

Switched Up

Controlled by the Bully Part One

by M. Wills

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Switched Up: Controlled by the Bully Part One

“You’re on my part of the sidewalk.” Brandon sneered down at me, his arms crossed menacingly.

I looked up at his fat face, fixed in a permanent sneer. I had a million retorts ready, but none I dared say to a hulking neanderthal like Brandon, especially when he was flanked by his two co-thugs, Sean and Travis. Multi-syllabic words would likely startle and confuse them, and when Brandon was confused he would probably just start punching. Instead, I hefted my backpack and stepped onto the grass next to the bushes, praying my mom would pull up any second to take me home.

It was embarrassing having my mom pick me up from high school, especially at my age. Just because I was 18 and *could* already drive didn’t mean I *could*. We didn't have the money for me to have my own car. The only reason I was able to go to Wheelan Academy in the first place was because I got a full scholarship. My mom’s car was a rust covered Honda that was already on its last legs when we bought it and usually the sight of it filled me with shame and made me want to hide. But today I was eagerly scanning the road, hoping to see her car pulling around the far curve at any moment and save me from certain taunting...or worse.

Usually I was the only one at the pickup spot. Well, the only *senior* in a veritable sea of freshman who were also waiting for their parents. That’s why I tended to hang out in the back near the bushes until my mom showed up. And that was what gave Brandon an opening to torment me with no witnesses.

Brandon had singled me out early on in the school year and decided that, for some reason, he hated me and wanted to make my time at school a living hell. Maybe he knew the only reason he was at the school was his daddy’s money, or maybe he was just jealous of people who didn’t have to walk on their knuckles. Whatever the reason, I tried my best not to be alone with Brandon, but several times he’d accosted me on my way into school. He and his two buddies jumped out from behind a corner and tossed my backpack into the garbage--and me along with it--laughing like hyenas the whole time.

The story I always heard was that bullies were bullies because their home life was shit. But, by all accounts, Brandon seemed to have it made. His dad was the head researcher at Optimal Technology and had made several small fortunes patenting various cybernetic wearables, gadgets that could be completely controlled by thought. Optimal even had some sort of billion dollar deal with the military to research advanced weaponry with the ultimate goal of merging man and machine into an unstoppable fighting force. That was what their PR video claimed anyway. I followed what little of Brandon’s dad’s research was released to

the public with interest.

Brandon seemed to be the opposite of his dad in every way: privileged, strong, and dumb as a brick. Though maybe that was unfair to bricks. Because of Optimal's donations, sorry, their *influence*, Brandon was basically untouchable. His punishment began and ended at a stern talking to. He'd drifted into this school on his dad's golden parachute while I had to scarp for a scholarship using only my brains. Maybe that's why he hated me.

"That's my grass, too." He snickered, shoving me into the bushes. I flailed around, trying to regain my balance but every time I did he would just push me back in, much to the delight of Sean and Travis.

Brandon stood about six foot and was mostly muscle, except for his brain, of course, which was mostly air. He had a permanent self-satisfied grin on his stocky face and kept his blonde hair buzz-cut close to his skull. Sean and Travis were complete burnouts. Rich burnouts, but still, if they had one brain cell to share between them they'd have doubled their intelligence. What they lacked in brains they made up for in blind deference to Brandon. I, on the other had, was tall and lanky with a mop of unruly dark hair I'd long ago given up trying to tame, and thick rimmed glasses that instantly marked me as a nerd.

"Stop it," I said, aware that my voice was coming out as a whine but unable to help myself.

I tried to roll through the branches away from him but Sean blocked me and pushed me back as Travis laughed and looked on. Spiky twigs poked and scratched my back, dug into my shirt and trapped me in the bushes as the two volleyed me back and forth between the spiky branches. And then I heard a welcome voice.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing?"

Brandon and Sean looked up as my stepmom approached. She was pissed.

"Shit, here comes Tits McGee," Brendan said, "Just leave the nerd here with his mommy."

They laughed as they ran away, disappearing into the woods just as my mom reached the bushes. She was still wearing her work clothes--skirt, high heels and all--so there was no way she could catch them. She turned to me and brushed her wavy hair out of her face. She was breathing hard from her run up from the car and her ample breasts heaved up and down with each breath. I was embarrassed for myself and for her. Embarrassed at my predicament. Embarrassed at my loss of power. Embarrassed about how my mom looked, as if somehow she was responsible for having huge breasts. A fact which Brandon never tired of mentioning in the most disgusting ways possible.

"Who were those boys?" She asked me angrily as she helped free me from the bushes.

"No one. Don't worry about it," I replied, hefting my backpack over my shoulder and walking quickly to the car, occasionally pulling a twig or a leaf off my clothes.

I got into the car and slammed the door shut, staring straight ahead. A few seconds later my mom climbed into the driver's seat. She opened her mouth to start to say something, hesitated, then turned away and started up the car. As we drove away from school the crushing unfairness of it all wore on me. I knew that telling my mom wouldn't do any good, that anything she would do would just make the problem worse, but I had to tell someone. On the ride home I spilled everything, feeling like the world's biggest loser as I confided in

her how Brandon constantly bullied me.

She didn't interrupt and kept a neutral look on her face as I talked. When I'd finally worn myself out we sat in silence for a few minutes until she pulled into our driveway. She killed the engine and turned to me, staring at me with her emerald green eyes. My stepmom had a pretty face, with soft cheeks and a straight nose that wrinkled up cutely at the bridge when she smiled. She wasn't smiling now, her thin lips were curled down slightly and a slight crease furrowed her delicate brow.

"Douglas. I know high school can be hard. I remember how it was. But I've dealt with people like Brandon before. I'm sure if I talk to the principal--"

"No, mom, that will just make it worse. Just...just leave it. I'll graduate in a few months and that will be that."

She stroked my curly brown hair off of my forehead. I hated how she babied me, but it was kind of comforting as well, though I would never admit that to anyone. I knew my mom was tough--you don't get to be a single mom *and* operations manager of the southeast's largest auto mechanics dealership without learning how to deal with shit--but I also knew that if word got out my mom had to save me things would be ten times worse than before. Maybe if I knew how things were going to go that night I would have asked her to intervene earlier, but instead I just slunk out of the car and up to my room.

Dinner that night was quiet. The two of us sat around our small dining table munching on the store-bought roast chicken in silence. The only sound was that of our dog, Trixie, whining for food every now and then. I knew my mom was worried about me because she didn't complain when I fed Trixie a couple pieces of chicken under the table. Trixie was a young dog--we hadn't even got her spayed yet--and she had yet to learn not to beg at the table.

My mom would occasionally shoot me a worried look but she didn't bring up school again. By the time I went to bed the anger sizzling in my stomach had become just a dull ache. I thought I would be able to handle Brandon the next time I saw him.

Man, was I wrong.

I was awoken a little before dawn by the muffled sounds of Trixie barking. This early in the morning it was probably the garbage men. I rolled over and covered my head with a pillow. It seemed to help. At least I couldn't hear anything. A few minutes later something tickled my neck. In my sleepy state I reached up to scratch at it, but my hand was pushed back and then some sort of cold, metal collar clicked loosely around my neck. I pulled the pillow off of my head and saw a blurry figure standing over me, fidgeting with something that looked like a cell phone. I blinked the sleep out of my eyes and the figure resolved into the cruel face of Brandon.

"Hey nerd," he grinned manically, "Ready for some fun? Lie there quietly, now."

He messed with the phone as I struggled to get out of bed. But my body wouldn't respond. I simply lay there, helplessly, as Brandon looked on.

"Let's see if this thing worked." Brandon said.

He batted my head to the side, sending my hair scattering across my vision, but still I

couldn't move. My face was now aimed at the far corner of the room. I tried to speak but my mouth and tongue wouldn't respond. I could only make a low growling noise in my throat. Brandon placed a meaty hand over my face. His palm was sweaty and I got a whiff of his musky body odor as he covered my nose with his hand and forced my face back towards him.

"Good." Brandon said. "Looks like I got two little slaves. Go ahead, feel your neck."

On his order, my hands came up to my neck and my fingers felt a cold metal band stretched across it. There were indentations in the band, like little wires or circuits.

"This little thing lets me control you through that collar," Brandon continued, holding up the thing in his hand I'd mistaken for a phone. It was about the size of a cell phone, and by the glow coming from I guessed it had some sort of digital screen. But I couldn't see anything that was displayed on the screen from my angle. "I've also got a collar on your mom. It's a whole family thing!"

My stomach dropped. If he'd done anything to my mom I'd kill him. As if reading my thoughts, he laughed.

"Oh relax." My hands fell to the bed, instantly relaxed. "I haven't made her do anything. Yet. I'm going to make you do it."

He fiddled with the device. There was a quick tingling through my body...and then I was suddenly in another room staring up at a different, but strangely familiar, ceiling. Brandon was gone. My whole room was gone, in fact.

I was lying on my back in a bed. That much I could tell. The bed was soft, and from the air gently wafting across my skin I could feel that my arms and legs were bare and out of the covers. A heavy weight pressed against the top and sides of my chest. From outside the room I could still hear Trixie's muffled barking so I knew I was still in my house. I couldn't move my body and I lay motionless on the bed as footsteps approached from outside the room. Then the door opened and I heard Brandon's voice.

"Douglas?" asked. I tried to respond but couldn't, my body wouldn't react to my thoughts. Brandon must have realized my trouble because after a pause he said, "Douglas, if that's you say something."

"Something." I said. If I hadn't already been frozen in place I would have frozen in place upon hearing my voice. My deep base had been replaced by a softer, more feminine, alto. What had he done to me?

"Awesome," he smirked. "Sit up."

I pushed myself into a sitting position and a pair of heavy breasts swung down in front of me as wavy brunette hair tickled down across my shoulders. I stared down at my new cleavage in complete shock. The breasts hanging from my body were huge, half covered by a hot pink spaghetti strap nightie. My curves dipped down beneath the top, leaving an amazingly deep valley of cleavage. The indentations of two nipples were visible beneath the top.

Below me, two bare legs stretched out down the bed. My thighs were thick but smooth, my crotch covered by a matching hot pink pair of boy shorts. My little toenails were painted a

dark pink--my mom's color.

And then I understood. He'd swapped me into my mom's body. This was her soft skin I was in, her breasts I was staring down at, her bare legs stretching out down the bed beneath me.

"That's the other surprise." Brandon said. "The collar can switch your bodies, or it can seem to anyway. It basically transfers your thoughts instantaneously to your mom's body. Something to do with mirrored quantum particles. I don't know, I stopped listening to my dad go on about all that science shit. I was figuring out a way to steal it from the lab before we left. And I did! We're gonna have some fun now. Do you have any last words? You can speak now."

He pressed something on the device in his hands and looked at me expectantly.

"Brandon," I began hesitantly, still adjusting to the feminine voice I now owned. My mom's voice, in fact. It sounded slightly different hearing it from within her own body. I paused and licked my lips. That turned out to be a mistake because it got me thinking about how these were really my mom's lips that I was licking, my mom's tongue in my mouth, hell, my mom's mouth, the contours slightly different from my own. "Where's my mom?"

"She's in your body. Don't worry, she won't interrupt. She's under orders not to get out of bed just yet."

"Please don't do this."

"Come on," Brandon grinned, "I thought you were all into experimentation. This is a new experience for you. Don't waste it!" Brandon pressed his thumb to the screen. "Play with your new body."

My new hands flew to my tits. I could only stare down at myself as I watched my mom's fingers play across the fabric of her top, aware it was *my* slender fingers caressing *my* tits. Of their own accord, my hands pulled my top down, freeing my heavy breasts to dangle in front of me. I caressed my soft skin, slid my fingers over and around my breasts, hefting their weight in each hand. I knew they were big but actually holding their weight, feeling them as they spilled out of my hands, made me realize how huge they actually were. I couldn't stop myself from bobbing them gently back and forth, lifting them out from my chest then releasing them to let them swing softly back together. Despite myself, it felt good, watching these beautiful tits swing below me. The rest of my body was responding to my touch. A smoldering heat sparked between my thighs.

"Don't stop there," Brandon said, thumb still on the device. "Make yourself feel real good."

One hand dipped down to my boy shorts and slid beneath the waistline, over my mom's mound and traced the coarse hair of my mom's pubic hair down to my new slit. Despite my shame, I was getting aroused, my new pussy growing warm and wet as I dragged one finger lightly up and down my slit. I pressed slowly inside, unable to stop myself as I fingered my mom's body. My finger sunk into my wetness and I penetrated myself for the first time as my heat wrapped around my finger.

I rubbed lightly and gasped as my finger landed on my clit, sending a light shiver of anticipation through my body. The fingers of my other hand circled a nipple, slipped beneath the breast and pulled it up to my mouth. Quite out of my control, my head leaned forward, my tongue slipped out and licked my mom's tit, tasting her salty skin before I

slipped her nipple into my mouth. I moaned softly as I sucked on my sensitive nipple and my pussy grew ever wetter. It felt so nice sucking on my mom's tit and I realized I must somehow be tuned in to her physical desires as touching my body *just so* made me moan with pleasure. I slipped another finger inside myself, rubbing rhythmically against my velvety folds as delight pulsed through me.

"Hey, let me see," Brandon said, "I've always wanted to watch your mom fuck herself."

I lay back on the bed and my hands stopped pleasuring myself long enough to lift my legs in the air and slide my boy shorts off. I had to shuffle my fatter bottom to undress, causing my entire body to wobble. I threw the shorts aside and spread my legs wide to let Brandon get a good look as my fingers returned to my sopping wet pussy and my tit. I was so embarrassed and disgusted at the way Brandon stared at me as I masturbated my mom's body for his pleasure, but I couldn't stop. My body was on fire and little moans kept escaping my lips. I pushed my fingers deeper into myself, my body winding with an urgent tension. I sought relief by fingering myself more urgently and twisting my fat pink nipple between my slender fingers.

My thighs twisted back and forth as my palm rested on my mons pubis while my fingers continued circling through my cunt. The acrid scent of my mom's pussy hit my nose. I heard the soft squelching sounds as I played with my pussy, rubbing faster, harder, until the tension snapped and I came, grunting and lifting my hips towards my fingers, pressing deep to satisfy the delicious itch.

Oh god, I just gave my mom an orgasm.

My pulse thumped in my ears as my body came down gently, my fingers still inside my wet warmth. My mom's entire body was throbbing with a gentle heat.

"Fuck, that was awesome," Brandon said from the doorway. "Ok. Get up, we're going to have some more fun."

I pushed myself off the bed and stood in place, just staring at the wall, my body immobile. After a beat, Brandon sighed, "Jesus, I don't want to sit here and babysit you through this. Tell you what, I'll release you for ten minutes to clean up and find something sexy to wear. Don't try to take off that collar. I *do* still have your mom under control and I'm sure you wouldn't want anything happen to your own body."

Brandon pressed something on the screen and it felt like a weight was off.

"Go on. If you're not ready in ten minutes there's gonna be trouble."

Brandon disappeared out the door and Trixie started her barking again. Brandon's voice shouted, "Shut up you stupid dog." There was the sound of a door opening, a squeal from Trixie and then silence.

Christ, what had he done to my dog? Like I didn't have enough to dwell on.

Not knowing what else to do, I walked towards my mom's bathroom. My wide hips swayed and my breasts bounced with each step yet somehow I walked naturally. Again it seemed like I had hooked into my mom's instincts? How much of my mom did I now share?

I entered the bathroom and closed the door, relieved at last to have at least the appearance of privacy. I turned and looked into the mirror to see my mom's reflection staring back at me.

Her brunette hair was sleepily tousled and her outfit was in disarray. I adjusted my clothes about my body, then raised one hand and watched her do the same. I brought my trembling fingers across my face, feeling my new features as I watched my fingers play over my mom's delicate features in the mirror, across my nose and my slim lips. Strange doesn't begin to describe how it was to feel my mom's face from her perspective. Maybe...really strange?

I turned to the side and looked at my profile. My breasts stuck out from my chest one way and my bubble butt stuck out the other. Between the two sets of curves I had a trim stomach with a hint of a belly. My mom really was a woman all right.

My hands slid down to the collar and examined it closely, trying to get some inkling of how it worked and how I could get it off safely. It was a silver band about three inches wide, looking very much like a dog collar. Green and gold electronic circuits were embedded at regular intervals around the outside. With its unfinished appearance and its circuitry still visible, it looked very much like a prototype, which gave me some hope. If it was still being tested then perhaps there were some glitches, or at least a loophole, in the program.

I touched it hesitantly, half expecting an electric shock, but the metal was cool to the touch. I slowly turned it around until I found what looked like the catch to open it. It was composed of two inset buttons that you pushed together in order to open the latch. I slid my mom's fingers over the indentations, debating about whether to try to slip it off.

There was too much I didn't know about how it worked. Would it send an alarm to Brandon telling him I'd removed it? Would it instantly put me back in my own body or would it leave me like this? And, whatever happened, Brandon still controlled my original body. He could make my mom hurt me or herself...or worse. I dropped my hands to my side. No, there were too many variables. I needed more data.

I pulled myself away from the alien image in the mirror. There was an uncomfortable feeling in my bladder. I slid my pants down, briefly glimpsed the coarse hair of my mom's pubes before looking away and sitting on the toilet. I did my business and remembered to wipe delicately.

Afterwards I brushed my teeth, wrinkling my nose as I put my mom's toothbrush in my mouth. It was a ridiculous reaction. I was in my mom's body so it wasn't like I was sharing the germs from her toothpaste. I glanced at my mom's image in the mirror and giggled at the disgust on her face, which made the bridge of her nose wrinkle in that cute way. The bridge of *my* nose. Whatever. It was all ridiculous and impossible, but it was undeniably happening.

I wasn't about to get into all of my mom's makeup; I didn't know where to begin and knew I'd make an absolute mess of it. I returned to my mom's room. Brandon was gone but I could hear him on the phone in the living room.

"--gonna love it," I heard him say, "Trust me. Just meet me at the park across from your house."

Shit. It sounded as though Brandon was planning on taking either me or my mom--or both of us--out to show us off and there was nothing I could do. I couldn't imagine what my mom must be going through right now.

As if Brandon knew that I was listening he called out from the other room, "Five minutes!"

And it better be a sexy outfit or I'll send you out naked.”

I trudged over to my mom's chest of drawers. Pulling it open I saw a variety of bras and panties. I picked out some white panties and a bra, checking the size just out of curiosity. Double F. That answered one question I never asked.

I placed both items of clothing on the bed. I gripped my little pink top and hesitated, steeling myself for what I was about to do. Then I pulled the top off over my head and tossed it onto the floor. My heavy breasts swung down in front of my eyes and I couldn't help but stare at my mom's pale breasts. Round and ripe and perfect. The areolae on the ends of each was about the size of a silver dollar and light pink, with just the merest hint of nipple. Geez, that was a lot of breast; no wonder she complained about back pain sometimes.

I picked up the bra and tried to make sense of where to begin. I guess the label must be right side up. I slipped my arms through the straps and over my shoulders, adjusting the cups up against my boobs. With a lot of contortions I managed to get it fastened in the back before adjusting it more thoroughly over my breasts until they were firmly held in place. That was a huge load off. No wonder women wore these things, and my mom definitely needed the support.

I pulled my pants down and was again greeted by the sight of my mom's pussy, the coarse dark hair barely hiding the tender slit. I looked away as I pulled my mom's panties up each leg, over my thick, pale thighs and adjusted them against my pussy. Okay, the worst part was over.

I turned to the closet and opened the door where I was greeted with a rack of different outfits. I flipped through them, passing the work outfits and the everyday blouses and shirts and skirts. There was nothing that I would classify as sexy. Until I found the black dress. It was my mom's date dress, the one she wore on those rare occasions when she went out to dinner with a guy. I pulled it off the rack and looked at it. It seemed way too small to contain my body, but somehow my mom managed to pull it off.

I took the dress off the hanger and stepped into it, pulling the breezy fabric up my body, adjusting it as it went, ending by slipping my arms through the tiny sleeves. Looking down at myself, I understood why my mom wore this to impress. It clung to my form, ending just above the knee and showed off all of my smooth calves. The dress was slightly cinched across my waist and pushed my boobs out, with a low neckline which, combined with my new ample assets, was sure to draw lots of attention. The only problem was I couldn't reach the zipper across my back.

Brandon burst in at that moment. “Time's up.” He eyed me lecherously up and down, before finally saying, “I like it.”

“I- I need you to zip me up.” I said nervously. I wasn't about to go outside half dressed.

I turned and lifted my hair out of the way as he zipped me into the dress.

“Turn around, let me look at you,” he commanded, pressing his thumb to the screen of his device. My body instantly obeyed and turned to face him.

“Nice. You just need makeup. Go put on your makeup. Make yourself nice and slutty.”

He pushed the screen as he spoke. I felt a slight impulse ripple through my body but it wasn't met with any action. He looked up at me, confused.

"I said go make yourself look slutty." He tried again.

Again I felt a slight impulse to do...something, ripple through me and quickly fade.

"What the hell are you doing?" He shouted. "I'll make you pay for this."

Before he could say anything else I cried out, "Wait! I don't know how to put makeup on."

He paused and looked up, annoyed. "What?"

"I don't know how to put on makeup to look..." I swallowed, "...slutty. Maybe that's why it's not working."

I guessed that the collar couldn't make me do something I didn't have the knowledge to do. I wasn't about to explain this secret epiphany to Brandon and I hoped he wouldn't ask me to. Maybe I could use this loophole in the programming to get hold of that device or break the collar and free myself somehow. I just needed to wait for the right opportunity.

"Hmmm," Brandon said, continuing to look me up and down. "You look good but you need to be fucking hot. Ah, I know. Stay there."

He disappeared out of the doorway, leaving me rooted to the spot. I heard him go down the hall and knock on my bedroom door.

"Stop and get dressed and come out here," He yelled at my mom through the closed bedroom door. Evidently, he didn't want to see my body naked.

A few minutes later Brandon returned to my room with my body in tow. It was the first time I'd seen my mom walking around in my body and it was a shock to say the least. I couldn't explain how unnerving it was to watch myself moving from a different perspective. It was disorienting to watch her own tics play out across my body: her nervous smile, the way she fidgeted with her hands and tried to play with the ring that was currently on my finger. I suspected she felt the same, the way her eyes widened as they drifted up and down my body.

"All right, go put her makeup on. Make her look like a sexy little slut. And no talking."

I was compelled to return to the bathroom. My mom followed me in and I stood beside the sink as she pulled out various bits of makeup. She set the bottles and jars and brushes on the counter. She dipped a finger into a jar and began rubbing it across my cheeks, her thick fingers surprisingly hot against my tender skin. My male face was so close I could feel her hot breath on my skin and I could see the sadness in her eyes as she did my makeup.

I tried to talk but my throat wouldn't make a sound. I struggled against the command, trying to force a sound out, but after a few seconds I gave up and sighed, a brief burst of air through my lips as my mom finished with one jar and grabbed another.

Wait a second. I'd blown air from my lips. I wondered...

"Mom," I whispered, barely audible. A brief thrill shook me and her eyes widened in surprise even as her fingers kept steadily applying the makeup over my cheeks and chin. I'd discovered another limitation; specific commands didn't appear to prohibit actions that didn't interfere with or contradict those commands. I reached up to the collar around my

neck, but my fingers paused inches from the metal. Try as I might I couldn't make them move any closer. Apparently, even without specific instructions I couldn't touch it.

"I'm sorry, mom." I said as I dropped my hands.

"It's not your fault," she whispered back. "We'll find a way out of this. Are you okay?"

"So far." No way was I telling her what I'd already done in her body.

As she continued making me up I shared with her everything I'd discovered about the collars on our necks. She listened, nodding occasionally as she traded out one jar for another, and used a variety of brushes and curlers on my cheeks, and eyelashes and eyebrows.

"I think he's going to take me out somewhere and...do some more stuff," I whispered. "I don't know what I'm going to have to do..."

"I know, Brandon," mom whispered back, "I don't blame you for anything you can't control. If you get the chance to take the collar off, do it."

I didn't tell her that I'd already had that chance once and didn't take it. Instead I said, "But...what will happen to you?"

"I don't know." She said as she took out a brush and some hair spray and set to work on my hair. "But we can't stay like this forever. I know guys like Brandon, eventually he'll get tired of all this, but if he doesn't want to get in trouble he'll have to take...drastic measures."

My stomach dropped and I knew she was right. There was some silence between us as we pondered the fact that our lives were in his hands and once he was done toying with us he could end us without even raising a finger. Hell, he'd make us do it to ourselves.

My mom put down the brush and stopped. "I think I'm done." She whispered.

I turned to look at myself in the mirror and my gorgeous appearance took my breath away. I was staring at a bombshell with wide, sexy eyes, ruby red lips and wavy brunette hair that perfectly framed my oval face. It was the first time in my life I'd realized that my mom could be truly stunning. It was too bad I was in her body and would have to walk around like this all day. I could only imagine the looks I would get.

"All right, all right are we done with all this shit?" Brandon said. He stepped in through the door and paused. "Holy shit, Douglas, you're fucking hot! You--" He said to my mom as he pressed something on the screen of the device in his hand. "--sit down. You--" He turned to me, "--pose for me."

Against my will, I struck some sultry poses with my mom's body, turning around and letting him ogle my thick ass. When I turned back around there was an evil leer on his face and he was rubbing one hand against the dangerous bulge in his pants.

"Fucking hell," he whispered, "I'm going to have to make you suck my dick right now." He grabbed his zipper and then paused. "No, I've got a better idea. You suck your own dick."

I hated myself even as I got on my knees in front of my mom. She stepped back involuntarily and was met with a sharp command from Brandon to stop.

I slid her own hands up and undid my former pants, pulling them down, along with her

underwear. My own familiar cock dangled in front of me and I was helpless to stop myself from wrapping my mom's fingers around my own shaft. It was both familiar and strange from this new angle, but I didn't have a lot of time to think about that before I was opening my mom's ruby lips and wrapping them around her dick.

I sucked gently and she grew harder and hotter in my mouth. Before long my mouth was full of my own cock and I tried not to gag as my lips slipped down and down her shaft. I inhaled my former musky, manly scent as I pushed my mom's lips lower, felt her shaft glide across my tongue and hit the back of my throat.

I slid up, revealing my cock inch by inch, now glistening with my mom's saliva. Down and up I went, again and again, filling myself with her dick.

"Give him the best blow job you can, you little slut," Brandon commanded.

My body redoubled my efforts. My tongue pressed up against my former shaft as I slid my cock in and out of my mouth, stopping occasionally to run my mom's tongue from the base of her dick to the tip before swallowing her greedily once more, teasing her, pushing my lips down until my gentle nose pressed into my former pubic hair and I was oh-so-full of her.

My lips were greedy, moving faster and faster to the rhythm as she began to throb inside my mouth. I looked up at her with wide, Bambi eyes as she stared down at me. Her own look of shock and disgust was met with my longing look of yearning for her to cum in my mouth. My mom's body seemed voracious for my dick and my head flew faster, hungry for her release.

"Yeah, enjoy it," Brandon cried, staring down at me.

And suddenly it felt so nice to have a man's dick in my mouth. I moaned around my mom's cock, enjoying the taste, the hot heat filling me and sliding across my tongue. It was incredibly powerful to hold her in my mouth and I wanted only to force her to empty her cock into my mouth. I was acting like an insatiable little slut. Saliva dripped down my chin and I moaned in delight. I felt rough hands--Brandon's hands--grip my hair and press me down deep on my mom as she grunted and came.

"Swallow it all," Brandon ordered, and I had no choice but to comply, gulping mouthfuls of my own hot, sticky seed as my former cock pumped down my throat, filling me with her cum, forcing me to swallow my own dick. It throbbed in my mouth for what seemed like an eternity, spurt after spurt emptying itself down my throat until it slowed and finally stopped.

Brandon released me and I pulled my lips off my mom's dick. A bead of cum appeared at the tip of her cock and I stuck out her own little pink tongue and licked it off her, compelled to swallow it all as Brandon ordered.

I could feel my mom's eyes on me as I finished and stood but I avoided her gaze. I was blushing with embarrassment and I wiped my lips before sucking on my fingers, still ensuring I swallowed every drop.

"That was awesome. This is gonna be fun. Come with me," Brandon ordered. Then he turned to my mom and this time I noticed that he made sure to hold his thumb down on the screen as he spoke to her. "You stay in the house and don't try to escape. Don't tell anyone what's happened. You know what? Stay in your son's room until you've swallowed a gallon of your own cum. Now go."

My body stood and walked into my room as Brandon turned his gaze to me. I was able to get a quick glance at the screen of the device in Brandon's hand but was unable to make out much more than a large, red icon that Brandon pressed as he gave commands.

"You," he said, "Put on some high heels. Sexy ones. Grab a purse and some credit cards. You're paying for today's entertainment."

My new body moved towards the closet, opened it, and bent down to look through her shoe collection. I grabbed some black high heels--what I guess were known as fuck-me pumps--and strapped them on my tiny feet. When I stood, I had to push my chest out for balance as I clicked across the floor and grabbed a tiny, black purse. I threw my mom's credit card and cash inside.

"Grab your keys, too," Brandon said, "You're driving. Then follow me."

I grabbed my keys and followed Brandon to our front door. Trixie started up barking again, excited yips that turned into a low growl as Brandon passed the closet door he'd shut her up in. She was still alive and apparently unharmed. Small favors.

Brandon opened the front door and turned to me. "Come on, sweet tits, let's go show you off to my friends."

To be continued...

Thank you!

Thank you for reading this twisted little tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you liked it *please 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 or visit my website for weekly body swapping and transformation captions at <https://www.bodyswapfiction.com>

Thanks!

M

Also by M. Wills

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If you enjoyed this book, you may also enjoy my other erotic stories, available on [Smashwords](#) and [Amazon](#):

Becoming His Crush

Greg had been dreaming about her for months, and now that he was in his dream girl's body he was going to do everything he'd imagined!

Transformed

Five friends are punished by being transformed into the women of their desires. Their only hope of changing back is escaping within an hour, otherwise they'll be stuck in their new, gorgeous forms forever.

Family Affair [too taboo for Amazon! Smashwords.com exclusive!]

Michael was embarrassed to be seen clothes shopping with his mom in the mall. But when two strangers took control of their bodies, the day got much worse. Trapped in their own bodies, mother and son can only look on and experience every sensation as they're forced to get more intimate than they've ever imagined.

Mystery Man

She's a beautiful woman who's just been returned to her body after being forcibly swapped with a fat slob. He's a detective with ties to the body switcher. Together they're trying to find out what he made her do in the missing year of her life.

Taboo Swaps

Brothers swapping bodies with sisters, sons swapping bodies with mothers, and all exploring their sensual new bodies. This collection brings together 8 previously published stories of taboo body possession fun in one giant package.

The New Mom

Alyson is a self-centered, stuck up college student who uses her body to manipulate and tease men. Paula is Alyson's mom, a chubby, harried woman whose best days are behind her and who is ashamed of her daughter's choices. When the two switch bodies, they have to deal with their new limitations...and their new sexual urges.

Watch Me

A man's life is turned upside down when he's gifted with some magic that allows him to swap bodies with the MILF next door.

Potions

An ordinary day gets turned upside down when four high school guys discover a potion that lets them inhabit the bodies of their classmates and explore their deepest desires.

Boldly Coming

Thanks to some strange magic, a group of guys find themselves transformed into the sexy women from their favorite star trekking science fiction series. Can they find a way to change back? And, after experiencing the full spectrum of female pleasure, do they even want to?

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