change. And nobody would ever suspect that Amber and I swapped bodies. The whole thing sounds crazy.”

“*I* didn't suspect it,” I said.

“I know,” Amber smiled, dimples lighting up as she displayed her perfect, white teeth.

“So where's the new Eric Kingston now?”

“In a home? In jail? Who cares? That's not me anymore. *This* is me.” Amber sat up on the bed next to me. “And this is you,” she said, plucking at my top, “A blonde hottie with the world at her fingers.”

“And this is us.” I said.

I leaned towards Amber, her beautiful face filling my vision as our lips met. I closed my eyes and sank into her kiss, tasting her sweet cherry lips. She giggled and brought her hand up to my cheeks, stroking me as she opened her mouth wide and welcomed my tongue. I explored the gentle contours of her mouth, running my tongue along hers, across the tips of her teeth and the roof of her mouth. My nose pressed against her soft cheek and the delicious girly scent of her overwhelmed me. I slipped one hand behind her back as I pressed my body closer, our kisses growing ever more urgent.

Lauren's body was amazingly responsive to my commands, eager to obey my desires. Eric had confirmed that

his sexual orientation had remained the same despite the change in gender, and it seemed I was the same. Amber was a girl-next-door kind of cute and I desperately wanted to see her naked. Hell, I wanted to see *both* of us naked. My whole body was warming gently, a pulsing heat beginning between my legs and cycling throughout my body, weak but growing stronger, more insistent with every caress of Amber's fingers along my cheeks, every sigh that escaped her lips.

Amber pulled back, her cheeks already flushed, her dark almond-shaped eyes wide and sparkling. "Let's get a look at you," she said.

She helped me peel off my top, my breasts bouncing as she lifted the tee over my head and tossed it onto the

floor. I looked down at myself, at Lauren's bra holding the breasts I'd been coveting for so long. My tits were round and full and perfect, the curves disappearing into the plain white cups. Beneath the amazing curves, the tawny-ochre skin of my bare mid-section was visible.

I brushed the hair out of my eyes and reached around to try to unhook the bra. It was difficult from this new angle and soon Amber helped out, giggling as she made me turn so she could unhook my bra.

“You're going to have to learn how to do this on your own,” Amber said, slipping the straps down my arms.

I didn't answer. Couldn't answer. I'd pulled the bra off my body and was

staring down at the most perfect breasts I'd ever seen. Fuck, they were gorgeous. Bouncy and full. The little apple-pink nipples already spiking out with excitement. And they were mine. Mine to touch and hold. Mine to squeeze. Mine to jiggle and play with. And I did so with gusto, taking a breast in each hand and feeling up Lauren's body. They filled each hand, big without being monstrous. Goddamn, my tits felt so wonderful as I played with them, tiny fingers circling around the supple skin.

Amber had tossed off her own top and freed her breasts by now. They were smaller than mine but no less perky. We embraced one again, our tits pressing together as we locked lips and clutched each other. Our kisses were more urgent now as our young bodies

grew warm. Hands circled over breasts, exploring the contours of each new body, gripping and squeezing and pinching lightly, sometimes breaking off our kiss to giggle, then returning.

Amber kissed her way down my cheeks, down my neck, across one breast, her lips landing on my nipple and sucking fiercely. I moaned as I held her face on my tits, the pleasure circling through me faster and faster. Looking down at myself, watching Amber's lips around *my* tits, sucking *my* nipples made me shudder in delight, a mini-orgasm that burned with the promise of more.

Amber leaned me back down on the bed and hovered over me, her wide face so innocent and yet so horny, her hair tickling my cheeks. Then her

hands were on the button of my pants. I pushed my ass into the air, helping her slide my pants off me, quickly followed by my panties. I could already feel their dampness as she slid them down my thighs and I stared in awe as my pink pussy was revealed for the first time. A perfectly trimmed line of hair led down from my mound, barely hiding my wonderful slit, the lips already unfolding for Amber, already shiny with my desire.

When she brought her face between my legs and kissed my pussy it was like nothing I'd ever felt before. A flame burst through me and I sighed, wriggling my legs, my whole body pulsing with warmth. And then her tongue slid inside and me and, oh god, it was heaven. Watching her taste me, feeling her warm tongue pulsing

against my clit made me climax, a tiny orgasm. I cried out in Lauren's sweet voice, "Ohh, Amber," and pushed my cunt up towards her face, needing more, needing her to bury her tongue inside me.

She read my body well and her fingers joined her tongue. She slid one finger inside and it was so tight, so tight. I guessed Lauren was a virgin because the walls of my pussy clenched Amber's digit hard as she pushed deeper inside my wet warmth. Tongue and finger worked together inside me, licking and rubbing and drinking my pussy juices. I stared down at my perfect new body as I gripped my own wonderful tits, enjoying the sights, the sounds, the musky smell of Lauren's pussy as the pleasure rose, the tension ratcheted up, up and then burst. I

came hard, an earth shaking orgasm pounding through me. I moaned as Amber latched onto my clit, driving me ever higher, through the orgasm as I continued crying out, my voice rising in pitch, Lauren's lust-soaked voice filling the room until with one final moan I dropped back onto the bed, breathing hard, amazed at the intensity of what I'd just experienced. Lauren's body was everything I'd ever dreamed.

And then it was Amber's turn. We switched positions, her sitting on my own wet patch as I knelt between her legs, still naked, my tits hanging below me, swinging back and forth hypnotically with each motion. I pulled Amber's pants off and peeled her panties down her legs before burying my face in the dark, unruly hair of her pussy. She was already wet, her pink lips

standing out in contrast to her darker coffee complexion. I pressed Lauren's face in between the legs of her friend, opened my mouth and wrapped my lips around Amber's cunt. She was delicious. Salty and earthy.

My tongue trailed winding paths inside her, following the contours of her folds around and up to her clit. When her breath hitched and her legs grew tense I knew I'd found the spot. I stayed there, licking and tasting, eating her delicious pussy and growing ever wetter myself. My ass was in the air and I felt a drop of pussy juice trail down my thigh.

I wasn't as skilled as Amber, but she guided me up and down, harder and faster, until her cries grew louder, her body vibrated with pleasure and she

screamed in delight, shooting a blast of liquid down my throat which I gulped down greedily. Her pussy juices dripped down my chin and cheeks and I was covered in her smell. It was heaven.

I hoped Lauren was enjoying her new life. She and my girlfriend had a lot in common: pretty but not particularly bright and with a tendency towards the clingy. What a relief to be away from all that and able to start over completely. But I soon put all thought of them out of my mind as Amber dove back between my legs and began licking my beautiful pussy once more.

## Lauren

I stood in front of the class, heart hammering in my chest, as I watched Amber and my body leave. My mouth was dry and tasted weird. Oh god, was I tasting Mr. Harris's spit? Gross. I tried not to swallow but concentrating on that just made me aware of how different my mouth felt now.

The tardy bell rang and the students continued talking in small groups. I perched on the edge of the desk and stared down at my fingers. Big, clumsy things with hair on the knuckles and strange scars from someone else's life. My nails were ragged edges, my arms also covered in a light dusting of curly black hair. So much hair. Except on my head, I remembered. I ran my hands over my scalp, felt the spiky bristles of

my shaved head, the smooth skin on the very top evidence of this body's slow balding.

“Mr. Harris?” A girl asked hesitantly.

With my hand still on my head I looked up and found the class staring back at me. Twenty pairs of expectant eyes on this body that was making me feel weird and gross, like I was violating my teacher's privacy just by being here.

“Um,” I said, trying to get my thoughts under control. “So, like, what were you doing last time?” My deep voice vibrated in my chest.

“We were doing collages.” The girl responded.

“Right. Ok, so, like keep doing that.” I

said, waving vaguely towards the back of the room.

The class split up and grabbed their work from the back before rifling through the collection of magazines and newspapers on the nearby table for pictures. They were talking among themselves, probably not what Mr. Harris would like, but as long as they were ignoring me that was fine.

I slunk into the seat behind my desk and stared out blankly. One of the guys on the basketball team, Martin, was seated in the front row, flipping through magazines. He was a good guy. Nice. Broad arms. Kissable lips. Amber and I used to joke about making out with him to make Nick jealous.

Nick. The thought of him almost

brought tears to my eyes. Maybe I *would* have made out with Martin to try to make Nick jealous. But that wasn't going to happen in this body. I was old. I was ugly. I was a guy. And nobody even knew it was me in here. When Martin looked up and caught me staring there was no sense of recognition in his eyes. That cute little smile didn't materialize as it normally would. It was just a look of blank politeness he would give to any adult.

I looked down, blinking away tears. I needed a distraction. I searched through Mr. Harris's pockets. They were empty but for one, in which I found a tiny carved wooden statue, like something natives on a tropical island would worship, except a lot smaller. The wood was waxy with age, and it felt heavier than it looked. Probably

one of Mr. Harris's weird art projects. I put it back and searched through his desk until I found his cell phone. I cycled through it, looking at his pictures, his emails, his texts. It felt like prying but I reasoned that if I was going to pretend to be him I needed to know everything about him.

I flicked through his photos and found a succession of women. Geez, Mr. Harris seemed to have trouble staying in relationships. I couldn't help but stare at each one and compare them. They all seemed to be similar models: blonde, big boobs, lots of makeup, skimpy clothes. They didn't exactly scream intelligence. I found pictures of his house, him going on hikes, pictures of cars, and friends I hoped I wouldn't be in here long enough to meet.

It was weird thinking a teacher had a life outside of school. Much less a girlfriend. And they were probably...eww. I didn't want to go there with what they were doing. And yet the mere thought seemed to drag my attention to the feeling between my legs. I could feel *it* sitting there. Mr. Harris's... penis. I was disgusted but also curious, having been warned by my mom about boys and their private parts in somber tones. I wasn't a prude, I just didn't know.

Sex ed in our school wasn't very helpful and my mom thought that kind of thing was best learned on my wedding night. Of course, I'd poked around on the internet and heard rumors about what happened and how boys acted from friends who'd done it, but I had no experience with dicks. And now,

here I was the owner of one. They became hard, somehow, and when they did guys apparently became sort of crazy and sex focused. I sort of hoped it would get hard sometime while I had it. Just to satisfy my curiosity. Who knows, maybe I'd even learn something about dicks out of all of this that would help convince Nick to take me back?

I got through the rest of the classes in the same way. By the end of school I was desperate to meet up with Mr. Harris so we could try to sort this out. I texted him but he turned me down. Probably for good reason. Who knows what people would say if a cute blonde student met up with a horny old teacher somewhere private? I had no choice but to head to the front of the school and wait for Mr. Harris's girlfriend to

pick me up. I didn't lock the art room or clean up or anything. I was acting like a teacher but I had my limits. Mr. Harris could do that when he got back.

It was sort of humiliating waiting out in front of the school for a ride home with the freshmen. I sat on the steps awkwardly, not really knowing what to do with my hands and not wanting to strike up a conversation with anyone. Nick walked by me and I called out "Hey, Nick," before I could stop myself.

He turned, his big brown eyes gazing at me. "Uh, hey, Mr. Harris. What's up?"

I couldn't say anything for a second. Nick was wearing his athletics jacket over a tight white shirt that showed off

his rippling muscles. I loved that outfit on him. He looked like a model on a romance novel. There was a funny tightness in my pants and with a start I realized I was getting hard.

“Uh, nothing, just saying hey,” I managed.

A horn honked and a female called out, “Hey, Chris, you coming?”

I looked up and saw a skinny blonde with heavy eye makeup sitting in a blue Honda Civic that could only be Maddy, Mr. Harris's girlfriend. I recognized her from the pictures on his phone.

“See you tomorrow,” I said to Nick before jogging down the steps. My dick was rubbing against my pants by now, a funny kind of too-sensitive feeling. I

didn't want to look down and draw attention to it in case it made a big bulge in my pants so I just quickly climbed into the car and shut the door.

Maddy leaned over towards me and surprised me with a kiss. Her breath tasted kind of sweet, like chewing gum, and her tongue shot straight into my mouth. I sputtered and it was over before I could make a total fool of myself.

“Hey, babe,” she smiled as we drove off.

“Hey...babe,” I replied.

Looking at her she was actually very pretty. Her makeup was amazing, and set off her otherwise unremarkable face. Her clothes left a little more to the imagination than I was comfortable

with, though. I think her boobs may have been fake. But her blonde hair was gorgeous: shiny with red highlights. And she seemed so happy, not a care in the world.

“I love your hair,” I said.

“Thanks,” she replied, giving me a warm smile with her wine dark lips and drawing a hand through her hair.

“Where did you get it done?”

“My salon. Duh!” she laughed, “Keisha did it during my break. Then I did *hers* during *my* break.”

“What did you use for the highlights?”

She shot me a glance. “D'moreys.”

“Ooh, they're great!” I nearly squealed.

Maddy seemed surprised but pleased that I was so interested in hair and makeup. We talked about it almost all the way back to Mr. Harris's place. Maddy was really smart. She knew a lot about makeup and shared some tips with me. It was just like talking to my girlfriends.

When there was a lull in the conversation, Maddy asked, “You still working on that statue thing?”

“That statue thing?”

“Yeah, that project with the little statue you found, or whatever. Or are you all done with it and we can watch something together?”

Now this was interesting. I pulled the little wooden statue out of my pocket. “This one?”

“Yeah. Did you figure it out yet?”

“Figure out what?”

“I don't know, you won't tell me!” She laughed again, a wild, carefree laugh.

As soon as we got back to the apartment, I made my way to Mr. Harris's little study nook. On top of a small desk was a ragged notebook full of his handwriting. There were some pictures of the little wooden idol taped to the wall with notes written on them. I flipped through the notebook, trying to decipher Mr. Harris's handwriting. There was some foreign text and what looked like his translation beneath it. It wasn't easy to figure it out and I soon gave up, flipping through the rest of the book looking for something that spelled out what it all meant.

It was really hard trying to concentrate on all the boring big words when I really just wanted to be talking to my friends. I couldn't wait to see what they said when I told them Maddy's eye liner tips. First, though, I'd make myself so cute using her tips that Tory and Jenn would be sooo jealous. And then Nick would be sorry he cheated on me and he'd beg to take me back and I would eventually but only after he bought me something really nice.

With an effort I pulled my attention back to the book. Finally, on the last page, I saw Mr. Harris had written some bullet points. Apparently the little wooden idol could make people swap bodies if they both agreed to it. So that's what happened! Mr. Harris must have accidentally been touching the idol when I made my wish. But it

was the last point that made me pause. It was the way to swap back. He'd underlined it. I read it again, the color draining from my face. If he knew how to swap us back, why did he--?

I was interrupted by Maddy. She came up behind me and swiveled my chair around, pushing the notebook aside so she could sit in my lap and drape her arms around my neck. Her face was inches from mine. Her cherry red lips so close to my own.

“I'm so bored,” she whined, “Are you done yet?”

I was still in shock from what I'd just read. “No, I...there's some things...”

“Oh, you seem so stressed. I know something that might help.”

She slipped off my lap and knelt between my legs. Her hands started working at the zipper of my pants.

“Whoa, what are you doing?” I yelled, grabbing her hands.

“Oh, come on,” she pouted, “You never pay attention to me anymore. Do you still think I'm pretty?”

She looked so sad, and I remembered how it felt to be the neglected one. “Of course.”

“Then let me do this for you.”

I was torn but I felt bad for her and she seemed like she really wanted to do this. Plus, like I said, I was curious. She unbuttoned my pants and reached through the hole in my boxers. Her fingers found my dick and she pulled

it out. I had a second to stare down at it. My dick. It looked so big in her tiny fingers. The head was bulbous and round, the shaft long and rubbery. But even as she held me I felt a kind of tension inside and my dick began stiffening in her hand.

And then she opened her lips and swallowed my cock. I gasped, but it felt so wonderful. Hot and wet, just what I wanted. The desire for more was immediate and a pleasure spiked within me. I felt myself still growing inside her mouth as she plunged her lips down my shaft. Oh my god, I was rock hard and it felt amazing, like I just wanted to shove it deeper down her throat, to thrust my dick into her pretty little lips and make her swallow every inch.

I watched the top of her blonde head bob up and down slowly. She made soft moaning noises, her eyes closed as she pulled off to lick the head of my cock before plunging back down. She really seemed to enjoy it, and I did, too. I just wanted more. I was filled with a greedy need to thrust, to own, to control, to stick my cock so far back in her throat it would make her gag. She sucked my dick, her tongue throbbing against my shaft, her lips dipping all the way down my shaft as her other hand played with my balls. I moaned, the pleasure overwhelming all sense of strangeness or disgust as she worked my teacher's dick. I couldn't believe how perfect she looked with her lips wrapped around my cock, like the most beautiful woman in the world, everything I wanted. Tension built inside

me and she must have felt it because she started going faster, licking and sucking, wet little slurping sounds that should have been gross but were amazingly exciting as she voraciously gobbled my cock.

I put my hand on her hair and pushed down as the need overtook me, needing to lodge my dick deep in the back of her throat. I watched myself disappear into her mouth as her nose pressed into my pubic hair and then she was completely full of me, cheeks drawn back as she sucked, her tongue undulating wonderfully across my shaft. I wrapped my fingers through her hair and pulled her head up then back down, forcing her to suck my dick at my own pace. The control was amazing, desire burned through me as I made her lips plunge down, down,

onto my cock, then back up. Faster and faster I went, gripping her hair and pushing down until the pleasure spiked and the tension exploded through me. My dick throbbed in her mouth and I could feel the cum squirting into her throat. She swallowed it all down. It seemed to last forever, the moment frozen in time, gallons of jizz erupting from my cock as she slurped it down.

And then it was over. She held me there in her warm mouth for a minute, then pulled off, a little string of saliva still connecting her lips to the tip of my dick. So that was a blowjob. No wonder guys liked them so much. I felt drained but so amazingly carefree as I gazed down at Maddy's pretty face. A tiny drop of cum—*my* cum—dripped down her chin. Her tiny pink tongue

shot out and licked it as she smiled up at me with her big blue eyes.

“Feeling more relaxed?” She asked.

I just nodded. Tomorrow I would have to do the unthinkable to get my body back. But tonight I would just enjoy being with Maddy.

## Chris

We spent half of that first afternoon in bed, enjoying our exquisite bodies. The other half was spent on prep work. Eric gave me the makeup tips he'd picked up in the year he'd been in Amber's body. Under his guidance, I practiced making up Lauren's cute face in the mirror until I got it right. Everything was still new to me and, like some sort of bird, I was constantly distracted by my image in the mirror. Amber had to pull me out of a reverie several times as I brushed the rouge across my cheeks, or as I paused halfway through glossing my plump lips, or just pulled up my top to admire my breasts. I finally got it right and was staring at Lauren's perfectly made up face in the mirror. As a reward, Amber threw me on to the bed and plunged

her tongue into my pussy until I cried out in ecstasy.

And then the clothes. God, so many clothes. I must have tried on about fifty outfits before I found the cutest one. And it was actually fun dressing up this body. I'd never been particularly interested in fashion as a man, but as a woman there were so many combinations of tops and bottoms, skirts and blouses, bras and panties. It was dizzying. I modeled for Amber and she graded each outfit while sprawled out across the bed naked, fingers idly fondling her pussy.

When she finally stopped responding to my queries, I turned from the mirror where I was admiring the latest skinny jeans and low cut top combo, to find her twisting and turning as she

rubbed her clit. She was biting her plump lower lip and the pink folds of her pussy were so gorgeous I had to join her. It was my turn to taste *her* pussy, delicious and musky. I licked and sucked her until she came two or three times.

By the time Lauren's parents and brother got home later that evening I was exhausted. In all the excitement I'd hardly thought about the real Lauren at all. I doubted she was enjoying being me as much as I was enjoying being her. Though she was probably getting along with Maddy all right. Probably better than I had. She and Lauren had a lot in common. Yeah, she was pretty and had an amazing body, but she wasn't that bright or interesting. Maddy was obsessed with clothes and makeup and looking good to the

exclusion of just about everything else. I mean, having explored makeup and clothes as Lauren I could see what all the fuss was about, but it still wasn't something I wanted to discuss 24/7.

Honestly, I'd grown tired of Maddy and had been considering breaking it off for a while. But then I'd become fixated on Lauren and everything else seemed less important. With the help of Eric, I'd finally taken over my dream girl's life. I would be keeping all the good parts and adding my own interests and intelligence. I just had to make sure Lauren never tried to get her body back.

When I returned to my bedroom that night, I had several messages from Lauren. She'd found my notes and knew how to swap us back. I dodged

her questions and finally agreed to meet her tomorrow before school at my place. I could hardly sleep that night because I was so giddy with anticipation.

The next morning I left home at Lauren's usual time but instead of going to school I drove over to my old apartment and waited in my car at the end of the street. A few minutes later, I saw Maddy drive by on her way to the hair salon. I drove inside the apartment complex before the gate could close and parked in a visitor bay. I made sure the coast was clear before sneaking up the stairs. I'd worn a spaghetti strap that was cut low to reveal my fantastic breasts, which were nestled beneath a white bra. I watched them bounce with each step, still thrilling at the sight and feel of being inside

Lauren's body.

When I got to my apartment, I adjusted my dark blue skirt, smoothing it over my round ass before adjusting my top. I knocked on the door and it was opened almost immediately. My former body stood there, still in pajamas, hair wild from sleep. Lauren hurried me inside and closed the door quickly behind.

I turned on my phone, adjusting some settings and checking the time as Lauren pushed her hand through her hair.

“I found the notes,” she said.

“Yeah, I figured.” I licked my lips nervously as I set my little purse down on the coffee table, the top of the phone poking out and aimed at the couch.

“So you know. The only way back is for us to...have sex.”

“Yes.”

I sat on the couch and looked up at her expectantly. After a second she sat beside me. I flicked my blonde hair out of my eyes with a small toss of my head, a gesture that was rapidly becoming a habit.

“So...” I began, “You're the teacher now. Teach me.”

She leaned towards me and our lips met. Her kiss was tentative, and I imagine she felt the same strangeness I did. After all, we were kissing ourselves. I could smell my distinct, masculine scent, and my nose brushed against my scratchy stubble as I pushed closer. I dragged my tongue

across Lauren's lips, tasting my former self. I placed my hand on her thigh and pushed towards her, my tongue growing more urgent against her lips until she took the hint and opened her mouth. I slipped inside, our hot breath mingling as I explored the contours of my former mouth.

My old body was so familiar to me it almost wasn't like being with a man. I'd woken up with that face, that body for thirty nine years. And being Lauren, forcing myself upon my old body, was kind of like fulfilling both our desires. I could remember what I wanted then and what I wanted now.

Still kissing, I groped for her hand and placed it on my leg, sliding it up my thigh and under my skirt. Her warm fingers were rough on my sensitive

skin. They reached my panties and drew back slightly, but I shuffled my body forward and placed one hand on her crotch. The bulge had already started growing beneath her pajama pants, and I played with the hidden hardness, intrigued, my thoughts already wandering to how it would feel inside me.

I gripped the bulge and stroked it, feeling it jump towards my hand, sensitive to my touch despite Lauren's misgivings.

I pulled my top off and flipped my hair back.

“What are you doing?” Lauren asked, clearly discomfited.

“I'm trying to get comfortable. I've never done this before.”

I reached behind my back and unclasped my bra and let my breasts bounce free. Lauren glanced down at them, then back up at me. I spoke up before she could say anything. "I need to touch myself to get comfortable," I whispered and batted my eyes, playing the innocent schoolgirl to perfection.

I ran my hands along my breasts, circling around and under, holding up their wonderful weightiness and spreading my fingers to pinch the nipples between thumb and forefinger. My tits were warm and smooth and squeezable, the soft flesh rolling between my fingers, each pinch sending pulses of delight between my legs. I brought one boob up to my mouth and wrapped my plump lips around a nipple, tasting my new skin as my nipple pearled out. I sucked on my breast,

tongue licking across the skin.

Lauren was looking at me so I pulled my breast out of my mouth and offered it to her with a small smile. When she didn't move, I placed a hand on the top of her head and guided it towards her.

“You'll like this,” I whispered.

Her mouth found my nipple, hot breath surrounding my areolae. I threw my head back and sighed, arching my back as pleasure whirled through me. I grew ever wetter. Every time I shifted I could feel the lips of my pussy spreading, rubbing against each other. My panties were damp with my lust. Even though I was with a man and still attracted to women, the body in front of me was so familiar it

was like masturbating. The cock was mine and I was going to ride it.

As Lauren continued to suckle my breasts, I reached down and grabbed her bulge. She was rock hard and I was soaking wet. I yanked down her pants and straddled her, throwing one golden leg over her lap. I pulled up my skirt, yanked my panties aside and guided myself down until I felt the head of Lauren's cock pressing against my slit. I lowered myself slowly. My pussy was so tight, my cunt stretched around the head of the cock as it slowly entered me. I was scared, amazed, and horny as hell.

My pussy spread slowly and gravity forced Lauren's cock inside inch by delicious inch. I gasped and froze, biting my lip as a sharp wave of pain hit.

I cried out in a tiny voice, “Oh”, realizing that I'd just lost my virginity to myself. I kept forcing the cock inside despite the pain, and it soon dulled, lost in the rising pleasure. I was so tight and each inch of the cock was a struggle, bringing with it an ever growing feeling of fullness. And then at last I was down, resting against Lauren's groin, her cock lodged deep in my center. I held her there for a few heartbeats, enjoying the heat filling me.

I pressed my tits into Lauren's face, bobbling her head, forcing her to confront her own body. I pulled off her slowly, not completely, leaving the tip of her cock inside, teasing myself, riding gently up and down, just the tip pressing against my clit, before plunging back down. The pleasure was immediate and intense, causing me to

cry out in delight. Lauren gripped my ass, squeezing my cheeks in each hand.

“Come on,” she pleaded.

I began bobbing up and down, riding her delicious cock as the pleasure multiplied and spread, until my entire body was on fire, heading towards the sweet precipice of orgasm.

“You want to cum inside my little pussy?” I asked, and fuck, it was so hot hearing her voice say the dirty things I'd always imagined. “Fuck me hard,” I begged.

Lauren gripped my ass and I dropped down hard on her cock. It plunged straight up into me, my pussy juices dripping down my thighs and when I hit her lap and was totally full of her

cock I came hard. I rode her, rubbing my clit against her warm shaft, crying out “Oh fuck, yes, yes, yes!” as I gripped my own tit, wanting to feel every inch of my glorious body as the orgasm burned through me. I thrust back and forth, clit rubbing against the cock, my pussy so amazingly full of dick, feeling so perfectly full and alive.

Lauren gripped my ass and thrust hard, sending another wave of pleasure through me, along with a burning warmth and a deep throbbing inside my cunt. She grunted and I could feel her cum filling me, driving me higher, making me fuller than I'd ever been before. She moaned and thrust, the cock throbbing against the sensitive walls of my pussy as she emptied herself inside me. Time seemed to stop. It seemed like hours I was riding her,

delirious with delight, my tits bouncing, every inch of my body pulsing with pleasure as I milked every drop of cum from her dick.

I came down slowly, leaning my head against hers and breathing hard. I kissed her cheek. "Thank you," I whispered.

I pulled myself off her, Lauren's cock leaving an aching emptiness inside as I adjusted my skirt. I could feel her cum dripping down my leg as I leaned over and grabbed my purse to turn off the camera.

"What happened?" Lauren asked, "When do we change back?"

I grabbed my top and bra and began putting them back on. "We don't."

“But, your notes--”

“Yeah, that was all bullshit. The only way to change back is for both of us to want it. And I don't want it.”

“Then...why...?”

I adjusted my top and held up my phone. The thumbnail picture of the two of us having sex was front and center. “I needed something so that you wouldn't try to get your body back. You do and I'll release this to everyone. Not only will you be stuck in my old body, but you'll be fired. Probably be arrested.”

She gaped at me, her flaccid cock still out.

“You and Maddy should enjoy each other,” I continued, smoothing my

hair back and making my way to the door. “You've got a lot in common. Maybe you can talk about makeup as she sucks your dick.”

I walked out the door, confident in my new life as a sexy schoolgirl, leaving my former body sprawled on the couch, fat and bald and stupid. I'd taken everything from her.

**# # #**

# Thank you!

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

Thanks!

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