

# **Take Her For A Spin**

*MtF Body Possession*

by M. Wills

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## Take Her For A Spin

I swiped my wavy hair out of my eyes and adjusted my glasses as I peered at the screen, searching through lines of code trying to find whatever it was that was causing the app to crash. The noise from the rest of the office was kind of driving me crazy. Usually I could tune it out but when I was already annoyed the extraneous chatter around me just made it worse.

I loved just about everything working at Bell Systems except that my workstation was in The Pit, a big, open office work area with desks spaced out every ten feet. The idea was that this working arrangement would 'facilitate dialogue between teams and enhance innovation' as the corporate-speak would have it. In reality, it meant that you could hear what your nearby co-workers were gabbing about most of the day, and that you couldn't insult someone else's code because they'd probably be able to hear you. Even if their code was shockingly bad.

“Hey, Tiffany,” someone spoke up from behind me.

I turned, barely suppressing a sigh when I saw it was Jaxon and his buddies. Most of my other coworkers around here were polite and intelligent, respecting the other women in the workplace and speaking up as allies. Then there were Jaxon, Logan, Brodie and Gabe, who were all basically techy bro-nerds.

Jaxon wasn't overtly racist—the days when you could do that in the office were long past, thank God—but the way he talked to me set my teeth on edge. Maybe it was the constant mansplaining of corporate culture even though I'd been here a year longer than he had. Or his smugness. Or maybe it was that, like now, he found a need to touch me while we talked, a habit that gave off a definite sleazeball vibe.

“You look like you've got a problem.” He said, putting his hand on my shoulder and peering over my head to squint at the screen.

“I've got it,” I said, subtly swiveling my chair away to get out from under his hand.

“Hey, I know you can do it,” he assured me, in that insultingly placating tone. “I'm just here to offer my services. Facilitate partnerships as management says.”

He gave a little bow. I smiled politely and pushed my long hair back behind an ear.

Logan slouched behind Jaxon, his hands in his pockets. “Shit, yo, is that Derrick's code?” He spoke up, nodding to my screen.

Logan was a contradiction I couldn't quite figure out. He looked like the typical jock: muscular, always with tight clothes, and believing himself God's gift to women. He had a natural aptitude for sports. I'd seen him playing some one on one basketball in the gym on Bell Systems's campus and he dominated. He talked like a west coast skateboarder but damn if his code wasn't incredible. I admit he was objectively hot, like one of those sexy fireman calendars, but he was also shallow and two-dimensional, like one of those sexy fireman calendars.

“It is,” I said. “Why don't you go offer your services to him? It's *his* code I'm trying to fix.”

Jaxon laughed. “All right. Maybe I can do that, too.”

His eyes glanced down at my chest and he tried to cover it up by continuing past to look down at the floor. He glanced up at Brodie, to my right, and some look passed between them I couldn't decipher. Brodie raised an eyebrow. Jesus, I was so fucking tired of the guys on this floor staring at my tits. I didn't even dress exceptionally sexy but apparently a white top and black pants was all it took. I almost wanted to call Jaxon out for it to see how he reacted but I knew then *I'd* be considered the unreasonable one. Even at this forward thinking tech company the culture still wasn't there yet.

Brodie broke in, picking a speck of invisible dust from his sleeve. “We were going downstairs to grab a coffee. Would you like to partake?”

I swiveled my chair to face him. This sounded like one of Brodie's many attempts to ask me out. He fancied himself some sort of dapper gentleman. He was certainly the best dressed person in The Pit. Where everyone else wore casual tee shirts and jeans, Brodie often swaggered in wearing tailored button down shirts and high fashion accessories. He explained it to me as 'dressing for the job he wanted'. But that plus the ridiculously uptight way he spoke was a huge turnoff. Also, the whole hanging out with Jaxon thing was a big personality tell.

“Look, I'd like to join you,” I lied, “But Davis wants these bugs taken care of before tonight.”

“Oh, yeah, I get it,” Jaxon took his hands out of his pockets and touched me lightly on the arm.

There was a little zap, like a static shock, and I jumped, rubbing my arm. I thought I saw just the faintest little red bump but a blink later it was gone. Jaxon, at least, looked chagrined.

“Ouch. Static shock. I'll ground myself next time.”

With that the guys returned to Jaxon's desk and I returned to my code. I tossed my hair back out of my face with a flip of my head and sat back in the chair. Glancing over towards Jaxon, I saw him gesture towards me. His friends nodded and smiled, avoiding my eyes. They probably thought I was uptight. Fine. Let them think that if it meant they would leave me alone. Maybe then I could be the only woman in The Pit able to escape their ineffable creepiness.

Gabe was the last member of the group, and the one who'd remained sitting on Jaxon's desk when the others came over. He was different from the other three, quieter and seemingly more kind. I didn't know him very well and he looked the type I might be interested in—dorky yet quietly charming—but I wouldn't trust anyone who could be friends with Jaxon and not speak up.

Gabe had come up to me in the cafeteria once a few days ago, telling me about some sort of tech invention he was working on with Jaxon that would change relationships forever. He didn't give much details and I didn't pry because I figured it was nothing I hadn't heard of before and, also, friends with Jaxon. Probably a new algorithm for a dating site. But watching him glance over at me, I chalked him up for just another tech boy creep.

I resumed fixing up the code but now I was distracted. I kept hearing little snippets of their conversation:

“...she won't even know...”

“...all get a turn...”

“...think she's making her own decisions...”

I couldn't believe they were bitching about women in the workplace within earshot. I plugged in my headphones and cranked up my techno to drown them out so I could concentrate. Just another day at the office.

I got back home around 9, having spent all day working on that damn app. But it was done. The gate around the back of my parent's house squeaked as I pushed it open. Following the paving stones down the side of the house and into the back garden, I saw that the kitchen light was on at the back of my parents' house. Through the window I could see my stepmom at the sink. Her long brunette hair was held up in a bun and she still wore her jogging outfit, a sports bra holding back her heavy breasts.

She'd married my dad during my formative years and had raised me like her own. She was in her late thirties, so still pretty young, but I didn't hold that against my dad. I wanted to when I was younger, but Ruby was a cool chick, even for a stepmom, not at all like those evil stepmoms in the fairy tales.

She glanced up and waved at me. I waved back. She put down her dishes, washed her hands and then slid open the glass door to the backyard.

“Hi, honey, you're home late.”

“Yeah,” I shrugged, “Just cleaning up someone else's mess.”

She shook her head and frowned. “You do that a lot, huh? You want to come in? We've got some leftovers.”

“Thanks, but I think I'll probably just pass out in bed.”

“Suit yourself,” she said.

She gave me a quick hug and then I trundled back to the bungalow my parents had built in the backyard. Real estate in the area was expensive, but I was lucky that my parents had lived in this house for a long time and had the space to build a little place out in the back just for me. Otherwise I would have been looking at a daily hour and a half commute to work. I was a lot luckier than some of my friends, who still lived *inside* their parent's house. At least I had my own private space I could do with as I liked.

That night, all I wanted to do was shower and collapse in bed. Maybe fall asleep to reruns of The Office. So I did.

I woke up, as usual, tangled in my sheets, the sun peeking through the plastic blinds. Unusually, my phone was ringing. I picked it up off the nightstand. Unknown number.

“Hello?” I asked, rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

There was a slight jolt, like the static shock I'd felt yesterday when Jaxon had touched me. I blinked and looked around my room, really seeing it for the first time: the clean white walls, the simple wooden furniture, the closet half open with all my clothes neatly tucked away. Then I looked down at myself, at the baggy, worn sleeping shirt I always slept in.

“Ha ha! It worked!” I laughed into the phone. “I'm inside her!”

I knew I wasn't making much sense but I just wanted to confuse whoever was on the other end as much as they'd confused me by calling so damn early. The voice that responded sounded a lot like Logan.

“Sweet. Have fun, yo. We'll switch out in a few hours.”

“Yep,” I said amicably, no idea what the guy was talking about and not really caring.

I tossed the phone aside and stared down at myself again. I wiggled my fingers, turning them over to look at both sides of my hands. It felt good to stretch them like this. Then I hooked a finger into the neck of my shirt and pulled it away, gazing down at my chest.

“Boobies, boobies, boo-bies!” I sang as I wiggled my chest, watching my breasts jiggle. I never noticed how perky and bouncy they were and I looked at them as if with a stranger's eyes.

I laughed again, feeling so ridiculously excited at the sight of my body. But I was alone and I could do what I wanted. I lay back in bed, hands running up and down my body, squeezing and pinching myself, my hands always returning to my tits. They felt really good this morning. Fun to squeeze and jiggle. I squeezed them hard, fingers digging into my skin. The pain was kind of nice and I wondered why I hadn't done this before. I really had to pee, though. I grinned, and adjusted my body, trying to figure out which muscles...there. I relaxed as I pissed the bed. The hot piss ran between my legs, soaking my sheets. I lay in bed for a few more minutes, still groping myself as the pee turned cold. It was so much easier than getting up, why hadn't I thought of this before?

“Shit,” I laughed again, pushing the covers aside and glancing down at the stained sheets. “I'll leave that for Tiffany to clean up later.”

It was easier to think of my future self as another person that could deal with my mess.

I stripped off my nightie and my pee soaked panties, then tossed them onto the bed. Using the sheets, I wiped the rest of the pee off my legs and butt. Then I rubbed my eyes and looked around the room.

“Oh, damn, yeah, glasses,” I said, hunting around the room for my glasses.

I was groggier than I thought, because they were on the nightstand where I always left them. I

slipped them on, then went to stand in front of the mirror. I looked at myself, turning this way and that. I grabbed a handful of my ass and wiggled it.

“Got a big ol' butt,” I giggled, giving it a little smack. “Hmm, I could make this a little bigger.”

I turned my attention to my breasts. They were endlessly fascinating this morning, and I reached up to grope myself, enjoying my firm curves. I jiggled my tits up and down, gathering them up in my hands and then letting them drop, watching them bounce back down my chest. I patted them a little, giving them a light smack, just experimenting with touching them and watching them move. They weren't huge, but they were a decent size. They fit right in my hand, my little nipples perking up at my touch.

“Not bad,” I muttered, eyeing myself in the mirror and giving myself a little pep talk.

I picked my phone up off my nightstand and flicked the camera on. Posing naked in the mirror, I snapped some topless pictures. I'd never taken naked photos of myself but I had a good time turning this way and that, grabbing a breast and making pouty, sexy faces. When I was done I posted a couple of my best topless pics to my social media accounts. Felt cute, might delete later.

I dug through my dresser drawers for some clothes, throwing aside a bunch of options before landing on a spaghetti strap top that was much too small for me but I'd kept out of a sense of frugality. Slipping it on, I found it still as tight as I remembered, clinging to my breasts and barely covering my stomach. Might as well try going out like this. Plus, it saved me the hassle of a bra.

I also skipped the panties and pulled out a pair of jeans. They were long and baggy and, after trying them on, I peeled them off again and carried them through my small house, looking around. Pulling out a few drawers I finally found some scissors and snipped the legs high off the pants, making a tiny pair of jean shorts. They were practically underwear when I put them on.

“Nice,” I said, admiring my new outfit in the mirror. It did not fit at all, and my body hung out every which way. It was a nice change of pace from my usual conservative outfits. I laughed, having fun dressing like such a slut. “Now let's really have some fun,” I grinned.

I slipped into some cute sandals, grabbed my car keys and phone, then headed out the door. My mom saw me from the kitchen window and cocked her head, no doubt surprised at my choice of outfit. I didn't usually dress so skimpily but I just felt like showing off my body this morning. I gave her a little wave and she slid open the glass door.

“What on earth are you wearing?”

“God, lady, you sound like my mom,” I rolled my eyes.

“I *am* your mom,” she retorted.

“Oh, yeah. Of course. Right. Sorry, mom,” I blushed. Geez. She never could take a joke.

I hurried down the path to the street and out of her sight before she could reply. My stomach rumbled as I reached the street. I'd totally forgotten about breakfast. I ambled down the street, really looking at everything today. The whole street, with its well maintained townhouses and low row of historical shops, was fascinating. When was the last time I'd really *looked* at my neighborhood?

Upon reaching the corner, I saw the little cafe on the corner was open. The smell of fresh coffee and baking bread hit my nose as soon as I opened the door. A handful of people milled around, waiting for their coffee orders or seated at the tables eating breakfast. Under the glass case of the counter were stacked muffins and cookies and a massive chocolate cake.

“I'll have that,” I said to the guy behind the counter, pointing to the cake.

“One slice coming up.”

“No. The whole thing.”

He laughed but when he saw I was serious he rang it up and boxed it. I was an adult. I had my own money. If I wanted to eat some damn chocolate cake for breakfast I could.

I took the cake box to a table near the middle of the cafe and set it out in front of me. Then I took off my glasses and set them aside before plunging my face into the cake. The frosting covered my face as I opened my mouth wide, chomping the delicious chocolatey dessert. Icing and cake went up my nose and splashed down my chin. I pulled my head up, wiping cake and frosting from my eyes and laughing like a maniac. I'd always kind of thought about doing that, just pigging out. Why not today? I grabbed huge handfuls of cake, stuffing them in my mouth and wiping my hands on my shirt, leaving hand prints across each breast before going back in for more cake. The whole cafe had gone silent and, wiping cake from eyes, I could see everyone staring at me, mouths agape.

It didn't stop me, though. I continued stuffing my face, smearing it across my body and dragging it through my hair until I was finally stuffed and covered in cake and icing. I sat back and let out a loud belch, my cake covered hands resting on my stomach, which felt like it had inflated to the size of a pillow. God, I was so full.

I wiped my hands on my shorts and down my leg, grabbing more handfuls of cake to thoroughly cover each leg. Then I took a huge chunk of cake in my fist and pushed it down my pants, smearing it over my groin, pushing chocolate inside my pussy. One of the baristas made his way over to my table.

“Ma'am, are you okay?” He asked.

“Fine,” I said, spraying mouthfuls of cake everywhere.

“I'm going to have to ask you to leave.”

“Aw, you're no fun,” I pouted.

Nonetheless, I stood, grabbed my glasses and phone off the table, and marched proudly out of the cafe. The chocolate was slimy between my legs, but in a way that made me feel kind of good. The rest of my body was sticky and it was hard to see with the cake all in my eyes. I sucked on a finger, enjoying the sugary frosting, not giving a fuck about my diet.

“Ah, well, it was fun while it lasted,” I said.

A nearby house had a hose coiled up at the side of the garden. I hopped the fence and put my glasses and phone aside while I held the hose above my head and twisted the tap. Cold water shot out, making me squeak and jump, but I kept the hose over my head, scrubbing out my hair before aiming the hose onto my shirt, drenching my entire outfit until the cake was gone and I felt clean again. My outfit was soaking wet, clinging to my breasts, my dark nipples poking up and visible beneath the now nearly completely see-through fabric. I didn't feel ashamed at all. Why should I let people body shame me? I can do what I want. In fact, I picked up my phone and snapped a few pictures, posting them on the web again. I made sure to get lots of closeups of my tits. You got more 'likes' that way. Afterwards, I wrung out my long, dark hair, grabbing big handfuls, twisting until the water dripped out. Then I grabbed my phone, and hopped back onto the sidewalk, squishing my way down the street in my soggy sandals.

A lot of people stared at the sopping wet girl but I didn't care. It felt like my self confidence was growing. My feet seemed to have a destination in mind because I made my way down a few blocks without thinking until I came upon 'the shop'. 'The shop' was notorious in the neighborhood, a little sex shop that had opened up a few years ago and which was the cause of much neighborhood angst

and a zoning law change to prevent any more from coming in. The mannequin in the front window wore the latest fashion, which apparently included a full leather outfit studded with silver rings and spikes.

I walked right in and up to the woman behind the counter. She paused slightly before speaking, taking in my appearance.

“Hi, can I help you?”

“Yep,” I chirped, “I’m looking for a bunch of lube and one of those vibrators that looks like a dick, you know?”

I didn't even know what I'd wanted until I opened my mouth. It wasn't something I thought I'd ever say but it seemed like the right thing to say today. The woman had probably heard even odder requests because she didn't bat an eye.

“Right this way,” she said, leading me over to an impressive display.

I picked out a big purple one that vibrated and rotated and did about nine other things with three different speed settings. Then I picked out several tubes of lube and let her ring me up, throwing everything into an unmarked white bag. With that in hand, I practically skipped home, excited to look at my purchases a little closer. It was such a nice day! A great time to do stuff I normally wouldn't do.

I returned to my little backyard home, glancing in the window of the main house fearfully for my mom as I hurried inside. Fortunately, she wasn't there. I stopped in the kitchen, setting the bag on the counter before poking in the fridge and grabbing a carton of milk. I drank messily from the carton, letting the milk drip down my clothes. When I was sated I poured the rest over my head, laughing as it soaked my clothes and splashed onto the floor. It was fun to be messy for once! And, besides, it wasn't like I could get any wetter.

In the fridge I found a plastic container of leftover spaghetti, which I popped open and crammed into my mouth, little caring that the sauce dripped down my chin and onto my clothes. I chewed messily, wiping the sauce across my face and then tossing the container onto the floor. It was my damn house, I could do anything I wanted.

I pulled out the cupboard drawers and dug through them, tossing things across the kitchen without a care. When I found a jar of peanut butter I opened it up and scooped handfuls out with my fingers, wiping the mess on my top. The bottle of honey I held up above my head and squeezed into my mouth letting it drip down my face and my neck until I was a sticky mess. When the bottle was empty and I was drenched with honey I tossed that bottle to the floor and wiped my mouth.

Finally full, I took the sex shop bag to my room. I stripped off my clothes and used them to wipe myself off before pushing the pee soaked covers aside and falling into the dry part of bed. I unboxed the dildo and put some batteries in, making sure to document it with plenty of pics I then uploaded to my social site. This is the new me, world! I put the camera aside and grabbed a tube of lube before gazing down at my naked body.

With my camera in one hand, recording everything, I held the lube high above my chest and poured the slick substance over my breasts. Then I dropped the tube and massaged it in, rubbing the lube all over each tit, squeezing and fondling myself until I was a slick, shiny mess. I emptied three tubes of lube this way, watching as they pooled over my chest and into the sheets.

I tossed the phone aside so I could use both hands on my body, squirting lube all over myself and spreading it across my stomach, all down my legs, across my crotch and even between the crack of my ass. Getting so slippery was really starting to turn me on. Feeling my legs glide against each other, each crack of my ass so slick and wet was a nice feeling. I stared down at my body as I ran

my hands over my chest, trying to grab giant handfuls of each tit but they slipped out of my grasp.

I let one hand glide down my tummy and over my mound, moaning softly as my fingers found my tender entrance, gliding up and down my slit. I stroked a little harder than usual, a little clumsier, but I chalked that up to the lube as my eager fingers slid inside. And suddenly I was touching my own wetness, fingers slipping through my velvety folds.

“So that's what it feels like to have a pussy,” I said in awe, my fingers brushing up against my clit and sending a little tingle of warmth through me. “Oh, there it is,” I sighed. It was almost a zen experience, this slow appreciation for my own body.

Picking up the vibrator, I flicked it on low and let it rest against my clit. The vibrations were incredible and soon my entire body was buzzing with a low tension. I could feel my moisture growing and my legs flexed unconsciously as the pleasure spread through me. One hand held the vibrator up against my clit, the other returned to my breast to squeeze myself. I pressed the thick head of the vibrator harder against my waiting entrance, felt it slip between the lips of my pussy. I pushed harder, sighing as I opened for it, the head sinking in past my opening. I watched the thick dildo disappear inside me, pushing in gently but firmly as far as it would go, letting it rest up against my center, the throbbing sensations pouring through me.

I pulled out slowly, feeling my pussy relax slightly, before gliding back in. It was so wonderful stretching myself out, feeling the walls of my canal clutch tight around the vibrating girth. Even though I was clumsy and prodding, not quite getting the right angle, pushing too hard, the pleasure rose. And looking at myself as the dildo disappeared inside me gave me another shock of delight.

I flicked the dildo up to the next speed and worked it back inside me, moving faster now as I became ever wetter. Gripping the vibrator in a fist I shoved it deep inside, crying out with a short, sharp grunt of pleasure verging on pain. Spreading my legs, I continued working the big dildo in and out of me, moving faster as the tension gathered into me, staring down at my body as I fucked myself hard and fast. I'd never gone this hard, this fast, almost angry and kind of clumsy, but God it felt good.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck,” I cried, my voice rising in pitch, my free hand coming up across my face, wiping the lube all over me. I bit my bottom lip, thrusting my waist up to meet the vibrator on each downstroke, the pleasure building, winding the tension through me until it suddenly snapped and I came, crying out in a tiny voice as my body pulsed with orgasm. I convulsed happily around the dildo, sinking it deep inside me as the pleasure roiled my body, making my little toes flex, my head push back into the pillow, mouth dropping open as I cried out deliriously.

The orgasm was deep and intense, held there by the thrumming of the vibrator inside me, sending the pleasure through every inch of my body. It dissipated slowly, and I switched the vibrator off. I let it rest deep inside me as I felt blindly for my phone, then snapped some pictures of my glistening, naked body, the dildo held deep within me. I'm sure the internet would love to see this.

I experimented with different muscle groups, watching as I made the dildo bounce up and down inside me using just my pussy, laughing hysterically. Pulling the vibrator out of myself, I glided it up my tummy, using my free hand to try to wrap it between my tits, smearing my juices across my chest. I could smell the tangy scent of myself on the end of the vibrator, and reached out to lick it.

“Mmm, yummy,” I sighed, licking it clean and taking some more pictures. I'd never tasted myself before but today seemed like a good day for experimentation.

My phone rang as I was snapping pictures. Unknown number. I sighed heavily and answered it.

“Hey.”

“Why hello, madam.” A voice said. He sounded a lot like Brodie but I had no idea why Brodie

would be calling. "I believe it is my turn."

"Fine," I said, playing along. "Enjoy."

I felt funny for half a second, starting to question why I'd done everything I had this morning. But then it was over and I was blinking rapidly. I pushed myself up into a sitting position and looked down at my naked, glistening body.

“My lord, what did you do?” I asked myself. I sniffed and wrinkled my nose, smelling the piss soaking my bed.

I stood gingerly and walked out into the hallway, arms held away from me as if I was disgusted at myself. I know the orgasm was intense because I got lost in my own house, only finding the bathroom after making a series of wrong turns. I stepped into the shower and washed the lube off myself, taking special care to make sure my tits were thoroughly scrubbed.

“Mmm, I do love a wonderful breast,” I said, letting my hands linger on my chest.

When I got out I dried off and returned to the bedroom to dig through all the clothes in my closet, discarding everything onto the floor that looked boring. That turned out to be everything. Soon enough my clothes littered my bedroom and my closet was empty.

“These clothing choices are absolutely miserable,” I admitted. “Time to do some shopping.”

I grabbed the first outfit I could off the floor. I put on some panties this time and eyed the collection of bras strewn across the floor before opting to go without again. Sometimes you just had to be free.

I found myself driving aimlessly, only realizing my destination when I reached the collection of high end clothing boutiques near downtown. Going into the nearest one, I strolled along the racks, feeling the fabrics and perusing the styles until one of the sales ladies approached.

“Can I help you find something?” She asked.

She had long blonde hair and a dusting of freckles across her nose. I twirled a lock of my own dark hair nervously around a finger. I was intimidated by her good looks, and while normally I had no interest in women, I couldn't take my eyes off her, even glancing down at her impressive chest.

“Yes,” I finally said, “I require a massive wardrobe update. A little bit of everything. Preferably on the cute and sexy side if you would be so kind.” A fancy way of speaking for a fancy store, I figured.

“Sure, we can do that,” she smiled. “What size are you?”

“I, uh, have no idea,” I admitted. Sizes were so different across brands.

She eyed me up, nodded, then led me through the store, throwing a variety of clothes into my arms. I readily accepted every one, from shorts to tops to dresses. When my arms were full I went back to try everything on the change rooms. Usually I wasn't one to get into style. I was pretty utilitarian in my clothes shopping: get in, get some interchangeable outfits, get out. But now I tried *everything* on. It was pretty fun dressing myself up, trying different combinations, showing much more skin

than I'd ever done before. It was actually fun trying on clothes, there were so many different outfits to wear. I was glad I wasn't a guy and confined to pants and shirts.

I took pictures of each outfit to compare them, uploading some to my social sites. I also kept making excuses for the sales lady to help me, buttoning up this, taking a look at that. I twirled and posed for her. Her attention was divine.

"You must truly love working here," I said as she knelt before me, adjusting a dress around my body. "Have you tried every single article of clothing on?"

"Not everything. But I get to try on the new styles when they come in, that's fun."

"Lucky," I agreed. "I imagine it must be especially hard for someone like you, who must look amazing in everything."

"I wish," she laughed.

"Oh, I have no doubt," I pressed, taking a long look at her. She did have a nice figure. I was jealous.

We talked some more as she rang up my purchases and put them into several bags. I handed over my credit card, signing my name with an unusual flourish. Hell, I earned this money, shouldn't I spend it to make myself look good? I wore my favorite outfit out the door: a slinky peach dress that flowed across my body like water, the straps hiding my breasts were tied up behind my neck in a petite bow. It made me feel so good I stopped to talk with several cute guys on the street, even getting a couple numbers. I'd certainly never done that before, maybe there was something to this whole dressing for success thing.

My next stop was a bathing suit store. I went right in and up to a good looking guy behind the counter.

"Hi, I'm looking for some bikinis but I don't happen to know my size. I would appreciate it if you would measure my bust kind sir."

He blushed. "Uh, sure, we can do that. Let me go get Lindsay to help you."

I put a hand on his arm to stop him. "I trust you to do a good job."

"Well, I--"

His hesitancy made me smile, it was so cute. I grabbed the measuring tape off the counter, took his hand and led him to the back of the store, following the signs to the change rooms. I set my bags down and held my arms up.

"Begin."

He grinned crookedly, before gently slipping the measuring tape around me.

"Hold it right here," he said, hand hovering above my breasts, doing his best to politely refrain from touching me.

"Perhaps this will be easier," I said, untying the straps from where they met behind my neck and letting my dress fall open, exposing my breasts. I then took his hands and placed them on my tits. He was clearly nervous about sizing me and I just wanted to help him out. "Squeeze them," I encouraged, "See how firm they are."

He obliged, gawking at me, his calloused hands squeezing my breasts. I put my hand on his and made him jiggle my tits, both of us staring down at my body.

"What size would you recommend?" I asked sweetly.

He stammered. “Uh, um, thirty four...C?”

I released him and covered myself back up. He was bright red at this point and waited nervously for me to finish. I dismissed him and went around the store, loading up with sexy swimwear which I again tried on, taking photos of myself in the mirror. I logged on to OnlyFans and typed in a random user name and password. To my surprise it opened up to a user page with pictures of lots of different women in various stages of undress. Might as well add my own pictures here. I flipped through my phone, startled when I came to the pictures I'd taken earlier, of me naked on my bed and covered in lube. Had that been just a few hours ago? I uploaded those pictures to OnlyFans also. The money from that would help to take care of these recent purchases. At any rate, it would be interesting to see how many people wanted to watch a tiny Asian girl stuff a huge dildo inside her.

With my phone still in my hand I gazed into the mirror. The latest bikini I was trying on was a skimpy little pink number that really hugged my breasts and made them look fantastic. I smiled brightly at myself, flashing a gorgeous row of white teeth, before my eyes slid down my body again.

“Hmm,” I mused, “I wonder what it would be like to get fucked with a pussy.”

I mean, I *had* had sex before, but I wouldn't have really called it fucking. Fucking was different. Fucking was hard and fast and eager. It was something I didn't even really know I wanted until I said it.

I sat on the bench in the changing room and set up a Tinder profile. Then I began flicking through other profiles, swiping right on just about everyone. A few messages popped up and I responded to them, ignoring the dick pics and going with the people who were available now. I soon settled on a hunky African American guy named Travis who lived nearby. He was a volunteer firefighter and his profile page had a picture from his sexy firefighting calendar on it. We agreed to meet up right away. I paid, stuffed my bikinis in a bag, and got back in my car to meet Travis at his house.

When he opened the door at my knock I gazed way, way up at him. “It's a pleasure to see you're just as hot in real life as in your picture,” I enthused.

“Same.” His bass voice rumbled as he smiled down at me, revealing gleaming white teeth.

He stepped aside, gestured for me to enter and then closed the door behind me. My heart was thumping. I'd never done something like this before. I'd only ever had sex with guys I'd been dating for a few months.

His house was clean and neat. A good sign. And his manner put me at ease.

“Would you care for something to drink?” He asked.

I turned to him and slid my hands across his broad chest. “I don't have a lot of time, so let's get right to it, shall we?”

Might as well be bold I figured. But also with a little formality.

He wrapped his massive hand around my wrists and leaned down to kiss me. I pressed against him, opening my mouth to let him taste me. His tongue snaked inside, warm and eager, as his hands slid down my arms and to my waist. He caressed me, hands gliding up and down my body. I could feel the strength beneath his fingers, the power of his every move causing his muscles to ripple. He was all hard curves and jagged edges, and I was putty in his hands.

Travis slid his hand under my ass and lifted me in the air. I squealed and clung to him as he carried me to the couch. He set me down on the cushion and knelt between my legs. Carefully, he folded my dress up, moving slowly, unwrapping me like a present. He gazed down at my creamy thighs. His heavy, warm hand traced back and forth, sliding the dress up my legs, revealing me inch by

inch. He chuckled softly as he revealed my pussy and the light dusting of curly black hair surrounding it.

His fingers grazed up and down my entrance as we both stared down at my pussy. His dark fingers against my white skin were the most beautiful things ever. He moved gently but firmly, and I blossomed for him, growing moist as he stroked me, both of us entranced by my pussy. I untied the top of my dress and let it fall down my front in order to take both my breasts in each hand.

“Keep playing with that wonderful little pussy,” I whispered, as I fondled my tits.

He obliged, moving his head closer to my entrance, inhaling my musky scent. Without warning he stuck out his tongue and licked my slit from bottom to top. My breath hitched in my throat and I froze, fear and pleasure fighting through me. I returned my attention to my tits, squeezing harder than I usually did, fingers clumsily playing over my skin rougher than usual. The sight of them wobbling beneath me was hypnotic. How had I never stared at them like this before?

And then Travis licked me again, this time pressing his tongue inside me. I could feel it sliding against my velvety folds, his hot breath filling me and making me sigh. His finger joined his tongue and he slid both inside, tongue against my clit while his finger followed my canal. I moaned again, wiggling on the couch. I was already so wet, turning myself on just by watching myself. I'd never had that sort of confidence before but it felt so nice. He continued licking me as I blossomed, anticipation winding through me with each stroke of his tongue, each thrust of his fingers.

Without warning he pulled off and dropped his pants. I gaped at his cock, huge and bulbous, swinging above my head. He grabbed my waist and flipped me over, his immense strength making me putty in his hands. Then he guided me to my knees, my hands resting on the arm rest of the couch, my ass in the air. He grabbed my ass with one hand and guided himself up against my wet opening. I bit my lip and moaned as the head pushed against me, meeting the resistance of my pussy lips. I was strangely tense, even though I was so wet, as though this was all new to me and I didn't know what to expect. Maybe it was just the fact I was doing it with a stranger.

The ghostly reflection of my face stared back from the window next to the couch. My eyes were wide with worry as the cock pressed into me. I shut my eyes and felt the immense relief as I opened for Travis. My jaw dropped and I threw my head back, my resistance dissipating as he slid inside my slippery canal. His cock pressed against the walls of my pussy and I clutched the couch while he filled me, driving in slowly until the head of his dick was pressed up against the dimpled nub of my center.

“Oh, fuck,” I whispered, looking down between my legs, admiring my dangling breasts before locking my eyes on Travis's black shaft as he withdrew. It was slick and shiny with my wetness, impossible long as he pulled out of me, only to thrust back in, harder this time, driving a gasp from my lips. Both his hands gripped my ass tight and he began plunging into me, long, hard thrusts, the slap of his groin on my ass reverberating throughout the room. It was all I could do to hold on while he fucked me, my whole body jiggling with each thrust. I caught sight of myself in the window, mouth agape with lust, tits swinging, and I came just watching myself. A shaky wail escaped my lips as my entire body convulsed around the cock inside me, a delirious pleasure that made me shake from head to toe. And when it was done I wanted more.

“Fuck me harder,” I moaned, “Fuck that little pussy like you own it.”

I'd never said anything like that before—it sounded like just a douchebag guy thing to say—but in the moment that's what I wanted. And Travis complied, slamming into me hard and fast, his grunts mingling with my cries. My voice grew higher in pitch, rising with each thrust, soaked with lust as the anticipation twisted me tight inside until with a loud groan I came, bringing Travis with me.

I felt his cock explode inside me, gushing his cum into my hot pussy, filling me with a beautiful

heat that burned through me, bringing with it an intense pleasure that filled every inch of my body. It lasted a blessed eternity, his cock inside me, throbbing, pouring into me, leaving me gasping and shaking until the very end. I rested my head on my hands, Travis still inside me, aching and full and so, so wet.

Travis gave my ass a light slap and then pulled out. I rolled over as he dripped out of me. Fuck, I felt so wonderfully calm, and I stared up happily at him as he pulled his pants back up.

“Thank you, my good man, I needed that,” I said, rising and adjusting my dress.

“You're one strange chick,” he laughed.

I didn't bother going to the bathroom. The warmth of him dripping out of me and down my thighs as I left his house left me feeling naughty and dirty in the best way.

My phone rang as I climbed back in the car, a different voice this time.

“Hey, it's my turn, yo.”

He sounded weirdly like Logan, I was going to ask who it was but then just decided to play along.

“Damn, already? Okay.”

Again there was a slightly funny feeling, my thoughts rearranging themselves. Had I really just let a stranger fuck me? And then it was over as soon as it began. I looked down at myself and grabbed my tits.

“All right,” I murmured in glee, before squirming in my seat. “The hell?” I reached my hand between my legs, my fingers landing on some of the cum that was still there. I pulled my fingers out and sniffed them, then grimaced and wiped them on the front of my dress. “Aw, shit, Brodie, man, clean your shit up. Fuck.” The guy I'd fucked had actually been named Travis, but whatever, not like anyone was there to here me mix up his name.

I pulled my phone out of my purse and used it set directions to my home. After that incredible orgasm I didn't quite trust my memory. I must have still been a little addled because when I arrived home I walked up the main steps to my front door instead of going around back to my house. When my key didn't fit in the lock I tried to peek in through the frosted glass windows to the side.

My mom must have heard me at the door because she opened it up and smiled at me. She wore a red apron and not much else, which was really odd, as she was even more conservative than I was. The strings holding up the apron were tied around the back of her neck, the front slung low to show off an amazing amount of cleavage. My eyes strayed down to her cleavage. Her breasts were quite a bit bigger than mine. My sister, Kristen, had gotten those genes and I knew from her that big busts could be both a blessing and a curse.

“Hi, Tiffany,” she smiled at me.

“Hey,” I said, “Who are you?”

“I'm Tiffany's mom,” mom said, not getting the joke.

“No, but for real. I know we added her to the program while Brodie was out.” I wondered if mom would play along with my little game of imaginary conversations, and she did!

“You got me. It's Jaxon.”

“No shit, yo.? What up dude?” Ha, even mom was pretending to be my coworkers.

“You like?” She asked, holding her arms out and twirling around once.

“Noice!” I agreed. And, yep, she was completely naked beneath the apron. My eyes were drawn to the swell of her bare ass as she turned. I really envied her body confidence.

“Anyway, you live out back. Go around the path over there. Maybe I'll join you later but I've got other things to check out.” She winked and shut the door.

I grinned and followed the path back to my house. I took another shower, again ensuring my breasts were thoroughly clean, and went to my room, pausing in the doorway as I surveyed the mess. I shook my head, digging through the clothes until I found some panties, a sports bra, some jogging shorts and a top. I slipped them all on, then scrounged around for a backpack and threw some spare clothes and a towel in there, before checking the time on my phone.

“Sweet,” I said. I still had half the day left.

I returned to my car and drove down the street, enjoying the wind in my hair, driving aimlessly with no real destination in mind. It was only when I pulled up to the fitness center outside the little community college where I'd been taking some classes that I realized I had the desire to stop. I hopped out and hurried into the fitness center, swiping my card to get in and cutting through the weightlifting room to reach the indoor basketball courts. When I arrived, my sister, Kristen, and a few girls from my classes were already there: Ava, Leah and Megan.

Ava, Leah and Megan were at one hoop warming up with some layups. Ava was a tall, elegant Indian woman who'd always struck me as the type that wouldn't be caught dead outside of a five hundred dollar outfit or doing any activity that would threaten the perfection of her makeup and hair. Yet there she was, dribbling the ball like a pro and smashing three pointers. I guess it just went to show that you couldn't judge people by their looks.

Leah was a slender woman with long blonde hair that, today, was up in a ponytail. She, too, had never shown any particular interest in basketball, but looked like she had excellent technique. And she looked amazing in her little running shorts, revealing so much of her wide, pale thigh with each step.

Most unusual of all was Megan. A usually shy, Asian bookworm, she was pounding up and down the court with some incredible ball handling skills. I would have thought her small stature would have been a drawback, but maybe her skills made up for it.

Kristen came up to me as I picked out a ball from one of the racks and dribbled it experimentally. I'd never played basketball before, but after a few seconds of adjusting my fingers and getting used to the feel of the ball, I was kind of a pro. Kristen watched with awe as I dribbled the ball between my legs and around my back before spinning it on one finger. I was a natural!

“Nice moves, dude,” Kristen said.

Kristen was younger than me by three years, and people instantly identified us as sisters. We had the same wavy brunette hair and oval faces with beautiful dark eyes as each other. As I said, though, Kristen got the breasts in the family. Today she was holding herself strangely, her shoulders a little concave, head down. Plus, I'd never heard her use the word 'dude' in her life. What was going on with her?

“Who we playing?” I asked. Maybe if I just acted natural Kristen would tell me if there was anything wrong.

As if on cue, five tall women strolled onto the court, the leader with a ball tucked under her arm. They were all wearing the uniform of the community basketball team. I looked at Kristen and she grinned back at me.

“I thought I'd make it a little more challenging.”

“Sweet, yo,” I agreed, high-fiving her.

After we all greeted each other and the community team warmed up, we met in the center of the

court ready to play. It was obvious the other team was humoring us, and for good reason. Five short, not sporty women versus five tall athletes? It should have been a cake walk. But because we couldn't rely on our height, we had to use our skills and agility.

It was like a dream the way I flew down the court, bouncing the ball between my legs, faking and driving up the middle, doing no look passes. I was fucking incredible. And so were the others. I never thought I would have ever seen Ava muscle someone out of the way to take the ball to the hoop. And Kristen, hell, who knew my sister had skills?

We worked like a well oiled team, me calling out plays that the others would line up for: blocks and passes and screens. I was just making up the names off the top of my head, seeing what my teammates would do. They were so great, figuring out just what each play should be. It was like a magic trick. And, man, it was so much fun dribbling down the court, watching the community team try to keep up with me as I ducked and weaved beneath their arms, growing sweaty even as I admired the way I moved. A lot, I mean. I was making myself moist at the way my body moved, which was it's own kind of motivation.

It wasn't easy. The community team had the advantage of height and long hours of practice. We were just making things up on the fly. But after an hour, when the final buzzer rang, I was elated to see we'd won by five points. We hugged each other, sweaty and exhausted and ecstatic, before high fiving the other team. Holy crap, maybe we should all try out for the actual team?

“Shower time?” Kristen suggested.

We all agreed. Ava, Megan, Kristen, Leah and I all gathered up our backpacks and walked in a pack back to the locker rooms, giggling and talking. I found myself in a conversation with Leah. Her blonde bangs were pasted to her forehead with sweat and her plump cheeks were flushed red from exertion. My eyes kept skimming down her body. She always wore such baggy clothes and I was surprised to see she actually had a nice figure. For some reason I found myself continually glancing down at her pale thighs and bubble butt. On impulse I reached out and gave it a pinch. She squealed and batted my arm playfully.

In the locker rooms, we set our things down on the benches and stripped naked, posing for each other and making appreciative comments about each other's bodies. We'd never done this before but it was so positive and affirming.

“I love your tits, dude,” Kristen said, giving them a squeeze.

“Me too,” Leah agreed, coming up behind me and stroking me.

“Are you kidding, yo? Look at your sweet titties!” I exclaimed, grabbing Kristen's large breasts and giving them a quick jiggle. They were so much bouncier than mine and I guess I was kind of jealous.

The five of us showered together in a jumble of bodies, each of us taking turns to clean someone else. I lathered up my hands and slid them over Leah's body, enjoying the ample curve of her thighs, my slick fingers sliding over her coarse blonde pubic hair. I didn't realize how much I liked touching other women until I felt myself getting wet. This was a new experience. I decided to follow it a little, wrapping my arms around Leah and holding her from behind, my tits pressed against her back as the hot water poured down on us.

I kissed her neck and nibbled her ear as I grabbed her tits from behind, rolling the nipple between my fingers. Leah reached around behind her and grabbed my butt, pulling me closer to her. Around us, I could see the others also touching each other, kissing and stroking, but it was Leah that was making me so horny. I hadn't known the other women were lesbians. I mean, maybe they weren't. Maybe, like me, they were just taken by the camaraderie of the team and excited to explore these new feelings.

At any rate, I nibbled Leah's shoulder as one of my hands glided down her tummy and around to her butt, giving it a little squeeze before sliding my hand between her legs. I stroked her from behind and she spread her legs, leaning back on to me and sighing softly. Her pussy opened for me and my fingers slipped inside, surrounded by a comforting heat and a wetness slicker than water. I stroked back and forth, experimenting with tickling her wonderful folds as I kneaded her breast in my other hand.

She turned, her bright eyes facing me and clasped me close, kissing me, her tongue gliding into my mouth. I wrapped my hands around her ass, gripping her tight as she thrust against me. She smelled like the strawberry body wash we were using, and her skin was so soft and curvy in all the right places. Our tongues worked together as our hands slid over each other, feeling and squeezing and gripping and pressing. Our urgency grew, until our tongues were battling and I leaned against the cold tile wall of the shower, supporting Leah even as we groped each other. My eyes were closed in ecstasy as I tasted Leah, loving the feel of her warm soft body pressed against mine.

I turned her around so that she was against the wall and then knelt in front of her. The hot water of the shower poured down the back of my head as I pressed my face between her legs and deeply inhaled her tangy scent. I slipped my tongue out to taste her, curious as to what a pussy would taste like. I licked up and down her entrance as her little folds engorged and her scent became stronger. Suddenly my tongue was deep inside her. She was salty and delicious in a way I'd never understood before.

I lapped at her, tasting her delicious cunt. Her clit budded out beneath me and I focused on that, laying my tongue against it and undulating slowly. I heard her gasp even over the shower and I smiled, glad to be pleasing my friend and teammate. I used my fingers to spread her so I could work my tongue in deeper. I was surrounded by her scent, by her wetness. She quivered around me, her body winding up as I continued tasting her incredible pussy.

I felt someone squirming beneath me, slipping their head between my legs. I pulled away from Leah's pussy to look down. My sister, Kristen, smiled up between my legs, lying on her back on the floor, her nose so close to the dark hair of my pussy. What was she doing? And then, oh, I found out as her tongue lapped against my entrance.

“Oh, yes,” I moaned. I liked that Kristen looked up to me enough that she could lick my pussy.

I dropped gently onto Kristen's face, felt her licking at my folds, dripping into her mouth. She used her tongue and fingers to pleasure me, sliding in and finger fucking me while she licked. It was funny, she moved hard and clumsily, like she was unfamiliar with how a woman's body worked. But still, the pleasure was immense and I buried my face between Leah's thighs again, wanting to share this impending orgasm.

We continued like this, me suckling Leah while Kristen licked me, as our bodies grew taut and anxious, the orgasm building in my depths, filling my body to the breaking point. All of a sudden Leah's body went taut and she cried out in a strangled yelp. Her orgasm was long and intense as she vibrated around my face. I continued licking her, eyes closed, enjoying her taste. When she was finally done I pulled away and licked my lips. I looked up at her and smiled. She pushed her wet hair aside and smiled back at me, still breathing heavily. Holy shit, I just made another woman orgasm! I was so excited that I came, crying out unexpectedly as my sister's tongue twisted through me.

I gripped Leah's thighs for balance, spreading my legs and watching Kristen's face working between my legs. She had a beatific smile on her face. The pink flash of my folds appeared and disappeared as I watched her pleasure me until I came as well. My body shuddered and I cried out, voice a soft alto, an altogether different sound from my previous orgasms today. Fuck, it felt good, and I leaned my face against Leah, inhaling her musky fragrance as the orgasm pulsed through me.

When I could finally think again, Leah helped me to my feet, and then I helped my sister up. Giggling and nervous, we shut off the shower and got dressed into our street clothes. Ava and Megan, I noticed, had also been kissing each other while my sister and Leah and I had enjoyed ourselves. They too, were flushed and giggly, shyly eyeing each other as they dressed.

“See you fuckers later,” I yelled, acting casual as I slung my backpack over my shoulder and sauntered out of the locker room.

“Peace!” Kristen called out behind me.

She really was acting odd today what with her strange new way of speaking.

As I walked into my house my phone rang. Unknown number again. I flipped it open.

“What up?” I asked.

“Time to get out.”

This voice was a little different. Warmer, even than the others, but still familiar. I could almost swear it was Gabe, from my office.

“Shit, yo, already?”

“Yes,” the voice insisted, “I’m coming in. You guys have really done some shit today from what I heard.”

“Man, whatever. You think just because--”

I stopped mid-sentence as that tingly feeling came over me and I completely forgot what I was saying. I hung up the phone and put my hands on my hips, assessing the wreckage that was my room. I sniffed and grimaced, smelling the mixture of piss and lube.

“Jesus,” I shook my head and got to work cleaning up.

It had been fun just not giving a shit today but I knew it couldn't last. I stripped off my bed and dumped as much as I could into the washing machine, leaving the rest bundled up on the tiled floor of the laundry. Usually I was very careful with the detergent, measuring out the exact amount, but today I just dumped what I thought was a good amount into the machine. I had work to do and couldn't be bothered.

While the machine ran, I picked my clothes off the floor and hung them back up, refilling my dresser drawers as well. I decided to put things back in different places, just to mix it up. My underwear went in the bottom drawer with my bras instead of the top drawer, and everything else went in neatly wherever there was room. I picked the dildo off the floor and looked it over, quizzically, before sliding it into the back of my underwear drawer. The empty tubes of lube I tossed out.

Then I went to work in the kitchen, singing to myself as I went along as if trying out my voice, little snippets of songs I didn't even know I knew. I threw out the broken jars and spilled spices and tidied everything up before finally mopping the floor and wiping the surfaces. I vacuumed every room in the house, pausing only to switch the laundry over. When I was done everything was clean and fresh smelling.

Dropping onto the couch, I flipped through my phone, swearing under my breath when I saw the photos I'd published and the OnlyFans account I'd joined. I deleted all the photos, making sure they were gone entirely from the web and my phone. When that was finally done I leaned my head back against the wall and sighed just as someone knocked on the door.

I stood with a groan and trundled to the front door. I opened it up to find my stepmom. She was

completely naked and my eyes flicked down to her huge, dangling breasts before rising to meet her eyes. What the hell, mom? She peered up at me, squinting as she looked deep into my eyes.

“Who's in there?” She asked.

I sighed, not really knowing what game she was playing. “Brodie,” I said, pulling a name from memory at random.

“Cool. Still Jaxon here,” she said, sweeping past me and eyeing the small studio. “I see you cleaned up.”

“I felt bad,” I shrugged, closing the door behind her. I didn't like people seeing me messy.

She turned to me and, for some reason today, she couldn't keep her hands off her breasts, bobbling them in each hand as she spoke. I wanted to tell her to stop because it was grossing me out but I held my tongue. Maybe she would explain.

“I'm telling you,” she said, “They won't think anything was wrong. They'll remember all this as if it was them doing it.”

“Yeah, but still...” I trailed off, not really sure what the hell my mom was talking about.

“Oh,” her eyes went wide and she put a hand to her mouth. “You like Tiffany. That's why you kept telling us to chill out.”

“I don't know. Maybe. Yeah.” I mumbled. It was awkward to tell my mom I like myself. Like one of those bullshit affirmation exercises. “I mean, she's cute and all.”

“Okay, okay. We'll leave her alone then.”

“Good. And her family. I want everyone out and then delete them from the system.” It sounded like the right thing to do for someone I was trying to protect. I didn't quite understand the conversation but it seemed to make sense to my mom, so I went along with it.

“Yeah, yeah. Killjoy. But one condition.” My mom grinned and slunk towards me, draping her arms over my shoulders and clinging to my neck. “You have to give me one more taste.”

I paused for a beat, then nodded. Mom smiled and kissed me on the lips. It was a sensual kiss, one I hadn't expected from mom, but I went along with it. I wrapped my arms around her bare midsection as I made out with her, thumb stroking her soft, warm skin. Her breasts pressed against mine, her tongue teased my lips until I opened my mouth and she shot in, following the contours of my mouth, tasting me.

I brought a hand up between us to stroke one of my mom's tits. She'd always had bigger breasts than me and I was curious what they would feel like. They were wonderfully firm but with some give, and I squeezed them experimentally as she moaned into my mouth. Her warm body melted into me, our skin to skin contact so delightful. My hands followed the curves of her body, across her wide hips, cupping her plump ass. She was slightly rotund in the most enjoyable way and I felt myself oddly growing excited at her touch.

She pulled away and took my hand, leading me into the bedroom where she helped me undress slowly, fondling my body as she removed each piece of clothing. Her hands were magic, gliding across my skin, over each breast. She leaned down and took one of my nipples into her mouth and – oh! – I sighed as her wet warm tongue flicked across my sensitive nipple. I knew this was wrong and that was part of what made it so exciting. My usually conservative, uptight mom was sensually suckling on each nipple as my hands held her own tits.

“You like that?” She smiled up at me.

“Yes,” I admitted. Mom really knew what she was doing with my body and she returned her lips to my tits.

When my nipples were on fire, each hard as a diamond, and my thighs were growing slick, I pushed mom back onto my bed with a giggle and then crawled on top of her so that my face was between her legs and her face was between mine. I buried my mouth in her pussy, inhaling her spicy fragrance as my tongue eagerly sought out her slick folds. I moaned, savoring the taste of her as she opened beneath my tongue. She was sweet and salty and warm, just like me. My tits rested on her tummy as I licked her delicious pussy.

My mom gripped my own thighs and spread me apart, her tongue gliding up and down my own swollen entrance. She was more forceful, licking with abandon, as though not quite aware of how sensitive a woman could be. I burrowed my face between her legs, spreading her pussy lips wide and gazing down into her shiny folds, awash in lust as she continued licking, spreading the pleasure through me until my entire body was thrumming with anticipation. I'd never thought my pussy – much less my mom's – was worth staring at, but I couldn't look away today.

“Goddamn, you taste incredible,” I moaned, licking her wet pussy.

I sucked on her clit, tongue lapping against her swollen bud as she did the same to me. I cried out, dragging my pussy up and down my mom's face as she brought her fingers in to help stroke, twisting through me. The slick sounds of us eating each other out was so naughty, our little moans of delight so arousing that I came suddenly and without warning, shoving my face into my mom's pussy, surrounded by her heat and her musk as my body shivered. The orgasm was immense, aided by my mom pushing her face up against my entrance, her tongue reaching up inside me. I must have been doing something right with my tongue because I could feel her tremble beneath me as well, moaning in a sexy, high pitched voice as an orgasm pulsed through her. My entire body burned with desire, the pleasure pushing out any conscious thought as I climaxed around my mom's face, coming down only slowly.

When I could think again I crawled around and lay next to my mom. We kissed, sharing our juices, each of us tasting ourselves. My mom's tits hung heavy between us and I stroked one of them, gripping it in my hand, still eager to explore her body. She turned to her side and I spooned her, our bodies fitting perfectly together, one of my hands cupping her heavy breasts.

“All right,” mom said finally, stretching her arms. “Time to get out.”

“You think this will be weird for them when we go?” I asked.

“They'll figure it out.”

“Let's at least get dressed. You go back to your house.”

“Fine,” my mom rolled her eyes.

She left as I got dressed again, then reached for my phone and dialed a random number. A man answered: “Yo.”

“Take us out of here.” I said.

A second later I felt that tingly sensation I'd felt four times today already. When it was gone my thoughts felt clearer than they had been all day. And what a day it had been. Kind of interesting to act different for a day. Fun, though. The thought of what my mom and I had done came back to me and I grimaced even as I grew a little warm. What were we thinking? Yeah, it had been nice and all but...sheesh.

Tomorrow I'd go back to the office and get back into work. No one needed to know what I'd done today. And I didn't think I needed to talk to my mom about anything we'd done together, though I

couldn't stop thinking about how wonderful she'd tasted.

I shook my head and laughed. What a strange day.

# # #

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*Dan offered to help out the beautiful college girl next door, unaware that she would take him up on that offer by swapping their bodies.*

### **Let Me Stay**

*Shane is Will's best friend. Shane's wife, Alicia, is Will's worst enemy, an entitled brat who doesn't realize how lucky she has it. After chancing upon a magical being who grants Will a body swapping spell, he takes over Alicia's life, vowing to be a better wife and lover -- and just all around person -- than Alicia ever was.*

### **Body Switch Collection: Volume 6**

*Six more previously published body swapping stories.*

### **In the Game (Part 3)**

*In the conclusion to In the Game, Ethan and his team of gamer girls are on top of the world. But the integrity commission begins to suspect them of cheating, and Megan, a snoopy reporter, won't stop investigating them. They have to do something to save their team from scandal and if Ethan can copy his mind into two new women to add to his team and enjoy their pleasure, well, that's just a bonus.*

### **Taking Stock**

*Tom is able to possess people's bodies. While out shopping one day he sees someone that he must have. As he enjoys her body he finds himself falling in love with her, and decides to help change her life for the better. And for his benefit.*

### **Busted**

*Jason's a bully who takes great pride in ruling the school, but things change when he makes fun of the new goth girl's big chest and she casts a spell on him and his friends, turning them into their own big busted fantasies. She gives them one chance to change back, but they'll have to fight their new burning desires.*

### **Foreign Exchange**

*Chun isn't happy about being volunteered to swap bodies with an American teen in the name of diplomacy. But when she lands in the body of Ashley, a cute high school senior, she discovers that life in another country -- and as a sexy high school hottie -- is much more pleasurable than she ever imagined.*

### **Got It Going On**

*My girlfriend, Stacy, is an amateur witch. She can do magic, just not very well, which is why I'm hesitant when she comes to me with a spell that will swap our bodies for a day. Turns out I should have said no, because an accident causes me to swap bodies with her elegant, curvy mom. I know it might be wrong, but there's so much fun to be had being inside Stacy's mom.*

### **Body Switch Collection: Volume 5**

*Six previously published body switching stories by M. Wills.*

### **Best Friend's Wedding**

*Drew and Jake used to be best friends, until Missy came along. She was rich and entitled and was responsible for taking Jake away. So Drew hatched a plan to steal her body and take over her life.*

### **Compact Mirrors**

*Ellie, an average looking and poor college student, accidentally swaps bodies with Summer, a mean, hot high school cheerleader. Now they both have to navigate their new lives while trying to back to their old. Until one of them decides they don't want to go back.*

### **Switched On**

*Luke discovers a magic remote control that will turn him into whoever is onscreen when he pushes the button. But when he shares this discovery with his friends it results in a mad scramble that sees the remote smashing, leaving the four guys transformed and stuck as sexy celebrities.*

***And many more stories of body thefts, mother/son swaps, sibling swaps and swaps of all kinds on my website.***