



**BODY THEFT
EROTICA**

**SUBSTITUTE
Teacher**

IMMILS

Substitute Teacher

by M. Wills

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Keep reading for the full story...

Substitute Teacher

More often than not, life was just a bitch. Chris had long since accepted that fact as absolute truth. Life had dealt him an array of irritations—asthma, myopia, a complete inability to interact with girls/jocks/hip-sters/basi-cally any human being—all of which had turned high school into an ongoing source of torment and frustration.

But, every once in a while, life was kind. Every once in a while life did something generous... like move Miss Andrews into the house next door. Every once in a while, like today, life outdid itself and dropped the hottest, most lusciously curved and delectably ripe-looking teacher in school right into the small house located just feet from Chris's bedroom window. And Chris was suitably grateful.

He was grateful as hell as he watched her lug boxes in from her U-Haul. Grateful for the long, dark hair bouncing in her ponytail. Grateful for the yoga pants hugging her ass and for the jiggle of her perfect tits as she bounced up her front steps. Grateful for the four and half minutes she spent bent over a carton in her front yard giving Chris a clear view straight down her top.

Then she dropped the last box, a bundle of electronics and wires hitting the front path in a tangled mess, and Chris figured it was time to stop just being grateful and to be helpful instead. He headed for the front door and out into his yard. Giving what was, he realized, the most pathetic little wave, he called, "Hey Miss Andrews."

Looking up from her crouched position over the mess, she peered at him in surprise over her glasses. "Oh, hi Chris. You live here?"

"Um, yeah." Stating the obvious, he added, "You're moving in."

"Yep," she surveyed the mess, pushing her glasses up her nose as she did so in a way Chris found almost unbearably adorable, "though I'm clearly not doing a good job of it."

"You need some help?"

"No, no, it's fine. I'm almost done, just need to—" As she stood, the bottom of the cardboard box she was lifting collapsed and the remaining

contents hit the ground, spilling a tangle of cables and remote controls across the pavement. She gave a defeated laugh. "Ok, maybe I could use a little help."

Chris didn't need to be asked twice and bounded over into her yard. Together they scooped up the scattered contents of the box and headed inside. The house was controlled chaos: piles of cardboard cartons, flatpack furniture waiting to be assembled, kitchen cupboards open and bare.

Chris looked over the collection of items he'd brought in as he dumped them on the kitchen counter and one item caught his eye - an elaborate home security system still in its box. Trying to make conversation, he said cautiously, "Wow, that's a lot of security. I mean, especially for this neighborhood."

Miss Andrews rolled her eyes. "Oh, I know. That stupid thing is courtesy of my *completely* overprotective mother. She's convinced I shouldn't be living on my own and made me promise I'd set it up before I spend a single night here." She pointed at a pile of hardware sitting next to the front door. "She's also responsible for the two extra locks I apparently need to install."

Not sure what else to say, Chris mumbled, "She's just being, you know, cautious I guess."

Miss Andrews grinned. "You say - cautious, I say - overbearing."

Chris couldn't quite believe what was happening. He was having a conversation—an actual conversation—with Miss Andrews. While standing in her house. While she was wearing frickin' skin-tight pants and a low-cut top that gaped every time she bent over. He had to concentrate intently on her face so his eyes wouldn't slide down her curvy body and land on her perfect rack, still peeking out from beneath the top of her outfit.

Hoping to keep things going, he asked, "You need any more help? I could carry... something."

She shook her head. "No, all good. Everything's inside, I just need to go return the U-Haul."

Chris recognized his cue to leave and made one last desperate play for time. He held up the security system. "I could set this up for you. You know, if your mom's all..."

For just a split second, she hesitated, then said, "That's kind, Chris, but I really shouldn't have you here doing my—"

"It's not a problem."

"Thanks but I'm sure I can figure it out." Belying her words was her slightly trepidatious glance down at the complicated-looking system."

Chris played his advantage. "Oh, so it's just a plug-and-play system? You don't need to configure the system? Just hook it up to your router? Although it's only got a 16gb USB drive so I'm assuming you'll need to set up cloud storage." He shot her a look of pure nerd concern. "Have you even set up your router yet?"

She laughed and threw up her hands in surrender. "Ok, so I know the answer to exactly none of those questions."

Chris doubled down. "I'm sure it'll autosave to Dropbox if you prefer."

"Now you're just making me feel completely useless." Biting her lower lip in a self-conscious way that rendered Chris temporarily immobile, she said apologetically, "I know I shouldn't ask but, if you *really* don't mind, I could probably use your help."

Eyes glued to the plump, pink swell of her lip, Chris merely nodded.

She smiled and added, "If you're sure it's not a hassle?"

"No, no, umm, no hassle. Easy." He shrugged. "I'm a nerd, this stuff is..." He made himself stop babbling. "Do you know where you want the sensors and security cameras?"

She waved a hand about dismissively. "Just spread them around the house wherever makes sense." Glancing down at her phone, she squeaked, "Eek, I need to return the truck before they charge me for another day. Are you ok here on your own?"

"Yeah, I'm good." He held up the security system. "I'll get started."

Heading for the door, she called, “You’re the best.”

* * * * *

An hour later Chris was staring at both a golden opportunity and a serious moral dilemma. He had set up the router and security system, installed the sensors and hooked up all the cameras. A dozen unobtrusive little wifi devices now dotted the house. The final step was setting storage for the cam footage and access to the feed. The system allowed up to five users to access the data.

Hence the dilemma.

With just a couple of keystrokes, Chris could authorize himself to access all footage. Hell, a few clicks and he could have every frame of footage dropped into an anonymous Dropbox account. And, he was willing to bet that Miss Andrews would never be any the wiser. He was pretty sure she couldn’t even get into the system settings, let alone dig through them to see who was getting the camera feeds. And... even say she did; he had a plausible excuse. He played the scenario in his head: “Oh, yeah, I remember, I *did* give myself access to the footage. I had to test to see if it was working. Huh, did I forget to change the settings afterwards?” It was credible.

Glancing into the bedroom, Chris stared at the camera mounted high on the wall. One thought played in his head: at some point, some point very soon in fact, Miss Andrews was probably going to come home and walk into that very room. And she was going to peel off her dusty moving day clothes. She was going to unhook the pink bra Chris had clearly seen down her shirt and she was going to release her gorgeous tits. And she was going take off her panties and every single inch of her flesh was going to be captured on camera. And he *had* to see it.

Not giving himself another moment to second guess, he gave himself a link to the feed.

* * * * *

Chris thought he knew a thing or two about torment—after all, he was an undersized nerd with inch-thick glasses and alarmingly underdeveloped muscle tone who had to walk the halls of high school every day—but, as it

turned out, he knew nothing. Torment, as he now learned, was having to sit in class and listen to Miss Andrews drone on about some topic (today it was unconscious bias and institutional prejudice) and try to pretend that he hadn't almost seen her naked three times in the past 24 hours. Torment was watching her body move and shift under her clothes and knowing he'd almost seen it all. Almost.

She leaned over, her skirt cinching across her ass, and grabbed her glasses from her desk. "So, when we say 'unconscious bias' what do we mean? And what impact do these stereotypes have in real terms?" She crossed her arms beneath her breasts, supporting one arm so she could chew on the handle of her glasses.

Chris might have been vaguely interested in the topic if he wasn't busy picturing the three—three!—times she'd been on the verge of stripping in her bedroom (right in front of the camera)... and had then, at the last second, disappeared into the camera-free bathroom.

Frustration mounting, he watched her sit on her desk at the front of class, cross her legs and slip her glasses back on, peeking over the top of them to add, "And it's not just assumptions about race and sex; a quick glance at the average height of Fortune 500 CEOs give you a pretty clear indication that heightism is alive and well."

She droned on, and it was probably going to be on the exam, but Chris was a little distracted, mentally replaying the footage he'd watched that morning: Miss Andrews sitting in her bedroom with her back to the camera, blow drying her hair; her towel slipping gradually lower and lower and eventually pooling around her waist. Then the glorious few seconds when she'd put down the hair dryer and Chris had *known* she was about to turn around and he was finally going to see her tits.

And then she'd pulled up her towel and headed into the bathroom, leaving Chris rock hard and howling in frustration.

All of which left him here: blue balled in his Monday Citizenship and Civics class.

Oblivious to his pain, Miss Andrews continued, "So, as those of you who actually read the syllabus will remember, this week's assignment will be

an opportunity to truly examine the prejudices and privileges we all take for granted. You will be swapping bodies with a partner and I want you all to take an in depth look at life in someone else's shoes. Essay is due Friday, two thousand words and I want—”

The collective groan from the class, made her pause momentarily then continue with a grin, “Two thousand words *minimum* on the topic.”

Amber, the prissy cheerleader in the back row, rolled her eyes and said, “Miss Andrews, do we have to swap? I mean can't we just, like, explain that we *totally* get racism. And, I mean, I personally so don't need to swap and, also, like, what if someone makes my body skip cheer practice.” Her eyes widened in horror. “Or eat carbs.”

Miss Andrews's face remained impassive (which Chris thought was actually quite an achievement) and said calmly, “Amber, if you'd read the material that came home with the authorization forms that you and your parents signed last week, you'd know that the swap is mandatory. You'd also know that there are the same consents and protocols in place that we use every year. All students agree to respect and adhere to each other's schedule, beliefs and diets. Not to mention, there are countless mental blocks automatically imposed by the swap system to ensure everyone's privacy and safety.”

Amber looked ready to keep arguing, “Yeah but—”

Miss Andrews silenced her with a glare over the top of her glasses. “It's mandatory, Amber.” Turning to the rest of the classes, she said, “Ok, so everyone pair up and let's get underway.”

Chris sighed. If there were ever two words sure to strike fear in the heart of an asthmatic nerd, they were definitely ‘pair up.’ He scanned the room and briefly felt a spark of hope when he noticed Justin. Chris didn't know Justin that well but they had Coding Club together, they talked occasionally - not friends but acquaintances at least. Justin, Chris thought hopefully, might be willing to pair up... but Justin never even glanced in his direction.

Chris watched on as the rest of the class picked partners, resigned now to the fact that he'd be left with whichever person held penultimate position

on the social totem pole. His own position at the very bottom was immutable but who knew what the social jostling would produce for him as a swap partner. Hardcore nerdery? Friendless stoner? Antisocial delinquent?

Or, as it eventually turned out, no one. The class shuffled and paired up and Chris was left alone, an odd number of students leaving him without a partner.

And then, in a scene that reminded Chris distinctly of third grade gym class, Miss Andrews said with an overly bright and condescending smile, “Well, Chris, looks like you’re partnered up with me.”

And his brain short-circuited. He was going to be *in* Miss Andrews. Have her body. Walk it home and move it, hold it, touch it for days on end. If third grade gym class was the nadir, then this was the corresponding zenith. For a solid minute, there was a ringing in his ears that made it hard to concentrate on anything else, barely aware of the room around him. In fact, he barely noticed as the classroom door opened and Principal Schneider walked in dragging a reluctant student behind him.

Chris didn’t really register the words as Schneider announced, “Miss Andrews, I’ve got another student for your class.”

Miss Andrews murmured, “Ok, great.” Turning to the student, she said, “Come in, Eric. Take a seat next to Chris, we’re just about to get started.”

It was the name ‘Eric’ that caused Chris to emerge from his stupor. Because Eric, the school’s resident thug, was impossible to ignore. Big, black and built, he was pretty much the walking antithesis to Chris’s pale, scrawny bod. He also a fucking psycho, a gang banger hovering on the brink of expulsion and, if the rumors were true, incarceration.

And he was sliding into the seat next to Chris, the cheap plastic creaking under the weight of his muscle mass. Sliding a hand through his afro, he turned to look at Chris and growled, “You’ve gotta to be fucking kidding me. No way am I swapping with that pasty little asshole.”

Eric, it emerged, didn’t need to worry. Because Chris’s body was equally concerned about the prospect. Chris felt the sudden familiar constriction, the tightening of his chest and closing of his airways that signaled an

asthma attack. Within moments he heard himself start to wheeze and he made a dive for his inhaler.

Miss Andrews was next to him in seconds, hovering over him with concern. And then Principal Schneider was scooping up Chris's bag and helping Chris get to his feet. "Come on, let's get you to the nurse."

As he was lead out of the room, Chris heard Miss Andrews say, "Ok, everyone settle down. Chris is in good hands and we're running behind. Eric, you'll have to swap with me."

The door closed behind Chris on his beautiful dream.

* * * * *

That afternoon, Chris lay in bed trying to wrap his head around the emotional high and lows of the day. For the first time in his life he was just a little bit thankful for his asthma. While he didn't enjoy the indignity of having a sweaty-faced wheezing fit in front of the whole class and having the school nurse call his mom to pick him up... it had gotten him out of a fate worse than death. The idea of swapping with Eric's massive, pot-stenched body made him shudder.

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Eric wrapped his fingers around each breast, holding them up to his face and examining them closely, before squeezing and exploring their soft contours. Chris's mouth dropped as he watched his teacher fondle her tits. She seemed to be enjoying it and Chris remained frozen as she jiggled her breasts experimentally, eventually grasping one in her hand and pushing it up towards her lips. Her boobs were big enough that, by bending her head down, Eric could reach them with Miss Andrews's mouth. She stuck out her little pink tongue, licking her own nipple before stuffing as much tit into her mouth as she could and sucking. Chris could hear the moans as she sucked on her breast, the fingers of the other hand holding her other fat breast and rolling the tender nipple between thumb and forefinger.

This wasn't supposed to be possible. The swap machine was supposed to prevent just this kind of sexual activity while in someone else's body. Somehow, Eric must have figured out a way around the blocks. And even as Chris realized that his attention turned back to the monitors. Miss Andrews was sucking hard on her nipples, gripping them gently between

her teeth and stretching lightly, moaning appreciatively, her eyes closed in delight as Eric enjoyed the sensations running through Miss Andrews's body. Abruptly, she dropped her tits, letting them bounce down onto her stomach as she hooked her thumbs beneath the soft panties and rolled them down her glorious legs, revealing a neatly trimmed triangle of dark hair nestled between her thighs.

The definition in the cameras was amazing. Chris could see every inch of his teacher's soft body, her soft flesh completely on display, his wildest fantasies fulfilled. His will broke and he unzipped his pants and took his cock in hand and began stroking himself as he watched Miss Andrews continue to fondle herself.

Miss Andrews turned, pointing her ass towards the direction of the camera, then bent back around to examine her butt. She gave it a quick slap and laughed as she watched her skin wobble delightfully. She gripped her heavy butt and jiggled, staring down in delight as she manipulated her own body. She returned her attention to her tits, pulling them to the side and letting them swing together. Then her hands came down to her legs and she tentatively brushed the pubic hair of her pussy. She was greedy for choice, going back to her ass, her tits, her pussy, as if Eric couldn't decide what he wanted to explore next.

Finally, Eric sat Miss Andrews's body on the bed facing the cameras and spread her legs. Chris found himself looking straight down at his teacher's pussy as she slipped a finger inside herself and began rubbing. Chris zoomed in until Miss Andrews filled the whole screen. Her eyes were screwed up tight, one hand on her pussy where she had two fingers inside herself now, the other on her tits, kneading and squeezing the supple flesh. Her fingers grew shiny with her juices and she gaped down between her legs as her tender folds revealed themselves around her fingers. Her breath came faster, her breasts heaving as she began moaning. Watching his normally reserved teacher drive herself crazy with lust made Chris rock hard. He could barely contain his excitement as she pushed her fingers deeper inside her pussy. God, he could see her glistening with desire.

She moaned, thrusting her chest out and bouncing lightly on the bed, fucking herself with her fingers causing her entire body to shimmy

wonderfully. Her ponderous breasts jiggled as she squeezed and thrust harder, deeper inside. “Oh, fuck, Yes.” She cried, biting her lower lip. And then she gasped, her eyes opening wide, her mouth a little ‘o’ of ecstasy as her body shuddered in orgasm.

As soon as Eric recovered from his delight he thrust Miss Andrews's fingers back into her body, slamming her cunt hard as she wiggled and twisted, tits wobbling back and forth. Her cries grew higher in pitch until she was squealing her pleasure and then with a deep guttural groan she came hard, body buckling, hips swaying and she squirted, fucking squirted, a jet of clear liquid from her pussy. Chris came with her, his cock throbbing as hot jizz spilled down his own fingers and onto the carpet. It was everything he'd imagined. If only Eric weren't the one in her body.

On the monitor, Miss Andrews was laughing and looking down at her soaking pussy. “Oh, shit! Bitch pissed herself!”

Miss Andrews disappeared off-screen and a moment later there was the sound of the shower running. Chris cleaned himself off. Now he had another dilemma. He knew Eric had broken the swap class rules by gaming the system somehow. But the only proof Chris had was an illegal video surveillance system he'd set up to spy on her. It was likely Chris would end up in as much or more trouble than Eric if that ever came out.

No, the only thing Chris could do was nothing. He made a bargain with himself. He'd watch, and if he saw Eric doing anything, well, more extreme, then maybe he could figure out how to anonymously send in a tip. Until then, he would just have to keep an eye on Miss Andrews in her bedroom.

For her own safety, or course.

* * * * *

Civics Class, the next day, was surreal. Dozens of bodies moving in unexpected patterns, sitting in unfamiliar seats, voicing incongruous opinions. Incompetent puppeteers filled the room. The footballer who hadn't figured out how to sit in a skirt. Justin—who was in Chris's coding club and only one step up the nerd ladder from Chris—had apparently somehow persuaded Amber to swap with him and clearly still hadn't got the hang

of balancing both boobs and an ass while wearing a tiny cheerleader skirt. Alyson, a tiny girl, who was now in the body of a jock and clearly transfixed by her borrowed biceps. And, at the front of the class, was Eric's body giving Miss Andrews's earnest little lecture on wage disparity. It was beyond disturbing to hear her words in Eric's deep voice and to watch Eric's hands move across her computer, working the powerpoint presentation.

But infinitely more disturbing was watching Eric with free rein in Miss Andrew's body. Because, as Miss Andrews continued on oblivious, Eric was slowly sliding his fingers under his skirt. Chris watched in disbelief as the fingers moved inch by inch up her thigh, flicked up the skirt under the desk and pressed up against the front of her panties. Looking around desperately, Chris tried to see if anyone else was watching, but they were all staring ahead, locked in their own little worlds. Chris watched the slow smile creep across Miss Andrews's features as Eric's fingers moved a little faster under the desk.

He *had* to do something. His voice squeaked, "Miss Andrews."

She looked up... well Eric's body looked up. "Yes, Chris?"

He tried to figure out what to say. 'Eric's touching your pussy' somehow didn't feel like something he could announce to the class. "Umm..."

"What is it?"

"Umm he's—" Chris was interrupted by the bell.

Miss Andrews turned to address the whole class. "Ok, today's reading is *Judge Softly*. Let's be looking at it with an eye to both theme and historical context, people."

Eric pulled his hand out from his skirt, grabbed his bag and headed for the door, shooting Chris a look of menace that pinned him to his seat. *Did he know what Chris had been about to say?* And Chris let him go, assuaging his guilt at staying silent with two equally important thoughts. One, at the end of the school day, the class would automatically swap back. And two, turning narc on the school's biggest shit kicker was a pretty clear invitation to have his shit thoroughly kicked. He might not like the situation but he *did* like having a full complement of teeth.

As the class filed out, Miss Andrews called to him, “You had a question, Chris?”

“Uh huh. Just... all good.” And he headed out the door, resolved to keep his mouth shut.

His resolve was tested a dozen times by the end of the day. There was Eric in the corner of the basketball courts letting his friends feel up Miss Andrews's breasts. There he was coming out of the men's bathroom buttoning up his shirt, a huge smirk on his face and followed by a dozen laughing guys. There he was in the lunchroom, his friend's hands down his pants.

Never had the end of day bell sounded sweeter. Chris felt his body gradually unclench as he headed for Coding Club, passing student after student in the halls all happily back in their bodies, all bitching and joking about the experience. He smiled as he entered the computer lab and watched teeny tiny Alyson (no longer a possessor of insanely big biceps) working away.

She looked up at him. “Justin's running late; said to start without him.”

Chris grabbed a computer, got to work and grinned. Nerds were nerds again, jocks were jocks, thugs were thugs, Alyson was writing flawless script again instead of flexing and Justin was late as per usual. The universe had righted itself.

He was late getting home; algebra ran long and he had a twenty minute wait for the bus. The twenty minutes had a been a unique kind of torture. The second he'd sat down at the bus stop, his mind had gone to the camera feed from Miss Andrews's house. He'd proceeded to spend nineteen minutes driving himself crazy with the thought that Miss Andrews—the real Miss Andrews—had probably beaten him home from school and he may have missed a live show. He spend the other minute comforting himself with the thought that the footage was all safely stored on Drop-box.

Either way, he had to get to his computer. Barreling through his front door, he headed for his room and locked the door. Seconds later he had his computer open and footage on screen.

And that's when he saw Amber (prissy, pain in the ass, cheerleader Amber) in Miss Andrews's bedroom. Just for moment, Chris grappled for a logical explanation - maybe Miss Andrews was tutoring her - but surely they wouldn't be in Miss Andrews house. Then Miss Andrews walked into the room, smiled and, without a word, pulled Amber's top off over her head. Chris watched in stunned silence as Miss Andrews trailed a hand down to cup Amber's boob, her thumb brushing her student's taut nipple through the material.

And Chris abandon the hunt for logical explanations.

Amber went up on her toes and kissed Miss Andrews. The teacher cupped one hand beneath Amber's tight little ass and drew the other through her blonde curls, pressing their bodies close. They sucked on each other's tongues, little moans escaping their lips. Miss Andrews slid her hands down Amber's back and unclasped the bra. Amber shrugged herself out of it, freeing her petite, perky breasts. Her nipples were bright pink bullets on her milky tits and Miss Andrews gazed down appreciatively.

"Damn, girl!" She said, before leaning her head down to suck on Amber's nipples.

It was just what Eric would say. Somehow, Eric was still in Miss Andrews's body. And Chris doubted that Amber would randomly start making out with her teacher. No, it must still be Coding Club Justin in her body.

Amber threw her head back and sighed, sending a cascade of golden curls down her back as she let her teacher suckle and caress her tits. Miss Andrews looked like she was enjoying herself, grabbing Amber's firm tits and kissing her way back and forth between them. Amber reached down and tugged at Miss Andrews's shirt. Miss Andrews raised her head and the two disrobed completely, tossing their clothes aside until they both stood naked in front of each other.

They could not have been more different. Miss Andrews with her school teacher glasses, dark hair and features, wide, curvy figure and heavy, luscious breasts. Amber, with her blonde hair and dimpled cheeks, slender frame and petite chest. They were each beautiful and Chris would have

given almost anything to see them naked. And now here they were, naked and kissing each other, and Chris felt so wrong. Yet still, he couldn't prise his eyes away from the screen as the two women kissed and groped each other, their hands gripping, squeezing, exploring the soft, tender flesh, bodies swaying, tits bouncing, skin writhing seductively.

Miss Andrews pushed her young student on to the bed. Amber landed on her back and bounced, her tits and ass flying up in the air as she laughed. Miss Andrews took her glasses off and set them on the bedside table before straddling Amber's head backwards, until her two ass cheeks rested on Amber's forehead and her pussy rested on Amber's lips, completely obscuring her face, with her own face aimed towards Amber's supine form. Then Miss Andrews leaned down over Amber's lithe body and pressed her own tongue into Amber's pussy. The two women lay on top of each other, licking and sucking. Amber gripped Miss Andrews's plump ass and spread the cheeks, pulling her teacher's pussy down onto her face while Miss Andrews eagerly licked Amber's cunt. Chris could see Amber's pussy spread wide, watched the velvety folds dripping down Amber's thighs as Miss Andrews thrust her tongue against Amber's clit.

Amber buckled beneath her, crying out into Miss Andrews's pussy before raising her hips and thrusting against her teacher's face, trying to satisfy the urges of her body. Chris just stared, spellbound, as his teacher fucked the prissiest cheerleader in school. His cock grew hard as he watched delicate little Amber lose all control and bury her face into her teacher's wet pussy until her face was shiny with Miss Andrews's lust. He began stroking himself as their moans turned to high pitched cries, and their cries turned to shuddering orgasms.

Miss Andrews rocked back and forth, pressing down hard against Amber as she dug her own face deeper between Amber's legs. Miss Andrews threw back her head and sat back hard on Amber, riding her face as her entire body grew rigid in ecstasy. Her hands came up to her swaying tits and she gripped them hard as her cries rang out through the room. Then it was Amber's turn to gyrate, pressing her clit up against her teacher's greedy tongue until they were both sated and their cries slowly ebbed.

Miss Andrews rolled off Amber and sat up. As Amber continued playing with her own tits, Eric grabbed Miss Andrews's phone from the

nightstand and typed a message. And, with a sense of impending doom, Chris heard his own phone ding with a text message.

The text was to the point: HEY PERV

Looking up from his phone, he saw Miss Andrews—no, it was somehow *still* Eric—look directly into the camera and beckon to him.

Unable to think what else to do, Chris obeyed. He headed over in a trance, walking up Miss Andrews's front steps and into the house still completely unable to process what was happening.

Eric and Justin had moved into the living room. They hadn't bothered to get dressed and wore nothing but smug smiles, lounging about on the couch in their feminine bodies. Justin was entranced with his own rack, pressing his arms together to push his tits up then releasing them and watching them jiggle back into place.

"So," Eric announced, "Justin here thought it was all kinds of weird that lady in the suburbs had the place done up like Fort Knox. He checked out the security system. And guess what he found?"

Justin grinned, looking at Chris almost admiringly. "You are nasty! Getting a link to the feed? That is some creepy shit."

Chris stumbled, "It's not like that. I didn't—"

"Not like what?" Eric sneered. "Not like you're illegally filming your teacher and jacking your little virgin dick every minute of the day?"

Chris tried to keep his voice steady. "I'm not. And you can't prove anything. I'll delete everything and—"

Justin laughed. "Except I have your IP address and screenshots of everything. Oh, and Eric's been practicing his outraged white lady act."

Eric feigned a sob and said, voice quivering, "I just feel so violated. How did that monster even get access?"

Dread was coiling in Chris's belly, no one but he and Miss Andrews knew she'd asked him to set up her cameras. "Where's Miss Andrews?"

"Stuck in my body I guess." Eric shrugged. "Don't care."

Almost shaking with outrage, Chris responded, “You can’t do this.”

Eric waved a hand down his body by way of proof, grabbed one of his massive tits and said bluntly, “Doing it.”

Chris gulped, trying to wrap his head around the situation. “How did you even... How did you get into the swap system? There are safety protocols and—”

Justin gave a sneer of a laugh. “It’s touch ID. They’re such morons. Put fingerprint ID on something and then just hand over the fingerprints.” He indicated Eric. “Once Eric let me borrow his finger for access, it was easy to change all the system settings.”

Chris shook his head. “But you’re going to change back?” He could hear the desperate little tone in his voice and added, “Right?”

Eric laughed. “Umm, let me see... I can go back to my parents’ shitty, little house, in my shitty neighborhood. Or I can stay here, with this place all to myself.” He ran his hands down to his tits, squeezing the flesh and tugging on his tight little nipples. “Stay in this tight, white bod with these tits to play with 24/7. Gotta say, it’s not exactly a difficult choice.”

Chris raised his chin, defiant. “I’ll report you. I’ll tell the school.”

Eric’s voice was taut with with menace. “Will you?” And then Eric was on his feet and up in Chris’s face. “You say one word—one *single* word—and we let everyone know what you’ve been up to with the cameras. Then I’ll let *my* buddies know all the pussy they missed out on ‘cause of you. What do you think they’ll do to you then?”

And Chris felt his defiance crumble. They had him over a barrel and they knew it. He dropped his chin, defeated.

Eric smirked, his malevolence dropping away, leaving smug satisfaction in its place. He gave Chris a dismissive wave. “Now get the fuck outta here.” And, dropping back down onto the sofa, he spread his legs, giving Chris a glimpse of his teacher’s pussy in person for the first time. A glistening drop of her juice was still lodged in her pubic hair, her ruby lips already swollen with lust as she began fingering herself.

Chris watched as a smile of anticipation crept across Amber’s face. She

moved between Eric's thighs and sank to her knees. Her mouth inches from Miss Andrews's pussy.

Eric grabbed the back of Amber's head, fingers curling into the blonde curls, and tugged her closer. Looking up to give Chris one last smug smile, he added, "Go on home now. You don't want to miss the show."

Chris walk to the door and said resolutely, "Like I'm going to watch."

He headed home.

And opened his computer.

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