

BODY THEFT ♦ BODY POSSESSION ♦ AGE REGRESSION



Taking his
SISTER'S BODY

JIMMY ZAPPA

A brother and sister are madly in love. After their forbidden relationship is discovered by an aunt, they go on the run and live as criminals after buying an astral projection necklace from a salesman. Using the necklace helps them identify easy targets through dark magic, and they end up making a small fortune doing this while masquerading as a married couple. Life for Janice is bittersweet as she pretends to be her brother's wife. Hopping from hotel to hotel, they live luxuriously and make sweet love without judgement. Deep down, she wants this to last forever, but she knows that their relationship has its limits. Unfortunately, overusing magic has consequences, and soon their intimacy takes a turn for the worse when the salesman's dark magic begins to interfere with their lives forever. The brother and sister are fit and young, making them perfect targets for what the evil salesman wants. Abusing magic has darkened their souls, leaving them open to magical predators that seek to have a second chance at living happily ever after.

As them.

Taking His Sister's Body is an erotic short story with a length of 13,000+ words. It has themes of body possession (female to female and male to male), age regression, and dark magic. This is a dark and twisted tale with sexual solo and couple scenes that are not suitable for younger audiences.

Taking His Sister's Body: Body Theft

By Jimmy Zappa

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The characters in this fictional short story are based on the author's making. Resemblance to the appearance or character of real people is purely coincidental. Any characters sexually involved with the story are over the age of 18. Because this work contains sexual acts and material that people may find offensive, this short story is intended for adult audiences only.

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the following people:

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

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

About the Author

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

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

Vern Strauss

After the death of Amber, his wife's mother, Katherine drew away from witchcraft. She abandoned it entirely and pressured Vern to do the same. Years of abusing magic nonstop had put a toll on their physical bodies, so they weren't able to work normal jobs on a full-time basis anymore. Utilizing magic was a lot more tiresome, so they couldn't fix their physical problems through magic alone. After three to four years of struggling to pay for rent, Vern secretly began selling Amber's cursed family heirlooms for some extra cash.

But Katherine eventually found out about it. She was initially fine with selling heirlooms that did little things like change cosmetic appearances or helped people with minor health problems like arthritis. Unfortunately, she was pickier with the more dangerous stuff, and Katherine constantly got in his way whenever he tried to sell certain items. The main item that he desperately wanted to sell, Amber's astral projection necklace, was among these items. She'd just shut down a couple the previous day, but Vern had promised himself that he'd sell the necklace to a loving couple who would take care of it and use it.

Her voice echoed in his mind repeatedly that very morning. "The necklace is dangerous, Vern. I can feel it. Can't you?"

But he didn't care. His objective was to sell it. He made a promise to his mother-in-law, and he planned on keeping it. When his wife fell asleep that afternoon, Vern emailed and invited the couple back to his apartment nearly a day after they visited. They decided to meet in the alleyway to avoid Katherine's meddling temper. He snuck into his wife's bedroom and managed to take the cursed necklace and handwritten notebook before sneaking out of

his apartment to meet the couple outside. He left the two items in a plastic bag and hurried down the hallway.

During their first visit, while his wife initially dealt with them, he managed to jot down their first and last names from their provincial licenses hidden within the younger woman's purse. Compared to the people who normally bought their wares, these two were the youngest married couple of the bunch. The husband was twenty while the wife was nineteen. It was like they were trying to hide from somebody, and that was perfectly fine for Vern.

Probably elopers, he thought. They didn't even have actual cell phone providers – they simply used their phones for online apps and emails to contact him. They were secretive, quiet, and perfect for what the necklace was made for. Magic through artifacts was a secretive art that could get people in trouble, but a quiet set of mouths would never get themselves caught.

He walked out into the main lobby downstairs. Since it was a weekend, nobody was working at the front desk, and the grey waiting area was completely empty. He zipped up his black winter coat when he saw flakes of snow falling behind the glass front door of the apartment building.

Vern cautiously pushed the doors open and pulled on his grey cloth face mask. Shivering now, he shoved his hands into his pockets and saw two figures waiting along the sidewalk. Chester was a young man with dark brown hair and blue eyes, while Janice was a darker haired petite girl with dark brown eyes. Her sweet smile and subtle freckles around her nose gave off an extremely youthful glow.

Since neither of them had an online trail to follow, it was hard to gauge what they did for a living or where they were from. He

definitely didn't recognize them from around town, so they were probably tourists.

The young man had his fingers wrapped tightly around the young woman's fingers while they approached Vern. "Hey, Mr. Strauss," the man called out. "How're you?"

"I'm good, Chester, thanks for actually coming back," Vern said. "I'm sorry that my wife gave you both a hard time. I think she wanted to keep it for herself, but money's a little tight right now."

"I'm just glad that you're still willing to sell it," the man said.

"You aren't going to be in too much trouble, will you?" The young woman asked worriedly.

"I've been yelled at since we both got married," Vern laughed while he pulled out the necklace from his plastic bag. The golden chain glimmered as the snow steadily fell all around them. "I can take some more yelling. Here, this is it."

"How does it work again?" The man asked.

"You put it around your neck, close your eyes, and enter the Soul Plane after thirty or sixty seconds or calmly thinking. You automatically return after your energy runs out, or if you fall asleep in your ghost form."

Janice took the necklace and stared at the golden locket hanging from the chain. She opened it and stared at two red ruby stones. The top ruby stone was pulsating with an ominous red glow, while the lower stone wasn't glowing. "How's it glowing like that?"

"The power in the locket comes from the two rubies."

"Why's only one of them glowing?"

"Both will glow eventually," he said knowingly. "It's infused with energy that keeps the necklace empowered. It'll fully recharge as

time goes on." Vern handed the husband the notebook written in Angel's messy red handwriting and watched him flip through it. "It's charged from your own stamina, so you don't have to worry about the necklace losing its power over time completely."

"Everything I need to know is in here?" Chester asked. "Say, the last two pages ... were they important?"

"Which last two pages?"

Chester waved the open notebook in front of Vern's face. The last two pages had been clearly ripped out. "They probably weren't," Vern lied. Truthfully, he was the one who ripped them out. "You shouldn't have to worry, though. The necklace will still work."

"So, everything I need to know really *is* in here, right? I don't want to have anything missing."

Vern nodded and rolled the empty plastic bag up. "How do we know that it actually works, though?" Janice asked suspiciously.

"Try it on and sit against the wall over there," Vern said. "Doesn't look too wet. I'm surprised the snow hasn't really filled up this alleyway yet. It's usually a pain to move through here when the snow comes."

"Should I try it?" The girl asked her husband.

"No hurt in giving it a test run," Chester said. "We'll know right away, won't we?"

"You'll know right away," Vern answered. "Well ... she will. Put it around your neck, close your eyes, and let the necklace do its work."

Chester squeezed his wife's hand and smiled. They exchanged glances until she ultimately placed the golden necklace over her

head. She closed the locket portion and hesitantly walked across the alleyway. Sitting down on a somewhat dry patch of cement, she looked back at her husband and took a deep breath.

“Okay, here I go,” she said as she closed her eyes.

Nearly a minute had passed, and nothing had happened. But, when he saw her eyes abruptly open and roll to the back of her head, Vern knew it was working. “Janice?” Chester asked worriedly.

“She’s in the Soul Plane,” he said while staring into the girl’s white eyes. He held four fingers up behind his back. “Janice, look behind my back. How many fingers am I holding up?”

Chester looked behind his back and looked extremely worried. “Get her out of that trance.”

“How many fingers am I holding up?”

“This is kind of freaking me out now,” the husband said.

Just before Chester could grab onto Vern’s arm, Janice’s body let out a surprised gasp. The husband rushed over and crouched beside her. “Janice, can you hear me?” The woman rubbed the side of her head and groaned. “Janice?”

“Four fingers,” she said weakly.

“What?” Her husband asked.

“He asked how many fingers he was holding behind his back,” she told him. “That was ... that was so weird. I was hovering around. I felt light. I felt ... like air. I couldn’t see my own arms and legs until I looked back ... back at me sitting down.”

“Did it hurt?”

“No, but I feel like I’m going to throw up...”

Vern laughed. "Yeah, that's apparently normal. That's why you can't use this too often. But the movement – did you figure it out?"

"I just imagined my movements, and I moved where I wanted to. I don't know if I want to try that again. I ... I ..." The poor girl grimaced and moved onto her hands and knees. Her husband wrapped an arm around her shoulder. He whispered something, and she shook her head. "I'm ... fine. I ... think it was ... yeah, the necklace. It..."

Before Janice could say anything else, a brown puddle of her spit and vomit landed against the pavement with a sickening splash. Tears streamed from her eyes until she was finally done. The husband rubbed her back and reached into her purse for a small, half-empty water bottle to give her. All three of them moved further up the alleyway towards the open street. "Here, rinse your mouth with this."

"It's not radioactive, is it?" Janice asked while she removed the necklace. She held it in her left hand while she took the bottle of water with her right hand. She began sipping, gurgling, and spitting the last of the water against a nearby sewer drain. She wiped the tears in her eyes as the snow fell even harder around her.

"No worries, it isn't radioactive," Vern said quickly. "Using magic for the first time is never a pleasant experience. It gets easier with time. You'll always feel that way towards the end of your astral projection. When you've done it a few times, you can do it for longer periods of time. Maybe you'll even get over the nauseating sensation."

The young man's eyes lit up as he looked at Vern. "We'll take it. One thousand, right?" He reached into his pocket when the salesman nodded. Vern removed an envelope thick with dollar bills and held it out to him. "You can count them if you want."

Vern opened the envelope and pulled out a stack of twenties. He counted fifty of them before playfully running his thumb against every dollar bill. "Thank you for your business," he said happily. He placed the money back into the envelope before placing all of it inside of his jacket and handed Chester his business card. "My cell phone number is on the card. Ignore the address – that's the old hotel that I used to work at. Let me know if you have any questions or need any assistance."

Chester slid it into his pocket and looked to his poor wife. "I think we'll do just fine. We'll be sure to call you if we want to buy more stuff like this."

"I don't actually have anything like that," he admitted. "But I'll be more than happy to sell you more of my wares. Lots of unique items."

"You aren't going to be in too much trouble, will you?" Janice asked.

All Vern could do was smile. "I've known her for years. I can handle her. Anyway, you two know where to find me if you're interested in buying more artifacts. I should still have a stockpile by the time get bored of this one."

"Talk to you later," Chester said.

The woman smiled and looked down at the golden necklace in her hands. She opened the locket up again and stared into the two embedded rubies before putting it around her neck. Vern began to walk away when she leaned forward and nuzzled her head against her husband's shoulder.

"This is going to be perfect," she whispered.

Vern returned to his apartment building lobby and looked over his shoulder. He half expected the couple to follow him for some

reason, but when he saw nobody at the doorway, he simply smirked. He reached into his pocket and pulled out two sheets of torn paper from the notebook. He read the words over and over again until he decided to tear them up.

Janice Linz

Janice and Chester had the house all to themselves all those months ago, or so they thought. They didn't realize that their lives together were going to take a turn for the worse. The only thing on their minds was the love and passion between their kisses and moans. They were on her bed back then, and it all felt so wonderful. Nothing else mattered – the only thing they could focus on was each other.

Times were simpler back then. They didn't have to search for empty homes to break into. They didn't have to constantly find a new victim to steal money from. All they had to worry about was college and hanging out with their friends. When their forbidden relationship finally began, it was like a new chapter had begun.

Holding hands and nuzzling their faces against each other had been all they did. It was all they could do. The heat of Chester's breath and the hardness of his cock teasing the side of her leg left her loving him more. With the house seemingly to themselves, it was the first real time they were together like this – naked and lost in their lust.

It started off as a simple massage. Eventually, Chester's strong hands squeezing at her shoulders and exposed breasts finally made her push the boundaries. She became wet as time went by, and within moments, she was shivering and screaming at the way his hand made love to her inner folds.

She was ready for him by the time her orgasm died down. She remembered the way he stood over her beside the bed. She remembered how he crouched down, his knees and hands crawling along the bed, until his hard cock rubbed against the outside of her forbidden lips. She saw the foreskin opening and closing around his

thick dome. She saw the glistening trail her pussy left behind while he toyed with her pussy.

But she knew that they'd still have to be careful, even with the morning after pill on the side. They were siblings, and what they were doing was strictly taboo. Pregnancy wasn't an option. But that didn't stop them from finally taking it too far. Her older brother rolled a condom over his cock slid into her delightful folds. She moaned and wrapped her legs around his lower back. He pushed forward, the strength of his entire body ravaging her body while their bodies collided in unison.

It was all so wrong, yet the sight of his chiseled body made her so wild. With his cock plunging into her tight folds, she felt complete. She felt perfect. She felt wanted. She had boyfriends in the past, but this wasn't the same thing. Their relationship together had escalated dangerously to the point where the very fabric of their relationship was forever going to change. They weren't siblings to each other anymore.

They were partners.

They were lovers.

They were soulmates.

"You're so tight," Chester had whispered into her ear that day.

Janice's brows arched upwards when she looked down between her jiggling breasts. Ripples of her brother's strength shot through her as she moaned. He fucked her like he wanted to breed her, and she could feel the lust spreading throughout her body. His sheathed cock glistened with every wonderful drop of his body. Her crevice swallowed and clenched down on his length while he stretched her inner lips.

The sounds they made were so naughty. The wetness and smacking of their skin as her brother's cock tunneled in and out of her filled the room, but neither of them cared. Nobody was there to judge them while they made love. Around others, they were siblings, but they were like any other couple when they were together.

"You're so deep," she had moaned. "Chester ... oh my god..." Every inch of her insides were filled with his curved cock. She turned her head and buried half her face into the freshly cleaned sheets. The bed bounced beneath their bodies as he plowed her tight honeypot. Her cheeks felt flushed, and a heat throughout her body intensified until a pressure began to build up between her legs. "Yes ... yes ... please..."

Chester held himself at his deepest. Their pelvises were right against each other, and he began to grind his entire weight against her clit. Her mouth gaped open as she closed her eyes. He moved slowly, yet the pressure continued to grow. He kissed her glistening breasts and neck and breathed against her skin. He whispered nonsense to her between each kiss. She was getting close to climaxing, and something as simple as rubbing his body against her own was enough to make her passionate moans become louder.

Then, the pressure finally erupted. Lustful sparks of euphoria surged throughout her helpless body. Chester stayed deep inside of her and watched happily as the orgasm took over her body. They were alone in the house, so she could be as loud as she wanted. The stimulation from both her brother's slithering cock and the weight against her clit finally sent her over the edge as she quivered violently against his body. Her nails dug into his back while her ankles urged his lower body deeper inside of her.

"Oh fuck!" She moaned.

A wet sensation made he realize that her lust had squirted all over her brother and the bed. The sheets felt damp beneath their bodies, yet that didn't stop Chester from continuing to fuck her. He didn't care - he slowly shoved his rod deep inside of her while her wet, filthy musk lubricated his sheathed flesh. Her wet slit felt easier to tunnel through, and her brother's plunges were becoming faster.

"Chester," she whispered breathlessly. "Holy fuck, Chester. Fuck! Fuck!"

He kissed her lips. "How's this?" Her brother asked.

"I love it so much," she moaned. "Keep going ... don't stop. Don't stop!"

Her arms and legs loosened around his body. He remained on his knees but raised his body up so that he was perpendicular to her body. He leaned slightly forward and held his two hands up. Janice raised her hands and held his own. Their fingers intertwined and tightened as they made love in missionary position.

Then, Chester fell forward. Their held hands were above her head against the bed now. Their lips locked against each other as he held her still. With her arms raised above her head, she couldn't push him off. He locked her in place while she raised her pelvis upwards to help him go even deeper.

Every thrust became harder than the last until her breasts were starting to bounce erratically. His cock kept ravaging her moist crevice until he buried his face against the side of her neck. He brushed at her delicate skin with his nose and lips. He planted at least a dozen kisses as he thrust into her. "I'm going to cum," he said weakly. His shaky voice sent tingles from her ear down to the rest of her body. "Fuck, Janice, I'm going to cum..."

“I want to taste it,” she said. “Cum on my face.”

He sank into her two final times. Suddenly, he pulled out of her. She remained on her back as he repositioned himself on the bed. He rolled the condom off and sat above her chest. He stroked his cock and pointed the tip directly above her lips, and within seconds of doing so, a flood of his hot seed spurted against her lips and nose. She snickered and opened her mouth. He sank his cock into her mouth and immediately began groaning when his sister began to suck his tip. The taste was salty and sweet as he emptied the last of his cum into her mouth.

That was when her bedroom door had slammed open. A deafening silence filled the room as she swallowed her brother's seed. Their damp bodies helplessly stared back at their horrified aunt as she caught them in their forbidden lovemaking. Neither of them knew what to say to each other, and there was nothing they could do to reverse what had happened. Chester's cum was all over her face, and cock had barely slipped out of her mouth. All Janice could feel was a sense of disappointment as their world shattered forever.

That had been six months ago, and the embarrassment was enough for them to pack their bags and run away. They deleted their social media accounts and contacts before taking their inheritance money and transferring it to a private account under Chester's name. By the end of that week, the entire family knew about what they'd done. The rumors were spreading throughout their small family, and it was only a matter of time before any of their close friends would find out.

Deep down, Janice didn't feel bad for this. They thought they were freaks, but they weren't any different from any other couple. The hot intimacy and the desire were unbelievably tempting. She

wanted it. She loved every second of it. Everything had been consensual. She'd been with other boys before, yet the connection she shared with Chester was unlike any other.

Today actually marked the sixth month of being on the run with her older brother. To their family, they were siblings who seemed disgustingly misguided. To the strangers they met on the open roads and hotels, they were a married couple deeply in love with each other.

But when a lot of their money started to run dry during their second week of their new life together, so they had to take a gamble when they read online ads for discounted and shoplifted food items and grooming products. Eventually, they discovered a salesman trying to sell magical items to prospective customers. While neither of them thought the person was the real deal, he was living by a Craigslist wholesaler who was selling discounted and shoplifted goods, so Janice figured they could try checking both people out.

What they discovered was that the salesman was trying to sell the real deal. Him and his wife both had products that could do really neat magic tricks. One particular item was a golden necklace that caught Janice's eye. Sadly, the man's wife shut them all down. She rubbed Chester the wrong way so badly that he decided not to buy anything else. The couple stormed away until the husband emailed Chester back to apologize.

When they returned the next day to buy the necklace, they were pleased to learn that the astral projection did exactly as it described. By using it to become a ghost, Janice or Chester could spy on people to steal personal information. In the age of technology, transferring money to fake online accounts and then putting them onto preloaded credit cards was something Chester

knew how to do easily. They also used the opportunity to identify poorly secured and empty houses that they could break into.

Suddenly, their money problems were mostly solved. Stealing from people became so easy that the chances of them getting caught were slim to none. She could use the necklace to scout out vulnerable homes and steal personal information, while her brother sold stolen items or allocated stolen dollars into preloaded credit cards.

Many months later, they were still living their lives through expensive hotels and locations. They never had to worry about renting or not having a roof over their heads. It felt like a dream come true, especially when they were able to actually relax and focus on each other. Everything was taken care of at the hotels and motels they stayed at, and for once in her entire life, she felt like she was living in complete luxury.

Today was a hot day as they traveled a specific hotel to stay the night. Chester had booked a reservation the night before, and they were only a few minutes away from it after exploring the forests of British Columbia. One of the isolated houses they burglarized had an heiress studying in a summer program at a private institution further up north while the family was out of the country, so Chester figured that they should see if they could steal any personal information directly from the young woman. They had a name, they just needed to track the student down.

They planned on using the necklace again to do this. Unfortunately, they needed to be a relatively close distance away from the school to do this, so the nearby hotel was the perfect location to try it. Janice was sitting in the passenger seat of her brother's brand new used van while he bought some cold water from a nearby gas station.

It was a nice upgrade from what they had before. They started off with a motorcycle, and after stealing a sufficient amount of capital, they managed to buy a two-year-old van to hold most of their things. Being out on the road between hotels was a common occurrence, so the convenient storage was really nice.

Janice's grey tank top was drenched in her sweat as she flapped the red hand fan towards her face. She adjusted the golden necklace around her damp neck while she gazed out at the evergreen trees that towered over her.

She was surprised that there was a gas station this far out. Despite looking abandoned and in disarray, the gas station still had working pumps. The grey bricks looked in need of an extensive wash, and the sign above the entrance looked cracked and unreadable. Cracks in the pavement around the roads and parking lot indicated that the place was in desperate need of some sort of maintenance. She gazed through the store's dirty windows and watched Chester paying for his things at the front counter.

He planted a quick kiss against her lips when he returned to the car. He handed her a cold bottle of water. She rubbed the freezing wetness across her neck. "Thanks," she whispered. "It's way too fucking hot."

Today was boiling, and she had a feeling that she'd pass out by the time they reached their hotel. Thankfully, the map mentioned this gas station on the way to the hotel, so they stopped the moment she started complaining

"I'm surprised it's this hot out here," he said while closing the car door. "I don't remember it ever being this hot. If I knew it was going to be this bad, I would've driven us somewhere else." Chester scrolled through his phone while he pinched the front of his white muscle shirt. He was covered in sweat too.

"I just checked the map," Janice said while handing him her smart phone. Leaning her head against his damp shoulder, he swore under his breath while he stared at the screen. "We should be close enough once we pass the bridge here. The hotel's like half an hour away."

"Good, we'll be able to cool down soon," he said while shoving the keys into the ignition. "It'll be nice to get a real shower for once."

"I feel so gross, and it's only been a day since my last one."

He kissed her again and playfully shoved his nose into her shoulder. "You don't smell that bad." He sniffed hard. "Seems fine to me."

"Ew, don't," she laughed embarrassedly.

After turning on the car, they began driving down the road while Janice thought about what they were going to do once they reached the hotel. Chester figured that spying on one of the summer program students would help get them access to some more sensitive information that they could use down the road. All Janice needed to do was watch them log into anything with sensitive information so she could get usernames and passwords.

A summer program guaranteed fewer people at the school too, so sneaking in and out of the facility would be easy in theory if they needed to physically access a student's laptop. *It'll depend on how much security there is, she thought. But I'll definitely be able to see how good their security system is.*

She felt like this was way better than randomly choosing people to follow around. The major issue with the necklace was that it used so much energy. She became exhausted by the time the necklace forced her back into her body. To make things worse, most

of the people Janice followed around in her astral form were either not very rich or heavily indebted, so she was using up a lot of energy for nothing. Scouting the location ahead of time would probably be a better return for the two siblings.

If they chose younger people with potentially large sums of money under their names, their money situation would be even better. They just had to be a reasonable distance from the school, and now that they were so much closer than they were two days ago, Janice was looking forward to seeing what types of people they had at the institution. She already had the girl's face in her mind, so all she had to do was locate her and follow her around while also monitoring the school's surveillance system.

Through astral projection, she could go through walls and explore places she wouldn't be able to reach in her own body. When she first tried to use the necklace's abilities, she didn't know what to really expect. The salesman mentioned that she would be in a ghost-like state, but she didn't think that she would actually be a ghost. Flying around and diving through physical objects felt like an absolute dream to her until she became sick with nausea.

They drove down the road for what felt like hours before finally stopping in a parking lot on the side of a nearby mountain. They both stepped out of the car and took their luggage with them. Her brother was readjusting his jeans and belt. "Here we are."

They left whatever wasn't important in the car and steadily made their way into a large blue building that was at least three stories tall. Like the gas station, the outside of the building looked like it was in desperate need of maintenance. The name of the hotel was covered with moss, and there were a few broken windows at the side of the building where a patio overlooked a cliffside. Beyond the cliffside were towering trees and a lake in the

distance where people seemed to be swimming. Beyond the lake was massive hill with a castle made of grey stone. *That's the school,* she thought. *It's literally right beside the hotel.*

Despite the hotel's physical appearance, the place looked bustling with activity. There were dozens of parked cars around them as they approached the hotel's entrance. They stepped through the front doorway and immediately found themselves in a cold, spacious lobby covered with a red carpet. At the end of the room was a hallway leading to the rest of the hotel. There were signs with directions for lounges, a gym, and a mini theater, but none of that seemed to interest the couple as they stopped at the front counter.

A woman with "Eliza" on her nametag was sitting at the counter. She was a middle-aged woman with dark brown skin and was biting her nails when her brother nodded to her. "Hey, we're checking in. I'm Chester Linz. This is my wife, Janice Linz."

A sad pain throbbed in her chest. She loved pretending to be formally together with Chester – he said this to help explain why they had the same last name. But this was something that could never happen. Sure, they were living the spontaneous crime life, yet that didn't mean they could never be truly together as a husband and wife. They couldn't have a family of their own. All they could do was live together. *That's good enough for me,* she lied to herself. *Being with him is all I want. I don't need more than that.*

The woman forced a smile and began flipping through a book. "Do you have identification with you?" Janice quickly reached into her purse and pulled out two black wallets containing their driver's licenses and handed them to the lady. Because her brother was so bad with spending, she always looked after his wallet for him. "Yes, one room for two nights."

"One room for two nights," the siblings answered.

The lady handed the two driver's licenses back to Janice. She was putting their licenses away when the lady frowned at the computer screen. She thought something was wrong. Her heart was beginning to race as the lady looked back and forth between the siblings. *Does she know?*

"Oh, nope, we're good. Payment went through. I just have to change a few things."

"That's a relief," Janice said weakly.

"The address on the cards are still accurate, yes?"

"They are." Chester quickly lied. While their family probably still lived at the same house, they definitely weren't going to be back any time soon. The woman nodded and flipped through a nearby log book. She wrote something down and stamped it.

"Okay, I think we're all set."

"Busy summer?" He asked when he caught a glimpse of the endless names in the log book.

"Thankfully," she said with a sigh. "After the lockdowns ended, we managed to stay alive. We've had to cut down on a lot of things to survive, but we've been able to outlast the other local places."

That explained why so many places further up north were falling apart. Because of the Coronavirus Pandemic, a lot of places were either closing down or adjusting to a new normal. "That's great to hear," Chester said. "Yeah, I lost my old job because of the lockdowns. Never really adjusted. I'm still trying to figure out what I want to do. I'm just enjoying some free vacation time with my wife."

“Nothing wrong with that,” the receptionist laughed. “Most of us don’t know what we want to do. I think that’s normal – you’ll find something. I was in the same boat when I was your age.” She stood up from her chair and waddled to the side of her counter. She opened a drawer and pulled out a pair of keys. She winked at Janice and handed one the keys to Chester. “You’ll both be in room 102. It’s just down this hallway to the left. Let me know if either of you have any questions.”

“Thanks,” both siblings said.

Pulling at their luggage together, Janice followed her brother down the hallway until they reached a white doorway with their room number at its center. He unlocked the door with his key and led her into their hotel room. It was a sparsely furnished room with a double bed to their right. A doorway leading into a washroom stood across from them beside a window that overlooked the parking lot. In terms of appearance and amenities, this room was pretty cheap.

“You spent like one hundred for two nights?” Janice asked.

“Yup - fifty if you count the points that I used. We had a few travel rewards from the other hotels.”

The white walls looked like they were beginning to peel. An older red wallpaper could be seen in some of the spots beneath it as the two siblings set their luggage down. It felt nice to finally kick off her black flip flops, even if the hotel was stupidly cheap. She stretched along the bed and savored the cool, air-conditioned air and looked at her brother. “I’m going to go ahead and scout around,” Janice said. “Are you going to take a shower?”

“Yeah, I’ll take a shower and order some food. You’ll be back in about ten or fifteen minutes, right? I’ll see if they have a menu lying around for their kitchen.”

"Assuming they even have one," Janice said. "This place looks like it's falling apart."

"I guess we get what we pay for," he laughed. "At least this place has a working AC. That car was really making me want to shoot myself."

Smiling, Janice readjusted her now dry body and rested her head on the pillow. She placed her black purse on the edge of the bed and looked across the room at her brother. He was leaning against the doorway to the bathroom with his arms crossed. "Actually, I was thinking, did you want to shower first?"

"What, do I smell bad?"

"It's not that you smell bad. I figured you'd want to feel a little more comfortable for the necklace."

Janice shook her head as she readjusted her denim shorts to get more comfortable. "Honestly, I'm fine. I think I'd have a different answer if we didn't have AC."

"Suit yourself," he said. "I'll talk to you later."

The bed felt rigid beneath her body while she rubbed the golden necklace around her neck. "I'll talk to you later." Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and heard the sound of their air conditioning vent fading away. Before she knew it, she felt her eyes rolling to the back of her head as she began falling through a black void.

Chester Linz

Chester was glad that his sister was always willing to use the necklace. He'd used the necklace before, and he had a more severe reaction than his sister did. Vomiting and nausea for a few minutes were all she experienced. Chester, on the other hand, was out cold for hours. Continuous usage didn't help either, so he left the scouting up to his sister. *It works better that way*, he thought.

He pulled off his shirt once Janice went into her trance. Before Chester could step into the bathroom to take a shower, a loud crack echoed throughout the hotel room. Tilting his head, he saw his sister still lying on the bed. She was still completely limp, her legs spread apart. Her eyes were pale as her jaw remained open, but regardless of her entranced, drooling face, she still looked cute.

He smiled and walked to the edge of the bed. His smile immediately vanished when he noticed that the golden locket was open. A black cloud of what looked like smoke hovered over her. The two red rubies weren't glowing, and when he inched closer to get a good look of it, the hairs on the back of his neck began to rise. A smile curled over his beautiful sister's face as she sat up. A cold sensation immediately filled him from head to toe when part of the black cloud flew into his face.

He immediately collapsed over his sister's soft calves and felt his body jerking. He coughed wildly. *What the hell?* Flashes of colors fluttered before his very eyes when he felt her fingers wrapping around his neck. She whispered a word, and his body stopped shivering. Instead, his arms began to move on their own. His body pushed himself up as Janice's beaming face moved towards his.

Kissing him, her moist lips and welcoming tongue made him hard almost immediately, but something was horribly wrong. His sister moaned quietly into him until they finally broke away.

"It's about time," Janice said. She waved her hand in the air, and a bright green light emerged from her palm that vanished almost immediately. "Excellent. Just excellent. The spell transferred some of my abilities over."

About time for what? Chester wondered.

"It took forever for me to get this necklace to a couple," his lips said in a low voice. "I can't believe it took half a year for them to finally break the necklace." His hand squeezed his sister's bare leg and ran up her thigh. Janice giggled and kissed his lips again. "God, you're so pretty."

"Being trapped in that necklace was the worst thing. It was just complete darkness. I honestly thought you forgot about me, Vern."

Vern? The salesman? Chester couldn't believe what was happening. Is he inside of me right now?

"I was trapped in complete darkness too. I didn't think it would take this long either."

Janice tilted her head. "You released your soul right away? Such a risky move. You could've ruined things for the both of us. What if they weren't the right ones?"

"I had faith in this couple," Chester's lips said confidently. "I expected a few weeks, but half a year isn't that bad. At least my sense of time wasn't warped in there. Besides, I didn't want to deal with Katherine. The wait was worth it for me."

"So, she probably thinks you're dead now. She could've ruined everything if she knew what you'd done."

"I doubt it. I did a lot of research with this couple. Even if she did find out what we were planning on doing, there's no way that she'd be able to find out where they went. There's no social media

trail. No contacts. Their phones didn't even have a phone subscription. I had to call them on an app using Wi-Fi." He smirked. "Besides, I was the only person who managed to see their driver's licenses. She wouldn't have known."

Janice reached for the purse on the side of the bed. She fumbled through it until she found her wallet. She took it out and opened it, only to realize that there was a second wallet as well. She opened that one as well. "Interesting – your ID's in here too. We both have the same last name. Were they married when you met them?"

"Yeah, I figured they were married when I peeked at their IDs," his possessor answered. "I was able to look when they first came to the apartment. While they were in the room arguing with Katherine, I took a peek and did research. Don't worry, my love, I take risks, but I do what's best for us."

"Very smart," his sister's body thief cooed while putting the wallets back into her purse. "Chester and Janice. A young couple madly in love. No social media trail. No bothersome parents or friends. A couple with a clean slate. The perfect couple to slip into." His body's hand was now on his sister's crotch. When his fingers prodded her fly, Janice's face twisted pleasurably.

"I have such a hard on right now, Amber."

Amber is her name?

The body thief laughed, and Chester couldn't help but feel a sense of dread. There was something in his sister's face that looked unbelievably evil as she rose a brow. The look on her face made his body's hand shiver against her inner thigh and crotch, and the body thief immediately let out a surprised moan. "Oh, such an eager boy," she cooed. "You're getting me all riled up in my new body already. Here, let me initiate the sealing spell."

The sealing spell?

"I can't wait to finish the spell with you."

Chester's sister pushed him onto his back. She got on top of his lap as he sat up and began to grind against his hardness. "You've always been so loyal." Amber giggled happily and kissed his lips. Her gyrating hips made Chester feel like his body was about to cum. He couldn't get her off. "Does she know about us? About our scheme?"

"She doesn't know. We're finally out of your daughter's hair for good."

He needed to snap Janice out of her possessed trance somehow. *This can't be happening*, he thought miserably. *Was that the reason why he sold us the necklace in the first place?* The knowledge that his sister was probably trapped in her own mind as well made him want to scream at the top of his lungs. *Janice, I'm so sorry...*

"Do you know much about our new bodies?"

"Not a whole lot," Vern admitted. "I didn't even get a chance to look up their addresses. They live at the same place, so I bet there's tons of stuff there that'll help us get started."

"That's perfect," Amber said. "Should we go there after our stay here?"

No, don't go there. Don't go there!

"It'll depend on how long we get to stay here. I was thinking about staying up to a week."

"A week? To celebrate our new lives?"

"To celebrate our new lives."

While Janice's body remained on his lap, Chester's hand moved to the button and zipper of her shorts. Slowly unbuttoning them, his sister's soaked pink panties emerged from the opening's fly. Her body rocked against his lap as she rested her head against his wide chest. "I can't believe we're going to be able to do this. A mother-in-law and her daughter's son ... a scandalous relationship. A naughty relationship." She whispered into his ear. "A taboo relationship."

"Nobody will judge us. Not in these bodies."

This can't be happening right now. They don't know we're siblings. They don't know! Stop! A terrible fear gripped his chest. These body thieves didn't realize that him and Janice weren't actually married. They didn't realize that their last names were the same because they were siblings. *I need to get control. I need to stop this.*

Vern slipped his finger into her panties, and she immediately bit her lower lip. "How does that feel?"

Her quickening hips bobbed towards him. "Wow ... she feels like she's constantly leaking. This body's really attracted to you. Physically attracted." She smiled naughtily at him and rested her forehead against his own. "I can't wait to feel you inside of me."

Janice's stolen body murmured a series of sentences in a language that Chester couldn't understand. Suddenly, the room lit up with a dark red light that immediately subsided after the body thief planted a kiss against his own lips. The two remained in a soft embrace until a surge of pain moved through Chester's mind. It was almost like he was on fire. *What the hell's going on?*

"It's done," his sister's lips said. "The spell's been activated. Now, we just have to finish the last part of it." She rolled away from his lap onto her back. She nimbly raised her sexy legs into the air

above her. She removed her shorts and panties before spreading her slender legs apart.

Janice's damp slit became exposed, its cute lips spreading out. Chester's cock felt uncomfortable in his tight denim jeans. He unbuttoned his pants and removed them along with his underwear. His throbbing cock stood to attention, and Amber's eyes lit up. "Wow, he's a lot bigger than my old body."

"He is a *lot* bigger," Janice's possessed voice said suggestively. That was when his body's hands began to shiver. Frowning, the two body thieves both stared at his hands. "It looks like he's still in there. Looks like we shouldn't waste any more time."

"Why is this happening?" Vern asked worriedly.

"You don't the same proficiency in possession magic," the body thief answered. "He's likely trying to fight for control. The spell doesn't silence them if they're still conscious. The spell only opens the doorway for permanent control."

"And I suppose you don't have to worry about that?"

Janice's stolen face smiled sweetly, her fingers running through her soft brown hair and pulling the strands away from her beautiful face. Her sharp brown eyes looked deeply into his own while her slender legs spread apart even further. Her soft hands ran along the naked thighs and brushed her inner lips as she licked her lower lip. "Astral projection was my specialty, so my mind's sharper than ever." The body thief brought her filthy finger up to Janice's mouth and gave herself a lick. "After we have sex, the sexual energy will convert into sealing energy. You'll retain full control by then, as long as we complete the spell in a reasonable amount of time. So your specialty mastery doesn't really matter."

"It feels like ... he's trying to make me keep still."

"You shouldn't have to worry," she assured him. "It's only an issue if we decide to wait more than a few hours. You'll maintain control ... don't worry."

Get ... OUT! Chester screamed.

Amber remained on her back. She tugged her flimsy grey tank top away from her body before unclasping her black bra. She threw aside the last of her clothes and sat up. She gazed down at her breasts and playfully cupped them. "Wow, they're not very big, but they're very nice. Soft, firm, and round ... and these cute little nubs feel so wonderful. She's so skinny and fit."

While his sister's body thief admired her new breasts, the shivering of Chester's hands still remained. He yelled as loudly as he could in his trapped mind. He kept trying to move his arms and legs. He kept trying to run away. But Vern stayed still and vigilant, as if he were holding him back. The body thief grunted quietly to himself. The desire to fight back was reignited, and soon his body's hands were shaking even more.

Vern swore under his breath. "This damn kid's stubborn. I can't hear him, but I can definitely feel his presence. It's like he's trying to push me out."

"He won't push you out."

"I know, but that's what it feels like."

Her chiseled tummy flexed as she leaned slightly back on her left arm. Her firm breasts had a slight sag, and her dark brown nipples were hard with desire now. Her right hand's finger brushed the tip of each nipple, and she smiled slyly as Vern and Chester watched her legs beginning to move. Smiling, she rested her bare feet on his hard cock and gently squeezed his shaft. A clear bubble

of fluid seeped from the tip. She pulled his length back and forth with a naughty smile as Chester and his possessor both groaned.

Chester could feel his hands beginning to shake less. He was losing the ability to fight back. He tried to avert his mind, but he couldn't believe how naughty his sister was with somebody else in control. Janice was never this bold or revealing. She was never this direct with her sexuality. His sister was a shy girl, and that's what he loved about her the most. Now, it was like a completely different side of her had come out. Seeing the innocent look in her eye while she was doing this type of thing was sending the worst thoughts into his head. He couldn't imagine what Vern was thinking.

"You're still hesitating because of Chester, but stimulation and pleasure should help you," Amber said knowingly as she admired the way his cock swelled. Her soft soles expertly stroked him. She quickly examined Chester's possessed hands and shook her head. "I guess this isn't enough though. I have an idea."

"What did you have in mind? Another spell?"

Amber shook her head and readjusted herself on the bed. "I have something else up my sleeve." She got onto her knees and inched forward. The possessed woman's lips wrapped around the head of Chester's cock, and both men groaned as she bobbed her head up along his thick shaft. She moaned quietly into him as his length prodded the back of her throat.

"Oh fuck," Vern groaned.

Chester couldn't believe this - Janice never gave her brother blowjobs. She was always terrified of accidentally biting down on him. She loved the way he felt inside of her, but having a cock in her mouth was usually off limits to her.

Now, her beautiful brown eyes gazed up at his writhing face as her mouth expertly worked his shaft. Gurgling, her tongue slithered against his flesh. It felt like he was going all the way down her food pipe. She giggled and moaned into him when his body began to slouch back somewhat. Her skillful mouth was overwhelming both men.

She pulled away after getting Chester's cock slick and sloppy. "She doesn't have a gag reflex. I could feel you all the way down my throat." Chester and Vern stared back into the girl's brown eyes. She closed her eyes as she swallowed him whole again. *I'm going to cum...*

"Fuck," Vern murmured. "Amber ... I feel like I'm going to cum."

Suddenly, after gurgling against his wet shaft, his sister's possessed body pulled away from him. His rod tensed up, and his tip swelled as Vern fought the urge to cum. He growled to himself while Amber laughed. "Just like our very first time. Do you remember that? You came almost instantly."

"Katherine never sucked me off the way you did."

"I was always better," she admitted. "There's a reason why you chose your mother-in-law over her. But, regardless, how are you feeling now?"

No, stop, he cried. Chester tried to regain control again. But, when Vern looked down at his hands, they were completely still. Smiling, the body thief crawled along the bed and planted a kiss against his sister's lips.

"Feeling better, dear?"

"He's not being meddlesome anymore," Vern said.

"Good ... good. You know, I'd be mad too if I was about to lose my body to some old man." Amber got onto her back and spread apart her legs. "You shouldn't have to worry too much. These bodies are as good as ours. But before we let you cum ... eat me out first."

Amber Rose

Amber remembered feeling so weak in her hospital bed nearly ten years ago. She was only forty, yet her body felt like she was a senior. Back then, she could barely move her arms and legs. She couldn't hold her daughter's hands. Not even magic could fight back against the cancer in her belly. She didn't know if it was bad luck or magical corruption that brought her to this point. All she knew was that the pain was becoming too great to bear.

That fateful day, her daughter had left an hour earlier for work, while her dearest son-in-law had stayed behind. He had learned magic alongside her daughter all those years ago, and he remained a loyal student until the cancer began to spread. She remembered the tears. She remembered how quiet it had been. She remembered the anguish in Vern's eyes as they reminisced about their forbidden love together.

That was the major secret that they hid from the world around them. He was married to her daughter, yet his heart belonged to her. Their love developed so gradually and dangerously all those years ago that their family could've fallen apart if the others knew about their affair. Amber had been freshly widowed, and her grief and his comfort spiraled out of control until their desires blossomed.

Vern stayed adamant about their secretive relationship, even on her deathbed. Even with her hair falling out and her muscles decaying, he still nuzzled his head against her own. He still kissed her. Still, Amber had given up hope. She resigned to her fate until she felt Vern's warm touch. Her daughter had abandoned her, but her loyal son-in-law still loved her.

That was when she provided him with one final request. By using dark magic to seal their souls into her beloved astral

projection necklace's two rubies, she effectively provided a way of surviving death and starting over with him. The cancer would kill her current body, but a new vessel could be chosen by Vern. Upon doing so, he'd have to release his soul through magic, ultimately killing his body in order to have a chance at starting over with her.

Vern eagerly agreed to this without hesitation. So, she wrote instructions down on a small notebook detailing the necklace's instructions. All he had to do was convince a couple to overuse her necklace. Both partners wouldn't have to use the necklace, but two partners were necessary if she and Vern were going to start over again together.

Releasing one's soul permanently through magic and entering the necklace would trap their souls, but it would prepare their future bodies for potential takeover. Once he understood what he needed to do, she wrote down the soul release spell that her beloved would use once he found the perfect couple. She detailed the instructions in the final two pages of her notebook.

He had kissed her one final time and promised that he'd succeed. She performed the ritual and passed on, only to wait nearly ten years before her son-in-law finally found a couple worthy of their souls.

As she felt Vern's new body gently sucking on her clit, she realized that all of this was worth it. Amber moaned as her son-in-law's curious tongue explored her inner folds. She wasn't used to having a cleanly shaven honeypot, but she could tell that the lack of hair was something that Vern's new body didn't mind. In the past, he always hesitated when he ate her out, and now that she had this young and healthy body, he was finally unhindered. Her horny body squirmed weakly as her

“That feels amazing, Vern...” He kissed her clit and smiled at her. She sat up and felt his hands grasping her waist. He tugged her gently down the bed so that his face was right up against her damp crevice. As he held her body, she gazed into his blue eyes while his tongue went even deeper. *That feels amazing.* “God, yes! Yes!” The tip of his tongue flicked her inner walls, and her fingers began to pinch the dampening sheets beneath them. “Eat me right there. Taste my wet little hole.”

Vern licked his lips and pulled away from her glistening slit. She felt like she'd peed all over the bed at this point. He released her hips and gently squeezed her left breast with his right hand. With his left hand, he slid his finger deep within her gaping folds. His finger twisted and curved in every possible direction to see what stimulated her the best, but her young body didn't have a preference. This body craved Vern's new body, and so the pleasure came so easily. It ultimately didn't matter what he did – everything felt incredible to the old witch.

“How's that, Amber?” Her son-in-law whispered.

“Oh god, I think you're going to make me cum if you keep doing that. Look at the mess you've forced out of me already.”

The lust and pressure building up within her new body was overwhelming. She knew how passionate her son-in-law got whenever they were beneath the sheets, but this was something else. Ten years of being alone before suddenly being placed in a young, horny body would've taken anybody by surprise. As he played with her wet slit, she felt her toes beginning to curl. Her hips uncontrollably began to grind against his face. He kissed her inner thighs, then her calves, and then her abdomen. “Yes, Vern ... yes...”

“The sheets are so wet,” he said after giving her throbbing nub a lick. She gazed down at where his finger intersected with her wet

opening. Her flat, chiseled tummy was starting to twitch while she stared at Vern's chest flexing and gleaming. "How close are you to cumming?"

Her soft fingers tightened around the sheets. Her pink nails dug into the fabric. *I'm really close*, she thought to herself. Her body shivered gently until the pressure started to finally pop. Before she could warn her son-in-law, her body began to shudder. An intense heat rushed through her body, and it was almost like every inch of her new body was crawling with euphoric tingles as her son-in-law's free hand squeezed her nipples.

"I'm so close," she finally told him. He squeezed her flesh and worshipped her new body until her hot, feminine core slowly began to flare up with ecstasy. Her cheeks felt red and her heart was racing fast. His hot, quickening tongue circled her new body's clit. "God, yes ... yes! Yes ... I'm going to cum. Fuck!"

His finger moved faster while a powerful wetness emerged from her cunt. Suddenly, her body jerked as the overwhelming pleasure shot through her stolen body. She closed her eyes, her mind fading into horny emptiness while waves of pleasure made her entire body shiver. By the time she opened her eyes, Vern had crawled up along the bed. He planted warm kisses against her shivering abs. He kissed the curves of her firm breasts until he hovered over her. With his arms beneath her pits, he buried his lips against the side of her neck while she squirmed beneath him. Amber could feel his hard cock rubbing against the opening of her tingling hole as her orgasm steadily died down.

"I can't believe how pretty you look when you cum like that. I knew she was pretty, but fuck. She's really something else."

Her breathing sounded shaky. "I don't think you've ever made me cum that hard before. Not even in my old body."

“I guess your new body’s not used to what we’re used to.”

Amber glanced back down between her legs. Her wet inner lips were beginning to wrap around her son-in-law’s tip while he played with her. His dome shimmered beautifully while he teased her hole. She looked deeply into his eyes and smiled. The thickness of his cock wanted to nestle inside of her. “I’m ready to feel you inside of me. If your hands made me cum like that, I can’t wait to have you buried within me.”

Her tummy arched upwards when he slowly sank down, and the lust and pressure intensified. That was one of the beautiful things about being young. Their bodies were at the peak of their primes and ready for sex, and when her son-in-law was all the way inside of her with his new body’s cock, she just knew that this was the way things were meant to be. She felt perfect, complete, and adored.

He was so much bigger than his old body, and he had all the experience he needed to make her really scream. Her pussy stretched and oozed with her lust while his length ravaged her. His tip prodded the very back of her cunt as he breathed gently into her left ear. “You feel perfect,” he whispered. He steadily forced himself into her. The bed gently creaked while his cock explored her tight slit. “So fucking wet and tight. No lube needed. Just me. Just you. Just us.”

“Faster,” she moaned. “Oh god, yes!”

“Does it really feel that good? To have me inside of you like this? I haven’t even moved that much.”

She couldn’t suppress her horny lust when he moved slightly faster. She frantically nodded her head. “I feel so sensitive. Every inch of you is filling me up. I feel like I’m stuffed.” She gazed down at where their hips touched and closed her eyes. Tingles of pleasure were rushing up her body again while he slowly moved within her.

Suddenly, Vern pulled her into the air. He carried her off the bed and stood to the side, his cock still buried deep between her legs while he growled. It was almost like an animal had taken over his body, and now his young hormones were making him more aggressive. Her body bobbed up and down his shaft while the tip of his length made her tummy bulge out slightly.

He's so strong now, she thought as she felt her soul beginning to permanently attach to her new body. There was a slight pain, but that quickly subsided when Vern began swinging his hips into Amber's new body. He forced sweet moans out of her sweaty body as she looked up at the ceiling. Her nimble legs tightened around him as she closed her eyes.

The sex between him and her old body had always been wonderful. The sheer taboo and the fear of getting caught were what really drove them crazy. The fiery passion between their kisses always left her looking forward to another night alone with him. She gave to him what her daughter couldn't – pure, blissful sex. Now, they had two young bodies with seemingly clean slates. They'd have to adjust to their new lives and learn more about Chester and Janice's past. *But that can wait.*

The only thing on her mind now was to make her son-in-law cum. She looked back into his eyes and loved the way he stared at her. He was becoming overwhelmed by the way her new pussy felt. Slamming against her youthful flesh, the powerful and primal rhythmic movement of his body against her own felt incredible. She wrapped her smooth legs around his lower back and swung herself into his every thrust.

Vern was younger and stronger in his new body, and the fact that he was so much more athletic now made her squeal with excitement. His hard movements were stimulating her crevice and

throbbing clit, and that really got her closer and closer to finishing. They had perfect bodies now, and her daughter wasn't going to be able to stop them from sealing themselves into their new bodies forever.

"God, you're so fucking big," Amber moaned when she realized that she was practically dripping all over the carpet. She could see his brows twitching. "Are you getting close too?"

His breathing was becoming erratic. "I'm really close."

Amber began to giggle. "I want it inside of me."

"This soon?" He asked.

The body thief rose a brow and let out an exaggerated moan as her body moved up and down his shaft. Her quickening hips were making his face writhe in sweet agony. "Are you sure you don't want to? You don't want me to squeeze every drop out of your new body's cock?"

"I do," he said.

"Then do it," she whispered while planting kisses against his sweaty neck and cheeks. "Cum inside of me. Mark your property. Mark me. You're not my son-in-law. You're Chester ... it's okay."

Every time she sank down on his hard rod, his pubic area would slam into her throbbing clit. She felt the pressure beginning to build up between her legs again. "Fuck..." He whispered as his hands wrapped around the cheeks of her shapely ass.

"I'm going to cum too," she moaned. "Cum inside of me. Fill me up, 'Chester.'"

Vern gritted his teeth and threw themselves onto the bed. He remained on top while her back brushed against the wet sheets. "I'm going to cum..." Her breasts bounced upwards as her arms and

legs tightened around his body. "I'm going to cum..." She urged him closer and closer while her euphoric orgasm drew closer. Her son-in-law kissed her one final time and groaned into her lips. He delved deep between her legs and let every drop flood her cervix. "'Janice' ... 'Janice' ... FUCK!"

This is it, she thought. Oh god, yes! She closed her eyes and began to shiver against his erupting cock. A warmth filled her stolen pussy and flooded her with his seed. Her trembling body and the swelling cock between her legs left both lovers panting and moaning for what felt like minutes.

"Fuck..." He groaned. He remained on top of her with their chests touching. She could feel both of their hearts thudding as she ran her fingers through the back of his head. He kissed the sides of her neck and breasts, and every touch felt like sweet, sexy fire. Her stolen body felt so limp after getting fucked so hard.

Exhausted, he collapsed on the bed beside her. His cock had softened up, and she could feel his seed dripping down onto the sheets. She smiled at him and watched his fingers poke at her ravaged pussy. "You came so much inside of me."

"That's more than I came in my old body," he remarked. "Jesus, that felt great."

She hugged his sweaty body and buried her face against his shoulder. "We're going to do so much more than this. I can't wait to test everything with our new bodies."

"So this is it? These are our bodies forever now?"

"Look at your hands," she said happily. "They're not shaking anymore, so you're fine. The only way they can get their bodies back now is if we let them." She opened the locket and saw how both stones were glowing. "See? There souls are in here."

“So, now they’re trapped in there?”

“They’re trapped until somebody overuses the necklace,” she said while kissing his cheek. “And there’s no way we’re stupid enough to do that.”

Vern reached over the side of the bed. The woman’s purse had fallen over the side during their lovemaking, and neither of them had noticed until then. He pulled out one of the black wallets and opened it up to look at Chester’s driver’s license. “You know, I never looked their addresses up. Did you want us to stop there?”

“We’ll stop by there to see what we can find out about our new bodies,” Amber said. “Then, we’ll go out east. There’s a farm where I buried half of my wealth. It isn’t owned by the family anymore, but there’s no way they found all of the gold. It’s in too random of a location.”

“You’re always thinking ahead,” her beloved son-in-law said. He kissed her lips and threw the wallet aside. “At least we’re not in a rush. We can enjoy every single second of this until we have to begin our new lives.”

“Did you want to go again?” She asked when she noticed his eyes glancing at her damp breasts. She quickly glanced down at his cock and saw that he was already rock hard. Unlike his old body, Chester’s young physique was primed for sex. Smiling, he nodded and sat up from the bed while she threw her golden necklace to the ground.

“I’m ready when you are...”

Janice Linz

When Janice finally left the darkness and entered the Soul Plane, she knew exactly what she needed to do. She was on a time limit, so she decided that she needed to explore the school grounds as fast as possible. Janice hovered in place and looked at her body for a brief moment before moving through a nearby wall.

Suddenly, towering evergreen trees surrounded her as she flew across a busy lake. Men, women, and children were swimming near the shoreline while other people maneuvered their boats towards the center of the waterbody. The summer sun's blinding reflection looked beautiful in the rippling waves while Janice moved closer and closer to the grey castle beyond the lake.

There was a spiraling road between the lake and the school that she figured they could use to drive between the two locations if needed. When her astral form finally reached the school, she was pleased to see so many empty classrooms through the outside windows of the castle.

This place looks incredible, she thought while she moved through the stone walls. The inner castle looked much like a real castle. The hallways were made from the same grey stone as the outside, and there were suits of armor on every floor. Janice also loved the fact that there weren't any security cameras or guards stationed anywhere. This is going to be so easy, she happily thought. I just need to find that girl from that house's photos.

But before she could stalk anybody, the world began to spin. She vainly tried to move around the Soul Plane. It was like the world had frozen, and all she could do was hover in place while the colors around her faded away. It felt like minutes had passed in her void of darkness, and she was afraid that the necklace's magic was

about to fade away. *I haven't done anything yet. Why am I being pulled back to my body?*

She found herself in a familiar hotel room with a wetness emerging from her legs. Janice watched in horror as her possessed brother thrust against her body with his unprotected cock cumming inside of her. She watched with shock as her brother's cock emptied itself, and there was nothing she could do about it. Her entire body was frozen. Suddenly, a surge of pain moved through her mind, and the world began to spin again.

Janice struggled to say something, but she wasn't in control. Somebody else was. Before she knew it, the darkness returned, and whispers began to echo into her ears. She found herself floating in a void of crimson light, unable to move or speak. She was completely naked while the hot air tickled her skin. It felt like the air was squeezing down on her body. The pressure was worsening while she tried to move in place.

"What will happen to the couple?" A familiar man's raspy voice asked.

"They'll take our place within the necklace," a weak woman's voice said. "We'll become them, and they'll be trapped where our souls will lay dormant. But you shouldn't do it so quickly – make sure they're a good couple. Preferably a married couple. Use the spell on the notebook as quickly as you can after gifting it to our worthy, permanent vessels."

Who is that? Janice wondered.

"I will ... I love you, Amber."

A faint cry came from beneath her. A pair of bloodred eyes were staring up at her through a crimson cloud that steadily drifted up towards her. Red tentacles crept up with the fog and latched onto

her feet. She tried to kick them away, but the creature's scorching flesh latched onto her like a magnet. The surge of pain worsened while the tentacles crept up her legs.

"They'll take our place within the necklace. We'll become them, and they'll be trapped where our souls will lay dormant."

What the fuck is this? She wondered. Trapped? No, please, I don't understand. I don't understand what's happening!

The weak voice let out a feeble laugh. "We'll take their bodies and start over again. But find the perfect couple. Find a couple willing to abuse the necklace's power."

Her eyes widened when she realized what was happening. Janice's heart was racing when the tentacles reached her inner folds. It seeped through her crack, and she felt like she was becoming filled up. A rush of pain and pleasure filled her from head to toe, and she felt her nipples hardening at the erotic sensations. Her body continued to hover in place while the tentacles squirmed within her.

"Oh god, yes," she found herself moaning. *What the fuck? "Yes ... right there."*

Just before she could reach down to physically try pulling the tentacles out of her, she began to wince. A flood of images filled her mind as her body became limp and helpless. By the time the images stopped, a mask of red stone was hovering in front of her face. It inched closer and closer to her face as she tried to pull away. Unfortunately, the moment the mask placed itself onto her face was the moment hard crystals began to grow around her. The mask embedded itself within her skin as her soul became trapped forever.

Epilogue

Amber's new body felt soft after slathering on a lavender-scented lotion. She smiled at the mirror while she used the blow dryer to dry her hair. She ran her delicate fingers through her soft, dark mane and observed her slender body. Despite not using the gym and pigging out every day with her son-in-law, her new body kept the weight off her perfect tummy and legs.

Compared to her old body, Janice's figure was easier to maintain. This was probably the best body she could've gotten. *And I didn't even get to choose it*, she thought happily before setting the blow dryer down. *I thought he was going to get me something mediocre. But the ten-year wait was worth it.* She unplugged the machine and wrapped the cord around its handle.

She leaned forward and looked at herself in the mirror again as she put her hair up into a ponytail. Her new body didn't require heavy makeup, so getting ready wasn't much of an issue for the past few days. After her son-in-law paid for another five nights, the couple spent every opportunity to enjoy their new bodies.

It was a wonderful experience. The passion and lust were never ending, and both could fuck for as long as they wanted. They were young, fit, and healthy. As well, when they were in their old bodies, they could never publicly hold hands or kiss. They were always going behind her daughter's back, and now that they'd abandoned their old bodies, there was nothing stopping her and Vern from really showing off their love for one another. Their love was no longer taboo – they were a married couple with their entire lives ahead of them.

They went to nearby theaters, amusement parks, and restaurants in the area. For an entire week, they searched for every opportunity to experience things together. Now that it was the end

of their stay at the hotel, it was time for them to pack up and go retrieve her wealth.

The Rose family originally had properties all over Canada. The property had been left behind to a cousin who no longer owned the farm, but the location had much of the family's wealth buried for future use. Of course, nobody knew about it besides Amber and Vern. The older witch was always protective of who knew what in the family, and Katherine was by far the worst person to inform.

She had been the biggest reason behind Amber's delayed revival. After entrusting her soul to Vern and sealing a piece of his soul into the necklace, Katherine was able to sense a dark magic that she couldn't recognize. She never became as skillful as Amber, but she apparently knew the necklace was bad news.

Thankfully, Vern was able to sell the necklace to Janice and Chester before following the final list of instructions on her notebook, which Vern had apparently torn up in order to make the plan work. Now, Katherine was alone, and Amber could've cared less. She had everything now. A young, beautiful body and the man of her dreams.

After she was ready, she opened the bathroom door with a light pink towel around her breasts. She stepped out into the empty, air-conditioned room and felt the difference in temperature immediately. Her nipples hardened beneath the towel as her teeth chattered. The room was empty with the luggage by the door.

She gracefully moved to the edge of the bed and placed the hairdryer on the bed beside her purple bra and purple panties. Janice had a beautiful floral pattern on her lace underwear that Amber absolutely adored. Vern loved taking it off her sexy body, and tonight they were going to be staying at one of the more expensive hotels just north of Vancouver. They were stopping by

there before going to the address on their driver's licenses. *That's going to be such a treat*, she thought excitedly.

Pulling the underwear up her freshly shaven legs, she almost forgot how cold she was. She placed the padded cups over her chest and clasped the bra in place. She adjusted the cups and watched her firm breasts seemingly swell. Vern loved the way her breasts looked when they looked as if they could barely fit.

Amber pulled on her freshly purchased black yoga pants and a black sports bra that showed off her midriff. Thanks to all of the money Janice and Chester had saved up from their thievery, Vern was able to put that cash to good use. He spoiled the living shit out of Amber by buying her clothes that her body looked wonderful in. Everything he chose accentuated her narrow waist, chiseled tummy, and firm breasts and ass. She was more than happy to pose in front of him, and he was more than happy to make her feel worshipped in her new body.

Starting a family and living in a rural location after seeing their current home was the first on her list. Katherine was never willing to bear Vern's children. Now, her precious son-in-law could have as many children as he wanted. They had all the money in the world, and with these young and healthy bodies, they could really have a chance of reliving their perfect lives together with Katherine out of the way.

Sighing happily, she slid her freshly pedicured feet into her black flip flops. Just then, she heard the hotel door unlocking. A slight creak and Vern's new face spied at her through the crack.

"Ready to go, 'Janice?'" He asked.

Smiling, Amber walked up to their luggage and grabbed the handles.

"Let's get going, 'Chester.'"